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Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

By OTTWELL BINNS, Author of *A Mating in the Wilds*, *A Hazard of the Snows*,
Clancy of the Mounted Police, &c.

CHAPTER I.—THE MAN OF THE TUNDRA.

BEYOND the sixty-eighth parallel, where the great line of mountains that sprawls from Colorado to Alaska swings westward and is marked on the map as the Endicott Range, lies a dreary waste of tundra stretching to the Polar Sea. South of that line lies Alaska the wonderful, with the great glaciers that feed her rushing rivers, her creeks rich in gold. There lie her impenetrable forests, her verdant plains luxuriant with wild grasses, her scarped mountains that dwarf men to insignificance, her innumerable lakes embosomed in the hills or shimmering in the open, and stocked with multitudes of fish. In her forests and hills the moose and the bear find their favourite habitat; the white mountain sheep venture dizzily on the cliffs; the fur-bearing animals abound; and life, though at times grim and harsh enough, is a joyous thing for the strong.

But beyond the Endicott Range lies Alaska the desolate—the great Arctic desert. No tall timber lifts itself above the waste of moss, frozen solid in winter and thawed barely to the depth of an inch or two by the short summer suns. Low bushes of willow and spruce and the *Rosa nitida* rear themselves but a few inches from the sodden or frozen expanse, and whilst they are visible the venomous mosquitoes surge in clouds; and when invisible by reason of the deep snow, above them the blizzard rages in fury, driving southward from the pole. But whether in summer or in winter the land is raw and inhospitable. On its sea-fringe live the Eskimos, in its interior a few degenerate Indians; and once in hundreds of miles a white man, with the hardihood of the conquering race, makes a home in the bleakness for the purpose of adventurous trade. Occasionally a deserter from the whaling-stations ventures southward, to be lost in the dreary waste; a prospector following his gipsy life skirts the fringe in his pursuit of gold; but for the most part the land is given up to feathered or furred creatures that here have an inviolate sanctuary, man turning from the terrible emptiness, over which for him at all times death broods sullenly.

On the seaward edge of this desolation marched a white man. Tall and lean, he

stooped a little under the burden of his pack and rifle and prospecting tools. His face was hidden in a veil of dirty mosquito net, round which the malevolent insects swarmed in myriads; whilst continually he brushed the winged pests from his unprotected hands, which were streaked with blood. A continuous hum accompanied him as he marched, and from the sponginess came squelching sounds; for between the saturated moss of the tundra and the permanently frozen soil the water from melted snows and summer rains lay in hidden pools. Once, reaching a small elevation, he paused and looked round him. To his left, half-hidden in mist, lay the sea. Elsewhere stretched the mossy plain, with patches of wild-flowers indicating the drier places, and dwarf bushes breaking the level dreariness. Brushing his hands one against the other continually, he stood taking in the miserable prospect, miserable even under the sun; then he gave a harsh laugh.

'Heavens! What a desolate land!'

He moved forward again, following the undulation towards the sea, came upon one of the small rivers which blindly threaded the waste, and presently found himself on the shore, where the sea broke in gentle ripples. There was sand there and boulders, which for a brief time he submitted to cursory examination, as the instinct of the gold seeker asserted itself; then he moved on towards a long spit of land which thrust itself in the sea perhaps half a mile away.

'There'll be driftwood there!' he muttered, as he brushed the mosquitoes away once more; 'and I'll make a smudge and get rid of these humming devils.'

There was ground for his description. The thin pungent song of the myriad mosquitoes buzzing in close proximity to his ears was almost as annoying as their sting. For hours it had accompanied him in his march across the tundra. He could not grow accustomed to it; it distracted him, and the ripple of the sea on sand and boulders was like music in his ears, vexed by the venomous hum.

'I'll camp at the spit,' he muttered to himself, 'and after a sleep I'll beat it southward

to the hills. I reckon this is no place for a white man !'

The spit lifted itself higher to view as he approached it; a breath of wind momentarily swept the buzzing cloud from his head; and soon he came upon a place where the boulders were more numerous and sand gave place to shingles. He began to search for driftwood, but found none, and after a little time stood in thought. Then he nodded his head.

'The other side of the spit, of course !'

He climbed the long arm of land that thrust itself out to sea, stumbling among the lichen-covered boulders of which it mainly consisted, and as he reached the crest, glanced without any particular eagerness at what lay beyond. A small bay disclosed itself, with another spit of land, similar to the one on which he stood, on the farther side. It was, it seemed to him, more desolate than the coast behind him, and he was just about to descend to the beach when, behind a clump of boulders scarcely twenty yards from the spot where he stood, his eyes caught sight of something which moved.

The net about his face, almost black with mosquitoes, blurred his vision, and he swept aside a handful of the insects before concentrating his gaze upon the place. For a moment, waving his hand to keep the insects off, he stared steadily at the boulders. Nothing moved there; and there was nothing to be seen but the water-worn stones and the tundra behind. Thinking he must have been mistaken, he gave a short laugh, and began his descent to the shore. But scarcely had he taken the first step when again he saw something move behind the boulders; and, a second later, a human figure broke cover and began to run along the bay, leaping over obstructing boulders with the agility of a mountain sheep.

He stared in amazement. The running figure wore the dress of an Eskimo woman, but was taller than the average of that Arctic race; and as he watched he made a discovery that moved him with sudden excitement—the hood of the woman's *anorak* had fallen back, and the hair that streamed behind her as she ran was the colour of ripe corn. But the hair of Eskimos, as he knew, was black, and as the significance of that streaming gold thrust itself upon him, he guessed that here was a woman of his own race. On the instant, his voice throbbing with excitement, he shouted reassuringly, 'Hallo! Hallo, there !'

The fugitive took absolutely no notice. Without pause, without even so much as a glance over her shoulder, she hurried on; whilst the amazed prospector once more sent forth his hail, 'Aho-o-y! Wait !'

The woman gave no sign of having heard him; and, without wasting further time, he hurried down the spit and began to follow her

along the shore. Burdened with his pack and tools, he could make no great speed, and the fugitive easily outdistanced him; but he kept on, his eyes dancing with excitement, his mind thronged with questions.

What was a white woman doing up here? Who was she? Why should she run away from a man of her own kind? These and a score of other questions flashed through his brain as he pursued, but to no one of them could he find a satisfactory answer, though many suggestions followed on the heels of them. Perhaps there was a whaler's camp upon the coast, whose presence he had not suspected. Or maybe some prospector had made a strike and was working it secretly; or some trader had a store among the Eskimos, and had brought his wife for company in this desolate land! But why should the woman run away from him? And why did she wear Eskimo dress, which to a woman of white race in the Arctic summer must have been desperately uncomfortable?

With his mind thronged with questions and inconclusive answers he hurried forward, making a devious course among the boulders with which the shore was strewn, and in his excitement forgetting to brush the blood-thirsty mosquitoes from his hands. He had traversed less than half the width of the narrow bay when he saw the agile fugitive reach the spit of land at the farther end, mount it quickly, stand for a moment clear to view, then disappear beyond the crest. What lay on the farther side he could not guess, but the mystery of the fleeing white woman intrigued him, and he was determined to find out. No thought of danger entered his mind, and if it had it would not have deterred him; but when it was unexpectedly forced upon him his surprise was the greater.

When that happened he had reached the little cape beyond which the woman had disappeared; and, climbing it laboriously, had just glimpsed a wide bay beyond, when something whined over his head, and a second later the crang-g of a rifle sounded through the murmur of the seas and the hum of the mosquitoes.

Amazed beyond all expression, he dropped on his knees, and crawled hastily towards a moss-clothed boulder which offered convenient cover. Following astonishment, his first emotion was that of anger that any one should so wantonly have sought his life; but after a minute or so this gave place to amusement, and he laughed at himself as he crouched behind the green boulder, the weight of his pack pressing him down. 'Here's a nice mess!' he commented aloud, and glanced back on the way that he had come.

Safety, he knew, lay that way. It would be easy to retreat along the boulder-strewn shore

to the next bay, and then once more take the tundra and make his way southward away from the peril in front. But that unheroic way, though unquestionably it was the way of safety, did not appeal to him. In his nature was a strain of stubbornness that was not easily turned aside—or he would not have come so far across the desolate tundra; and, in addition, the mystery of the white woman who had fled from him intrigued him vastly. As he thought of her, his resolve crystallised suddenly. 'No!' he muttered, as he turned from the backward way, 'I'll know the meaning of this, or my name's not Roy Carwyke.'

From the sheltering boulder, as well as he could, he began to survey the prospect the raised land afforded. Straight ahead the view was blocked by the moss-covered stone; but to the right the vast stretch of tundra revealed itself, and he searched it eagerly for any sign of human presence. At first he found none; but after a minute or two, venturing to thrust his neck forward and stare round an angle of the boulder, he caught sight of a score or so of caribou-hide tepees pitched on the edge of the tundra some distance down the wide bay. 'Eskimos!' he ejaculated, and then hastily withdrew his head as a bullet flattened itself against the boulder. 'Phew!' he whistled. 'They mean business!'

Again the feeling of anger that he should be thus wantonly attacked surged uppermost, and, lying well in the shelter of the boulder, he began to unbuckle his pack. As with a motion of his shoulders it rolled clear, projecting a little beyond the rock, again the distant rifle spoke, and a bullet plugged the pack. 'A marksman!' he ejaculated; and added grimly, 'Well, we will see! He sha'n't have it all his own way.' Thrusting his rifle forward, he slid back the safety-catch, threw a cartridge into the chamber, and waited. The next time the distant aggressor fired he would try a shot himself.

Again his eyes searched the tundra, this time more narrowly than before. The three shots that had been fired had come from directly in front of him, and so long as he did not expose himself, and the marksman did not change his position, he was safe. If, however, the other were to creep across the tundra and outflank him, the boulder would cease to afford cover. But the great stretch of moss, broken here and there by dwarf bushes and starred with flowers, slumbered in the sunshine, its stillness unbroken except by the dancing insects. Reassured, his gaze turned the other way, towards the sea; and instantly his brown eyes grew round with surprise.

Well in the shelter of the spit, lying on a reef of rocks now partly exposed by the low tide, was a small schooner. Two of her masts were gone, and the third raked the sand as she lay careened, a great hole in her hull, in and out of which the water swirled, showing how she had met her end. For a moment the

surprise occasioned by the discovery held him; then his eyes examined the wreck keenly. Except for sea-birds perched upon it, there was no sign of life about the vessel; and whilst the broken masts gave the wreck an air of dismantlement, from the fact that it was not more battered he was sure that it had not lain long in its present position.

He wondered how it had come there, what had become of the crew, and whether the woman whom he had seen had arrived here in that broken hulk! In his interest he overstepped the bounds of caution, and, leaning forward a little, was warned by the whine of a bullet that he was in no position to take liberties. 'Confound the fellow!' he muttered, as he flattened himself anew behind the boulder.

The thought crossed his mind that possibly it was the woman who was firing, but that in no way lessened the indignation that was mounting within him. Why should she or any one else thus attack a stranger? Search as he would, he could find no answer to that question, and after a little time he began to wonder how long he would have to lie in his present position. The mosquitoes were hovering over him in clouds. To protect himself he was forced to lie upon his hands, and there were moments when he could scarcely see the rock in front of him by reason of the insects hanging on his veil like a swarm of bees. He considered the situation carefully. It was the season of the midnight sun, and there could be no waiting for the friendly cover of darkness. And back he would not go. He would at all costs find out what that white woman was doing up—

The thought was cut short by the whine of a bullet high above his head, followed almost simultaneously by the sound of the shot. 'A wide—or a warning,' he muttered. 'Which?'

Scarcely had he asked himself the question when the sounds were repeated, and a second later the crack of a rifle from the tundra to his rear made him start. 'Great Jupiter!' he whispered as he strove to look round. 'Taken in the rear!'

A moment after, however, he was reassured on that point, for two rifles cracked almost simultaneously, and he heard the bullets go whistling on their opposite ways well above his sheltering rock. He was no longer the target of the marksman in front. That worthy had transferred his attentions to some one well behind him, who was replying to the firing. But who could it be?

His mind could supply no certain answer to this question. He looked at the wreck, and wondered if some of her crew were still in the vicinity. That was likely, and that they had some feud with the Eskimos at the camp which he had seen was more than possible. But in that case, why had the white woman fled to the natives rather than to her own kind?

Listening to the exchange of shots, and realising that the man behind him was drawing nearer, he puzzled over this question for some time, whilst the rifle duel went forward. He cautiously altered his position, and with his back to the rock tried to get a glimpse of the man who, as he was now convinced, was advancing to his deliverance. For a little time he saw nothing, then a dozen yards from the point where the tundra ran down to the beach, and perhaps three hundred yards from the spit, he saw a head cautiously lifted above the dwarf spruce. In the same instant, as it seemed to him, the rifle at the distant encampment cracked, and the head that he had seen dropped suddenly. He waited anxiously. This time there was no returning shot; and though he watched the spruce like a lynx, he could see no sign of movement. The conviction assailed him that the man who had been advancing

to his help had paid for his temerity either with his life or by being badly wounded; and he was conscious of an anger beyond anything that the attack upon himself had occasioned.

Beyond him was a marksman ruthless in his purpose, and out there on the tundra was a dead or injured man who had suffered in the endeavour to help him. He felt he could not lie there without making an effort to ascertain what had happened, and he was just about to attempt the hazardous crawl that three hundred yards across the tundra represented, when to his amazement he saw the figure of a white man slip onto the beach, and a voice hailed him: 'Drop off the spit, stranger, and fall back along the beach. Mind you don't show a mark, or those devils will get you.'

(Continued on page 20.)

THE RIGHT OF THE ROAD.

By T. A. COWARD.

I.

THE corpse of a juvenile sparrow lay in the roadway, a drop of blood from its beak staining the dust a deeper red. When enjoying its recently acquired powers of flight it had met a motor; that is all. The open road is free to all—in that we glory; it is every man's land, not no man's land, and even a sparrow may frequent it without question. But accidents will happen, and the greater the speed of transport the greater the necessity for care. The fate of the inexperienced sparrow teaches a lesson and provides food for thought on the perils of the road. If a child is run over by a car, even by a cycle, it may be rewarded by a notice in the local press, which, to the juvenile mind, means glory. But the lower animals, even if they have rights on the highway, are denied even an obituary notice. They shall have one.

Many, either from motives of economy or from choice, still use what is popularly known as the 'push-bike,' and, for exercise or the enjoyment of the country ride, it has advantage over the luxurious ease and power to cover distances of the mechanically driven conveyance. Having, as cyclists, studied the roads for many years, we are struck by an interesting phenomenon: there is no very noticeable increase in fatalities to most animals through the increase in traffic and its acceleration. Dogs used to upset cyclists in the old days, and occasionally succeed now; they seldom upset the motor, though they try the motorist's temper. The psychology of the dog—especially the small dog—is a puzzle, and, as every dog-lover knows, shows infinite variation. Many small dogs are

conceited; they believe, apparently, that they are guardians of the road, or that the road is provided for their edification, a place where they may meet their friends and settle misunderstandings with their enemies. Anything which disputes this right by travelling fast must be chased with angry barks. If the vehicle is swifter than the dog all is well, unless something equally swift approaches in the other direction; but if the dog can overtake the cycle, car, or whatever has annoyed it, there is every chance of a tragedy. The dog which is well run into, or even run over, by a cycle learns a wholesome lesson; in future it frequents the side-walk. It may annoy pedestrians, it is true, but if they trample upon it, its sorrows are short-lived. Indeed, a dog when trodden upon will make the accident an excuse for obtaining what so many dogs value, sympathy and petting. An irresponsible puppy, the other day, managed to get its hind toes under a heavy boot, and complained bitterly; it was a front paw it offered to its mistress when, whimpering, it told its troubles, and when the uninjured foot had been comforted it continued its romps.

The dog will pass the time of day with every other dog it meets, and insists upon crossing the road to speak to a friend or a foe, however busy the traffic. This was bad enough when the muscle-driven cycle was the swiftest vehicle; the rider nervously rang his bell or produced uncouth sounds, but the dog did not always heed the warnings, and the rider dismounted speedily and without grace. But the puppy which learned by sad experience, either from the shock of contact or the stick of its master, soon managed to avoid accident when it heard

the bell. Petrol came in, and with the increase in swift travelling many dogs met with accidents and usually perished. Here is a problem for the student of heredity. Granted that the young dog learned sense after a few rough knocks and tumbles, it might be argued that its offspring could inherit the acquired characteristic and be born cautious; heredity would teach them that it was unwise to run into a cyclist. But what about the motor? The immature dog that got under the heavy car left no descendants; it died young. It could have no family to which it might transmit memories of bitter experience. Yet though the number of cars on the road has greatly increased, and they travel far faster than they did, canine tragedies are little more frequent than they were when the first cars shook and rattled over roads adapted only for horse vehicles. A wiser, more restrained generation of dogs appears to have been evolved.

In one way heredity may function, for there is the old law of the survival of the fittest; the rash and inefficient generations of dogs have passed away, the careful, cautious survivors populate the land. The weeding out may still continue, especially amongst the young, but it is less wholesale.

II.

Cats, strange to say, are seldom run over. The cat is adaptive and self-possessed; its self-absorption, in many instances, saves it. No decent motorist desires to mangle a cat, and when puss carefully picks her way across the wet road, hesitating to shake a paw if she inadvertently steps into a puddle, the motorist slows down and gives her warning. She is far more concerned with her immediate comfort than the possibility of danger. It is wonderful how cats cross the roads in busy city streets, and one day, at an important crossing, I saw a kitten hold up the traffic for several minutes; indeed, it was quite as effective as the fabric glove of the constable on point duty, though it is only fair to say that this kindly regulator of the traffic gave some help. The kitten had deliberately crossed one line of trams when it sighted a small dog, and, heedless of cars approaching in the other direction, crouched and revolved, its eyes glued on its hereditary enemy. The dog was far too much concerned with its own safety to bother about the cat; it crossed safely, and then the kitten bolted, passing beneath the wheels of a moving lorry without damage; and with many smiles the policeman on duty set the interrupted traffic in motion.

The cat's presence of mind is seldom disturbed, except by the dog. On different railways I have seen a station cat crouch between the metals when a train approached, and remain until the coaches had come to a standstill, when it calmly jumped to the platform by way of the

step. One, on reaching the platform, sat down to scratch an irritable ear, oblivious of the fact that some of the hurrying passengers had to step out of its way. I have seen dogs killed at level-crossings, but never a cat. Indeed, at one level-crossing a fox-terrier so objected to the gates which closed the right of way during the passing of a very slow goods train, that it jumped through, and actually, after several feints, managed safely to pass between the wagons. All kittens are not so unconcerned as the one that stopped the traffic. Three of us were cycling along a broad road when a kitten got in the way; there was ample room for all of us, but the cat took fright and bolted back under a wheel. We stopped to render first-aid, but the patient rose, swore emphatically, and raced home. It had fully eight lives left. Probably the cat is in greatest danger at night, for the glare of head-lamps confuses it; indeed, it is two brilliant emerald lamps, the reflection of his lights in those wonderful eyes, which first tell the motorist that there is an obstacle in the road. The cat, seeing nothing but the glare, is apt to crouch, uncertain where to escape, and before the driver has time to pull up, all is over.

Head-lights puzzle many animals; everything looks black beyond the dazzling beam. On both cycle and motor I have followed a hare along a country road; the fugitive swerved from side to side, and we slowed down, but it dared not leave the light for the uncertain darkness, and only when the light was switched off did it plunge through the hedge. Years ago, when I was cycling at night, I just avoided a hedgehog. It was not excited, and so escaped, but what would have happened had I not seen it? With its spines laid flat it would probably have suffered; but had it rolled in the defensive attitude, with prickles erected by strong subcutaneous muscles, would my tires have remained sound? The thicker motor tire would hardly be punctured; and, indeed, the flattened urchin is not uncommon on the road, where at night it has wandered in its hunt for coprophagous beetles.

III.

The study of the behaviour of the different animals which claim the right of the road is interesting, and the student may learn by bitter experience; the shock to the animal is frequently too severe to teach any lesson. The domestic fowl deliberately makes a point of crossing the road in front of cycle or car, but it does not cross deliberately. Panic seizes it on whichever side of the road it is feeding; safety, it imagines, is on the other side. Unfortunately the hen, seeking treasure in the dust, is unperturbed until the danger is real; then the suicidal mania seizes it, and with cackle and fluster it hurtles beneath the wheels. Strangely, few are caught, but that is not the fault of the

hens ; but when there is a casualty the sufferer always either won a prize at the local show or, as the farmer's wife tells, with her voice broken with emotion, it was her little daughter's cherished pet ! A regular tariff of compensation, adopted in some districts, has altered this ; the hen is now a mere hen, and nothing more. If the cyclist comes to grief (and legs have been broken in the endeavour to avoid a rooster), the farmer does not compensate the sufferer.

When motors first became general, large numbers of hens failed to calculate that fraction of time which divided safety from disaster ; but the hen to-day is an excellent speedometer ; on questions of speed-limit she would make a valuable expert witness in the police courts. I remember one hesitating pullet which miscalculated, turned back, and dashed under the car. We slowed and looked back. Behind us, following in our draught, a cloud of feathers and dust revolved, but before we stopped the bird had regained its feet, shaken off all loose particles, and scuttled unhurt towards the farm.

There was a day when horses shied at cycles, but now the steam-tractor, the charabanc, or the noisy milk-motor is passed without an earprick ; the young horse has to be introduced to the alarming but harmless vehicles it will meet upon the road. There are many finely bred horses which will pass a heavy removal-van, but are thrown into panic by a wind-blown scrap of paper. Cows are uncertain in their behaviour, though they seldom show fear ; indeed, as they amble meditatively along they passively monopolise the best parts of the highway. A heifer may lower its head and threaten, but it usually backs into the ditch or its companions ; the staid old milker has another habit—she turns broadside on, and so asserts her right to the whole roadway. Sheep are more nervous, but they lack initiative, and as a rule bunch, each waiting for a lead from its companions, and fear of the shepherd's dog is even greater than fear of the car ; they will blindly plunge against the wheel in their effort to escape their noisy guardian. Pigs, on the other hand, will, if mature, continue on their contemplative way, holding up the traffic whilst they investigate any possible muddy food-supply ; but young pigs, with squeals and grunts, trot ahead and refuse to give way.

Lesser folk—the wildings—perish in their thousands beneath the rubber-wheels of the modern juggernaut. Mice, shrews, voles, snakes, frogs and toads, beetles and other insects, snails and other invertebrates, pay the penalty of competing with man. We cannot stop to succour the maimed worm, whose uninjured inches writhe and twist in agony, but the watchful robin in the hedge drops down to give first and last aid. The rook and the daw, the rat and the sexton-beetle, even the bluebottle, follow in the tracks of the destroyer and cleanse the high-

way ; very swiftly the corpses are utilised and converted into fresh living matter. At night the moth, lured by the glare, blunders against the bonnet and is struck down, whilst by day and night the aimless beetle stuns itself with a ping against the windscreen. Once I picked up an uncommon dragon-fly which I saw dart against a passing car.

IV.

There is one wild animal, seldom more than partially domesticated, whose habits always were and still are annoying ; the human boy is irrepresible. In those almost forgotten days when we rode high bicycles, this inhuman boy delighted to throw his cap at the wheel, and he was well out of reach before the bruised rider rose from the mud. When safer steeds were invented, the game became risky for the practical joker, for the rider dismounted more gracefully, if with less speed, and the boy was frequently overtaken. Even to-day the cyclist is not quite safe, for a vigorous 'tip-cat' or hard ball may strike when not intentionally aimed, and the children coming out from school never pause to look what is in the road. Marbles, tops, and other games are the cause of anxiety to the motorists, and there is one game, very like that of the hen, which is still worse—the child sees how near it can allow the car to approach before it runs across the road. The British boast that they enjoy sport most when it has a spice of danger ; the child begins early. Sometimes when the motor-horn has failed to clear the road, one destructive little animal is carried to the hospital, where, gazing on salutary texts, he repents at leisure.

When we look back and remember the roads of thirty, forty, and fifty years ago, we recall the empty highway, the country lane where the iron-shod hoof made pleasant music and the iron tire gave notice of approach long before it was necessary to make way. When we recall the evolution of the cycle—from the wooden-spoked 'bone-shaker,' on which we rattled unsteadily from side to side, the tall, unequal-wheeled 'spider,' and the 'kangaroo,' as well as those variously schemed tricycles—and when we pass on to the rapid spread in popularity of the petrol car and cycle, we almost wonder that any one or anything can live upon the road. We question whose are the rights to-day, but our answer varies according to the bias of the questioner. When we are afoot we call down anything but benediction on the producers of noise, speed, and smell, and advocate trunk-roads for motors ; if we cycle we are just as sure that the cyclist should have more consideration, and not be blared at with noisy horns if he prefers the crown of the road to the rutted gutter. But if our question comes from the inside of a car, we are justly annoyed by the rambling dog and the careless small boy, or if we are forced to creep

lease horse vehicles assert their right to travel on the road. We, too, will object to the charabanc with rowdy holiday-seekers, or the heavy motor-transport wagon; they demand a dangerous amount of space at every bend and corner. For many who travel by 'sharry' do so because they want the pleasures of the road, the open air, and freedom from the ordinary city life, and cannot afford more luxurious methods of travel.

To sum up fairly. Every one has a right to the highway—pedestrian, cyclist, the driver of the horse vehicle, the motorist or the charabanc tipper, but no one has the right to incon-

venience and endanger other travellers. True consideration for one another would make the road pleasant and safe for all. Even the animals seem to some extent to have learnt the lesson, but the less intelligent invertebrates can never learn it. The more we crowd the roads and the swifter we travel, the greater will be the devastation in our wake. After all, we made the roads for our own convenience, not as a playground or track for caterpillars, worms, mice, and sparrows. If they will not be content with the untrodden ways beyond the hedge, they must take the consequences.

GREETIN' HOWE.

By HILTON BROWN.

PART I.

L

THE bleak three miles of road between Raigie and Aberkeld cuts off, as it were, from the rest of the friendly mainland the blunt peninsula of Sleat. A low, drab, hummocky country, alternating between slopes of rough grass and swampy hollows, it affords good pasturage for sheep, but little else to attract mankind. On the northward, or more dismal, half stand two small farms, and in the south there is a third farm, while along the seaboard cling the few pitiful hovels of the village of Knoggan. Almost halfway between Raigie and Aberkeld disreputable stone gates stand up on the left-hand side of the road and lead the eye down a perfectly straight drive or avenue, over a mile in length, to the old, ill-favoured house of Sleat. Sleat House stands at the round apex of the peninsula, within easy earshot of the east coast breakers, and just to the north of it—a quarter of a mile distant at most—is that ominous place known by sinister repute under the name of the Greetin' Howe.

The inquiring traveller who should visit the Greetin' Howe at full tide (the reason for the selection of this particular hour will emerge) would find nothing more dreadful than a small burn trickling down between two bare grass hills and terminating in a little loch, narrow but deep, bordered here and there with outcrops of gray rock, and showing unexpectedly a clear bottom of the same substance. The sea, which is distant only a few hundred feet, is completely screened by a high ridge of hummocks, grass-carpeted on their inner face, and on the outer breaking down into the waves in a tumble of rocks. In a land wind it is impossible even to hear the sound of the breakers, and the traveller might imagine himself in the heart of a continent. But, let him fall asleep for an hour or two by the margin of this singular lake, he

would wake with a start and suppose himself the victim of a strange hallucination. The loch would be disappearing before his eyes, gently slipping away with a slow swirling motion of its waters, exposing every minute more and more of its gray rock basin. And he would be no longer in doubt as to the origin of that odd name the Greetin' Howe, the Weeping Hollow, for the air would be filled with the most horrible sounds. Cries and wailings, inhuman, yet abominably human as well, would resound through that dismal place, and under it all would run a deep, persistent sobbing, as though some inconsolable being wept its heart out in the most dreadful misery. Should our traveller be an ignorant fellow, or one readily susceptible to unpleasant sensations, he might well snatch up his staff and run for his life from the accursed place, sparing neither time nor energy till he won again the comparative homeliness of the main road. For, indeed, on a gray day the Howe in its greetin' might daunt the boldest; the heartrending sound of its sorrows conjures up the most fearful thoughts, and is only with resolution ascribed to the things of this earth.

The explanation of these marvels is, of course, simple. The surface of the loch lies at the level of the sea at high-tide; its bottom considerably below. Its basin is connected with the sea by some sort of subterranean tunnel never explored, and with every ebb and flow of the tide the loch empties and fills, making, with the strong suction and the passage of the water through some odd formation, the sounds described. For about an hour and a half round dead low-water the loch is completely empty, and in its bottom a black cavity under a sill of harder stone shows where the water goes and where a very bold man might follow. No man has seen the outer end of that fearsome tunnel, but it is known to lie below the water-level in a cleft or channel among the seaward rocks, where even in rough

weather the green seas eddy and curtsy as if to solemn measures. A man falling into the Greetin' Howe loch during the ebbing process would necessarily be drawn like a cork through that dark passage, and would emerge drowned and dead in the seaward channel, where he would float in the eddies till his body was taken out. This is what has actually happened. A short-cut right of way from Knoggan to Raigie skirts Sleat House and crosses the Howe, and on dark nights men have strayed or stumbled and been seen no more till they floated indifferent in the outer sea. A very bold man, as has been said, could enter the tunnel at the loch end at low-water and, if the conformation of it be as is supposed, could penetrate some way down it; but no man of Raigie or Aberkeld, or still more of Knoggan, would essay such a task. Superstition in Scotland is dying out fast, but the horror of the Greetin' Howe is still potent within a fifty miles' radius of Sleat. Hear it once, wailing and sobbing like a chorus from the lowest inferno, and you will suffer no surprise that this should be so.

From the macabre gloom of this forsaken countryside Sleat House itself in no way detracts. It is a building of no great age, dating only from the early nineteenth century; and the question why any sane being should erect in so dreary a locality what is, in pretence at least, a mansion, is answered by the history of its founder. This was the celebrated Thrawn Sanquhar, originally a fisherman of Knoggan, but at the end of his dark days a successful and particularly devilish smuggler. Tradition credits this builder of Sleat with the darkest attributes, spiritual and material; originally only an ill-doing man, he has become to half the county a memory of ill-defined but none the less arresting horror. Sleat House itself proclaims him a man utterly lacking in taste, unless it were for seascapes of the bleakest description; the so-called mansion is a miracle of yellow ugliness, to which its modern condition of chronic ill-repair contributes little relief. Not a tree shelters its nakedness, not a flower grows in its precincts; the long approach from the main road passes through nothing but barren and sombre fields of grass, while the few skeleton trees along its route, planted, no doubt, with ambitious hopes of an avenue, have been warped and tortured by the bitter winds till they resemble mutilated and loathsome beggars squatting along the approach to some oriental temple of more than usual repulsion. Thrawn Sanquhar lived hard and died foully, and bequeathed to his posterity only his white elephant of a house, which the declining proceeds of the smuggling industry could no longer support. It remained in their hands from generation to generation simply because it was impossible to sell. Tradition couples with some of Thrawn Sanquhar's most fiendish exploits the locality

of the Greetin' Howe; but tradition here must err, for the sea end of the tunnel could never have been accessible to man. Tradition further insists that in the delirium of his last fever Sanquhar cried out incessantly, 'Mind the Greetin' Howe! Mind the Greetin' Howe!' And when, on an appropriate night of storm and turmoil, the devil his master came to claim him, it was into the Greetin' Howe that he was carried shrieking away. This is as may be; at all events when the devil's agent came for his great-grandson James Sanquhar and slew him, whether or not he came from the Greetin' Howe, it was certainly into the Greetin' Howe that he retired.

At the period of this narrative—that is to say, the early 'nineties of last century—James Sanquhar was closing at Sleat a life as ill-spent as the tradition of his family could desire. He was the eldest of three brothers, sons of a dissolute sire, and he was a childless widower. The soul-destroying dismalness of Sleat House had killed his wife early, and James Sanquhar made no second essay in marriage. He was, however, by no means done with women, as a series of scandalous tales, still toothsome to the old wives of Aberkeld, can testify. In the latter end of his days he fell under the influence of a Catholic priest, reformed himself in name at least, and demanded *en secondes nocces* one Elsie Forgan, a maiden of Knoggan. Tradition—this time probably with strict accuracy—averts that he took this step only after less proper overtures had been rejected.

Elsie Forgan appears to have been an average member of her class, not specially pretty, typically virtuous, and typically unintelligent. Left to herself she would presumably have acquiesced at once in the laird's proposal—the more so as there was apparently no other claimant to her affections, and as her mother urged the alliance upon her. But she was not left to herself. She was blessed, or cursed, with a brother, Black Hugh Forgan, a mason by trade, a man of vast stature and physical strength, and imbued with that half-insane obstinacy not uncommon among Scotmen in this part of the country. The Forgans were a family long settled in this remote corner; half the population of Knoggan bear their name, and an ancestor is said to have been the lieutenant and associate of Thrawn Sanquhar till he was slain by his master in a particularly cold-blooded manner. This somewhat apocryphal vendetta young Hugh Forgan assimilated at the knees of a half-witted aunt until, in the local parlance, the thing 'cam' atween him an' 's reason'—which last was never perhaps very securely seated. He blustered and threatened a good deal, and was indeed bound over for a time at Sanquhar's instance; and finally he swore that unless James Sanquhar desisted from his attentions to his sister he would extirpate not only himself but the whole

enting male issue of his house. These, in fact, were his one surviving brother and two nephews, one by each brother.

These were expressions more compatible with the Dark Ages than with the early 'eighteenth-century, and beyond threatening to charge Forgan again, James Sanquhar paid them no heed. He prosecuted his wooing with agility and despatch. As is often the case with worth-while men, he had a considerable ascendancy over women, and doubtless, between a mercenary older and a half-mad brother, the poor girl, aided by no great intelligence of her own, was fairly bemused. At all events, Sanquhar pressed through his courtship all the quicker for Black Hugh's vapourings, persuaded the girl in a very brief time, and married her under the rites of the Roman Catholic Church.

The proverb assures us of the happiness of things not long a-doing; but proverbs may be false. At all events it was a strange wedding-night at Sleat, if we are to believe the testimony of the priest who effected the ceremony and the head retainer of the house, one Rennie Kellock. The bridal couple had retired early to their room, and Kellock was engaged in looking the front-door, while the priest idly looked on. Suddenly, with an ear-splitting crash, one of the dining-room windows was burst bodily in, and the frightful figure of Forgan appeared in the aperture with a mason's mallet in his hand. His face was blazing with passion, and, according to Riggie Kellock, he was literally roaring with fury. He sprang upon the horrified pair—both elderly men—as if they did not exist, and still roaring dashed to the stairway. The priest, with much presence of mind, snatched up a heavy copper vase and hurled it at him, but missed, and the dreadful figure disappeared from their view along the upper landing. Screams were heard, and Kellock and the priest, commending their souls to Heaven, pursued up the stairs. On the landing they were joined by the groom and by one Robb, a young farmer from Pitsadden, who had been sitting in the kitchen—the latter with a shot-gun in his hand. As they advanced to the room the uproar ceased suddenly, and Forgan, 'leanin' at the mou' an' rid bluid frae heid tae heel o' him' [Kellock], burst out upon them. They fell back at this frightful apparition, and the murderer made good the stair again. Robb then fired at him, with no appreciable effect save to add to the confusion with the crash and smoke of his black-powder cartridge. The priest went on into the room, where he found Sanquhar on the floor with his head battered out of shape by the mason's mallet, and his wife insensible on the bed. Robb, Kellock, and the groom rushed after Forgan, who went out by the dining-room window by which he had entered.

It was a clear moonlight night, and they had no difficulty in seeing the fugitive, who ran in

the direction of Raigie. Let Kellock tell what happened.

'We werena fifty yairds ahent him, and we cud see him fine when he nippit ower the hill and doon intae the Greetin' Howe. Ower we gaed efter him, an' there he was, haudin' straucht for the lochie. "Shoot him, Davie," I says, an' Robb lets fly again wi's gun. I dinna ken if he hit him or no, but he made a kin' of a swerve like an' a loup, an' he let oot a yell, an' in he gaed souse intae the middle o' the loch. Eh, sirs, it was awfu' to see in yon uncanny place wi' the mune shinin' an' the Howe greetin' an' sabbins' jist its very warst. Dobbie's (the groom) teeth were fair birlin' in his heid. "Goad be wi's," says he, "he's doon the Howe!" An' sae he wis—clean doon the middle o' her, suckit doon like a pirn. Never up cam' he, an' never wud, ony mair than Wabster or Lott that went doon there afore him. Nae mortal man wins oot o' yonder that's ance gane doon.'

By all precedent, the body should have been found next morning floating peacefully in the eddy outside. But it was not found—either that morning or any other. It was never found. To the terrors of the Greetin' Howe was now added the thought that somewhere in its vitals, drowned and dead, lay that dreadful being whose hate and fury had carried him to such appalling deeds.

A telegram was sent to Robert Sanquhar, the elder and surviving brother, apprising him of the unwelcome news that Sleat was now his. 'An' gin I had been gi'en my way,' says Kellock, 'they wud hae added tae that telegram, "Bide awa'." Ithers forgot—but I didnae forget—what Hugh Forgan had said. He was tae end no' only puir Mr James, but the hale brood o' Sanquhar. Whit wey can a deid man kill ithers? Noo ye're speirin', but it's a thing that's ta'en place afore noo. "Bide awa'," I wud hae said. "Dinna come near." But I wasna heedit—wae's me, I wasna heedit.'

Thus Kellock after all the events; and perhaps also—though there is no corroboration—at the time itself.

II.

Robert Sanquhar, a bluff, lax man, very different from James, came down to Sleat with the avowed intention of remaining there just long enough to clear up his brother's papers. He made, however, a longer stay than that; for he was found dead in his bed and almost headless on the second morning of his visit. A heavy sleeper, he had paid the penalty, and his death had aroused not a soul, not even, in all probability, himself. Beyond a gasp of startled horror the neighbourhood had nothing to say for some hours. Then came fresh facts of an even more disconcerting quality.

Janet Rae, the daughter of the cattleman at Pitsadden, left the house very early in order to catch the six o'clock train from Raigie. She went by the short-cut which passes near the

house of Sleat, and must have been in the precincts at about five in the morning—not much later than the hour at which medical evidence fixed Sanquhar's death. On the back of seven she burst again into her father's house in the greatest disorder, crying out, 'I'm deid! I'm deein! I'm awa' wi' t' a'thegither.' Given a cup of tea—that panacea of her class—she cried out loudly, 'Oh Goad, mither, I seen him, I seen him!' and collapsed into a prolonged faint or trance. Precious hours had gone by before she had recovered sufficiently to make any statement; then her words would have thrilled the most cold-blooded. The person she had seen was Forgan; she had encountered him 'linkin' doon the dykeside' between Sleat and the Howe, and he had 'gi'en her a glower,' at the mere memory of which she relapsed again into violent hysterics. She could not be shaken. 'Whit wey wud I no' ken him? We was weel acquent. It was Forgan, Black Hughie Forgan. I kent him fine.'

Janet Rae's horrifying news was variously received. Dobbie, the groom, voiced the general sentiment when he exclaimed, 'Keep's a! Risen frae the deid! I'm for awa'!'—a project which he put into instant execution. Riggie Kellock, hardly less terrified and equally convinced that all stood in the presence of a supernatural manifestation, showed a finer fidelity in sticking to his post. But there arose another school who reasoned that, as risings from the dead are impossible, Forgan was not dead; and as he must have perished if he went down the Howe, consequently he did not go down the Howe; therefore all the story of the pursuit was an invention of Kellock and Dobbie, who had really, on the night of Mr James's murder, hidden under their respective beds. Had the account of the pursuit been circulated solely by Kellock and Dobbie, this latter version might have gained ground; but it was impossible to impugn Robb of Pitsadden, a man whose courage was locally unquestioned. Said the objectors, 'Forgan could not have gone down the Howe.' Said Kellock, 'Doon he did go, for I seen him wi' thae twa e'en.' 'Then,' they pursued, 'he cannot have been drowned.' 'Gang ye doon the Howe efter him,' rejoined Kellock, 'an' see if ye come up again yersel's. If he's no doon the Howe at this moment, whaur is he?'

Where indeed; for all search was fruitless. Forgan had vanished as effectually as if he were indeed dead and drowned and his body caught up in some cleft of the tunnel while his spirit pursued its evil courses. No human eye had seen him save Janet Rae's; and even that might have been doubted, in spite of the corroborative effect of this second murder, had not a fresh footprint in one of the Sleat flowerbeds been found to correspond exactly with one of Forgan's boots.

'Anither telegram to be sent,' said Kellock,

and despatched it with all promptitude to Mr Eric Sanquhar, son of Robert and elder nephew of James. A reply came that Mr Eric would attend on the day of the funeral.

There being little good to be said of Eric Sanquhar, let us say as little as possible in his dispraise. He was a throw-back to a previous generation of Sanquhars—a hard-living, graceless young man, not too sober in his habits or too choice in his company. He conducted an agent's business of a dubious character in the city of Glasgow, and was known to despise all forms of country life as suited only for the more incurable of dullards. It was common rumour in the county that he had long since sworn some curious and binding oath never to set foot in the house of Sleat.

He kept his word. He came to Raigie by the afternoon train in a condition of only partial sobriety, and he delayed into the dusk of an autumn evening with a series of potations in the Grinnell Arms—which made him no better. From the Grinnell Arms he hired a dogcart—Dobbie's defection had made it impossible to send a vehicle from Sleat—which he insisted on driving himself and unaccompanied. His violence was such that his demand was granted. The history of that drive will never be known to mortal man; but a bolting horse brought the dogcart to the front-door of Sleat, and the dogcart was empty.

Spittal, the gardener, the one surviving retainer save Kellock, called his senior with a gray face and quivering lips. 'He's gotten'm already!' said he.

'Awa' wi' ye!' said Kellock stoutly. 'He's been the waur o' a dram and tummelt oot the machine. I never seen him sober yet.' But the hand in which he held his lantern shook, and it was in no natural voice that he bade Spittal come up the drive and search.

'No' me!' said Spittal promptly. 'No' for a year's wages.'

'Be damt tae ye then, ye muckle bairn,' said Kellock. 'I'll gang mysel'.'

And stoutly by himself he went—for not even a coward's fear of cowardice could budge the miserable Spittal. By himself Kellock went up that long dismal drive, the lantern swinging in his hands, the stockish and tortured trees springing on him like foul shapes at every step. By himself he came to the unmistakable traces of a swerve and a bolt—and to a dark figure that sprawled by the roadside. The keen wind from the sea played with its light overcoat with a mockery of life; and on the left side of the head was a dreadful smashing wound.

'Tummelt oot on a stane, did he?' said Kellock; but the teeth rattled in his head, for he saw as in a vision a frightful roaring man, framed in a wrecked window, with a mason's mallet in his hand.

In the morning Kellock drove to Raigie and

despatched yet another telegram—this time to Mr Andrew Sanquhar at the Parliament House of Edinburgh. Out in the street he drew his hand across a brow studded with cold sweat. 'That's the last time onyway,' said he to himself. 'There's but ae Sanquhar atween Forgan and his aith, where a week syne there stood fower. We're as weel wantin' yon last ane; o' him that's tae come I ken naethin' ava'. God help him here, for this is nae man's wark. My duty's done onyway; gin the fiends o' the pit tak' this ane as weel's the ithers, let the hail hoose o' Sleat come doon, roof an' wa', it'll nae fa' on Riggie Kellock.'

With something almost like a grim smile the old man climbed into the dogcart and set his face once more towards the haunted country. He knew Forgan was dead, knew he was risen from the grave and accomplishing horrors, knew that, these things being so, Mr Andrew Sanquhar was doomed; yet, stout heart, he did not flinch, but drove steadily off into the groping sea-fogs of Sleat.

From now onwards the story will follow the version of Mr Andrew Sanquhar—a livelier style than this staid narration. Andrew Sanquhar was at this time a struggling lawyer in Edinburgh, a man frail in body but ready and resolute enough of mind. That he was

astounded to find himself master of Sleat we may readily suppose, for he had been removed from that position by three sound lives—even supposing James Sanquhar to have no offspring by the unhappy Elsie Forgan. That he was not entirely overjoyed at the prospect we may well surmise, that he was sorely tempted to hang back we may suspect—and small blame to him, for the current journals had brought Sleat into a wholly undesirable prominence. At best Sleat was a nuisance, an interruption of his duties; at worst it might be the end of everything. It says something for him, then, that after but a brief cogitation he advised Kellock to expect him at once.

To save interpolations in the text, let it be explained here that the 'Roddy' of whom he makes so much mention was his close friend Roderick Moore, a half-fledged Edinburgh doctor, who made a better show on a football field than in a consulting-room. The young man's confidence perhaps exceeded his powers, but he was a tower of physical strength, devoted whole-heartedly to his friend, and was thus an Æneas capable of bearing this Anchises out of the perils of any ordinary Troy.

We proceed now to the remarkable narrative of Andrew Sanquhar.

(Continued on page 30.)

THE KAVIRONDO.

By 'SAFARI'.

I.

INHABITING the eastern shores of the great African lake, Victoria Nyanza, is a prolific tribe about whose mode of life or importance in the economic development of the rising British colony of Kenya little is really known by any except those in immediate contact with them.

This tribe is the Kavirondo, and is composed of two main sections, the Bantu Kavirondo and the Nilotic. Little is known of the earlier history of these two races, but, so far as one can gather from the reports of their older members, whose memories are at best very unreliable, the Bantu were in prior occupation of the territory, and were driven out of the south-western locations by the invasion of a tribe from the upper reaches of the Nile and the northern shores of the lake. The invaders did not come simultaneously, but rather in a succession of small sub-tribes or family groups, such as the Zo-Gem, the Zo-Alego, and so on.

Although actual warfare between Nilotic and Bantu has long since ceased, and intermarriage and free intercourse are carried on between the two races, there still remains a good deal of mutual jealousy, and often this can even be advantageous to administration, notably when it

expresses itself in rivalry between a Bantu chief and his Nilotic neighbour to have well-ordered and prosperous locations.

But sometimes the friction reaches to an extent where the administration is compelled to intervene. It is noteworthy that the Nilotics are in nearly every case the aggressors, although they are greatly outnumbered. They are by far the more vigorous and intelligent of the two races, and for many years have been penetrating quietly but effectively into the Bantu locations, so that recently when a change was made in the administration of the territory, and it was decided to place all the Nilotic locations under the direction of the District Commissioner at Kisumu and the Bantu under the District Commissioner of North Kavirondo, the Nilotics suddenly claimed as theirs a good deal of territory which they had never conquered, but in which many Nilotic families had settled and formed villages. However, a compromise was effected which appeared to please neither faction.

The Nilotics have had one great advantage in the struggle. The first Church Missionary Society station was opened in their country, and when, at a later date, the missionaries started in the Bantu country they brought with them Nilotic native teachers. These went forth

among the Bantu youth, teaching not only Christianity, but what we can term Niloticism as well; in short, they impressed upon their hearers that to be considered a Jalu or Nilotic Kavirondo was infinitely better than to be a Bantu—that the former were the race of the future, and had all the virility and capability of progress.

Their persuasiveness appears to have been so effective that I myself have heard in a native council a youth stand up and proclaim himself a Nilotic, while his old father has stood beside him and denied it flatly.

The Nilotics possess a far more subtle intellect, a more highly-strung nervous system, and a much greater receptiveness for instruction. It would seem that they are destined to fill the clerical and office jobs in the colony, while their neighbours will be the manual workers.

II.

In physical appearance the two tribes are not in great contrast, and often one can distinguish between them only by tribal markings; but as a rule the Nilotics are taller and of a more intelligent cast of face, while the Bantu are shorter and of heavier build.

In spite of occasional internal friction, however, the two races work in perfect harmony away from the reserve, and the tribe as a whole contributes probably about a third of the native labour employed in Kenya on European and Indian plantations, at the Mombasa and Kisumu docks, and on the Uganda railway. In addition it appears to provide the finest material as recruits to the colony's police and military forces.

The Kavirondo are, on the whole, the most physically fit, and without doubt the most tractable and willing workers of all the tribes in the colony.

The Bantu especially are not over-imaginative, and this is perhaps an advantageous trait, notably from the point of view of their employers, for if a sufficiency of food, shelter, and warm blankets is given along with a wage adequate to pay their hut and poll tax, they are content with practically any type of work. This is true in the main as regards the raw labour from the reserve induced to work in the settled parts of the colony. Such labour is, as a rule, indentured on a six or eight months' contract, the employer being bound to repatriate the labourers at his own expense on the expiration of the agreement. Nevertheless a large amount of casual labour makes its way into the market, and this is generally in fair demand, as, no contract being entered into, there is no liability to repatriate, and no fixed period to the employment. Thus it can be profitable to the employer to teach the native work of greater skill, since he will not be obliged to send him back to his reserve and terminate the engagement just when his master is beginning to reap some reward from the labours of his instruction.

The bulk, then, of this casual labour is of a higher order, and generally consists of natives who have attended one or other of the many mission schools in the reserve, or have been in longer and more intimate contact with the European. A large number of these workers prefer domestic service, and naturally they get a higher remuneration than the raw product of the reserve.

The domestic servant or 'house-boy,' as he is termed, is an interesting study. In this class the observer can see manifested the many influences, good and evil, of contact with the European and the Indian immigrant, and in many cases, regrettably, the unhappy consequences of freedom from ancient tribal discipline and restraint.

The Kavirondo who has graduated into this class distinguishes himself by his inordinate fondness for showy clothes of European fashion. He will invest all he has left from his meagre wages, after buying his food and paying his tax, in gaudy apparel, which he purchases from the Indian store-keeper. He revels in exploring the *dukka's* stock of caps, hats, shirts, cotton vests, and drill trousers; and doubtless what he spends on these contributes in no small measure towards keeping in motion the wheels of the cotton-mills of India.

It is indeed a strange thing, this love of raiment, which far exceeds the normal requirements of decency and cleanliness. It is a desire for constant change, and it is amazing to watch the exchange and barter that is carried on amongst the natives themselves.

I recollect one personal 'boy' of mine who never seemed to appear in the same pair of trousers or cap for two days in succession, and who informed me upon inquiry that he did not necessarily buy new things every time, but only exchanged with some one or other of his comrades equally desirous of variety of clothes.

The psychological interest of this characteristic is intensified, since, back in the reserve, the huge residue of the tribe roam about, each adult clad in a single goatskin, suspended by a cord from one shoulder and only partly surrounding him, while the children, and in some of the Nilotic locations the male adults also, go about in a state of entire nudity. And here I should like to state in passing that morality is highest in such locations.

Nothing can exceed the scorn cast by the clothed Kavirondo, 'civilised' in Nairobi or Kisumu, upon his naked brother in the reserve. His favourite epithet for him is '*shenzi*,' which has an infinite variety of meanings, among which we can include raw, uncouth, uncultured. On the other hand, he who has spent his life in the reserve has an admiration, perhaps mingled with fear, for one who to his mind has travelled far and seen much, who has journeyed in a railway

train (the *gari* run by smoke), seen steamboats and many other wonders.

III.

It is appropriate here to glance at the domestic life of the tribe. The natives live in small villages supervised by an elder or head-man, who in turn is responsible to the chief or sub-chief of the location. The village is often merely the family group. The surrounding piece of land is cultivated, and cattle, goats, and sheep are fed upon it. The cultivation is primitive, and as yet there is only an isolated chief or head-man who has a plough. Each house has its own little strip of land nearest its door, where enough grain or root-crops, such as yams, are raised to meet its needs for the season and generally give enough excess to brew some *pombe* or native liquor, which is always regarded as food. 'Kaffir corn' and 'mealies' are chiefly grown, and no attempt is made towards co-operation of effort or extending the area under cultivation, or even laying in a store of food during good seasons to provide for the famine which inevitably follows. It would appear, however, that one great obstacle in the way of storing grain is the entire absence of suitable granaries. The grain is merely put into miniature huts, raised a few feet high on poles, and is subject to the ravages of the weather and the hordes of rats which afflict the territory. It is doubtless the duty of the local government to provide buildings weather-proof, fire-proof, and, as far as possible, rat-proof, in order to mitigate to some measure the calamities of famine which periodically afflict these parts and wipe out so many of the inhabitants. Huge sums have in any case to be spent on relief measures when the trouble comes. Were it not better to use some or even all of this money in prevention?

Nevertheless one of the worst obstacles in the way is the innate improvidence of the native himself, and this can be eradicated only by long and patient effort on the part of administrative officers, missionaries, and other workers on his behalf. Cases are far from rare where natives sell their surplus to Indian traders at ridiculously low rates when food is plentiful, only to buy it back at ten or even twenty times more when the lean time comes upon them, which has been expected and stored for by the wily Indians.

The process of grinding is very primitive, and consists of pounding the grain between two stones, a large flat one on the ground and a smaller one in the hands. The stone chosen is not exceptionally hard, and I have often speculated on how much of it yearly finds its way into the digestive organs of the average Kavirondo.

The tasks of cultivation, grinding, and beer-making fall upon the women of the tribe. The children herd the stock, and the men spend

their time smoking, drinking, and loafing; at least so it would appear at first to the newcomer. But it has to be remembered that a large percentage of the adult males leave the reserve to labour on the plantations and other works, and only return on periodic visits to see how their household is progressing, and to hand over the money they have earned in order to meet their taxation liabilities. Economic pressure is driving an ever-increasing number of these to find employment outside the reserve while the women-folk keep things going at home.

IV.

The Kavirondo who does not profess the Christian faith is polygamous, and this includes the Mohammedans amongst them—and these, I may add, are increasing greatly in number. Many of the native non-commissioned officers in the King's African Rifles and Police Force are Sudanese and profess the faith of Islam, and so numerous Kavirondo who served in the local campaign adopted this faith, and have returned to their reserves and proselytised others. Their form of Mohammedanism is very elastic, and in many cases amounts to a mere name only and a few of the outward offices; but it is popular as being a 'black-man's' religion, and it does not require the high moral standards and the renunciation of many native customs required by Christianity. Hence it is growing in popularity among a race whose paganism even is of the very lowest order, and at best can be defined as little better than a sort of ancestor-worship.

The only limit, then, to the number of a man's wives is his own personal resources, for a considerable 'dowry' must be paid for each to her father or guardian, and under these circumstances you will conceive a father or a guardian is always forthcoming.

The 'dowry' varies in extent in different parts, but a fairly average one consists of four to six cows or heifers, about a dozen goats, and a sheep or two; the last-mentioned are regarded as small change. This payment of stock is not so much a price for the girl as an earnest of the bridegroom's good faith, for if he ill-treats her and she runs away from him, and if, when the case comes before the elders of the tribe, he is found to blame, he will in all likelihood lose both wife and 'dowry'; if, on the other hand, she deserts him without sufficient reason, he can reclaim the whole of his payment, and it can be realised her parent will use every method, just or unjust, to get her back to her husband, rather than part with the stock now he has it. 'Dowry' cattle are ordained never to be slaughtered, and even after their death the hides are kept with the distinctive markings upon them. Often marriage cases are brought before the District Commissioner extending back for

years and years, and these are frequently beyond settlement, for not only the claimants but the cattle themselves and the goats have reproduced, and the custody of children, together with the custody of a generation of cattle, has often to be determined. Moreover, the harassed District Commissioner finds drifting to his office the cases of which the natives themselves could find no satisfactory settlement. What chance for him, a European, in the hands of interpreters, for few of the reserve natives can speak Ki-swahili, the *lingua franca* of the colony?

As remarked above, the women do the great bulk of the labour on the land. From morning till night they toil, often with an infant hung on their back, and often they bring forth children in the very midst of their labours. The man is truly the lord and master, and even when they are walking on a road or a path the woman follows behind him. They never walk abreast.

But who can call the native woman unhappy? Is not happiness only comparative after all? We do not realise misery unless we have been at some time in the past in a more blissful state. And so it appears to me that many enthusiastic and gracious people are misdirected in their efforts when they endeavour to work a revolution in the status of the native woman in Africa, and apply Western ideals and conditions too suddenly.

No immediate cure can be accomplished. The process will be slow and laborious, and the missionary must be prepared to sow where others will reap. No one lifetime can expect to see the fruition of its efforts.

Moreover, as I have said, the lot of the women is not so wretched as it would at first appear to be. To put it bluntly, her husband regards her as his most valuable property. Children are valuable, especially girls, for reasons explained above, and just as a man will not maltreat his cattle, which give him his increase in stock and add to his prosperity, so he will not maltreat the woman who is the mother of his children.

In conclusion, let me say that one of the greatest tasks before the authorities is the solid, skilful, and discriminating education of this great tribe. Secular education is non-existent. The Government at present, for reasons of economy probably, prefer to grant mission-stations money to erect and maintain schools. The teaching received at the mission-schools is naturally of a strong religious bias, and there is sometimes considerable friction and overlapping of missionary effort. Each sect is eager to teach dogma, and is apt to submerge the converts in that sea of controversy which, after nearly two thousand years, shows no signs of disappearing. We Westerners have the advantage of knowing how the various schisms came about, and can appreciate their various subtleties; but how can these benighted savages, emerging from centuries of the lowest

paganism, understand? It were far wiser to combine effort and sink differences in the stupendous task of inculcating thoroughly first of all the fundamental morality of the Decalogue. Every endeavour should be made to bring this about, and to avoid the danger of 'veneering' the native, in order to increase the yearly return of 'converts' sent to the various mission headquarters.

I have dealt here with only one great tribe of the legion in our African territories. There are many others with as great a potentiality. They are eager for culture and instruction, and they are all imbued with deep veneration for the white man. The land has fallen to us without bloody conquest, and the great bulk of the natives are peace-loving and industrious. If treated with justice and honesty they will develop into useful citizens of our great empire. So far no pernicious doctrines have permeated the country, and under a wise and prudent administration it is impossible to predict to how high a state of development they can rise.

THE CHOICE.

LAD! there's the road that leads to the town, an'
the one that goes to the sea,
So choose your track (an' you can't turn back)—
which one is it to be?
The one's an easy-goin' road, but it has its petty
strife,
An' its foolish ends, an' fickle friends—is that to
be your life?

Or will you take the longer path to the outposts
o' the earth,
To the lands o' the sun, as I have done, an' find
out what they're worth?
You'll meet things squarely, face to face, an' death
will be no pale ghost,
An' life, you'll feel, is passin' real—the thing that
matters most.

It won't be a garden o' roses there, nor a game
you're playin' at;
Work, an' a bed, an' a roof overhead—'tis nothin'
much but that.
An' the work is hard, an' the bed is poor, an' the
roof is often the sky,
While the lotus-land is never to hand—'tis a dream
o' the by-an'-by.

For out in the bush it's an uphill fight, an' a
lonesome one as well,
An' a white man's face in a black man's place is
somethin' on which to dwell;
An' hardships, an' fever, an' deadly scourge will
follow you many a mile—
Oh! sometimes you'll think that you're bound to
sink, an' you'll wonder if it's worth while.

But all o' it's life you're livin' out there—not seen
in a lookin'-glass;
You can stand alone, with your soul as your own,
an' that's the test to pass. . . .
Lad! there's the road that leads to the town, an'
the one that goes to the sea,
So choose your track (an' you can't turn back)—
which one is it to be?

MALCOLM HEMPHREY.

BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES AND THEIR IMITATORS.

By W. COURTHOPE FORMAN.

FOR almost two hundred years the paper on which the 'Old Lady of Threadneedle Street' prints her welcome promises to pay has been manufactured in a little Hampshire village. The historic mills where this exceptionally fine paper is made are at Laverstoke, near Whitchurch, on the banks of the Test, that typical Hampshire river that, rising in the chalk-downs in the north-west of the county, runs through pleasant valleys and water-meadows, flower-decked and emerald-green, till at length, after many divisions and subdivisions, many joinings and rejoinings, it empties itself, cold from its journey through the chalk and crystal clear, into Southampton Water. Here, in this little village, by its pleasant stream, Laverstoke Mill has stood through the long centuries, for it finds mention in the Domesday survey. In the year 1718, being then a corn-mill, a ninety-nine years' lease of it was granted to Henry Portal at a yearly rental of £5 and 'one ream of foolscap paper neatly cut.'

The story of Henry Portal, the paper-maker, is a romantic one. A scion of an ancient French family, who for many generations had resided at Bagnols-sur-Cèze in the south of France, his father moved to Poitiers in about 1680, and ten years later Henri, the third son, was born. Following the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685), those French folk of the Reformed faith, among whom were the Portal family, suffered for many years the direst persecution at the hands of their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen. Arrived at man's estate, Henri Portal decided to leave his native land for the more friendly and hospitable shores of England. It was, however, no easy matter in those strenuous days for a Huguenot to shake the dust of France from off his feet, and it is told by one historian that Henri achieved his object only by concealing himself in an empty wine-barrel.

However his perilous escape may have been accomplished, accomplished it was, and he landed safely near Southampton in 1710. At South Stoneham, near that important and ancient port, were then the mills of the 'White Paper Makers' Company of England, mills chiefly under the control of Huguenots, to whom a charter had been granted by James II. a year after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. To the directors of these mills it seems probable that young Henri carried introductions. In 1711, at the ancient city of Winchester, he became a naturalised Englishman, henceforward to be known by the name of Henry Portal. In 1712 he acquired the lease of a paper-mill at Bere,

near Whitchurch, and such was his energy during the next few years, and so great was his success, that for the extension of his business he took the Laverstoke Mill, as I have stated, and practically rebuilt it in 1719.

It was in 1724 that, through the influence of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, the Governor of the bank, and a relation of the Hampshire Heathcotes of Hursley Park, Henry Portal was entrusted with the manufacture of the bank's note-paper, a privilege that has been continued in the Portal family, from father to son, till the present time. For more than sixty years of its existence the bank's issue of notes was principally those of £20, the amount being filled in by a cashier in ink, and during nearly the whole of that period no forger appears to have possessed the skill, the imagination, and the hardihood to imitate and put into circulation those highly-prized 'scraps of paper.' As specimens of the art of the engraver they were somewhat poor, and the skilled forger of to-day would have found their imitation but the merest child's play.

A 'linen-draper bold' was the first person to imagine himself in the part of a successful forger of bank-notes, but his run of luck was not a long one, and the stretch of imagination that started him on his mad career ended after a measure of success in a more painful stretch, when at Tyburn he and the hangman played the principal parts in a short but stirring drama.

A later and a far more successful swindler than the unfortunate linen-draper was one Charles Price, with regard to whose varied and adventurous career a whole volume might be written. At the early age of seventeen Price seems to have decided that 'the world should be his oyster,' to be opened with no sharp sword of steel, but rather with the weapon of an absolutely unscrupulous cunning. He played many parts—a gentleman's servant, an actor, a fraudulent brewer, a fraudulent bankrupt, a lottery-office keeper, a stockbroker, and a gambler being among the number. Then his fertile imagination conceived a bold, skilful, and resolute fraud upon the bank. He became an expert engraver, he manufactured his own paper and his own ink, and with his own press he worked his own bank-notes. A past-master of disguises, his one and only confidant (his mistress) devoted to him, he pursued this successful career of fraud for about five years. His imitations of the bank-notes of that period, 1780-1785, were superb, and when at last, after infinite pains, his disguise was penetrated and

his retreat discovered, he saved the hangman trouble by hanging himself.

At the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, forgeries of bank-notes became alarmingly numerous, and the number of executions for this capital offence not only outraged public feeling, but seemed absolutely powerless to stop the crime. Although in the year 1818 no fewer than four-and-twenty bank-note forgers were executed, yet in 1820 more than a hundred persons were convicted of this offence, while nearly three hundred were found guilty of having forged notes in their possession. The lowest denominations, the £1 and £2 notes, were forged in thousands by bogus-note manufacturers, who, generally escaping punishment themselves, sold their products at a vast profit to such poor and reckless folk as were ready to run their heads into a noose for the sake of 'filthy lucre.'

An agitation for the abolition of capital punishment for forgery now arose. The Rothschilds and most bankers, metropolitan and provincial, supported it. It was endorsed by that great lawyer, Sir Samuel Romilly, and had an enthusiastic adherent in George Cruikshank, whose imitation bank-note, with its ghastly row of hanging corpses, drove into people's minds the horror of such punishment. His talent was undoubtedly of no small help to the movement, which was at length successful.

Then came a great improvement in the engraving and printing of bank-notes; and last, but by no means least, in the paper upon which the notes were printed. In this direction the bank received the most valuable assistance from Mr John Portal, who was then the representative of the Portal family at Laverstoke. This gentleman appears to have taken endless pains in making experiments to obtain a paper which should defy imitation. It may here be interesting to recall that, in the early years of the Portal contract, the paper travelled from Hampshire to London by water, but later went by road in the maker's own wagons. Neither of these courses was adopted in sending to Mr John Portal, then in London, and in conference with the governors of the bank, a specimen of a certain new paper, with regard to which the greatest secrecy was to be observed. Sir William Portal has told us in a most interesting article, to which I am much indebted, how this most precious specimen was to be conveyed to London. 'Let it be sent to me,' wrote Mr John Portal to his partner at Laverstoke, 'on Saturday morning by the little Salisbury coach, first put into a thin small box and nailed down, and then enclosed in a parcel of vegetables that will come from my house Saturday morn; directed to 39 George Street, Portman Square. Carriage paid, and pay the carriage.'

How entirely successful the bank papermakers were in their efforts may be judged by the

diminution in the number of attempts made to bamboozle the public with 'flash fimsies.' Such attempts have, however, been made from time to time, but the larger number of them were so clumsy that it is wonderful that they should have deceived any one; and yet, perhaps, hardly so wonderful when we recall the many occasions where the hawks have fooled the pigeons with such parodies of the real article as notes on the 'Bank of Elegance.' I can remember a note done entirely in pen and ink, which, early in the 'seventies of last century, was passed at a popular West-end restaurant, to have the word 'forged' stamped upon its unblushing face upon reaching the bank. A few years later a big batch of what were then regarded as excellent forgeries was launched on the Continent, and by these not a few continental money-changers were badly bitten. A packet of them, chiefly 'hundreds,' that had landed in this country, was found by some labourers on Clapham Common. In the 'nineties yet another dangerous flock of forged notes winged their way about the country. They purported to be issued by one of the bank's country branches, and were of sufficient excellence to pass somewhat freely on race-courses and other places where people congregate in large numbers. As far as words and figures went they were distinctly good, but the paper to an expert was impossible. Britannia was something of a travesty, and the notes being all printed from one plate, which had no ingenious contrivance with regard to the numbering, stood self-confessed impostors where two could be seen together.

Perhaps the most notable achievement of our more modern forgers is in the imitation of the water-mark, which is pressed upon the surface of the paper, instead of being part and parcel of its construction; and thus, though it passes muster in a casual observation, is not difficult to detect if carefully examined. Every possible improvement has been made in the engraving and printing of our current bank-notes, and the mills at Laverstoke are equipped with every modern device for the production of the unique paper; and though craftsmanship and science advance, alas! for the unjust as well as for the just, it has not at present been possible for the forger to produce a bank-note that will for a moment stand an expert test. The 'Promise of May,' as Mr Punch once facetiously dubbed a Bank of England note in the days when Mr Frank May was chief cashier, is a promise which, unlike that of many ladies, is never broken by the 'Old Lady of Threadneedle Street'; and it is safe to prophesy that the paper on which it is written will be as eagerly acquired in the future as it has been for the past two centuries. Indeed, few autographs are likely to be so generally collected by the public as that of the chief cashier of the Bank of England.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE BIGGEST TREASURE HUNT OF THE AGE

By Mrs DECKER.

CHAPTER I.—THE ROMANCE OF THE *GROSVENOR*.

FOR nearly a century and a half romance, like a veil, has hung about the name of the *Grosvenor*, from the day of her tragic wreck till to-day, when it looks as if she will be forced to yield her treasures to the power of engineering skill and modern methods.

From time immemorial, sunken or buried treasure has held a wonderful fascination for human imagination; to-day the theme appeals as strongly as of yore; and there are many stories of efforts, successful or otherwise, to recover lost treasure. This fascination is not only because of the material recompense hoped for—more often it is the sheer love of adventure that is the strongest stimulant.

The call of lost treasure has always been strong, but it is only in comparatively recent years that science has taken a hand in the gamble, and that serious efforts have been made for the recovery of treasure which, like Paddy's kettle, was not lost, but only sunk.

The story of the *Grosvenor* is one of the most romantic on record, and is given an extra zest and halo by the fact that there is nothing mythical about it; from start to finish it is supported by solid facts.

In South Africa the *Grosvenor* is a household word, and her story is familiar to South Africans from their nursery days.

She was wrecked at Laambas—off the Pondo-land coast, between Port St John's and Port Shepstone. The *Grosvenor* belonged to the English East India Company, was about 800 tons burden, and was registered at Lloyd's as A1. She left India in April 1782 (the same year that the since salvaged *Middelburg* was sunk in Saldanha Bay), and had on board valuables, consisting of precious stones, specie, bullion, ivory, &c., of a value to-day of considerably over two millions sterling.

This is not a matter of conjecture, as is proved by the following extracts from documents dealing with the contents of the strong-room of the *Grosvenor*: 'The stones (precious stones, diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds), which are in 19 boxes, were valued at £517,000. The gold bars number 720, and value £420,000. The silver bars number 1450 (not valued), are

stored amidships, and specie (coin) to the value of £717,000 was stored in the lazarette, as well as the savings of the crew.'

Extract from letter from India Office: 'In addition to the information already supplied, it has been found that the Madras Government reported, in a letter dated the 25th March 1782, that an invoice of the *Grosvenor* amounted to star pagodas 162,378, and her register of diamonds to S.P. 24,444. The star pagoda at that time was worth between 8s. 2d. and 8s. 6d.'

Then, of course, the ship herself and her ordinary contents must have a certain commercial as well as sentimental value. It has been proved by other salvages that timber does not necessarily deteriorate by submergence in salt water; also, the copper on old-world ships counts for something, as they were as a rule coppered up to the bend.

Apart from these things that are certain, there are other possibilities in connection with what her hold contains.

Ever since she was lost there have been persistent stories that she also carried the two world-famed 'Golden Peacocks,' which were taken from the Diwan-i-Am at Delhi.

The Diwan-i-Am, or Hall of Public Audience, is a splendid building, measuring 100 feet by 60 feet, and was formerly plastered with chunam and overlaid with gold. The most striking effect now lies in its enrailed arches. It was in the recess in the back wall of this hall that the famous Peacock Throne used to stand, 'so called from its having two peacocks standing behind it, their tails being expanded, and the whole so inlaid with sapphires, rubies, pearls, and other precious stones of appropriate colours as to represent life.' Tavernier, the French jeweller, who saw Delhi in 1665, describes the throne as of the shape of a bed, 4 feet by 4 feet, supported by four golden legs, 20 to 25 inches high, from the bars above which rose twelve columns to support the canopy; the bars were decorated with crosses of rubies and emeralds, and also with diamonds and pearls. In all there were 108 large rubies on the throne, and 116 emeralds, but many of the latter had flaws. The twelve columns supporting the

canopy were decorated with rows of splendid pearls, and Tavernier considered these to be the most valuable part of the throne. The whole was valued at £6,000,000. This throne was carried off by the Persian invader Nadir Shah in 1739, and has been rumoured to exist still in the treasure-house of the Shah of Persia; but Lord Curzon, who examined the thrones there, says that nothing now exists of it, except perhaps some portions worked up in a modern Persian throne.

The story of these golden peacocks being on the *Grosvenor* has never been authenticated, as have others in connection with the ship. For obvious reasons these ornaments, if put on board, would not appear in her bills of lading; and as most rumours have at least some slight foundation of truth, it is possible that the 'Golden Peacocks' may be found when the *Grosvenor* treasure is salvaged.

CHAPTER II.—THE WRECK.

THE story of the actual wreck and the fate of the passengers and crew is a thrilling narrative. The particulars have been obtained from an account by Mr George Carter, written only seven years after the wreck, and from the records of the examination of John Hynes, one of the survivors, by the governor of the Cape at that time. Carter's book is now out of print, but the writer of this account has been fortunate enough to have had access to one of the rare copies in existence, for which courtesy she wishes to record her thanks and appreciation.

The *Grosvenor* sailed from Trincomali on the 13th of June 1782, and about a month later saw a sail, which was the only one that came into view till the unfortunate 4th of August, when the ship went ashore. One cannot but be struck with the difference in ocean traffic of those days as compared with the volume of to-day. All this only adds to the romance and mystery of the story.

Stormy weather prevailed for two days previous to the fatal day of the wreck, and probably no observations could be taken; doubtless, also, the strong currents helped to put the ship off her course. The day before the disaster, Captain Coxon told the passengers at dinner that he considered himself a hundred leagues from the nearest land, and he is said to have been a sailor-man of wide experience.

Early on the morning of the 4th August, two of the seamen on duty, John Hynes and Lewis, thought they saw land, and reported to Mr Beale, the third officer, who was in charge; but he only laughed at the idea, saying the nearest land was miles away.

As it got lighter, the sailors aloft again reported land in sight, but the officer would not believe them, and, in alarm, Hynes went

down below and reported to the captain, who immediately came on deck. Captain Coxon promptly ordered 'Ware ship'; but, alas! too late! the *Grosvenor* was on the rocks.

The scene of panic is more easily imagined than described. The small ship—800 tons—as compared with the ocean leviathans of to-day, was only a baby on the cruel rocks; gray skies and many clouds portended further bad weather; and, worst of all, the gigantic waves of the Indian Ocean, impelled by a strong wind blowing on shore, hampered all attempts for the safety of the passengers and crew.

At the spot where the salvage work is now being carried on the coast is a rough and rocky one, and in stormy weather the seas are mountains high; and, looking at the scene to-day, one can only wonder that any got ashore at all.

The carpenter was ordered to sound the pumps, and it was found that the hold was so far free from water. This gave a little more time for rescue work.

Then, as now, there were brave men at sea, and an Italian and a lascar managed to swim ashore with a life-line, to which was attached a hawser, and by this means the majority of the passengers and crew were saved. Before this a raft had been hurriedly constructed, but in such a heavy sea and amid such rocks it was useless, and was upset and smashed before it could be used.

A number of natives had assembled on the beach and were curiously watching the wreck, and when the line was got ashore they assisted in the rescue work. This encouraged the unfortunate crew, because the natives did not seem hostile, which was certainly something to be thankful for. The natives made off at sunset. They left the embers of their fires, for which the wrecked party were very grateful, as they had no means of lighting one.

In those far-away romantic days when there was no such thing as cold storage, vessels on long voyages had to carry their supply of fresh meat in live form. Such was the case with the *Grosvenor*, and some pigs and poultry were washed ashore; these provided a few days' food. Other provisions also came ashore, including a barrel of flour; also some sails, which were used to make rough shelters for the women and children.

On the morning after the wreck the natives again turned up, and seemed very curious, but not at all hostile. They contented themselves with stealing whatever they could lay their hands on, being particularly keen on metal of any kind. The writer of the story at that time says that the natives 'were woolly-headed and quite black,' which seems to us a rather unnecessary statement. Several casks of 'arrack' were washed ashore, and these Captain Coxon promptly stove in, for fear of its misuse and

possible results. Several days were occupied in collecting articles that might prove useful to the stranded party, while the natives carried off anything they fancied.

Captain Coxon was determined to try to get the people in his charge to the nearest Dutch settlement, which he thought could be done in about fourteen days.

One rather wonders why, with all he had at his command—timber and sails washed ashore—with a carpenter and his assistants among the men, the captain did not attempt the building of boats or rafts, and try to get round the coast to the Cape, for he would then have been in his element, instead of risking the unknown by making the venture overland. However, he decided on the overland trail, and on the 27th the luckless party started.

A man named O'Brien, who had an injured knee, elected to stay behind. He said he would get wire, pewter, and other metal from the wreck, of which he would make trinkets to trade with the natives, and when his knee was better would gradually work his way to the nearest settlement. He was never heard of again.

CHAPTER III.—THE TREK.

THE travellers, of whom there were about a hundred, found it weary work, and the lack of provisions soon had an effect on the strongest.

There were no roads, only an occasional Kaffir footpath, and as these did not lead in the direction the party wished to go, they were no help at all. The captain's idea was to keep near the seashore if possible, as shell-fish would provide the company with a certain amount of food.

They constantly met small bodies of natives, who were very annoying. The natives did not actually attack the white people, but harassed and robbed them in every possible way, and would not trade for food. Amongst one lot of natives whom they met there was a white man, who spoke Dutch, and said that his name was Trout.

Glad beyond words to see a white face at last amid all the trouble and anxiety, the spirits of the company rose, as it looked like the end of their vicissitudes. The captain asked Trout to guide them to the nearest settlement, promising ample reward, but the man refused. He said he was afraid, as the Dutch did not like him, and as the natives were fond of him, he did not think they would allow him to leave the kraal where he lived. As he seemed really frightened, and stoutly refused to go even near the settlement, the party came to the conclusion that he was probably a criminal, an outlaw for some strong reason.

Trout, however, gave them some rough direc-

tions as to the route to follow, the names of rivers and other places which might help to guide them. He advised them not to annoy the natives, but to try to remain on the defensive only, and so they might perhaps win through. He also warned them of the many dangers they would encounter—scarcity of food, treacherous rivers to cross, wild beasts and poisonous snakes. Tales of woe enough to daunt the stoutest heart!

As the weary days drew out their slow length things became worse and worse. The natives, who seemed to be always about in small groups, became more aggressive, and the white men had to be constantly on the *qui vive*; while at night wild beasts had to be guarded against, and big fires kept burning till dawn.

Then another catastrophe befell. The natives took by force their most valuable asset—namely, their only tinder-box, flint, and steel. From now onward the men had to take turns to carry firebrands, so that they should not be without the necessary protection at night. This was a worse plight than that of the biblical virgins, and kept every one on tenterhooks for fear of a mishap to the precious brands.

As was natural enough, after a while trouble of another kind arose. Some of the men objected to the slow travelling, hampered as they were with women, children, and several sick men. After some considerable discussion, it was decided to divide into two parties. The captain, first mate, the married male passengers, and some of the seamen remained with the women and children; while Mr Shaw, second mate, Mr Trotter, fourth mate, and the men who thought they could travel faster, resolved to push on ahead. The idea apparently was that thus they would reach a settlement sooner, and return with help for those handicapped with the women, children, and sick.

Hynes joined the company which pushed on ahead. The parting caused much regret, but seemed the best thing to do under the circumstances. In the course of their unguided wanderings the two groups met again several times, but finally separated, and after that Hynes could give no information about the captain's party, which, as a matter of fact, was never traced again.

After some days of weary journeying, the party Hynes was with again divided, he and about ten of the strongest men pushing on in the hope of being able to bring succour to the weaker ones. Still, the natives do not seem to have been actually hostile; after they had stolen all they could, they merely watched the strangers curiously, and irritated them in small ways. Had they been of a really blood-thirsty nature, all the whites would have been killed long ere this.

In the course of the narrative mention is made of large herds of elephants and the crossing

of huge forests. The tall grass is spoken of as a great hindrance to travel, as it was about eight or ten feet high, and prevented them from seeing their way.

In one of their slight encounters with the natives, Hynes got a wound in his leg and fell; his companions, thinking him dead, left him behind. After a while he recovered consciousness, and was able to follow and rejoin the rest.

After untold hardships the party was reduced to three—Hynes, Evans, and Warmington—but later they were joined by some of the men they had left behind. Many trying days followed; water was scarce and food almost unobtainable, as the natives would not give them any, and they had nothing with which they could barter, the natives having taken even the buttons off their clothes.

At last, when actually on the verge of despair, they met a Dutch colonist named Battores, who was out with a couple of black servants looking for cattle that had strayed. This man guided them to the settlement, where every possible

kindness was shown to the sick and tired wanderers.

From here they were assisted from place to place by cart, till they reached Swellendam. Here they remained while the deputy-governor, who lived at this place, sent a messenger to the Cape to ask the governor what to do with them. At this time Holland and Britain were at war: hence the precaution taken by the deputy-governor. This, of course, meant a long wait, but the men were glad enough to rest and recover from their awful journey.

In due course orders came from the governor that two of the men were to be sent to the Cape for examination, and the others were to remain at Swellendam meantime. Larey and Warmington were therefore sent to Cape Town. After their examination by the governor, they were sent to work on a Dutch man-of-war lying in the bay. Later, these two men were put on a Danish East Indiaman just as she was sailing, and were the first of the party to reach England.

(Continued on page 44.)

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER II.—A DOUBTFUL STORY.

THE operation which the man on the beach suggested seemed simple enough to Roy Carwyke, but when he began to obey he discovered that he was not to be allowed to accomplish it without molestation. His heavy pack lay partly exposed and open to the fire in front, and the moment he tried to move it the hostile rifle in front cracked, and the bullet, striking one of his prospecting tools, ricocheted across the tundra.

'Confound the fellow!' he muttered, as by means of the straps he tried to drag the heavy pack out of sight of the man in front.

Twice during the operation the rifle spoke, and on each occasion the bullet passed within a few inches of him; but, retreating foot by foot and dragging the pack behind him, he presently reached the level of the beach, where he halted for a moment to strap the pack upon his shoulders.

'Slickly!' cried the man who had come to his help, from one of the boulders on the beach where he stood half-concealed. 'Those darned blubber-eaters may follow.'

Carwyke wasted no time. Once his pack was in place, he slipped from boulder to boulder until he was standing by the stranger's side. He had a swift impression of a tall and handsome figure, a masterful and swarthy countenance, with eyes that were eagle-like in their keenness; and then the man gave an abrupt laugh. 'Lively quarters for you up there on the spit! We'll fall back to the next finger of land, I think.'

Not another word did the stranger speak until they had safely traversed the short beach and were ensconced on the spit from which Carwyke had first seen the golden-haired woman. There the stranger lay for a little time, carefully searching the tundra through a small pair of glasses; then he dropped them and looked quizzically at Carwyke, who was lying a yard or so away.

'I thought the beggars might perhaps try to cut us off, but apparently they're satisfied to have driven us away.' He laughed as he thrust the glasses into their leather case, and added, 'Lucky for you I heard the shooting, and was able to pick you out with these! They'd have had you in the end.'

'I should have had some of them first,' answered Roy Carwyke, not boastfully, but as a man stating a matter of fact.

'A man of spirit, I see!' laughed the other. 'Well, I shall be able to find a use for you if you will come with me to my camp, which is a couple of miles across the tundra.'

Carwyke found himself resenting the other's masterful manner, and was inclined to repudiate the man's calm assumption that he would be willing to serve him; but, anxious to learn what was behind the extraordinary circumstances into which he had fallen, he checked the words which rose to his lips, and said acquiescently, 'Lead on! But there'll be a risk in crossing the tundra, won't there?'

The other man laughed. 'There would be if we ventured that way! But we shall crawl

up the bed of the stream that empties itself beyond the next point. It will be cold work, but not half so cold as a bullet in one's vitals.'

Without further remark the stranger turned and led the way down to the next beach, and, arrived there, accommodated his pace to that of the burdened Carwyke. He did not offer any explanation of himself, or ask any question of the man to whose help he had come—though once or twice Carwyke surprised him looking at him with calculating eyes. On his part Carwyke also maintained a stubborn silence. He had an impression that this dark-faced stranger was waiting for him to ask questions or to offer some explanation of his presence in the neighbourhood, and quite deliberately, notwithstanding the curiosity that he felt, he refrained from doing either. He would force the other to declare himself first.

Without further molestation they passed the point indicated by the stranger. Then the latter laughed. 'Time we introduced ourselves, I reckon. My name is Standifer—Kit for christening name.'

'And I am Roy Carwyke.'

Standifer nodded. 'A prospector, I suppose, from the tools you carry?'

'Yes,' answered Carwyke, without offering further information.

The other flashed a quick look, asking carelessly, 'How did you come to butt against the Eskimos?'

Roy Carwyke had seen the quick glance, and, notwithstanding the man's careless tones, knew from his manner that he was waiting for the answer with something like anxiety. Why? his mind asked, before he answered, but the answer itself betrayed nothing of his perception of the other's interest.

He laughed carelessly. 'Oh! I just walked on to their shooting-range, and I was the most surprised man in Alaska when I heard a bullet go singing over me. The boulder where you saw me happened to be handy, and I dropped in my tracks. Why the Eskimos should shoot at me, I can't guess.'

Standifer laughed as he led the way towards the river of which he had spoken, and then asked another question. 'Didn't see any of the blubber-eaters, I suppose?'

Carwyke shook his head, and said nothing of the golden-haired woman whom he had seen, and who, notwithstanding her attire, was certainly no Eskimo. 'Never one! Not even the beggar who was shooting.'

The dark-faced man laughed again. 'You were the victim of circumstances,' he said. 'That camp across the tundra just now is like a hornet's nest that some fool has stirred up with a stick, and the neighbourhood of it is blamed unhealthy for a white man!'

'Why?' demanded Carwyke, asking his first question. 'I don't know much about Eskimos,

but I've always thought they were a quiet, inoffensive lot.'

'So they are,' answered Standifer, 'so long as you don't stroke their fur the wrong way. Do that, and they'll boil over; and that crowd back there are fairly bubbling.'

'Why?' asked Carwyke again.

The other laughed. 'You'd see my ship from the point where you—'

'It was yours?'

'Yes! Piled up there three weeks back in a thick fog; and those blubbery beggars over at the encampment claim it as their own, with contents as per indents. They've queer notions of property, and what the sea throws up on this coast they regard as the direct gift of their filthy gods. But it isn't the ship or the property in her that keeps me in this ghastly neighbourhood. I should have quit and left it to them on the second day if I hadn't happened to discover that there's a white girl in their camp.'

'A white girl!'

Roy Carwyke's tone of surprise was perfect, and his companion laughed.

'Gets you, I guess, same as it got me. The girl is about eighteen, I should say, with cheeks like a peach, and hair that is like gold in the sun.'

'But what's she doing up here?'

Standifer shrugged his shoulders and laughed. 'Search me! I don't know, but I guess the beggars are keeping her in captivity; and that is why you, a white man, were not allowed to approach the encampment.'

'But——' Carwyke checked himself in time. He had been about to ask why, if the girl were a captive, she should have run away from himself. He began again, and it was a different question that he asked. 'But how can they have got hold of her?'

'Don't know!' answered the other laconically. 'She may have come up here in one of the whaling-ships and got left behind—or wrecked, like myself. There are a fair number of vessels cast away on this coast.'

The man's manner and his words had every appearance of frankness; but somehow Carwyke distrusted him, and certainly he did not believe the accounts given of the girl. If she were a prisoner, it was inexplicable that she should have been wandering alone on the beach where he had seen her; and it was even more inexplicable that she should have run away from a man of her own race to whom she might have looked for help. He kept these thoughts to himself, however, and answered easily, 'So I have heard, and it may be as you say. I suppose your idea is to get the girl away?'

'Well, no decent fellow could leave her where she is without making some attempt at it, could he?'

'I suppose not!' answered Carwyke, stealing

a glance at the other's face, and wondering how far the description of 'decent fellow' fitted him.

There was, he decided, something predatory about the man. Whether the eagle nose and flashing eyes were responsible for the impression or not, he could not decide; in spite of his dark handsomeness, the man reminded him of a bird of prey, and as he visioned that flying girl with her golden hair streaming in the wind, he was conscious of an increasing distrust of Standifer.

'That's why I've hung on here. There are four of us—all that came out of the wreck—and if we can count you in, there'll be five; and five white men with modern rifles ought to be able to thrash any gang of blubber-eaters from here to Herschel Island.'

'But they have rifles too!' said Carwyke. 'And one of them's a marksman. If you had lain behind that chunk of rock where I was, you'd have no doubt of that.'

'Haven't any now!' laughed Standifer. 'But five of us could walk through them, and five of us there'll be—if you are not afraid.'

There was something like a sneer in the last words, but Roy Carwyke ignored it. 'Oh!' he said lightly, 'I don't mind a scrap, and you can count me in if it's a case of saving a white girl from a crowd of heathen.'

'I thought you'd see it that way,' said the other, thrusting out a hand. 'Shake!'

Carwyke took the hand that was offered him, and shook, looking the man straight in the face as he did so. For the fraction of a second as his eyes met the flashing dark ones the latter flickered; and for all Standifer's apparent frankness, Carwyke decided that the man was to be distrusted. He was concealing something. He knew more about the white girl than he had told, and there was some mystery here that would pay for probing.

As they walked through the ice-cold water, keeping as far as possible in the shelter of the low banks, Roy Carwyke wondered what the mystery was. That it centred round the girl who had fled from him was the only certainty that he could reach; and he was still wondering when they came in sight of a roughly-constructed tent, made from a sail and light spars. Standifer indicated it with a nod. 'There's journey's end!' He lifted up his voice, and sent out a warning hail. 'Boys! Look out!'

Instantly, three men rushed from the tent with rifles in their hands and with every sign of trepidation in their manner, and Carwyke easily divined that they lived on tiptoe of expectation of an attack. The man by his side laughed. 'That made them jump, I'll warrant.'

He waved a hand reassuringly, and the men, dropping their rifles, awaited their coming. Standifer led the way up the low bank and across the soaked moss to the tent. Arrived

there, he made a laughing introduction. 'A new recruit, boys—Mr Roy Carwyke, anxious to help us to lift that white girl from the clutches of the blubber-eaters!'

As he spoke there was an almost droll note in his voice, as if he found something amusing in the situation; and, turning his head quickly, Carwyke caught the tail-end of a wink, which deepened his distrust infinitely. He knew as well as the men for whom it had been intended that Standifer had by that wink meant to give to his lightly-spoken words a significance other than their face meaning, and understood perfectly that the man was conveying to his friends the fact that the new-comer was in ignorance of the real situation, whatever that was; but he gave no sign of his understanding. One of the three men laughed, and stepped forward. 'I guess we can do with recruits,' he said. 'There's too many o' them oily beggars around, an' they've got guns.'

'Carwyke knows that already, Bull,' answered Standifer. 'He's had a taste of their quality. When I found him, he was lying at the back of a rock watching a display of fancy shooting.'

'Heard their guns,' chimed in another of the men, 'an' wondered what the game was. Guess we're glad to see yer, Carwyke.'

'Better slip off your pack, hadn't you, Carwyke?' asked Standifer. 'Having joined with us, you're free of the tent, and of anything else about the camp. We'll grub first and talk afterwards.'

A meal was already in course of preparation inside the tent, where a mosquito-bar had been rigged, and, seated upon his pack, Carwyke took stock of his new acquaintances. They were, he decided, a most unprepossessing trio. The man addressed as Bull at some time had suffered an accident which had left him with a broken nose and a badly scarred face; whilst one of the others had a cast so villainous in his eyes that inevitably one distrusted him. The third man, who had remained silent at the introduction, was different. Tall as Standifer himself, lean as a stick, with a face that, notwithstanding it had been ravaged by mosquitoes and was badly swollen, was an intellectual face, he was apparently nearer Standifer's own station than the other two; and as he crouched in the smoke of the smudge which was burning in the tent he stared at Carwyke with sombre eyes for a time, smoking and not speaking. Then suddenly he broke silence. 'You're a prospector, I suppose?'

The cultured voice told Carwyke that he had guessed right when he had placed the man in a different category from the other two. 'Yes!' he answered quietly.

'A rotten game! I tried it once upon the Koyokuk. Nearly went mad with the loneliness, lost my grub through wrecking the canoe, and if Standifer hadn't happened along, I should

have crossed to kingdom come.' He broke off thoughtfully, exterminated a mosquito which had settled on his hand, and then added bitterly, 'Might have been better if I had!'

Carwyke looked at him with interest, wondering what there was in his life to move him to such a reflection; then, thinking that the man seemed disposed to be communicative, he ventured a question. 'Standifer is an old-timer, then?'

For one moment a gleam showed in the sombre eyes, and a smile wrinkled the ravaged face. 'If you want to know anything about Kit Standifer, you'd better ask him!' He laughed mirthlessly as he gave this brutally direct hint, and added, 'He'll tell you just as much as he may happen to think good for you.' Having said so much, he lapsed into silence, and did not speak again until they were half-way through the meal, which the man Bull and his companion had prepared; and then it was to ask a question. 'You don't expect to find gold up here, Carwyke?'

'No!' laughed Carwyke. 'I'm going back to the hills.'

'But you'll help us to clean out the Eskimos first?' asked Standifer sharply.

'I'll help to rescue the girl,' replied Carwyke.

'Same thing!' commented the other, with a harsh laugh. 'There'll be fighting before they let her go, as you ought to know from your recent experience.'

To that Carwyke made no reply, but, as he ate, he listened carefully to the desultory talk of the four men, in the hope of learning something of their real purpose; for he was sure that the girl whom he had seen was free to leave the Eskimo camp at any time. He discovered nothing, however, and watching Standifer, who was clearly the leader of the party, a thought came to him, and he asked suddenly, 'What were you doing so far north when your ship was wrecked?'

Standifer laughed easily. 'Trading with the Eskimos. Between that and a little seal-poaching there are quite good pickings on this coast, if one knows where to look for them.'

The reply was plausible enough; but, though he did not show it, the prospector doubted its truth. Standifer was scarcely the kind of man to seek his livelihood by bartering with natives; and that there was some other explanation of his presence on this desolate coast, Roy Carwyke was convinced. What it could possibly be, except that somehow it concerned the girl in the native camp across the tundra, he could not think, cudgel his brains as he might.

And it was not until some hours later, when he was supposed to be asleep, that he got any hint of the truth at all. The man Bull was somewhere out on the tundra keeping watch against any possible attack by the Eskimos; the cast-eyed ruffian was snoring so loudly as to drown the steady drone of the mosquitoes, when

a head was thrust against the mosquito-bar, and in the rosy light of the midnight sun Carwyke made out Standifer's eagle-like features. A second later the face was withdrawn, and he caught the sound of a dry laugh, followed by a whisper.

The other man, whose name he had learned was Mardock, laughed in answer, and then asked a question. 'Are you going to tell him the truth, Kit?'

'No!' answered Standifer brusquely. 'Why should I? He might cut up rough.'

'But you're going to use him?'

'Of course! He's a pretty cool hand, I should say, and in the rough house that's coming he will be useful.'

The voices moved out of earshot, and with every sense alert, and his brain working rapidly, Carwyke sat up quietly. What was the truth, and why should it be withheld from him? Why should Standifer think that he might cut up rough if he knew the real facts of the situation? He could find no answer to these questions; but the few words which he had overheard confirmed the suspicions that he had already entertained. There was but one way of solving the mystery in which he had become involved. To ask Standifer himself would be of no use. If he had read the man aright, he would be merely laughed at, and told that he had been dreaming. But the girl herself, if she were assured of his friendliness, might have no hesitation in extending to him her confidence.

Quite suddenly his resolution was taken. He would leave Standifer and his rather unsavoury companions and make his way to the Eskimo camp across the tundra. The dangers of that course were obvious enough. Approaching the Eskimo camp he would be liable to be shot, as his experience of the afternoon told him; in leaving his present company he ran the same risk, for Standifer was not the man to stand on ceremony or to be deterred by scruples. But if he could creep away and get a sufficient start, he might be able to convince the hostile Eskimos of his friendly purpose, and the mystery of that golden-haired girl drew him like a magnet.

He looked at his companion in the tent, who was still snoring loudly. There was nothing to fear from him. Taking out his knife, he made a slit in the canvas on the side from which the voices had reached him. Opening it with careful fingers, he peeped cautiously. Standifer and Mardock were some three hundred yards away, their backs to the tent, apparently in earnest conversation. For a moment he hesitated. Three hundred yards was not a very great start if they observed him; and, burdened with his pack, which he dared not leave, he would have small chance of escape if his desertion were observed.

The two men, still conversing, began to move

forward, and convinced that there was no likelihood of their immediate return, he set his pack upon his shoulders, buckled it, and lifting the mosquito-bar, slipped out of the tent. Standifer and Mardock still had their backs to him, and with a feeling of exultation, keeping the tent between himself and the now distant

pair, he crept across the tundra, and then slid down the low bank and began to walk downstream. Two minutes later a turn of the river hid the tent from view, and making all the speed he could, he marched in the direction of the beach.

(Continued on page 40.)

HISTORIC CONSTABLESHP IN SCOTLAND.

By D. M. ROSE.

I.

THE constableness of an ancient castle was in the olden days regarded as one of the most honourable offices that could be conferred on any individual. A constable was practically supreme in his own locality, wielding tremendous power if his jurisdiction devolved from the Crown. He 'rode' the fairs, keeping order, levying dues, or impressing men or produce for his garrison. At his own sweet will he could preside over provost and magistrates, or supersede their ordinances if in any way detrimental to the security of his charge. Only one or two cases can be cited where Scottish constables abused their privileges and acted oppressively: then only in time of great perplexity. Many of the old hereditary constablerships in Scotland were recovered to the Crown, or abolished under the Heritable Jurisdiction Act of 1747. But a good many genuine constablerships remain to this day, for a ruling of the Court of Session made it perfectly clear that the Act of 1747 affected only those constablerships having jurisdiction from the Crown—especially such as were granted since 1457; 'the Act did not abrogate constablerships emanating from subject-superiors.' Here we deal only with those for which compensation was paid or claimed under the Act of 1747.

One of the most amusing of these compensation claims was that presented by Sir Andrew Agnew of Lochnaw, whose ancestor, Andrew Agnew, had a charter of the constabulary of Lochnaw from William Douglas of Leswad on 16th November 1426. Sir Andrew in 1748 claimed £1000, as he regarded the office as of the 'greatest consequence to his family,' although he was uncertain as to the castle from which he derived right. He had an idea that the office was connected 'with the remains of an old castle in a little isle in the loch of Lochnaw,' and he had a vague notion that his predecessors were wont to 'ride' the fairs at Wigtown, naïvely adding: 'For aught I know I am entitled to do so at this day.' Counsel for the Crown briskly opposed the claim by roundly declaring that the 'grant was never good for anything'; so the Court of Session on 7th January 1748 decided that Sir Andrew

Agnew was not legally possessed of the constablership as at 11th November 1746, and was therefore not entitled to compensation.

George, Marquis of Annandale, claimed £1000 sterling in respect of the historic constablership of Lochmaben, the magnificent ancestral home of the Brus family from 1124. The castle was a princely pile of buildings covering over sixteen acres of a semi-island on the shores of the loch. It was really on a peninsula cut off from the mainland by several moats. A wealth of legend and story circles round this great castle. In the stirring time between 1291 and 1384 it was the scene of many thrilling incidents, being then the most important fortress on the Border, forming a mighty bulwark at the south-west entrance to Scotland. It was captured and retaken many times by English and Scots. In July and August 1299 Robert Brus, Earl of Carrick, vigorously assailed it for twenty-five days, but failed to carry it by assault, although he invested it so closely that Sir Robert Felton, the constable, could not get out to buy himself some clothes! It was at this time that the inner palisade was made in the close of the castle by the forced labour of the men of Annandale. English records still preserve the names of the knights and esquires who defended the place, together with references to their men-at-arms, 'hobelars,' and barbed horses. After Brus had killed Comyn he fled to Lochmaben, but Edward I. granted it and all his lands to the Bohuns on 20th October 1306. When fortune favoured King Robert Brus, he bestowed the lordship of Annandale on his nephew Ranulph, Earl of Moray. It would take up too much space were we to give the stirring history of Lochmaben during the struggle for possession by Ranulphs, Beaumonts, Cliffords, and Percies. It was only in 1384 that the Earl of Douglas finally wrested it from the English, and on the forfeiture of the Douglasses in 1455 it became a royal castle. Later on the Earls of Annandale were constables, and as such levied thirty-two 'lardner kine' out of the parishes of Meikle and Little Dalton and Dryfesdale for £40 Scots each. They also exacted levies out of Cummertrees and other parishes. The Marquis of Annandale in 1748 produced

decreets against the heritors of the various parishes from 1680 onwards, yet in spite of the array of documents the Lords, on 8th February 1748, decided that there was insufficient evidence that the marquis possessed the constabulary 'as at 11th November 1746, and therefore he was not entitled to compensation.'

The Earl of Cassilis claimed a modest hundred pounds sterling for the constabulary of the ancient castle of Loch Doon, in Ayrshire. This historic building stands on a rocky islet in Loch Doon, being an almost secluded impregnable fortress. It was one of the strongholds of the family of Carrick, and after Brus's defeat at Methven several of his adherents fled to seek refuge in this castle. But it was surrendered to the English by Sir Gilbert of Carrick, who was forfeited by Brus for this betrayal of his trust. Later on Brus restored him. During the Baliol attempt in 1333 Loch Doon was one of the few castles which held out for David II., its constable being John Thomson, a valiant soldier of fortune. Many terrible incidents were witnessed within its walls. The Earl of Cassilis in 1748 founded his right principally on a charter in 1642 and later deeds, but counsel for the Crown made fun of the claim, saying the jurisdiction was worth no more than that over Ailsa Craig: 'the birds of the air being the only inhabitants.' The Lords of Session, taking a similar view, decided against the earl on 5th February 1748.

On the same day the Court dealt with the claim of the Earl of Bute for £1000 sterling as value of the constabulary of Rothesay. These ivy-mantled ruins of Rothesay possess historical associations, the castle being one of the peculiar oval-shaped fortresses of an early period. It is said, indeed, that the builder was Magnus Barefoot of Norway in 1098. Since then it has been the scene of many a siege, both Norse and Scots contending for its possession. It played an important part during the War of Independence, when much fighting took place in the vicinity. It was a favourite residence of some of the Stewart kings, on account of its genial climate and beautiful surroundings. In 1409 it was annexed to the principality of Scotland by Act of Parliament. Later, the castle suffered severely on many occasions, especially at the hands of Cromwell; while Argyll burnt it down in 1685. From the proceedings in 1748, it appears that the Earl of Bute's ancestor, Ninian Stewart, was infeft in the office of constabulary on 16th July 1499; but the Crown objected that Stewart was merely captain, and that the deeds exhibited in process—especially the charter of 1703—could not alter the nature of the office. Further, as the earl was to retain the salary attached to the office, and the castle itself was to continue his property, he could not claim value in money.

The Earl of Eglinton considered £1000 sufficient for his constabulary of Eglinton and

regality of Montgomeryston; while George, Lord Ross, thought £500 ample for his rights as constable of Renfrew. His family held the heritable constabulary of the castle of Renfrew for many generations, long before the grant of 1447. But charters under the Great Seal in 1548, and even the parliamentary ratification in 1669, failed to impress the Lords, who decided that George, Lord Ross, was not 'entitled to any jurisdiction over the burgh of Renfrew, nor to any compensation.'

II.

One of the most interesting cases before the Court was that of Dunstaffnage, a castle grown hoary with antiquity. It is said that in the distant ages the Dalriadan kings of the 'black Scots of Lorn and Argyll' had a residence at this place, which simply teems with regal associations. Anyway, the castle dates from the twelfth century, and since then it has stood like a grim sentinel on the precipitous rocks of the sea-girt peninsula at the entrance to Loch Etive. Robert Brus began his campaign by capturing Dunstaffnage from Alexander of Argyll, and he bestowed the constabulary and mains thereof on Sir Arthur Campbell. It has had many royal visits, and it was here that the rebel Earls of Douglas and Ross hatched their treason in 1455. In troublous times it has always been held for the State, even so late as 1745. It came to the Argyll family by marriage with the co-heir of the Stewarts of Lorn. A family of Campbells held the hereditary captaincy of Dunstaffnage, and Neil Campbell of this line claimed £500 in 1748 for his bailiary, coronership, and constabulary of Dunstaffnage. By ancient custom the family apparently exercised the privileges of constabulary by levies on the tenantry. On the arrival of unexpected guests they hoisted a tablecloth on the flag-staff as a warning signal to the surrounding tenants to bring in supplies! But a charter of 18th October 1681 was the earliest writ produced, and it had little weight with the Lords. Indeed, the Court made short work of most of the Campbell claims. In the Dunstaffnage case the Lords decided that no constabulary was attached to the castle; that the tenure of mairnichtie—that is, coronership—by which the captaincy was held, had lapsed. This captaincy was probably legally restored a few years ago when Mr Niall D. Campbell, now Duke of Argyll, solemnly invested Mr Angus Campbell as captain of Dunstaffnage, and gave him a key as insignia of office.

Thomas, Earl of Strathmore, claimed £2000 for the constabulary of Forfar and Kinghorn. These places were of vast importance during the War of Independence. In those troublous times marauding bands of Highlanders overran the district, and although they burnt the castle of Forfar in 1306, the constabulary existed for generations after the total disappearance of the

building! Some delay arose in 1748 in dealing with this claim, the earl pleading that he was not in possession of his family papers. When these were recovered he made out such a good case that the Court decided he was legally possessed of the constableness and entitled to £600 as compensation.

John, Marquis of Tweeddale, was not so fortunate with his claim for £1000, value of the constableness of Dunfermline. Although kings have sat 'drinking the blood-red wine in Dunfermline toon,' it was the queens of Scotland who were ladies of that ilk. Tweeddale traced his constableness by progress of titles from a charter of 3rd April 1611 granted by Queen Anne as 'Lady of Dunfermline' in favour of Alexander, Earl of Dunfermline, of the lands of Outh and others, together with the heritable office of constableness and keeper of the palace of Dunfermline. The earl's production of royal and other charters proving the descent of lands and office into his possession did not influence the Court, for the Lords, on 20th January 1748, found that there was no jurisdiction attached to this office, so no compensation was due. Archibald, Duke of Douglas, fared much better in his claim for £6000 sterling as compensation for the constableness of Dundee. The Court awarded him £1800 sterling in 1748, so that the office was recovered to the Crown, and the present Earl of Home is not hereditary constable of Dundee, as some folk have tried to make out. A constableness existed at Brechin since the days of Bruce, but no claim was made by the Maules of Panmure in 1748. In the case of Montrose, the Court of Session decided that Lord Dun was lawfully possessed of the constableness of Montrose, and was entitled to £500 sterling as value thereof.

Kinclaven Castle, about eight miles from Perth, was one of the most ancient of the royal residences in Scotland. It was a favourite resort of Alexander II. and his son. In 1264 there is mention of the carriage of wine to the castle. All that now remains is a square enclosure, with walls about twenty feet high, standing on a steep bank on the right of the Tay opposite the mouth of the river Isla. In the days of the fight for Scottish freedom it was a place of considerable strength, and time and again it was taken and retaken by both English and Scots. King Edward I. resided here in June 1296, but in the following year Wallace captured Kinclaven after inflicting a severe defeat on the English. He and his comrades spent a week in plundering the castle; and then, following the Scottish custom in those trying times, he burnt the place, leaving it, as Henry the Minstrel records, a mass of smoking ruins with broken walls. The English regarded it as of such importance that they promptly restored it, putting it into such habitable condition that later on Edward II. resided here,

and in 1335 it was once more held on behalf of the English. But in 1336 the Scots stormed and captured it. From this time forth it continued Crown property until James VI. disposed the lands to John Stewart, who on 10th August 1607 was created Lord Kinclaven and constable of the castle. He afterwards became Earl of Carrick. Upon his death the lands and constableness were granted to Robert Leslie for the space of two nineteen years. Leslie assigned his right to Sir William Stewart, from whom the lands and office came to William Bruce. During the troubles in 1648 Bruce and his tenants suffered such severe losses that this family gladly parted with the lands. They next came to the Earl of Tullibardine, the Marquis of Atholl in 1681 having parliamentary ratification of the lands, castle, and hereditary office of constable. James, Duke of Atholl, in 1748 claimed £700 for the constableness of Kinclaven. He also claimed £900 for the heritable constableness of Huntingtower, of which the Murrays of Tullibardine were appointed constables by King James VI. on the forfeiture of the Ruthven family for their share in the Gowrie conspiracy. The lands had been given to William Murray, a Gentleman of the Bedchamber; for a short time they were held by Robert Bruce of Gellat, who had ratification in 1645; but the lands were afterwards dissolved from the Crown, and on 7th September 1662 Parliament ratified a grant of the lands and constableness in favour of the Earl of Tullibardine. The Atholl family were also hereditary constables of Falkland, of which they had parliamentary ratification in 1662. James, Duke of Atholl, claimed £2166, 13s. 4d. for the constableness of Falkland and Stewartry of Fife.

III.

The historic office of constable of Aberdeen dated from very early days. Throughout the stormy times in the War of Independence John de Guidfride was constable. The office became hereditary in the family of the Kennedies of Carmeuk, from whom it descended to Sir John Forbes of Waterton, who on 4th August 1669 had a charter under the Great Seal of the lands of Ardgrave, with all privileges and profits thereof. His descendant, Thomas Forbes of Waterton, sold the lands and office to James Gordon, senior, merchant, Edinburgh, and to William Gordon, his son, on 18th September 1706. In 1748 James Gordon of Ellon claimed £1000 as value of the office; but although he had special retour as the heir of said William Gordon, his brother, the Lords on 24th February 1748 determined that James Gordon was not lawfully possessed of the jurisdiction of constable of Aberdeen.

Another very ancient constableness was that of Cullen, which James, Earl of Findlater and Seafield, valued at £2000. He maintained that his predecessors were constables of Cullen for

centuries, and that the charter of 25th June 1481 produced was not the original grant. The office had annexed to it the privilege of nominating one of the bailies of Cullen, and it also conveyed the right—usually held by constables—of presiding at meetings of the Town Council. He contended that he was entitled to the office by grants from the Crown ratified by Parliament, as well as by immemorial possession. On 28th January 1748 the Court of Session, in 'respect of the documents of possession produced, found that the earl was lawfully possessed of the constabulary of Cullen, and was entitled to reasonable compensation,' which they fixed, on 18th March 1748, at the sum of £600 sterling. Cullen was a favourite resort of the Brus family.

The ancient castles of Spynie, Darnaway, and Lochindorb have constabularies attached to them, which, however, do not concern us, as no claims were made in 1748. A constabulary of Nairn existed from ancient times. Robert Brus, who was hereditary forester of Moray, frequently resided at Nairn, and was in Moray for a considerable time. He also lived at the old castle of Auldearn, now a grass-grown mound. In the War of Scottish Independence the castle was one of the strongholds in the hands of the English. It was captured by Sir William Rose of Kilravock, whose family for many centuries supplied provosts to the burgh; but the hereditary office of constable was held by the Calders, thanes of Calder, from whom it came to the Campbells. Sir John Campbell in 1748 claimed £500 for the office, although the castle had vanished long before 1600. He founded his right upon an instrument of Sasine, 15th November 1426, in favour of Donald, thane of Calder, of the office of sheriff and constable of Nairn. This deed proceeded upon a precept by the Duke of Albany, 11th July 1405, following on Donald's special retour as heir to his father, Andrew of Calder. Sir Hugh Campbell had ratification of the office in 1672; but although Crown counsel admitted immemorial possession by the family, as well as confirming grants by the Earls of Ross and the Crown, the Lords of Session on 19th February 1748 decided that Sir John Campbell was not entitled to jurisdiction or compensation.

In the same way the Duke of Gordon failed to establish his claim to compensation for the constabulary of Inverness, which he valued at £300 sterling. This office existed from days beyond record, for a castle was perched on the high bank commanding the passage of the Ness before the dawn of history. The constabulary became hereditary in the family of Gordon by grants from the Crown. For many generations the Earls of Huntly and Dukes of Gordon, by right of this office, held extensive lands in the neighbourhood, continually exercising various privileges, besides appointing

deputy constables. The Duke of Gordon also had a parliamentary ratification in 1685; yet, in face of the evidence, the Lords in 1748 found that the constabulary of the castle of Inverness did not appear to have any jurisdiction annexed thereto, or that such jurisdiction was ever exercised, and therefore the claimant was not entitled to any satisfaction on account thereof. No claim was made in respect of the ancient constabularies of Torecastle and Inverlochry in Lochaber; nor was any claim made for the constabulary of Beaully Priory, held for generations by the Lords Fraser of Lovat.

A very ancient office of constabulary was attached to the castle of Cromarty, which was possessed by a long line of Urquharts of Cromarty. On several occasions they exercised rights of constabulary in very drastic fashion. The office passed from them to the Mackenzie Earls of Cromarty, who had ratification. In 1748 the office was claimed by William Urquhart of Meldrum, who valued it at £200 sterling.

IV.

Other two local cases not before the Court may be dealt with here. It has always been said that the Baynes of Tulloch were hereditary constables of the castle of Dingwall, and the Seaforths constables of Fortrose or Chanonry. It is true that the Baynes had been constables of Dingwall, and although no claim was made in 1748, the matter is important, because it is asserted that the Davidsons of Tulloch are constables of Dingwall. The truth is the hereditary constabulary of Dingwall was acquired by Richard, Earl of Desmond, who assigned twenty merks yearly out of the lands of Kinnairdie for repairing and maintaining the castle, which had withstood many historic sieges. On the death of the Earl of Desmond, his daughter Elizabeth, Viscountess Thurles, and her husband, Viscount Thurles, were regularly and legally entered in the lands and office; but on 29th July 1634 the lands and the barony of Dingwall, the castle, &c., with the said office of constabulary, were appraised from Viscount and Viscountess Thurles by David Preston of Whitehill, who was their creditor for 27,625 merks of principal, with the interest thereof. Preston was duly infeft in the lands and constabulary on 10th and 14th May 1636; but when he, in the same year, granted precept for infefting George, Earl of Seaforth, in the lands, he specially reserved to himself 'the castle and fortalice of Dingwall, with the constabulary and fees thereof.' So far as can be traced, David Preston never denuded himself of the castle or office, although in later deeds there is mention as if the Baynes acquired the office. On 3rd April 1749 there is a decret of the Court of Session appraising from Kenneth Bayne, last of Tulloch, 'the office of constable of the castle of Dingwall, with all fees, salaries, &c.'

The constabulary of Chanonry is doubtful; but every one has heard about the constableness of Eilandonan, which is a perfectly genuine historic office, although not affected by the Act of 1747. This office seemed to be hereditary in the family of MacMurchie of Conchra. On the revival of the office, it was objected that an owner could not be constable of his own castle, but records prove that a good many owners held the constabulary of their own castles. For instance, the Grays were hereditary constables of Skibo Castle, but they lost the office and castle when their estate was sold by decree of the Court of Session in 1744. Yet their constableness came down through successive owners—by legal title from the Court of Session—to the Dempsters. In 1748 the Earl of Sutherland claimed £200 sterling for *his* office of constabulary of the castles of Skibo and Dornoch. He produced a charter of the hereditary constabulary from Robert, Bishop of Caithness, in 1557. Another writ produced was a charter by Bishop Robert in 1564, in favour of the earl's ancestor, appointing him constable on the narrative that the castles being 'built in an Erse country amongst wild and unbridled, fierce and barbarous Scots,' the bishops could not enjoy peaceful possession. Skibo, in spite of the Bishop Robert's sweeping statement, was a spot suggestive of repose and culture. The old castle was beautifully situated amid sylvan glades and tree-girt enclosures, and from early times it seems to have nestled cosily amid the trees. As to Dornoch, only the north-west tower of the castle remains; it has been sadly shorn of its glory, but in the days of its ancient splendour it had a courtyard, close, and spacious gardens and lawns. In the claim,

Dornoch was on the same footing as Skibo. The Lord Advocate, for the Crown, objected that it did not appear by the charter on resignation in 1706, or by the practice which followed thereon, that any kind of jurisdiction belonged to these constabularies, and as the earl's salaries and allowances were to be continued, this was more than a sufficient recompense. The Lords of Council, on 9th January 1748, found the Earl of Sutherland's claims incompetent, and that no compensation was due.

The Lords also, on 10th February 1748, found that George Sinclair of Ulbster was not entitled to £1000 claimed by him as compensation for the constableness of the palace of Scrabster. He derived his 'right' from a charter under the Great Seal dated last of January 1673, in favour of John Campbell of Glenorchy, afterwards Earl of Breadalbane, which, among other offices, contains that of constable of Scrabster—proceeding on a resignation by George, Earl of Caithness. The title came from Breadalbane to John Sinclair of Ulbster on 28th March 1719, and the said George Sinclair was retoured son and heir of this John upon 23rd June 1739, and had charter under the Great Seal on 28th July thereafter. Yet these documents were of no avail.

In face of the documentary proofs produced by many of the claimants the decisions of the Lords of Session are difficult to understand. There was no doubt great laxity on the part of agents drawing up these claims, but even before the cases came into court there is ample evidence that the judges had decided that the total jurisdiction claims, which amounted to £582,990, 16s. 8d. sterling, should be reduced by one-fourth.

VASES OF THE ANCIENTS.

By ERIC WINGFIELD.

ONE of the most beautiful of ancient objects of adornment, exhibiting great artistic skill, and often costly in composition, is the vase. We get the term from the Latin *vas*.

Vases were frequently given as prizes in the public games, or contests, of the ancients. They adorned the houses of the wealthy. They accompanied them to their tombs; not, however, as receptacles for ashes, as might naturally be supposed, but rather as an indication of rank or office. This appears evident from the subjects chosen for painting and decoration—frequently sacrifices, processions, and matters connected with the mysteries of Bacchus or Ceres. These were probably sacred vases, presented to the initiated, who had held some office of employment at the festivals of these divinities. Some also have been found with representations of family feasts, games, or heroic characters. In

Athenian tombs, built of brick or rough stone, and just wide enough to contain the body and its accompaniment of vases, five or six of these vessels stood around, or were suspended on the walls. They varied in size, beauty, and number; which appears to indicate gradations of rank.

The earliest known vases were of clay; those of glass, and cameo-glass, came later. The first clay vases were crude in form; but a gradual improvement in design supervened, and the materials used were more costly. Grecian artists, with their instinctive sense of beauty of line, adopted those forms which would please an artistic eye. They frequently took as a design the parallelepipedon—that is, a regular solid bounded by six parallelograms, the opposite sides being equal and parallel. They favoured also a circular shape, or one slightly curved,

thus avoiding angles and corners. Later, when art began to decline, we find these simpler forms abandoned. The pyramidal or angular took their place.

The ancient terra-cotta vases have generally been styled 'Etruscan,' but quite wrongly. The fact is that the great majority were not found in Etruria, but were gathered from the tombs of Capua, Nola, Santa Agatha, from cities of Græca Magna, and, as already mentioned, from Athens. Many of these are of great beauty. Nowadays a considerable trade is carried on (especially in Lower Italy) in the imitation of these ancient vases. The modern tourist is very liable to be victimised by the imposition.

But the most beautiful of all vases are those of cameo-glass, the earliest examples of which are amphora-shaped. The amphora is a vase with a double 'ear' or spout, and has two handles. Two superb specimens in this design are the 'Naples,' so called because it is possessed by the Naples Museum, and the well-known 'Portland' Vase, in the British Museum. The latter was first known as the 'Babini' Vase, Babini having been the family name of Pope Urban VIII., in whose pontifical reign it was discovered. The vase was found in 1644 in the monumental tomb of Alexandra Severus and Julia Mammæus, which was erected about three miles from Rome, on the road to Tusculum. The date of the sepulchre would be about A.D. 235; but the vase itself, 'being in the finest style of Greek art,' is considered to belong to an earlier period—that is, about 150 B.C.

In the eighteenth century the Babini Vase was in the possession of Sir William Hamilton, the diplomat who married the beautiful Emma Hart, so frequently painted by Romney as Lady Hamilton. Sir William sold it to Margaret, Duchess of Portland, who possessed a most wonderful collection of china, glass, &c. This collection was sold in 1786, when there was some sharp bidding between Josiah Wedgwood and the Duke of Portland (the son of Duchess Margaret). It is recorded that when Mr Wedgwood had bid as high as a thousand guineas, the Duke crossed the room to ask why he wanted it so much. On learning that it was only that he might copy it, the Duke said he would lend it to him for the purpose, and for as long as he required it, if he would allow him to be the purchaser. Mr Wedgwood accepted the offer, and the vase was knocked down to the Duke. Eventually it was presented by his Grace to the British Museum, where it soon met with an extraordinary fate, for it was 'smashed into a thousand pieces by a demented fool.' You can see in the Gem Room (where the vase now stands) a picture of the fragments, as they were all spread out singly, preparatory to reconstruction; for, incredible, impossible, as it must have appeared,

the vase was reconstructed—with infinite patience and the most exquisite skill. Indeed, it now appears almost as beautiful as ever. A stalwart policeman stands on guard in the room all day long. The colour of the vase is a deep, sapphire-blue; the cameo decorations, which are in relief, of an opaque white. There is a piece from the bottom of the vase, which was not replaced in its original position (where no one could have seen it), but is exhibited alongside the amphora. It represents a beautiful head of a man wearing a Phrygian cap.

There is a copy of this famous vase in the Birmingham Fine Art Gallery, which was made of the same materials by Mr Northwood of Stourbridge. Mr Wedgwood, by the way, made fifty copies in his jasper ware, which he sold at £50 each; but the cost of the production far outweighed the purchase price. One of these copies is preserved in the Gem Room.

Two other vases, as beautiful as they are famous, may be mentioned, which are known as the Naples Amphora and the Auldjo Vase, the latter being in the British Museum. Both these treasures were discovered at Pompeii. Naples having been one of the chief glass-making centres of Italy, it was fitting and proper for the amphora to be placed in the great Neapolitan Museum. Its colours are the same as those of the Portland, sapphire-blue and white. The cameo decorations are particularly charming, representing vines, with children gathering and carrying grapes, browsing goats, and masks, the whole forming an object of the greatest beauty.

The Auldjo Vase is of the shape known as *œnochoë*. It is what we should call in simple language a jug; stout in the body, with a neck which curves inward and then outward, with a tall handle making a sort of crook above the neck, and terminating on the projecting lip of the neck. It is adorned with vine leaves, grapes, and sprays of ivy, all being most beautifully chiselled. It is thought that these cameo decorations were formed by pressing the glass when in a plastic condition into a mould, and that they were finished afterwards by the lapidary's wheel and the engraver's chisel.

Here it will be convenient to mention the work of the Chinese, as, when the art of cameo-glass-making died out in the West, they were still practising it. It is doubtful whether they originated it, or whether they had received it from other countries. The Chinese have been generally considered great copyists rather than originators, and it is not at all an improbable supposition that specimens of the art may have been carried to them from Byzantium. The methods of the modern Chinese would appear to support some such theory. They are said to shorten their labour by simply attaching bits of glass (punched or pressed into the required shape) to the surface

which they desired to decorate. This is done so skilfully that it is very difficult to discern the trickery.

Cameo-glass is made in this way: a tube is dipped in molten glass of the colour which is to form the body of the vase or other object. The lump of glass is then rolled into a convenient shape. Next it is dipped into a cup of plastic glass of the colour of which the decoration is to be formed. If more than one colour is required, this process is repeated. The lump is now heated again, and the different parts become welded together. Then the piece is blown to the form required. When heated and tempered, it is ready for the hand of the decorator. The great difficulty is to get the

different layers of colour of such a disposition that they will expand and contract readily.

The designs are drawn on the vase with a black varnish, of a quality which will not be affected by acids. Then the whole is immersed in acids, which eat away the surface except those parts which the varnish protects. Thus the design is gained in the rough, and is ready for the touch of the engraver, who works with a wheel or minute tools, just as he would carve a gem.

Stourbridge and its neighbourhood are famous for the revival of this ancient art. It has been said that these modern productions are 'entirely pleasing and satisfactory,' although they do not equal the antique in all respects.

GREETIN' HOWE.

PART II.

III.

AFTER a breakfast of sorts, cooked up by old Kellock, Roddy and I lit our pipes and determined, weather or no weather, to explore the celebrated Howe. During breakfast—where I couldn't help being reminded of Caleb Balderstone and Wolf's Crag—we had some more talk with Riggie, who was at least as depressing as on the previous evening. 'Dree yer ain weird, sir,' said he, 'but I tell ye plainly if it was me I wadna bide a day.' 'I'll see it through,' I said, and Roddy asked him why he did not go himself. 'I'll dae my duty,' said he; 'but if ye was ance safely awa', I wudna be lang ahent ye.'

I took a strong liking for Kellock, who had been through so much in these last dreadful days, and still stuck so gamely to his post. Beyond any doubt he believed we were dealing with some sort of devil, for he persisted that Forgan died in the Howe. Having seen Sleat, I can't altogether blame him; that place would beget bogles in the mind of a Chicago drummer. Out on that bleak wilderness of a place, with the sea-fogs rolling all round, one felt cut off from everybody. And the sickening gloom of the house beat all expression. God knows how my Uncle James lived in it—and God knows how he attracted to himself such a stout old boy as Kellock! He didn't deserve him.

Before we could get down to the Howe we had another tedious interview with the police inspector. The police, of course, had been doing their best all along, but the rapidity of these horrors had rattled them more than a bit; to be quite frank, they were making nothing of it. They were convinced that Forgan was being harboured in Knoggan by some of his relatives, and that he was very

much alive; but though they had been through Knoggan backwards and forwards with a small tooth-comb, they never lit on a trace of him. He couldn't be in either Raigie or Aberkeld, and he wasn't in any of the three farms on the peninsula. Then where *was* he? That was just the unpleasant question Roddy and I kept on asking. Knoggan was only a dozen cottages; if he had been there, he must have been found. Moreover, the police theory involved the disbelief of the whole story of the pursuit by Robb and Kellock on that first night, and Forgan's leap into the Howe. My trade is in lies and liars, and I know something about them. If that yarn was a lie, it was an unnecessarily stupid one; and, moreover, Kellock did not strike me as any kind of liar.

We got down to that cheerful place the Greetin' Howe at last, about eleven, in one of the dreariest forenoons I remember. The sea-mist had thickened so that we could hardly see more than a few hundred yards, and it was full of all manner of melancholy noises—the crying of sea-birds, the dismal siren of some befogged vessel, the mournful bleating of sheep. But worse than all there was the greetin' of the Howe itself. The tide was making and about half in, so I suppose we had chosen a particularly good moment from the point of view of effects—I wished we hadn't. Roddy and I had expected that the greetin' would prove like the singing sands and other prodigies—a vague sort of sound that needed all your imagination to convert it into what it was supposed to be. It was anything but that; on the contrary, you wanted to suppress your imagination all you could. I've never heard anything so utterly damnable; the place wailed and sobbed and wept at us like a living creature. My pipe went out from lack of attention, and after a minute or two Roddy

draw me away. 'We'll get the double creeps, old man, if we stay here,' said he, 'and that's just what we *don't* want.'

We wandered back to the house, which leered at us through the fog like some evil yellow beast; my good thrawn ancestor certainly had a unique gift for the ugly. The day dragged on; Roddy had a long cross-examination of Kellock, from which I don't think he gained very much. After lunch the inspector came back, and, partly to get away from him, we strolled over to Pitsadden and had a talk with young Robb. We didn't learn much, but it scotched the police theory so far as I was concerned. That man was neither a liar nor a coward.

As we came away Roddy astonished me by making an offer for three of Robb's oldest and most useless sheep. He got them.

'What on earth——' I asked.

'You know my methods, Watson,' said he, grinning. 'I've been working out an idea. We want data in this show; these sheep are going to give us some.'

Our tempers had worn a trifle thin by evening, and I went off to bed early, *plurima volens*. If the police were wrong and Robb and Kellock were telling the truth, then where *was* Forgan? Dead or alive, where was he? Human or demon, from where was he going to spring upon us? He *would* spring, beyond a doubt—some time, somewhere. I was the last male heir of the house of Sanquhar, and he was bound to have a try for me. I minded the certainty of that less than the altogether detestable vagueness of the rest of the case.

None of the upper-floor rooms in Sleat was habitable, and I had taken a ground-floor room at the back with a French window. It was about ten o'clock at night and quite dark outside, and I put my lamp on a round table in the middle of the room. The door and the French window were both open. It struck me that I could hardly have chosen a worse room, open as this was to attack from two sides. I wandered across to the window with an idea of examining the bolts, and on the way paused idly in front of the dressing-table mirror to look at myself in the vacant way one does. I saw a pretty dismal-looking young man—and then I saw something else. Round the corner of the open door behind me was coming a face.

May God defend me from another such face as that, for it struck me cold in an instant. Its huge eyes glared in madness; its teeth were bared like a beast's; the black hair fell in a swathe across its forehead. I learned in that short minute what murder looks like.

I acted by instinct—for I was horrified beyond the power of reason. I gave some sort of yell, threw myself out at the open window, and went sprawling in a flower-bed four feet below. Gods! it was as well that I did, for

even as I landed among the loose earth I heard a sort of cry like nothing on earth, and in the same moment the dressing-table went over with a smash of glass and splinter of wood. He must have launched himself at me like a lion from half the width of the room. Then the lamp went out, and I heard Roddy shouting and a couple of revolver shots. I slipped round to the front-door and met Roddy in the hall, white as a ghost. 'My God!' he said shakily, 'are you all right?'

'All right,' I said. 'Did you see him?'

'I did.' He shuddered. 'I missed the brute twice. He went out this way. He's gone.'

'Look here,' I said, 'we'll spend the rest of this night together. I'm shaken. I admit it.'

Roddy was recovering. 'I don't blame you,' said he. 'But he won't come back to-night. Unless I'm off the track, he can't.'

'I don't understand you,' I said. 'But I'm taking no risks. We'll double up now and henceforward—and we won't have Kellock far away either.'

We moved a bed into Roddy's room—I didn't care somehow for mine—and we made a pretence of dosing down. But I don't think either of us slept much. And so the morning and the evening were the first day.

IV.

Next morning Roddy began his experiments with the sheep. He chose the hour when the tide was backing and about a third ebb, and drove one of his sheep into the Greetin' Howe loch. The brute struggled for a moment or two, then was drawn into the whirl, and went down like a stone. In the clear water we could see it vanish through the hole in the bottom. An hour later he put down a second sheep, and the same thing happened. After lunch he led me along the cliffs, and there, in the eddy where the tunnel from the loch was supposed to end, were two dead sheep floating.

I asked him what he was up to.

'Data, my lad,' said he, 'data! Our information about this singular phenomenon is defective. It needn't be. That's where the police have slipped up. They've started making theories, instead of first collecting all possible data.'

'You might explain,' said I rather peevishly. 'I've enough on my hands without playing Watson to your Holmes.'

'Well, my dear Watson,' he said, 'it's like this. As old Sherlock Holmes remarks, when you have eliminated impossibles the residuum of possibles must contain the true solution. Now, I'm a medical man. As such, I don't say risings from the dead are impossible, but I do say that it's impossible to rise from the dead in a sufficiently corporeal form to leave foot-prints and smash over heavy dressing-tables. Agreed?'

'Of course,' I said.

'So are the police so far. Now they go wrong. They won't admit Kellock and Robb's story of Forgan's going into the loch. Why? Because if he did he would be dead, and he isn't dead. Q.E.D. Well, just there comes in the unjustifiable assumption. Suppose both these things possible. Suppose he did go into the Howe and still isn't dead. Why not?'

'Because no one,' I said, 'has ever gone "doon the Howe" and lived.'

'Only five people have ever gone down,' said he. 'I've worked that all up, and I know all about it. Two were old men, one was a child, one was certainly drunk, and the other probably. You couldn't expect them to do much else but die. Now, no one's ever gone down the place in daylight at low water and explored it.'

'There you're wrong,' I said. 'Geordie Gow did it ten years ago for a pound note and a bottle of whisky.'

He shook his head at me provokingly.

'Geordie Gow said he did, and the witnesses saw him go into the hole; but I'll bet he never went more than a yard beyond the entrance—just out of their sight and no more.'

'You'll have to prove that,' I said.

'I will,' he replied, 'in good time. We've heard a lot about Geordie Gow these last few hours, and it's all this trust in Geordie Gow that's spoilt the scent. Rule him out meantime.'

He sat down on a knoll, and set to work to fill his pipe. I was beginning to get interested.

'Get it into your head,' said he, 'that a man can go "doon the Howe" and still live. Get it into your head that Forgan *did* do it. What does that mean? It means simply that there's a crack, or cave, or side-track somewhere in the thing that's above high-water level. It's far from impossible—indeed, it's likely. Forgan, hard pressed that first night, went into the loch, thinking, no doubt, it was all over. Instead, he struck this side-crack or cave. Supposing this to have happened, what better place could he possibly have found for his purpose? Supposing he could raise a bite of food sometimes in Knoggan—I'll bet the police are right there, and that's what he's doing—he couldn't possibly have a better howf. In fact, I'm willing to bet that he's down there now.'

I said something sceptical; indeed, the whole thing seemed to me very far-fetched.

'Well, look at it this way,' said he. 'As Kellock says, "If he's no' doon the Howe, whaur is he?" This countryside's as bare as a board; there isn't cover for a sheep, apart from human buildings. There are no caves on the coast. The number of human buildings can be counted. The number in which he could possibly be can be counted on the fingers of one hand. They're all in Knoggan. He certainly isn't there. Then where is he? Down the Howe, and that's all about it.'

I said nothing; but I was interested, and told him to go on.

'You know how they prove the nebular theory,' said he. 'It isn't done by direct proof, but by a series of congruities that could hardly be mere coincidence. Orbital motions and angles, and so on. Well, I've got a couple of congruities here that are pretty good for my theory.'

'As, for example?' I said.

'As, for example, this. Dead men have dead bodies. Forgan hadn't. I've been at pains to look up the record of every soul who went down the Howe; every one of them came up smiling in a few hours in the sea outside. You saw what happened to these sheep just now. I'll put the third sheep down to-morrow, and you'll see the same thing again.' (In parenthesis, let me say here that this is what happened.) 'What's the inference? That if any living creature is drowned in the Howe its body reappears in the course of time in the sea outside. Forgan's body never reappeared. What's the inference? He wasn't drowned. He went in and he never came out, therefore he's there still.'

'You're getting a bit muddled,' I told him. 'You're only proving now that Forgan isn't dead, which is surely admitted.'

'Not by Kellock and Co.,' said he. 'But patience; that's only half. That single congruity has its value as showing he might be in the Howe. Anyway, here's another and a better one that shows he is there.'

'People who are out for murder generally choose the middle of the night for obvious reasons. Now, your Uncle Robert was done in about five in the morning—a precious silly time to choose. Your cousin was finished off in the early evening when they were expecting him at dinner—a sillier time still. The attempt on yourself was made at 9.50 p.m., a time when reasonable beings would be having a pipe and a drink in the billiard-room, and not thinking of going to bed for hours. Nobody would choose such times. What's the inference? Forgan didn't choose them; he had to take them, or do without. That's what I meant when I told you he couldn't come back last night for another cut at us, though time must be precious to him. And he didn't, did he?'

He laid a hand on my arm and fished a piece of paper from his waistcoat pocket.

'Read that,' said he, his eyes shining with triumph, 'and if that doesn't convince you, I go back to Auld Reekie.'

On the paper he had written in parallel columns the hours of the two murders and the attempt on myself, with the hours of low water. The series coincided to within forty minutes or three-quarters of an hour at most.

(Continued on page 45.)



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

'FACILIS DESCENSUS.'

By JOHN EYTON.

PART I.

I.

'GOOD-BYE! Good-bye! And, thank God, for ever!'

Thus William Anstruther Parkes, C.I.E., I.C.S., as he chucked his solar topee out of the porthole into the sea. With a foot on the bunk he watched it spin round and round on the oily green water, watched the sea-gull dash at it, mistaking it for a loaf of bread, watched it disappear. But he did not wait to see Bombay sink also into the sea. India, in epitome, had sunk in his hat.

He had pictured this moment for precisely twenty-one years—ever since the first hot weather had boiled the original griffin's glamour out of him, and at the same time had shown him India, stripped and withered and sun-dried.

Being a methodical man, he had, at that dim period, started a diary of landmarks, and on the title-page had inscribed the tale of the years which he was doomed to spend in that meretricious land. On every subsequent 1st of May he had run a line of red ink through the past year with a slash of a quill pen, and celebrated the event with a bottle of champagne at dinner. Now there were twenty-one slashes, like knife-wounds, down the page, and no more years to slash. The exile was over, and he was going home.

He belonged to a type—the ordinary, humdrum Indian civilian who bears the burden and heat of the day, in fact, the district officer. Having neither brilliance nor facility, nor small-talk, nor push—the secretariat requisites—he had been branded from the first for his mission in life, which, broadly speaking, had been to govern, control, judge, punish, assess, educate, disinfect, and sometimes hang the hundred thousand human beings who chanced to exist within his jurisdiction. He had come to know the characteristics of those human beings rather well, since, in his twenty-one years of service, he had done every possible thing for them short of bringing them into the world and burying them when they left it. They had failed him often. Like children they had sometimes seemed to entertain an affection for him, refer-

ring to him repeatedly as 'their father and their mother,' but, like children, had seemed to forget him so soon as his back had been turned. Possibly he still cherished a sneaking regard for them, and possibly, too, the measure of this regard was the measure of the pleasure he had had out of India, but at this epoch-making moment of life he resolutely shut his eyes both to the regard and to the pleasure. He had done with India, and—thank God!

He was at heart, perhaps, a pessimist, for his vision of the brightness and colour of the East had always been impaired through a fatal faculty of seeing what was not there with greater distinctness than what was there. Thus, when pictures of the East could be had for the mere effort of looking, his mind had seethed with pictures of the West. Riding through the broad plains—rich, in their way, with their grain and rice and poppies and sugar-cane—he had found himself hankering for English hedges to shut off and determine the wealth. In the unequalled Himalayas he had sighed for gorse and heather, in the jungle for bracken, on the roads for wild roses and picturesque turnings, in the cities for electric light and good concerts.

But he would stoutly have denied the soft impeachment, for his attitude to England was one of bounding optimism. In England he was ready, as he put it, to put up with anything. He had never had time to drink deep of England, his infrequent furloughs having been the merest sips at that most tantalising draught. But now he meant to drain the cup. As he sat on the bunk in his cabin, heedless of the sinking of Bombay into the sea, he made himself promises. Every dream that he had dreamed in the hot and jaded hours he would now realise. First, he would buy a car, and look round for a house with a few fields and a bit of shooting, as distant as possible from the conventional Anglo-Indian paradises. Then, a month or two in town for theatres and concerts; a tour in the Lakes; a fishing trip to Ireland; and again—home. Never again that bazaar smell, compounded of mankind and refuse and dust and over-ripe fruit, all gently simmering

in that everlasting glare; but sunlight veiled in clouds, and the smell of wet leaves, and the purest air under heaven. Ten, twenty years of it, and then, at last, some shady corner where grass grew green and moss crept over the gray stones. England! England! . . .

He had always intended to throw his hat into the sea. He *had* thrown his hat into the sea. Now the exuberance of the moment seemed to demand that the diary of landmarks should share the watery burial. Unburied, it would recall too much.

He took it out of his suit-case, and turned over the leaves on which he had noted the principal facts of his life—transfers and stations; increments in pay; important cases tried; pats on the back and slaps on the face from Government; leaves; birthdays and deaths of friends; his C.I.E. awarded after a spell of famine duty. How indescribably petty it all was! What would the sum of it all convey to the man in the street at home—to the average person one met?

He recalled the remarks of a lady whom he had once taken in to dinner on an occasion during his last furlough: 'So you come from India—how very interesting. A deputy commissioner—how *very* interesting; how you must miss your curry and rice!'

Curry and rice! Twenty-one years' exile, and—curry and rice! To the man in the street he conveyed just that.

With a laugh he sent the diary to join the hat. On the way through the porthole one paper parted from it, and fluttered as if undecided whether to go or stay, alighting finally on the bunk. He picked it up and looked at it. It was a snapshot of one of his earliest shooting-parties. It was faded and difficult to straighten out, but his own face was still fairly clear. Impelled by a sudden whimsical desire to see what time had done with him, he looked in the cabin mirror.

Bald, thanks to the topee; grey, thanks to the sun; yellow tinge, malaria; wrinkles, hot weather and sleeplessness; poor teeth, the food. That was all—a big account, though.

But his eyes, his features, were the same now. He had not run to fat. He could still walk. He could still laugh. He could still live!

With an almost boyish bowling gesture he despatched the snapshot, rolled into a small ball, to join the other two relics below.

II.

So William Anstruther Parkes started a new diary. There were no figures on its title-page awaiting the red slash. He had no cause to wound the innocent years of retirement. Yet the habit of writing something on the title-page for guidance was strong in him, and he wrote three resolutions—or rather warnings—of a personal character.

'Nothing will persuade me to join the Bando-bast Club,' was the first.

'Nothing will persuade me to marry,' was the second.

'Nothing will persuade me to return to India,' was the third.

These were the three fates which he abhorred most, yet he had scented no temptation in them at all; their inscription in so prominent a place was practically otiose. It was almost as if he had to remind himself of his aversions—almost as if he were afraid. He was quite clear as to the logical basis of these three abstinences. The Bando-bast Club represented a weak impulse to coquet with the past. To join it, therefore, would be to play with fire. Marriage had, in addition to its own peculiar perils, this same element of danger; for he could only marry either a lady who had been to India, or a lady who had not been to India. The former would talk incessantly about India, while the latter would yearn incessantly to visit it. In marriage he could by no means escape India; and as for returning there, it would be sheer abysmal surrender to the powers of evil. His return would be India's victory. It would lead to his being buried there—the fate which, of all, he had determined should not be his. The mere fate always called up a dismal picture of a shadeless cemetery on the outskirts of a cantonment, with bleached grass and withered flowers, and the pall of the hot weather over all; of a few officials attending under orders, and a few clerks attending for the purpose of impressing the officials; of a servant snivelling in the background—the only sincere mourner; and of the hot sun beating down for ever and ever when the funeral was over. Of all things, not that! A damnable fate!

Thus, the negative items of this programme. The positive items he had no need to record in writing. They had been evolved in twenty-one years of dreaming. They were intentions. They were certainties. And he was singularly successful in putting them into practice; so successful that, after two years, he was in a position to say what very few men can say, that all his dreams had been realised. It almost seemed as if the moment of vision in the P. & O. cabin had been truly as epoch-making as it had seemed to be. For he had bought a car. He had not only looked round for a house, but he had obtained a ten years' lease of one, with option of renewal. He had a few fields and a farm to shoot over, and he was a day's journey from Cheltenham and Camberley. Furthermore, he had put in a month or two in town, had toured the Lakes, had fished in Ireland, and had, on his return from these jaunts, appreciated fully the welcome of home.

His dreams were exhausted. That perhaps was the mischief of it. True, he could always improve the garden; and for wet days he

promised himself a little amateur carpentering, varied by an occasional rubber with Firkins the parson, Plintock the doctor, and Ling his landlord. But, even as he formulated these intentions, he was aware that they lacked the essential *joie de vivre* that had characterised the old dreams. There was something lacking.

He thought he had hit on it—work. So he accepted an invitation to become parish councillor and churchwarden. He entered into the life of Pilchester, where he had made his home. He opened the 'Gables' for the annual rummage sale; he became a vice-president of the Pilchester cricket club; he judged at the flower-show. Where in the past a hundred thousand men had entitled him their father and their mother, perhaps fifty now conceded him a mildly

avuncular relationship. But he consecrated himself to Pilchester. He had every intention of living out his days in Pilchester, of dying in Pilchester, and of being buried in Pilchester. He had even earmarked a plot of ground for the purpose.

Work—work of a public nature—seemed to fill any gap that might exist in the programme of the future, the future which, like a great plain, stretched ahead, serene and undisturbed. Looking down on that plain, as it were, from the height of achieved desire, he saw no hint of India in it—no flash of colour or glint of a gilded dome to tempt him back. At that period above all he regarded himself as impervious.

(Continued on page 61.)

THE ROMANCE OF A MYSTERY METAL

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT, Author of *Treasures of the Earth, Inventions and Discoveries, &c.*

I.

THE halo of romance, in varying degree, invests every metal which has become established in the world of commerce and industry. The more difficult the effort to recover the metal, the more intense the atmosphere of wonder and fascination in which it is enveloped. At the present moment science is striving desperately to probe many mysteries in this realm. In many instances success has been achieved, but only in the laboratory, and the translation of such experimental methods into commercial processes is proving tantalisingly elusive.

The miners of the early days were confronted with exactly the self-same problems, but to a more acute degree, owing to lack of knowledge and the indifferent progress recorded by science. These diligent prospectors had a summary manner of classifying those ores which, upon submission to the usually honoured reduction methods, steadfastly refused to reveal their metallic secrets. They were termed 'kobold' (or 'goblin') ores, and from the early miners' point of view the description was apt. Yet, although the word was employed in its very broadest sense, and as applying to all such obstinate ores, it has come to be recognised as the generic name for one of the elements—namely, cobalt.

The reason for this application of a broad collective term to an individual treasure of the earth is obscure, although an obvious explanation is forthcoming. In the dim distant past some more than usually inquisitive worker discovered that the ore in question, upon submission to a specific treatment, rendered a beautiful rich blue pigment. When he displayed his achievement before his friends he

probably explained its origin, and, accordingly, for purposes of distinction, it became known as goblin blue, signifying the blue prepared from the goblin ore, which in course of time became standardised in the commercial sense, and to this day is known as cobalt-blue.

Further investigation by these early workers revealed the circumstance that this goblin blue was unrivalled for the colouring of glass and porcelain, and so this became its recognised field of application. The beautiful bluish tones of Bohemian and Venetian glass, so highly prized by collectors, are due to the utilisation of this material, and to this day it remains unequalled in this respect. Only the most minute quantity of cobalt is required to endow white crystal-glass with a bluish tinge. It has been found that a proportion of one part of cobalt to twenty-thousand parts of other materials will suffice to impart a slight delicate blue tone to the resultant product. Obviously, in view of this fact, enormous scope is extended to the craftsman to produce a riot of effects with a single colour.

The first employment of cobalt in this capacity is lost in the depths of time. The ancients practised it freely, but they guarded their secrets well, and, in course of time, it became numbered among the processes that were. About 1540, however, the secret was probed. A diligent and observant glass-maker of Nuremberg was tempted to ascertain whether kobold, as it was called, was invested with any colouring property such as is associated with other ores. He melted a small quantity, mixed it with his ingredients for the production of glass, and was astonished by the beautiful rich blue coloured glass which he obtained.

The Nuremberg glass-maker's success aroused widespread interest, and created for him a distinctive reputation. When his rivals, by dint

of persistent cautious investigation, discovered the secret of imparting the delicate blue tint to the glass, they, too, were induced to embark upon the preparation of the tinctorial agent from this ore, which became known as 'smalt.' From Germany the new industry spread to Holland, where the commodity was prepared for the Irish linen trade, which drew the whole of its supplies from the land of dykes and wind-mills, while the Dutch also used it for the preparation of litmus papers. The Venetian glass-makers apparently did not venture into the field of smalt production, but were content to purchase their requirements from the 'smalters' of Germany, the price being about eightpence per pound for smalt carrying approximately 6 per cent. of cobalt.

The industry may be described as being of a flourishing character for those days. There were about twenty-five firms specialising in the production of the material, but their aggregate output was small. It did not exceed three hundred tons a year. The supplies of the necessary ore were drawn from a German deposit discovered towards the end of the fifteenth century, and the demand was so pronounced, and the industry so prosperous, that the firms specialising in the manufacture of smalt could afford to work ores which carried only about 3 per cent. of the element.

II.

The preparation of the smalt is somewhat protracted, though the operation may be described as straightforward. Cobalt suffers from one serious disability—it is always found in company with other elements, such as sulphur, arsenic, iron, copper, nickel, and manganese. The European and Canadian ores are deficient in manganese; those drawn from the Antipodes carry manganese, but neither arsenic nor sulphur. These associated elements must be eliminated, inasmuch as they adversely affect the intensity and the purity of the blue pigment. Indeed, the maintenance of the uniformity of intensity always constituted the supreme obstacle confronting the smalt-makers.

The cobalt ore was crushed, sorted, and washed, the resultant 'schlich,' as it was called, then being roasted to drive off the arsenic, which, being a marketable commodity, was collected. By submission to the roasting treatment the element also became converted into the oxide of cobalt, which was what was required. The roasted product was ground to a fine powder and passed through the silk sieve, when it was called 'zaffer.'

The zaffer was then mixed with crushed quartz and potassium carbonate and the mixture placed in a kiln, which brought about the fusion of the ingredients. The molten materials were drawn off and cooled, and the solid mass again pulverised, slight impurities being removed by

washing. After the powder had been dried it was again heated, the result of this second heat-treatment being the passing of the cobalt into the slag. The nickel which was present combined with the remaining arsenic to form a sediment or matte at the bottom of the crucible, while the iron became oxidised. The sediment or matte was carefully withdrawn, while the remaining slag or blue glass carrying the cobalt was also removed. This slag was then poured into water to cool and solidify, when it was dried and ground to dust, to be subsequently mixed with water and set aside to stand for a short while. Rest brought about the precipitation of the coarser particles to the bottom of the vessel, while the water was turbid with the finest dust. This solution was poured into a second vessel, and set aside for many hours to allow the pigment proper to settle. A third decanting operation was then made, the vessel being permitted to stand for a day and a night, which allowed all the particles in suspension to precipitate, leaving a clear solution. The water was carefully drained away, and the sediment dried, to resolve itself into a fine pale glass powder. Further washing took place, the purpose being to secure as pure a smalt as possible.

From what has been related it will be seen that several days were occupied in the preparation of the finest grade of cobalt-blue, but the purer and finer the ultimate product the higher the price commanded. The smalt was marketed under a variety of classifications, the grading of the product being in accordance with the intensity of the colour and the proportion of cobalt present. The practice was to indicate each grade with a distinctive letter, to enable the glass-maker to obtain just the shade of colouring which he desired for his particular line of production, but each was also given a distinctive name, such as azure-blue, cobalt-blue, Saxon-blue, and enamel-blue, to mention only a few of the names under which commercial transactions were conducted.

As perhaps may be imagined, the employment of cobalt for the colouring of pottery has been known for centuries to the Chinese. It has been extensively employed for the tinting of the glassware coming from the famous works of Canton. The tinctorial material in question is known as *lam-o-li-shek*, or 'stone for blue glass.' The methods are peculiarly Chinese, and, in accordance with Chinese traditions, amazingly successful, if we bear in mind the primitive nature of the plant employed. The furnace is exceedingly crude, while the blowpipe is of a similar character; but, notwithstanding these apparent deficiencies, the workers are wonderfully skilled in working the poorest of ores, and obtaining a colouring matter of striking purity. The crucible is in keeping with the furnace, being fashioned from clay and dust.

By the aid of the furnace the impurities are

apparently precipitated, and it is the upper part of the melt which is retained. This is subsequently ground to a fine powder for the preparation of the pigment. When the painting of porcelain is proposed the material is fritted with other materials, the whole being reduced to a fine powder. The burnt biscuit is covered with a glaze upon which the design is painted, and in this manner both enamel and colour are burned in a single operation.

III.

The manufacture of smalt continued to be a more or less successful industry, even after the discovery of the extensive deposits of cobalt in the French Antipodean dependency of New Caledonia, which in due course became the world's staple source of supply, about 85 per cent. of the total consumption of this goblin ore being derived from this source. New South Wales, where the mineral is also to be found, became the second most important contributory country. The demand was fairly consistent, and the price for the oxide ruled fairly steady, ten shillings per pound being the average market figure.

In 1908 there came a sudden collapse of the market. In that year Canada appeared upon the scene as a cobalt oxide producer. This was not surprising. Five years before the wonderful cobalt-bearing country in the vicinity of Lake Temiskaming, on the border of Ontario, had been revealed to the world; but it was not the cobalt which attracted so much attention in the first instance as the silver. In this case the goblin ore was found in association with the argentiferous metal, and to such a degree as to render it more profitable to exploit the silver than the cobalt. Such a result was scarcely remarkable, seeing that silver was in far greater demand than its consort, the world's annual consumption of cobalt at that time being a very limited quantity. Furthermore, the silver was so abundant, the ore averaging two thousand ounces per ton, that the cobalt could be ignored. In due course, however, as the richer silver ores underwent exhaustion, the feasibility of recovering some of the other metals associated therewith began to attract attention, and, in order to develop the cobalt industry, the Canadian Government offered a bounty which invested the less familiar metal with enhanced importance.

But the recovery of the cobalt proved to be no easy matter, especially as, in the first instance, the ore had to be despatched to the United States to be smelted, owing to the absence of such facilities in the Dominion. The American interests were solely concerned with the silver content; the cobalt and other elements present were ignored and wasted. But the introduction of the bounty system favoured the domestic recovery of the cobalt in the form of the oxide, and, within a short time, the smelters found

themselves possessed of large stocks of cobalt oxide of which they were anxious to dispose.

A determined attack upon the European market, the main centre of consumption, was made. All anticipations of an easy conquest being effected were promptly dispelled. The manufacture of smalt was a close and jealously guarded industry in Europe. The manufacturers were known to their clients, and the grades of their colouring materials commanded unswerving confidence. The maker knew what the ceramic industry demanded, and spared no effort to meet the requests. The Canadian competitors could hope to meet with success only by excelling the European producers, both in quality of product and in cheapness. So far as the last-named factor was concerned, they were also pitted against the New Caledonian interests, which had likewise secured a firm grip upon the market.

To achieve their end, the Canadian producers of the oxide forced the price down to three shillings per pound. At this figure the New Caledonian interests could not aspire to hold their own, and, rather than continue working at a loss, they dropped out of the running. Since 1909 the New Caledonian product has practically been unknown, though it is believed that, with the hardening of the price for the oxide, this contributory source will again have to be reckoned with. But even cutting the prices failed to bring the victory anticipated. It was not until the European dealers resorted to the practice of packing the Ontario cobalt in the packages which had formerly been used for the European smalt, and marking them with their old labels, so as to induce their purchasers to believe that they were receiving the article to which they had been accustomed for so many decades, even centuries, that any headway could be made. The pottery manufacturers, in their ignorance, used the Ontario oxide, and were agreeably surprised to find that the European product, as they believed it to be, had been so strikingly improved. Of course, when they learned, in due course, that what they imagined to be European smalt was really Canadian oxide, they demanded the latter. The result was the gradual abandonment of the manufacture of smalt, which has not been practised now for over a dozen years. It has become numbered among the lost industries.

Canadian cobalt dominates the ceramic industry of the world to-day, a result due, in the main, to the persistence and diligence with which the Ontario Government has emphasised its virtues and value. The technology of the mineral, which was practically virgin ground, has been pursued energetically by the Department of Mines and the School of Mines of Kingston, Ontario, the fruitful results of which induced German chemists to embrace the self-same line of research. But it is Canadian

enterprise and initiative which has been responsible for the world-wide appreciation of the goblin ore to-day; and it may be remarked that the technological side of the issue is being attacked more energetically than ever by the interests concerned, to the advantage of the industry as a whole. While research has not been responsible for the evolution of any revolutionary methods for the recovery of the mineral, it has succeeded in bringing the centuries-old processes in line with contemporary thought, and has rendered them strikingly efficient.

IV.

As a colouring medium cobalt cannot be excelled, although its uses are no longer confined to the provision of the blues. Technological investigation has revealed the fact that, in combination with other chemical compounds, a variety of tinctorial effects can be produced. Strange though it may seem, it is employed in the preparation of the very finest of white enamels. In its raw form—that is, as the straight oxide—it is gray or black in colour, but when fused with borax or sand it assumes a brilliant blue character. When a small quantity of the latter is added to a white enamel, the natural blue tone completely neutralises the yellowish tinge attributable to iron oxide, due to the blue being complementary to the yellow. On the other hand, in a compound form, it will render the blackest of black enamels intensely rich in tone. By introducing other compounds, delicate and rich greens, bronze, yellow, and brown can be secured, while recently pink and red colours have been obtained in the laboratory. The tinctorial resolution of cobalt is only in its infancy; experiment in this field offers illimitable scope to the chemist.

Yet, while cobalt commands the ceramic and enamelling industries, it would appear as if these are destined to represent its minor applications. The early miner found it impossible to reduce the element to its mineral form from the ore. But Brandt, in 1733, proved that it is by no means the goblin ore of tradition. He succeeded in obtaining the element in its metallic form. This achievement, however, was regarded as being a mere laboratory conquest. The mineral is never found in its native state, and this circumstance is the only one which weighed with the miner. Nevertheless, the circumstance that one worker had succeeded in extracting the metal from its ore has stimulated a new line of investigation—the production of the element in the metallic form. For some time the perfection of a practical process appeared hopeless, owing to the affinity of cobalt for other metals, a tendency which was reciprocated by the elements concerned. The difficulty was to tear it away from its companions. This task has now been stabilised by resort to chemical treatment and the electric furnace.

Metallic cobalt extracted from the ore, when polished, assumes a bright, silvery lustre. On the other hand, when reduced from the oxide it is a grayish powder. Both forms are commercially useful, as experiment has conclusively proved. The attempt to secure the metal was stimulated by the desire to ascertain its effect upon other metals. Nickel has entered into the composition of alloys for some time past, and as cobalt is so closely allied to nickel from the chemical point of view, it was concluded that it would exercise a broadly similar effect. But when, after securing the metal, experiments in this direction were undertaken, some decidedly startling results were observed.

The addition of cobalt to steel was one of the first developments, and the British metallurgical chemist who made the initial experiments in this direction found that such addition imparted greater elasticity and tensile strength to the steel. From constructional to tool steel was a logical step, especially in view of the demand for improvements in this field, although owing to cobalt being so closely allied to nickel, which had proved unsuitable, but little success was anticipated. But, although cobalt and nickel may be very similar in many respects, they were found to behave very differently when brought into intimate relationship with steel. Nickel enhances the toughness of the steel but not its hardness. On the other hand, cobalt increases the factor of hardness. Consequently, whereas the addition of nickel to tool steel gives a soft cutting edge, the introduction of the cobalt gives a harder and more durable cutting edge, enabling far higher cutting speeds to be attained and maintained.

This discovery undoubtedly would have resulted in cobalt being in heavy demand for the production of tool steel but for another far-reaching development. A patient investigator was labouring in another direction. This was the perfection of a new alloy, to which he applied the distinctive name of 'stellite.' Despite the suggestion extended by the name, steel does not enter into the composition of this alloy, which is a combination of cobalt, chromium, and tungsten, while its properties are altogether different from those of steel. The name was suggested by the circumstance that the alloy assumes a bright polish which is not only resistant to oxidation when exposed to the atmosphere, but which is not readily affected by the ordinary acids. The colour of the polish is also somewhat distinctive, lying between that of steel and of silver.

The salient characteristic of stellite is that it cannot be hardened or tempered. Furthermore, the cutting edge does not deteriorate even when raised to a red heat. Finally, a cutting tool fashioned from the combination in specific proportions of these three metals allows a far higher cutting speed to be attained than is

possible with high-speed steel or even high-speed cobalt steel. Even when the alloy is restricted to an admixture of cobalt and chromium an exceptionally hard metal is secured. But this virtue is improved very materially by the addition of the tungsten or of molybdenum, though the latter has to be added in lesser quantities. The degree of hardness is varied by the proportion of tungsten added, although it is not practicable to advance too far in this direction, because as the hardness is increased, so is the brittleness of the metal.

In view of the fact that cobalt-tungsten-chromium alloys cannot be forged, tools fashioned thereof have to be made along special lines. Casting has to be favoured, the bars being of the designed shape and size, and the cutting edge bestowed by grinding on a carborundum wheel. The circumstance that the degree of hardness can be varied by ringing the changes on the proportions of the ingredients has rendered it possible to fashion special stellite tools for different classes of work. Thus the stellite intended for woodworking tools carries a relatively low proportion of tungsten. Another grade of greater hardness, but less strength, is employed for turning cast-iron, while a third grade is used for working steel. The tool contrived for turning steel cannot be used for a similar purpose in connection with cast-iron, because the edge suffers rapid destruction.

The peculiar virtues of stellite have suggested its use for the manufacture of cutlery. Resistance to oxidation and corrosion by acids renders it an excellent stainless metal for this purpose, while the fact that the edge once imparted can be retained for a long time is an additional recommendation for such duty. No developments in this direction have yet been recorded, despite the attractions extended, for the simple reason that the demand for stellite for tool purposes is far in advance of supply.

V.

In so far as cobalt alloys are concerned enormous scope is offered for further experiment and research. Much has been accomplished in this field, but definite conclusions have not yet been recorded in connection with the familiar metals of commerce. The Germans have been particularly aggressive in this field of research, and have accomplished much valuable work of a basic character, which should lead to further developments of far-reaching significance, especially in view of the many surprises which appear to be sprung as the result of the introduction of cobalt, either alone or in company with other metallic elements.

It would appear also as if cobalt will seriously dispute with nickel recognition in the electroplating industry. Cobalt-plating is already carried out upon a limited scale, and is proving attractive from every point of view. Less time

is occupied in the process, while there is a reduction in the quantity of material required to achieve a specific protective purpose. The resultant plating is also said to be harder than that of nickel, and of a pleasing rich bluish tinge.

Our knowledge of cobalt and its commercial possibilities is conceded to be decidedly imperfect. Cobalt is indeed a mystery metal; but bearing in mind that the element in its metallic form has occupied the serious attention of the chemist for only a dozen years or so, the progress recorded is certainly of a decided and momentous character. It must also be remembered that research is essentially pioneering, and it is this characteristic which invests the chemical quests with such fascination.

The circumstance that cobalt is destined to play a much more prominent rôle as the handmaid of metallurgy than as the servant of the ceramic industry is obvious from the increased output of the element in the metallic form, and the steady price ruling therefor. Its absorption as a tinctorial agent is severely limited and approximately established, but in so far as the metallurgical trades are concerned the persistently widening demand is leading to an increased output of the metal, while the price is tending upwards. During a recent year the shipment of oxide from Canada was about 400,000 pounds, but that of the metal 300,000 pounds, while more than 80,000 pounds was absorbed in the manufacture of stellite. The average price in recent years for the oxide may be set down at about six shillings per pound, that for the metal from ten shillings upwards per pound. Canada will remain the foremost centre of supply for many decades to come. The silver cannot be won without the release of a certain quantity of cobalt, and, consequently, so long as silver continues to be mined cobalt must be produced. Furthermore, there are immense supplies of tailings, carrying from four to six ounces of silver, from which no cobalt has been recovered. These stocks are estimated to be in excess of 2,500,000 tons, and as cobalt metal has now established a firm market, it is becoming profitable to treat these tailings, the silver being regarded somewhat in the light of a by-product.

CUPBOARDS.

CUPBOARDS are mysterious places,

With lock'd silent doors;
Biscuit tins and wooden cases
Hold all sorts of stores.

China cups and plates are standing
Neatly in a row;

In a cupboard on the landing

Pegs where greatcoats go.

Into one I dare not peep,

Down the kitchen stairs,

'Cos once cook said some people keep

A skeleton in theirs.

That is such a gloomy spot,

It may be there as likely's not.

ANNE MACDONALD.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER III.—BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

AS he walked down the soft bed of the stream, Carwyke's greatest fear was that the man Bull, keeping watch on the tundra, might have observed his flight and have crept towards the beach to intercept him. Accordingly, having set some distance between himself and the camp, he made a halt, and, leaving the water, crouched on the bank to reconnoitre.

It was now verging on midnight; the disc of the sun was below the horizon, yet the sky glowed rosily, and everything on the tundra stood clear in view. Looking backward, he saw the ridge of the white tent that he had left, but the two men on the farther side of it were not visible. Across the wide stretch of moss he saw the tops of the Eskimo tepees, but between them and himself he could see nothing that moved. His eyes searched the waste of moss carefully without discerning anything suspicious; then a low-flying bird appeared (as it seemed) from nowhere, and as it reached the crest of the undulation, less than five hundred yards from where he crouched, it swerved sharply. Instantly his eyes fixed themselves upon that rise in the ground, and picked out the recumbent form of a man. He smiled to himself. Bull was not likely to trouble him; in all probability he was dozing. In any case it was clear that as yet he had not observed anything suspicious.

He resumed his way, and presently arrived at the mouth of the stream. The tide was out, and rather than expose himself on the promontory he walked round it, wasting time, but playing for safety. Unmolested he had almost reached the spit from which he had first seen the white girl, when a sudden hail broke the stillness.

'Car-r-wyke!'

He glanced hastily round. Standing on the low finger of land behind him were two men, whom he instantly recognised as Standifer and Mardock. They had discovered his flight, and no doubt suspected his intention. Without replying to their hail he hurried on, and was mounting the spit where he had crouched under the Eskimo fire, when a second bawling hail reached him.

'Car-r-wyke! Come back, you fool!'

This time he did not even look round, but as he reached the boulder where he had previously lain he crouched instinctively, and in the same second heard a couple of bullets sing over him. The crang of the rifles disturbed a flock of seabirds, sending them wheeling and screaming in the air; and as he scrambled down the low-lying spit the rifles spoke again. That the sound of them reached the Eskimo camp he had ample evidence, for a moment later a solitary rifle replied. Whether the fire was directed against

himself or his pursuers he could not determine. The bullet had seemed to be travelling high, but he was not sure, and now, as he had anticipated, he was between two fires; and being in all probability the only visible target, he was in a situation of considerable peril. Concealment naturally suggested itself to him, and he turned impulsively towards a boulder. Then a second thought altered his course again. If he sought shelter the action was likely to be misunderstood by the Eskimo marksman, and he would inevitably become the target.

He thrust his hand up above his head, and marched on, trusting the natives in the encampment would understand that he sought peace and not war. For a full minute nothing happened, but not for a moment did he dream that Standifer and his companion had ceased their hostile activities. As he knew, the spit of land behind him momentarily hid him from view; in a very little while he would be in the range of their vision again. The small beach along which he trudged afforded singularly little cover, and as once again the rifles behind him cracked, a cold *aura* passed through his blood, and he felt his hair creep. One of the bullets plugged the sand in front of him, sending a little spurt of it in the air, whilst the other sang well over his head.

Instantly from the camp ahead three rifles answered, and from the sound of the missiles he knew that they were not aimed at himself but at the men who were pursuing him. His heart leaped at the thought that the natives understood that his intentions were friendly, and he tried to make a spurt, whilst other shots broke the quiet of the rosy midnight.

The camp was very near now. He could see the yellow flame of the fires as they cracked, and could discern the forms of men lying on the moss. Sweating and gasping with his exertions he suddenly slipped, and as he stumbled forward the weight of his pack sent him sprawling in the muddy sand. He heard a distant shout as of triumph, a howl from the Eskimos in front, and before he could pick himself up two of the fur-clad natives bounded towards him. The fall had knocked out of him what little breath he had, and as the men picked him up he was gasping painfully.

'Him shot?' asked one of the Eskimos stolidly.

Carwyke shook his head, having no breath for speech, and the natives hurried him forward. Soon he was standing in the shelter of the tepees, with a score of the flat-faced, dark-eyed, and lank-haired aborigines about him. One of them swiftly unslung the rifle from his shoulders;

ed to show his friendly intentions Carwyke hastily handed another his knife. He looked round for any sign of the white girl for whom he had faced death.

He found none. At the tent doors he caught sight of dark-eyed children peering at him with the curiosity of childhood the wide world over, their stout and comely mothers behind them. One or two old men were lying on the moss, as depressed, to avoid the flying bullets whilst they witnessed the fight; and on the outskirts of the camp, prone upon the tundra, there were younger men with harpoons and fish-spears in their hands, as if in anticipation of a rush. But nowhere could he see anything of the one person whose death he had hoped to find.

As his breath came back he was conscious of a disappointment; and as he looked at the Eskimos babbling excitedly, and eyeing him with no great favour, for one moment he wondered if he had made a mistake in venturing into their camp. Then a voice behind him made him jump.

'Well, stranger, what's ther gyme?'

He swung round so quickly that two of the Eskimos, evidently anticipating some hostile action on his part, flung themselves upon him, ripping his arms, and holding him so that he could not move. For the moment he had little time to do so, and without the slightest attempt to struggle, stared amazedly at the man who held him. He was much taller than the average Eskimo, and though he was habited like the other men in the camp in *anorak* and breeches and *mukluks*, his eyes were blue, his hair and beard of a flaming red; and he was unmistakably a white man. As he looked at him, Carwyke thought of the golden-haired girl, and found in this man the explanation of her presence among the dark-haired natives; then he answered quietly, 'I should like to know yourself.'

The blue-eyed one looked at him keenly, then took the pack upon his shoulders with the tools, and after a moment spoke again. 'You ain't one o' that crowd back there?' He jerked his head in the direction of the tundra as he spoke, and Carwyke made haste to reply.

'No! I should have thought that was pretty plain. You must have seen them shooting at me.'

'Yep,' snapped the red-haired one in answer, 'I didn't see 'em hit you. An' that eagle-eyed one is a dandy shot with a rifle.'

'Think you, then, that the shooting was a bid to secure my safe admission into this camp?' asked the prospector sharply. 'Well, I can assure you it wasn't. Those two men were really trying to get me, and would have done so if they could.'

'But you've been to their camp? You went back with that feller when he came for you, a few hours back?'

'Well,' laughed Carwyke, 'you didn't give me much encouragement to come this way, did you? You simply pinned me behind that boulder until Standifer came to my help.'

'Maybe we did make a mistake, stranger,' replied the other, with a broad grin. 'But Miss Norma took you for one o' them blushin' pirates back there, an' when you followed 'er she was sure.'

'Miss Norma! That's the golden-haired girl I saw?'

'Yep! Golden-haired an' golden-eared, one o' ther best they makes in——' He broke off, and then chuckled. 'I near got you this afternoon. Once I thought I had.'

'You hit my pack. The bullet-hole is quite plain.'

The man laughed, then chuckled, and a second later suspicion shone in his blue eyes again. 'What made you leave that crowd?'

'Because I didn't like them much, and because I had an idea that they meant harm to the white girl whom I saw—Miss Norma, as you call her.'

'You was dead right there!' replied the other sharply. 'But how did you come by ther idea?'

'Well, that man Standifer explained your hostility to me this afternoon by saying that you had a white girl captive here, and that you were determined not to let her go—'

'An' you believed ther liar?'

'No. I had seen the girl, remember—at a sufficient distance from this camp to have made her escape to Standifer's if she had so wished. I was a white man, and if the situation had been as Standifer said, she would have run to me instead of fleeing from me. Her flight plainly gave the lie to the fellow's statement, though I didn't tell him so; indeed, I didn't let him know that I had seen the girl at all, or he might have been a little more careful in his explanations. Add to that the fact that an hour back I heard him talking to one of the bunch, and learned that behind his anxiety to get the girl there was some reason that I was not to know, and you can understand that I was not particularly anxious to help him in a scheme that I suspected meant no good for the girl.'

'So you kem along here?'

'Yes.'

'You took fine chances, Mista What's-ya-r-name?'

'Carwyke is my name.'

'An' mine's Billy—Eskimo Billy from here to Point Barrow or wherever the whalers go,' answered the man with a short laugh. 'But as I was a-saying, Mista Carwyke, you took some hair-raisin' chances.'

'I anticipated them when I crept out from Standifer's camp. But I hoped when you saw me with my hands up you would understand that my intentions were friendly.'

'I durn near pot-shotted you, an' if them

skunks back there hadn't started ter get you, I guess I should ha' done. Even as 'twas I kem near doin' et, for I don't trust them pirates, not one blessed inch!

'Why is Standifer so anxious to get Miss Norma?' asked Carwyke, striking to the heart of the mystery.

'Search me! I'd give my front teeth ter know. 'Tain't ther ordinary human motive, as you might say, in abduction cases; thet I'll swear. If 'twas, 'twould be plane sailin' an' easy sizing-up; but I'll wager my chances of heaven thet when he kem here 'twas ther girl he was lookin' for, though why he wants her has me beat. I don't reckon ter understand, an' I'll stand a flagon o' ther forbidden juice ter ther man who'll put me wise. Et's a regular dime-novel for mystery, an' I jest can't get ther hang of et.'

The man's weather-beaten forehead was creased in a frown as he spoke, and there was a worried look in his blue eyes. For a full minute he stood silent, considering the problem; then, staring out over the tundra, which had its normal aspect of silent desolation, he said suddenly, 'Better come an' see Miss Norma. These rascals across there won't trouble us for a bit. Tak' off yo'r pack; you'll be easier without et.'

He spoke a word or two in Eskimo, and the two natives who had held Carwyke fell back. The prospector unbuckled the straps, lowered the pack to the ground, and, as one of the men took charge of it, began to walk with the white man between the lines of tepees, many of the natives following behind them, jabbering and full of curiosity. In the course of a couple of minutes they arrived at a large tepee standing a little apart from the rest, with the flaps closed. The man Billy drummed with his fingers on the caribou-hide, a girl's voice answered from the interior, and then the flaps of the tepee were thrown open, and the girl herself stood revealed.

Carwyke stared at her in wonder. She was almost as tall as himself, and was dressed in every respect like an Eskimo woman. Her beautiful hair no longer hung free, but was plaited in two long tails, tied at the ends with strips of deer-thong, and hanging well below her waist. Her face was of classic mould, and the eyes beneath the arched brows of gold were blue as tropic seas, with a sparkle as of gems in their depths. Her skin was bronzed with the sun and the sea-winds, and, unlike many faces in the Arctic, quite unscarred by frost; her neck, exposed by the loose *anorak*, was firm and round, and even the native garment of fur could not hide the bosoms just swelling to the roundness of womanhood.

For a moment he stood dumb before the vision. Through his mind shot a tag of half-forgotten verse: 'A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair.' Then,

with the blue eyes staring at him gravely, he took off his cap, and at the same moment found his tongue. 'How do you do, Miss Norma?'

A flush of wonder came in the girl's eyes.

'You know my name?' she asked in a voice that had a slight American intonation.

'Billy here told it to me,' he explained; and then turned to his conductor. 'Introduce me, Billy.'

The white Eskimo grinned. 'I dunno as how I knows ther form, but this is Mista Roy Carwyke, an' he's run away from those devils down by ther little river, Miss Norma. They tried to get him, which explains ther shootin' thet's been goin' on.'

The girl looked at Carwyke with measuring eyes, then a half-smile played about the perfectly moulded lips. 'You are the man I saw this afternoon?'

'Yes,' answered Carwyke simply. 'I shouted to you to reassure you—'

'And instead lent wings to my heels!' she interrupted, with a laugh that reminded Carwyke of the mellow sound of English bells. 'But I mistook you for one of those bad men across there, and it was natural that I should not wait to listen to explanations.' Her laughter died suddenly from her eyes, and she looked at him challengingly. 'You went to the camp of that man Standifer, afterwards.'

'Yes! When your people were pot-shotting me, as I have explained to Billy here, Standifer came along to my help; and when he invited me, naturally I went to his camp.'

'He was a stranger to you?'

'Yes.'

'Did he tell you anything about me?'

'Yes.'

At some length he recounted all that had happened from the moment when, after the first shot, he had dropped behind the boulder on the spit, and as he finished the girl thrust out her hand.

'Now I am sure you are my friend. Won't you come inside the tepee?'

'Gladly!' answered Carwyke, as he took the offered hand.

Two seconds later he had fresh cause for wonder. Just what he had expected to find in the skin-tent he could not have told; but the reality surprised him. At the far side of it was a camp bedstead of wood, covered with a rabbit-skin robe. A dressing-chest with a small mirror stood near by the bed; and on another side was a tiny bookcase full of books, against which leaned a rifle exactly like Carwyke's own. There were a couple of camp-chairs with seats of hide instead of canvas; a straight-backed chair stood by the small table; and on the wooden floor were two white bear-skins. As he stood, cap in hand, wonder in his eyes, the girl waved him to a chair.

'Please be seated, Mr Carwyke, and we will sit. You may smoke if you like. My father used to smoke when he talked.'

Carwyke had long ago dismissed his thought that Eskimo Billy explained this white girl of such beauty. The deference which the man paid to her proved she was not his daughter, and her last words set the seal to that proof.

'Your father?' he asked. 'He is dead?'

A look of utmost sadness came on the beautiful face. 'I do not know,' she said. 'Three years ago he was lost in an ice-floe, in circumstances that were rather strange, and we have heard no word of him since.'

A light of sympathy shone in Carwyke's brown eyes. To his mind a man lost on a moving ice-floe three years ago, with no word of him since, must be reckoned among the dead. He did not utter his thought, however, and the girl spoke again. 'You are a wanderer, or you would not have found your way here; tell me, have you heard anything of a white man being found adrift anywhere on the coast?'

Carwyke shook his head. 'No! I was at Esbome two springs ago, and saw the body of an Eskimo taken from a floe drifting southward; but I have heard nothing of any white man being found in such circumstances.'

For one moment the blue eyes were blurred with tears; then the girl whispered, more to herself than to the two men, 'I fear that he was lost.'

'That's not ter be taken for granted, Miss Norma,' broke in Billy in a stubborn tone. 'Things move mortal slow up here. He may have been picked up by a whaler, or carried a long way south; an' there ain't no express trains running ter Unapik thet I knows of.'

'No, but three years——'

The girl broke off without finishing, and looked at Carwyke as if hoping that he would contradict the thought in her mind. But the wanderer had not the heart to do so. It was no use trying to sustain the girl with false hopes, and he did not attempt to do so. Instead, he asked a question. 'You said the circumstances of your father's disappearance were rather strange; just what did you mean?'

'He was out with his kayak, after seal, and was observed to land upon the floe and fasten the kayak with an ice-anchor. Later the skinboat was found down the coast with the hide thing severed half-way!'

'A sharp edge of the ice, perhaps——' began Carwyke, offering the explanation that instantly leaped to his mind.

'No!' broke in Eskimo Billy emphatically. 'It had been cut through with a sharp knife. No ice-edge thet ever was could ha' cut et so clean.'

'But who could have done such a thing?' cried Carwyke.

'That's what fair beat us—till three weeks back,' said Billy quietly.

'You see, Mr Carwyke, my father had no enemies——'

'Thet we knew of then,' interrupted the white Eskimo; 'but I've done a bit o' thinkin' lately, an' I reckon thet Mista Mannering had an enemy thet we didn't know of then, nor him either.'

'Billy entertains the idea that the leader of the men across the tundra there was the man who cut the painter of my father's kayak, and I can't shake his conviction.'

'Nor ever will, Miss Norma! Et's sense thet I think. Yo'r old man hadn't an enemy on all ther coast, nor any thet didn't wish him well, except maybe a whalin' captain or two thet wanted ter get ther tribes' whale-bone an' hides for a song. But they're out of ther picture, for ther fleet didn't pass Unapik till a good three weeks after Mista Mannering was lost. But thet vulture-faced devil across ther tundra had gone down ther coast with dogs a week before. I knew him as soon as ever he landed from his schooner nigh on a month back. An' who knows how far he went? Ther camp was busy getting ther spring trade ready, an' nobody went far afield. Ther scoundrel may hev camped down on ther next big bay, or in a hollow of ther tundra, an' taken his chance when et come.'

'But why should he do such a villainous thing?' asked Carwyke wonderingly.

Billy threw up his hands. 'Thet's where you start me guessin'! Ther man was a stranger to Mista Mannering, who had lived up here nigh on twenty years, workin' as a missionary at his own expense, an' why ther feller should want ter murder ther whitest man thet ever breathed on this coast leaves me beat; but murder him he did, or as good as, I'll stake my eternal hope on that.'

'But——'

Billy interrupted him heatedly. 'An' why did he come back here three years afterwards an' try ter carry off Miss Norma on his blasted schooner? Tell me thet, ef you can!'

'He tried to do that!'

'Yep! An' he come near doin' et too. There's a whole lot o' this dime yarn thet you haven't heard yet. An' if you've patience to hear et, Miss Norma an' me'll make a shift ter tell et you.'

'For heaven's sake get on, man!' cried Carwyke. 'I'm burning with curiosity.'

'Then I'll light a pipe, with Miss Norma's permission, an' you shall hear a few things that'll open yo'r eyes jest as wide as they'll go.'

With quite exasperating slowness the man proceeded to pack a much-burned pipe, whilst Carwyke watched him with impatient eyes.

'Got a fire-stick?' inquired the man when the pipe was ready.

Carwyke handed him a tin box of matches. Eskimo Billy struck one, nursed the flame with the carefulness of a man who knows that a match may make the difference of life and

death; then, when the pipe was going, he looked at the wanderer once more, and began his story.

(Continued on page 56.)

THE BIGGEST TREASURE HUNT OF THE AGE.

CHAPTER IV.—ATTEMPTS AT RESCUE.

IT is recorded to the credit of the Dutch that when the governor learned of the wreck of the *Grosvenor* and the story of the survivors, he equipped and sent out a large rescue-party, in spite of the fact that there existed a state of war between Holland and Britain.

This is known as Müller's party, and is mentioned in many old records about the *Grosvenor*. It consisted of one hundred white men, three hundred Hottentots, and a large number of wagons and oxen. Captain Müller was in charge of the expedition, and had orders to proceed, if possible, to the scene of the wreck, trying to find any survivors *en route*; also to bring back what he could from the wreck on the wagons. Evans went with the party as guide, but Hynes was too ill to travel. The rescuers were well provided with what is known as 'Kaffir truck,' consisting of beads, blankets, copper wire, tinder-boxes, &c., to enable them to trade with the natives and prove that they were on a friendly mission.

The first of the shipwrecked wanderers who were found were Thomas Lewis, William Hatterley (or Hubberly), and another man whose name is not recorded. Farther on they found eleven lascars, members of the crew, who had with them two black women who had been the servants of Mrs Logie and Mrs Hosea. These told the rescuers that about five days after the party to which Hynes had attached himself parted from the captain and the ladies, they also had hived off, but what became of those they quitted they did not know. Later they saw the captain's coat on a native, which led them to believe that he must be dead.

Unfortunately the expedition was not successful. Captain Müller had a lot of trouble with the natives, who strongly objected to the party travelling through their country, and put all sorts of difficulties in its way. At last they flatly refused to let the wagons proceed. The wagons were perforce sent back, and Captain Müller and some of his white men went on for a farther fifteen days on horseback. But, the natives becoming more and more hostile, they were forced to abandon the undertaking, and returned after being absent about three months.

Captain Müller returned to Swellendam with his party, having with him also the three white men, seven lascars, and the two black women whom he had found, also the boy Price and his two guides, Evans and De Larso. The blacks

were kept at Swellendam, and the Englishmen were sent to the Cape, where, having undergone a long examination by the governor, they were permitted to take their passages to Europe on board a Danish ship then lying in the harbour, which was in want of some extra hands. The captain of the vessel promised to land them in England as they passed through the Channel, but, being short-handed, he did not keep his word, and took them on to Copenhagen, excepting the lad Price, who was landed at Weymouth.

After the unsuccessful Müller expedition, another effort was made to find any survivors there might have been from the hapless *Grosvenor*, this time a private effort by Captain Vaillant, but he was no more successful. All he learned was what he gathered from very indefinite stories told by the natives, from which it seemed that the men of the captain's party had all been killed, but that the unhappy women were kept for a worse fate.

These stories are somewhat confirmed by a legend which exists in Pondoland even to-day concerning white women at the kraal of the chief, supported by the evidence of traders of the early part of last century, about almost white people with whom they came into contact when trading in Pondoland.

Hynes's account does not contain a full list of the persons who lost their lives by the wreck of the *Grosvenor*, but the following full particulars appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September 1783, the year after the disaster took place.

'Arrived in London.—Robert Price, Barney Larey, J. Warmington, and Thomas Lewis.

'Taken to Copenhagen (and afterwards returned to London).—William Hubberly, John Hynes, Francis Feancon, and De Larso.

'Left at the Cape.—Jeremiah Evans and some of the lascars.

'The following persons were in Captain Coxon's party, of whom no accounts are on record, so their fate will remain a mystery for all time: Mr Logie, chief mate; Mr Beale, third mate; Mr Harris, fifth mate; Mr Haye, purser; Mr Nixon, surgeon; Robert Rea, boatswain; John Hunter, gunner; William Nixon, quartermaster; John M'Daniel, carpenter's first mate; James Mauleverer, second ditto; John Edkins, caulker; William Stevens, butcher; Frank Masoon, Dom. Kircanio, Joseph Andree, Mathew

Bel. Roque Pandolpho, John Stevens, John Pope, seamen; Joseph Thomson, chief mate's servant; James van de Steen, boatswain's ditto; John Bell, gunman's ditto; Ant. da Cruza, captain's cook; Patrick Fitzgerald and John Hudson, discharged soldiers from Madras; and Col. Espinnette.

'Passengers left with the captain.—Col. and Mrs. James, Mr and Mrs. Hosea and Miss Hosea, and two children called Saunders and Chalmers; Mr. Logie, Mr. Newman, Capt. Walterhouse Blair, Miss Dennis, Miss Wilmot, and eight black servants, men and women.

'The following died on the way to the Cape: William Thomson, Thomas Page, Henry

Lillburne, Law (a young lad), Thomas Simmonds, Robert Auld, William Couch, Ian. Jonesque, All. Schultz, Thomas Parker, Patrick Burne, R. Fitzgerald, John Blain, all seamen; Messrs. Williams, Taylor, and John Sussman, passengers.

'Left in different places, exclusive of those left with the captain.—James Thompson, George Read, Mr. Shaw, second mate; Mr. Trotter, fourth mate; George Creighton, Lawrence MacEwen, Edward Monck, John Squires, Isaac Blain, William Frueel, Chas. Berry, James Simpson, Jacob Angel, John Howes, and John Brown, seamen; William Ellis, Edward Croaker, and James Stockdale, discharged soldiers.'

(Continued on page 51.)

GREETIN' HOWE.

PART III.

FOR a moment I didn't see the connection; then it jumped at me. Of course the only time when a man lurking in the subterranean passages of the Howe could get out and in again was within an hour or so on either side of low-water; then only was the aperture in the bottom of the rock clear. His lurking-place itself must always be above water-level, but low-tide was the only time he could get out or in.

My face showed Roddy he had won me over at last.

'Conclusive?' he cried, jumping to his feet. 'There's not a doubt of it. Black Hugh Forgan's down there under our feet at this moment. And to-morrow at low-water down we go and catch siccar.'

The following morning, however, there was something of a set-back. That hot-headed Roddy must needs have a row with the police inspector, which ended in their parting in high dudgeon. The inspector was not a conspicuous genius, but he was a well-meaning soul, and his men were, it appeared to me, essential to our present project. For the meantime Roddy seemed to have knocked that project on the head.

I got down too late for the actual quarrel, having had a second miserable night—for which I was not much to be blamed. Roddy and I had sat late talking, and just after eleven had struck he drew me out into the avenue for a breather. It was a dead still night, with that miserable fog still hanging round, and not a sound to be heard but the drip of it condensing on the trees. Suddenly from the Greetin' Howe side of the house, and quite close to us, there came an odd whirring noise. I had heard the same sound often enough before, but for the moment I could only think of a flock of birds. Roddy, however, had me by the arm in an instant, and

fairly ran me into the square of light beside the hall-door, which he crashed behind us.

'No risks, old son,' said he. 'Did you hear those sheep bolting?'

'Sheep, was it?' I said.

'Sheep it was. Well, sheep don't bolt in the night without reason. What were they bolting from, eh?'

'What do you suppose?' I asked him. He pulled a stump of pencil from his pocket and scribbled some figures on an old envelope.

'I don't know,' he said, 'but it'll amuse you to hear that it'll be dead low-water in five minutes' time.'

Well, nothing more happened; but, as I say, the net result was that I never closed an eye till five in the morning, and then dropped into a dog-sleep which lasted till nine. When I got downstairs still half-awake, the inspector was marching away up the avenue, showing a very unpromising back to Sleat. Roddy, I gathered, had explained his theories, and the inspector had not been convinced, had indeed hinted at a better clue in Knoggan, in the house of Forgan's old witch of an aunt. Then Roddy astounded me by proposing that we should do without the police and tackle the venture by ourselves.

'My dear man!' I expostulated.

'All right!' he snapped; 'I'll go without you.'

It was only the knowledge that, in one of his tempers, he was quite capable of putting this into execution, that made me consent to his crack-brained scheme—also, perhaps, the feeling that when he was ready to risk so much on my account it ill became me to hold back myself. Besides, I knew quite well I could not stick out many more of these dreadful nights with the idea of this fearsome creature prowling round the house after us. I made one stipulation, however.

'We'll go down to the Howe when you're

ready to start down the tunnel,' I said, 'and not before. If I have to sit listening to that damnable place for an hour or so first, I'll run for it.'

'Right you are,' he said. 'We needn't start till after eleven. I'll go down now and shove in that last sheep.'

He went away, whistling cheerfully, and my spirits rose a little with his. I lay claim to no special degree of courage, but anything was better than this waiting about, with the knowledge that somewhere in this God-forsaken triangle of land there lurked and crept a fiendish creature, whose one idea was to kill me out of hand. I shouldn't have called myself superstitious either till I went to Sleat; but that naked, yellow house and that dreadful Greetin' Howe daunted me. If some persuasive soul like Roddy had sat down to argue that Forgan was a disembodied creature of evil launched on us by some vindictive chastising power, I well believe I should have listened solemnly to it all, and ended by half crediting it at least.

I had never heard the Greetin' Howe silent till we crept into it that morning. The water had all run out, the bottom of the loch was bare, and I swear you could have heard a pin drop. We had put on rubber-soled shoes—the kind we used to call 'gym' shoes—and, so far as human beings can be, we were noiseless. No bird called; every sheep seemed to have wandered miles away. I never had so chilling a sensation of walking into an ambush. It was just as if the whole place were lurking for us. I laid a hand on Roddy's arm.

'We're mad,' I said. He turned to me, and I saw from his face that he was actually and undoubtedly enjoying himself.

'He's at home, I'll bet,' he said. 'He wouldn't come out at a time like this. Too risky. Give us a few more minutes, and we'll know some more about him.'

Getting down into the basin of the loch was more a question of sliding on the wet rock than actual climbing, and we finished it up with a glissade that brought us to the mouth of that black hole in the corner, which I am perfectly convinced no other two men in all this county would have entered. It was smaller than one had thought from above; in fact, it was nothing but a crack. A sill of harder rock projected slightly, and under this the water had worn its way. To get under that sill was a question not merely of doubling, but of hands and knees; it was as black as a wolf's mouth, and as silent as the eternal tombs. If ever there was a death-trap, that was one.

I think our resolution pretty nearly failed us; but in the end we made the plunge, and went into the abominable place, an inch at a time, and listening all we knew. After a yard or two we were enveloped in a darkness like black velvet,

and, of course, we daren't show any sort of light. Somewhere in front was a gurgling, trickling sound, like some vile old man laughing at us; it was most particularly horrible. Then the smooth rock on which we were crawling took us round a corner, and far away down the cleft we saw a greenish radiance, and heard the lap of the sea. Beyond that there was not a sound, and the darkness behind us was solid.

Roddy laid a hand upon my arm, and I felt him leaning towards me. I don't know what he was going to say, and I never shall, for just at that moment the silence was broken by a most horrible sound. It was a sort of wavering groan or growl, followed by a sharp-cut cough. It might have been a beast, or it might have been human; or, if one conceived the Greetin' Howe as endowed with some miserable thing that was neither one nor the other, then it might have been just that. I know I felt that sensation which is commonly described as hair-raising, and Roddy's grip on my arm tightened to an unbearable degree. It was impossible to tell from where the noise came; it seemed to come from everywhere and nowhere, but certainly from no great distance. It was not repeated, and the silence fell again behind it like a shroud.

I became aware of Roddy tugging at my sleeve, and found my legs turned to ice. Literally, I couldn't move.

'Come back, you fool!' he whispered. 'Come back! That's him!'

If we went in by inches, we came back by halves and quarters. I never thought to see the Greetin' Howe with anything approaching joy, but I was joyful enough to see it again then.

We climbed out of the loch—by no means so easy as getting down into it—and Roddy led the way out of the Howe and over to the cliff-tops where we had sat the day before. The first thing we saw there was his third and last sheep floating serenely in the sea.

'More data,' said Roddy, grinning. 'Poor brute! I might have spared it, for I don't think we want any data now. That was Black Hughie all right.'

'I suppose it was,' I said.

'Either him or the devil, and we'd better presume the former till we can prove the latter. No, Drew, it was Black Hughie, and your troubles are nearly over.'

'He sounded pretty queer,' I said.

'You haven't been much in asylums,' said Roddy; 'I have. They make noises like that. It sounds bad enough in a mad-house, but, by Heaven, it sounded worse down there.' He lit a cigarette with a hand that shook a little. 'You don't think me a funk for backing out?'

'My dear fellow—'

'I'm glad of that. I thought you might want to go on; but it would have been sheer

lunacy. He must know the ground down there, and his eyes must have got used to the darkness, and in that cursed whispering-gallery it was perfectly impossible to tell where he was. He wasn't many yards from us, but he might have been above or below, left or right. If we'd gone on we'd have been scuppered.'

'For sure,' I said. 'If it came to a fight, I should want it on our ground, not his.'

Roddy threw away his cigarette half-smoked. 'Well,' he said calmly, 'that'll be the next step. It isn't going to end here.'

'Our next step,' I said, rather crossly, 'will be to inform the police of what we've just found, and let them apprehend their man any way they think fit.'

His face changed in a moment from triumph to rage. He jumped to his feet. 'All right!' he said. 'Then I may as well take the train back to Edinburgh. I'm sorry I butted in at all. I'll have nothing to do with these damned police, and you can choose between us.'

He led off to the house at five miles an hour, with myself, a somewhat undignified figure, trotting and expostulating at his side.

VI.

In the end, as before, Roddy had his way. I admit it was an insane agreement, but from this point onwards our actions were sheer lunacy, neither more nor less. Looking back from decent, decorous Edinburgh chambers, I am beat to recapture the odd self-reliant enthusiasm that came upon me in those last days, or to comprehend how I could ever have committed myself to such idiotically desperate enterprises. I suppose that somehow at Sleat, with air, earth, and water conspiring, as it were, to cut one off from humanity, one became reduced to elementals. In any case I know that before we had got back to the house that morning Roddy had infected me with his own daft recklessness, and I had agreed to dispense with the police and fall in with his scheme.

This was simple enough—crazily so. Black Hugh was in the tunnel, and at low-water he must come out. All we had to do was to 'sit up' for him, in shikar parlance, and down him as he emerged.

I made a last feeble objection, however. 'Not you and I alone, Roddy. We must have somebody else. And if it's not to be the police, who is it? You wouldn't drag in poor old Kellock?'

'Kellock would be game,' said Roddy. 'But I agree it wouldn't be fair. But what about Robb? He'll join like a shot.'

I laughed at him. But he was right, after all. With that uncanny knack of his for nosing out relevant information, he had discovered that Robb had a mortal antipathy to the local police. Some officious constable had once run him in for riding without a light, or some such trifle, and

since then there had been a sworn feud between them. Robb was an adventurous soul, and the bait of a score against the police was just the inducement to bring him in with us.

We bolted some lunch, and walked across to Pitsadden by the path Janet Rae had taken when she saw her horrible vision. Robb senior was out and the young man in, which was as we desired. He welcomed us into an extraordinary best parlour, reeking of camphor and varnish, and there Roddy unfolded his tale.

Roddy's plan was delightfully simple; we were to arm ourselves with guns or rifles, sit up over the loch, and shoot down Forgan as soon as he appeared. Neither he nor Robb seemed to see anything impossible in this idea, till I pointed out that even in Sleat we were in nineteenth-century Great Britain, where such conduct was not encouraged. Instead of scoring off the police we should be ignominiously run in for homicide. That gave them pause, but not for long. In fact, I believe the hare-brained pair actually preferred the notion of coming to grips with this monster.

'If there's light,' said Robb thoughtfully, 'I can throw a lasso. We had a cattleman once who'd been in the Argentine, and he taught me the trick. I'm a fair hand at it, given light to see by.'

'And if it's dark,' said Roddy, 'he must just be scragged. Cheer up, Drew; we'll have him all right. Suppose it done, as Euclid says.'

I shudder yet to think what the results of this insane venture might have been. But the odd luck that seemed to have favoured my dealings with Sleat again stood between us and what might have happened. Conceivably, Robb might have hurled his ridiculous rope with effect, or conceivably we might by a joint effort have overpowered Forgan, but I fear it would have been at the cost of death or disablement of at least one of us. I am no Hercules, worse luck; and three strong men would have hardly been a match for that frightful face that came round my bedroom-door, backed up by the traditional strength of Hugh Forgan.

What actually did happen may be told either at great length or in a very few words. We had a breathless vigil at low-water that night; an exciting one the next forenoon; a wrought-up and confident session in the night following, succeeded by one tedious and one interminably dreary sederunt. The unbearable seeping and sobbing of that accursed place came and went, rose and fell; if I live to be a hundred I shall never forget the sound of it. But beyond that absolutely nothing happened; there was no sign of Black Hugh Forgan or anybody else. At the end of the third fruitless night even Roddy's robust optimism broke down, and he fell to bitter self-reproach.

'Drew, old man,' he said, 'I've let you down. He heard us that morning after all in the

tunnel—though why he didn't come at us when he had the chance beats me altogether.'

Robb eyed his lasso in disappointed gloom, and said it looked like it. But it was my turn to be obstinate. 'It's inconceivable,' I said, 'that he heard us that day. If he did he *must* have gone for us, or at least called out or come to see who it was. He *didn't* hear us. What's the inference, as Roddy says? Probably, I should say, that the police have got between him and his food-supply, and he's had to seek another shelter. Perhaps he spotted us here and swam out. That's more reasonable, surely!'

'Well, anyway,' said Roddy, 'there's only one thing for it.' He looked at Robb, who was still playing with his rope.

'Ay,' said the farmer, 'I was thinkin' that. There's no sense in uncertainty ye can put an end to. We maun just go down and find out.'

Well, it was a task none of us relished—I speak at any rate for myself—but it did seem as if there was nothing else for it. We had a council of war that night, and, as a result, low-water next day found all three of us glissading down into that accursed loch. It was a bright morning for once, with a land breeze and scudding clouds, but that black cavity under the sill of rock looked no more inviting. Roddy was confident we should find the place empty, and I was nominally so; but we went none the less warily, and as we crawled into that abominable hole, I, for one, wondered if we should ever come out.

There was not a sound in the suffocating darkness except the drip and that satyr laughter we had heard before. But we had not gone three yards when Robb, who was as clumsy as a bullock, and, moreover, was wearing ordinary boots, slipped on the rock with a noise loud enough to wake the dead. We stopped in our tracks.

'By Jove!' said Roddy, 'that's roused him. Now for it.'

We waited for what seemed a century; the drip went on and the mocking laughter of the water, but beyond that there was absolute silence. The sweat ran on my forehead; was the bird flown, or was he lying in wait for us, or what?

We began to move forward again slowly. Robb had somehow got to the front, and it was he who made the expected discovery.

'There's a passage here,' he whispered, 'going off to the side.'

'Strike a light,' I said, 'for God's sake!'

'For God's sake don't!' said Roddy. 'Ca' canny, man; anything may happen yet.'

In dead silence we crawled up a steep slope; the slimy rock gave place to wet stones, then to stones that no water had touched for years. We were all strung-up to breaking-point, when Robb, who was still leading, dislodged a big loose block with a rumble like a cannon. Simul-

taneously there came a crashing run of boulders sliding towards us, and in that instant Robb let out a yell of mortal terror. 'God help!' he screamed. 'Here he comes!'

And come he did—fourteen stone of dead-weight that pitched down among us and sent us sprawling, and rolled stiffly and horribly in our midst. Before I could pick myself up Roddy had a match struck and the candle lit, and there was that terrible face again before us. But the great eyes stared unblinking at the light—the bared teeth would never bite again.

'Dead as a stone!' said Roddy, and his voice ran up like a nervous actor's. 'What on earth's come to him?'

It was the taciturn Robb who leaned forward and drew the rough coat away from the thing's left side; and there was a great wad of rags, rust-coloured with stale blood.

'Thank me for this, sirs,' said Robb smugly. 'I missed him on the stairs, but I'd ha' sworn before judge and jury I got him at the loch. An' so I did. See for yourselves.'

We saw. How the man could have kept going with such a wound and shown strength enough to add two victims—and nearly a third—to his list, I do not yet profess to know. Love, backed by courage, has been proved capable of great feats of endurance; hate, backed by madness, must be the same.

Roddy struck himself on the head. 'That groan, Drew, and that cough! And I a medical man. Of all the fools! I said it was a mad-man talking, and it was the poor devil in mortal agony. God forgive me for a useless ass!'

What followed constitutes a memory I do not care to recall, for we set to work, the three of us, to get what remained of Forgan out. But he was a huge man, as I have said, and in that cramped space we could move him only a yard at a stage. Time had passed more quickly than we knew, and when we got down the side tunnel and into the main cave, the water was lapping ankle-deep, and the whole horrid place was groaning and gasping in the prelude to its everlasting sorrows. No rescuers intent to save the living ever strove harder than we to salvage the dead; but the tide came at us like an army, and in the end we had to give it up and save ourselves if we could. Even at that it was touch-and-go, for the water was almost up to the rock sill at the loch. I was pretty nearly done, and I doubt if I should have got out but for the help of Roddy and the sterling Robb. I felt the loving tug of the undertow round my knees, and it is a thing I have no wish to feel again.

The ebb accomplished in its own time the work wherein we had failed. After all, Black Hugh Forgan joined the silent company of those who went 'doon the Howe,' and floated in calm indifference in the sea eddies without.

THE END.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

KERAK.

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN, F.Z.S., Author of *Habits and Characters of British Wild Animals, Tracks and Tracking, &c.*

I.

FROM the gray old castle walls the green turf sloped in gentle undulation to the lake, which is ever of a milk and coffee hue, owing to the wallowing of the ancient carp within it, and beyond the lake to the wilderness, in the elms of which the rooks have dwelt since living memory goes. A mighty rookery it is, one of the largest in the land, and there the birds assemble each spring in their thousands. Some remain the season through, but during the winter months few of the rooks roost there, preferring the shelter of the dense larch woods on the opposite slopes of the valley.

For a long time the people at the castle had commented on the peculiar call of one of the birds, which was there the year round. All through that winter they heard it, most often at dusk and daybreak, but on and off the whole day through—a shrill 'Ker-ak, Ker-ak,' as distinct from the comparatively mellow 'Caw' to which we are all habituated. One day some one commented upon the strangeness of the note, which had become so familiar that it might for ever have escaped comment, whereupon a friendly discussion arose as to whether one bird only was responsible, or whether various birds uttered the call as a natural part of the rook vocabulary. To settle the point the keeper was sent for and his opinion asked. 'That,' said the man, 'is the call of a very old rook—one of the leaders of the clan. His word goes, and as he has a special call of his own, the others do not mistake his voice.'

'Then it is one bird all the time?' asked one of the ladies.

'Maybe, ma'am. Maybe two or three of the old leaders have the same call.'

That cleared the discussion up to a certain point; but there was one point more. Was it because the bird was old and his voice was broken that he called thus, unable to utter any other note, or had he purposely assumed a tone and accent that the rest might know him?

This question all but floored the keeper, but he rose manfully to the occasion. He thought that the call was quite a natural one, and its peculiarity owing to the age of the

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bird. Being very old, and therefore very wise, the rook had automatically become a leader. The old birds invariably were the leaders. Almost invariably they had cracked and broken voices. Thus, indeed, does Nature attain her ends.

II.

Now, all this seemed a good random shot on the keeper's part, but he happened to be somewhat wide of the mark. That the bird with the strange voice was a very old bird was possibly true, but he certainly was not a leader. Nor if he lived to be a hundred would he ever rise to that position; for, far from leading, it was not even for him to follow.

Whether it was through sickness or as the result of a wound that Kerak became earth-bound, deprived of the infinite powers which were rightly his heritage, I cannot say. He may have been crippled from the egg; he may, indeed, already have lived a number of years in the rookery ere the breaking of his voice singled him out for human attention. But of this I am sure—that that voice of his was assumed, and for a very excellent reason. He could caw like any other rook when he chose, but that 'Ker-ak, Ker-ak,' was more commanding, more far-reaching, and was known by all his clansmen for what it was.

Though unable to fly at all, Kerak, with his wings half extended, could make astoundingly good progress from branch to branch. He could, for example, pass in a few seconds from the topmost branch of the topmost elm to his drinking-place at the lake edge, whence another light but ungainly hop would take him into a green syringa bush, thence into the branches of a stunted larch, across to the fork of a dead ash, and a second or two later it was all straight sailing to any part of the sunlit tree-tops which he loved. He came and went always by his own favourite ladders and bridges; he had his runways in the branches as have the squirrels, just as the rabbits have their chosen creeps through the greenery below.

In the centre of the wood there was a dense clump of blackthorn, and it was owing chiefly to this friendly thicket that Kerak, though so often heard, was seldom seen. In summer the

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leaves offered shelter enough, but in winter Kerak would have fared badly but for that thicket; for it served to hide him not only from his foes, but also from the fury of rain and gale. There, when the wind blew hard, Kerak would sit, warm and content, his feathers puffed out. There, when the frost was keen, he would hide himself from its keenest edge, for of all rooks he, at such times, had no need for anxiety. His next meal would come all right. If there was food in the land, he, the impotent, would not want. And for the depths of that thorn-bush Kerak would head at the sound of human feet, or at the first glimpse of a winged foe overhead, seeming scarcely to tap the branches as he fell, for he was wise in the knowledge of his weakness, and he took no chances. So well able to hide himself was he, so alert and quick on the few occasions when indeed he did come before human observation, that circumstances were all in favour of his escaping notice as a disabled bird.

III.

Having regard for all the facts, I believe that Kerak might have fed himself quite ably. Many green glades there were in that sheltered wood to which he had free access, and since the other rooks never fed there, there surely was food for one. But not one morsel of food did Kerak obtain for himself. He lived entirely by the labours of the other rooks, and he was the spoilt and pampered darling of the colony. They knew that call of his, as well they might, and he had never to utter it in vain. At the day's breaking, when the rest flew back and forth, he would call and call repeatedly. At the sight of another rook overhead his shrill 'Ker-ak, Ker-ak,' would ring above the clamour of the rest, and any one carrying food would hasten to his side. Others, moreover, would hurry out, presently to return with food, for Kerak always kept on calling till he could stuff not another morsel, his voice becoming stifled and dim as one after another they rammed the choicest fare into his gaping bill, while he flapped his wings and created absurd squealing noises, like a squab from one of the nests.

Why they loved him as they did I do not know. Perhaps he had been a great rook in his day; perhaps he had done something to advance the community; perhaps he had lost the power of flight performing some heroic deed. But the darling of the clan he certainly was, for every community must have its poor man, its outlet for charity, and when there is charity to spare there are always those ready to exploit it to its dregs, not necessarily impostors, but those who are prepared to make the most of their need.

IV.

One day there was a great stir in the rookery. It was while the people at the castle were at

breakfast, and suddenly they were startled by wild cries of 'Ker-ak, Ker-ak.' This was an unaccustomed hour for the call, for usually it came with the day's breaking, to be heard dimly through one's waking dreams, or as one awoke to the new-born day. Moreover, the call was uttered in frenzied, eager tones, which seemed to denote a state of dire distress, and rising from the breakfast-table, the family witnessed a strange spectacle.

Kerak had evidently been ambushed at his drinking-place, for now, having by misadventure been driven from familiar territory, he was hopping up the greensward towards the house in gigantic bounds, while at his heels bounded a huge brindled wild-cat, bristling and immense. Not a genuine wild-cat this, but a renegade from man's hearth, which, becoming wild in character, had acquired also the semblance of the Wild. The rook was making noble efforts to escape, but that he was doomed unless a miracle occurred was clear to any one.

But a miracle *did* occur, for in response to those frenzied calls the air, it seemed, became instantly full of rooks. In strings and clouds they came, and Kerak was enveloped in a lashing haze of wings. Next moment the cat was seen bounding back for cover with a whirling army at his heels, and when the air cleared a minute or two later evidently Kerak also had made good the trees, for he was nowhere to be seen. But all morning there was much excitement in the rookery, and the sharp, shrill cry of 'Ker-ak, Ker-ak,' signified that our hero had no minor opinion to express.

V.

Things were changing at the castle, as at a thousand other noble houses. The laird was becoming prematurely gray; so was his old factor. Often they talked long and earnestly about ways and means, and soon the old factor went his way, and the laird shouldered his sorry task alone.

Next spring the grass grew lush on the gentle slope between the castle walls and the pond, save for a single belt about the house. Unkempt and wild the borders grew, and the still small voice of poverty spoke from a thousand mossy nooks and alleyways. Yet another year, and the place had changed hands.

'Walter,' said the new tenant—hitherto the keeper had been known by the name of Briggs—'can't you shoot that bird with the infernal croak?'

'Yes, sir, I can shoot him,' replied the man. 'He's been here a long time, but I can shoot him if you want him shot.'

'Shoot him, then,' was the brief response.

So Kerak was shot, and as he fell a thousand of his fellow-colonists rose cawing, wheeling, and darting, and filling the ancient wilderness with such a tumult of sound that the keeper felt some dire punishment must follow his deed. More

rooks came and ever more, till the whole sky was black with them. They seemed to shut out the light, so many were their drifting shadows, and never before had the keeper seen such wild excitement among the people of the elms. He picked the dead rook up. Very old it clearly was, but from the lustre of its plumage its life had lacked for nothing, and feeling that he had done but a useless thing from which no good could come to man or bird, he tossed the

dead rook into a blackthorn thicket near, and sadly went his way.

And so my story of Kerak ends. It is but half a story, a dim sidelight, a sordid finish, and one feels that there must have been something for which Kerak was so beloved by his fellows. So surely it is with all dramas of the Wild. We can record but little—an incident, a discovery, and the curtains close. The first scene or the last is ever missing.

THE BIGGEST TREASURE HUNT OF THE AGE.

CHAPTER V.—SALVAGE EFFORTS.

AS was to be expected, soon after the wreck of the *Grosvener* efforts were made to salvage the ship and recover her treasure. What she carried soon became a world-known fact; and, to judge from the stories of her position, right on the shore, as described by the survivors, it seemed that there would be no insurmountable difficulties for a properly equipped and organised salvage party to reach her and recover the treasure.

The first attempt was made within a year of the disaster by the British Admiralty, which sent out a well-equipped expedition, with expert Malay divers—in fact, everything calculated to make the venture a successful one. But even these experts in all matters appertaining to the sea did not realise the almost impossible proposition they were up against. Fully to realise the difficulties the coast must be seen—rugged and forbidding, with the mighty combers of the Indian Ocean everlastingly thundering inwards, and dashing themselves to pieces on the cruel and relentless rocks; no boat could live in such a turmoil. Even in calm weather the coast is a dangerous one, and calm days are not frequent in that locality. Had the ship lain farther out, away from the rocks and the breakers, salvaging operations by diving would perhaps have been possible; but lying as she is, only about ninety feet from land, it has proved to be an impossible job. Her position is curious and unique, because she is fixed between rocks, practically immovable, and was soon weighted and kept firmly in her cradle by the sand which settled over her and made it impossible for her to break up.

The Admiralty's party, after many abortive efforts and losing some of its men, abandoned the work, and returned to England with the story of the difficulties and dangers that beset any endeavour to reach the *Grosvener*.

Since then many attempts have been made to reach the ship by diving, but always the ocean proved the victor, and to-day she still lies intact, with her treasure doubtless still safe in the strong-room.

The last effort (excepting the one now in operation) to save the ship was made in 1905-7,

when the dredger *Duiker* was chartered to remove the sand from the deck of the *Grosvener*. During these operations fifteen guns and numerous coins were recovered, the latter being probably the property of the passengers; but the most important success that was achieved was that of boring through the sand and finding the timber in a good state of preservation, proving that the hull of the ship was intact.

Two of the guns recovered were presented to the Cape Town Museum, where they excited great interest.

This effort of the *Duiker* also proved a failure, because during spells of bad weather she had, for her own safety, to abandon the work and get out to sea, and by the time it was safe for her to return and resume operations it was found that Mother Ocean had again put a heavy blanket of sand over the deck and treasure. This happened over and over again, entailing heavy expenses, and leaving the victory as far off as ever; so the syndicate, having spent all its money, gave it up as a bad job, and the sea kept what it had taken.

About the time of the operations of the *Duiker* Mr William Bazley, of Port Shepstone, wrote as follows to the syndicate interested: 'I, as a practical diver of many years' experience in surf diving, for my own satisfaction, have dived down from the surface many times. I saw several guns, and I have not the slightest doubt but that the bottom of the ship lies inside the ledge of rock buried under a patch of sand. In this position it has lain, and is sheltered from the ground-swell. If there was any treasure on board, it will be found there safe enough, with leaden bullets, cannon balls, and many cases of crockery, &c., because the sea could not get at it to scatter the contents of the lower hold.'

In connection with this same attempt in 1905-7, Mr R. Wight, the engineer in charge of the *Duiker* attempt, wrote as follows from Outjo, South-West Africa, to the syndicate at present carrying on operations, in the hope of being of some assistance to the new venture:

'Being engineer in charge of attempted recovery operations, 1905-7, I feel sure the

following information will be of interest to you and your readers.

'The *Grosvenor* Recovery Syndicate, floated in Johannesburg in 1905, began operations with a very modest capital, and was staffed by men who showed such confidence in the undertaking that they accepted shares only in the syndicate in lieu of salary.

'The first and immediate aim of the syndicate was to locate the hull of the *Grosvenor*. The search, which was carried out systematically, extended for fully three-quarters of a mile on the eastern side of the gully, and for approximately the same distance seawards. No trace of the hull could be found, and we were about to abandon further efforts, when I instructed the diver to overhaul the moorings of the buoy; this act led us to the discovery of the hull. The diver had no sooner reached bottom than he came up again, got into the boat, and signalled for me to come out. He reported the mooring wire perfectly taut, and the discovery immediately made me jump to the same conclusion as the diver—the lower reaches of the gully were a fac-simile of the upper reaches. This discovery put new life into us, and without delay we started to probe the sand-bed around the mooring. We welded a long shank on to an auger stem, and at a depth varying from 10 feet to 11 feet 6 inches the diver got the auger to bite into timber at different places, and over an area which satisfied us we had at last got what we had been looking for for eleven months.

'On discussing the question as to how we were going to prove our discovery, we were of one opinion as to the necessity of getting a sample of the timber, but an auger was of no use for bringing even a chip through 10 feet of sand. Mr Dorkin, of N'Subani, who was present, had a "brain-wave," and said he could give us a wad-cutter for a 16-bore gun, which, if fixed up on to a long rod and hammered into the timber, should draw a core. Armed with our wad-cutter we went out, and you can imagine the intense excitement of all hands as we leaned over the side of the boat with our eyes glued to the water, watching the diver—the water was beautifully calm and clear—in his efforts to bring a core of the timber to the surface. Time and again the cutter came up empty; whether the core hadn't come away, or had been forced out with the pressure of sand on the top, we couldn't say, but after roughing up the face of the cutter by striking it with a saw file, our efforts were rewarded.

'During the earlier stages of operations in 1905 we did a lot of shore work, and recovered quite a lot of coins (about 250), and a lot of odds and ends, in the way of a silver brooch, shoe-buckle, a silver wine decanter label or tally with "Madeira" engraved on it, bundles of ordinary pins, but made of brass, with the heads riveted on, all stuck together in a conglomerate mass of iron rust, apparently formed

with decomposed seaweed amongst cast-iron ballast blocks; also, on breaking up this "rust conglomerate," we found many silver coins, which, when taken out, were as bright as if newly minted.

'From the upper gully we removed some 5000 tons of rock, and from the silt underneath we recovered a fair number of coins similar to the specimens shown in your photo, and cart-loads of broken china and glass. In the crevices underlying the rock ledges on the western side of the gully we found a few gold coins, including the "Mogul."

'Amongst other recoveries we accounted for thirteen of the *Grosvenor's* guns, and while Captain Turner was searching for coins, &c., Cecil Rhodes, who was very keen on salvaging the *Grosvenor* from an archaeological interest, took two of the guns which were lying 'twixt high and low water mark up to Umtata, to the headquarters of the C.M.R., so that accounts for a total of fifteen. I believe the old ship carried twenty-six altogether, and I fancy the other eleven either stuck to the ship or were shed off and settled deep in the sand when she slipped off the ledge into deeper water.

'After locating the hull, the syndicate reconstructed and raised further capital, and chartered the side-suction dredger *Duiker* from the Table Bay Harbour Board, with the object of clearing away the sand from the hulk, breaking into it, and clearing out the treasure with the divers. However, fate was sadly against us. There was a heavy influx of sand all around the coast, and the draught of water was so reduced in consequence that the *Duiker* wasn't able to get sufficiently inshore to pump from over the wreck. The coast is rough and treacherous; and, as a rule, one can only rely on two months' fine weather out of the twelve. Had the sand been washed off the coast, as sometimes happens, instead of being banked up, the attempt would have met with the fullest success.

'The plan of tunnelling, which the *Grosvenor* Bullion Syndicate is adopting in its efforts of salvaging, may be somewhat slow, but from an engineering point of view is a very sure one, and it will only be a question of a few months now when the interested world will learn what the *Grosvenor* actually carried in treasure. My opinion, formed from the two years' experience on the site, and constructed on hard fact and evidence from the guns and ballast, and the spoor of both leading straight down to the old ship's resting-place, leaves no doubt in my mind as to the hulk being there; and also from the authentic fact that the ship slipped from the ledge into deeper water, makes it a certainty to me that she was trapped and cradled in the sand-filled gully, where she now lies. She is intact, being completely protected from all the elements by the rock walls of her "graving dock."

With the failure of the attempt in 1905-7 to recover the treasure interest seemed to wane, and the *Grosvenor* was left in peace till 1921.

CHAPTER VI.—THE PRESENT VENTURE.

BUT the lure of hidden treasure is as constant as human life and enterprise, for it was unthinkable that such vast wealth should be left unrecovered for all time. As will be observed from what has already been said, up to this time all attempts had been made *from the surface*, and all proved equally futile, owing to the roughness of the water and the danger from the rocks.

Then in 1921 some one had a brilliant 'brain-wave,' and suggested that the *Grosvenor* could be salvaged by tunnelling to her from the shore, as modern engineering skill warranted such a venture.

For this purpose the *Grosvenor* Bullion Syndicate, Johannesburg, was floated; all the rights, government permits, &c., and all the information and documents relating to the position of the sunken ship *Grosvenor* and details of the treasure buried with her, as well as the original idea of tunnelling to her, have been acquired by the syndicate.

The vast strides of progress in submarine salvaging during recent years, the numerous inventions, improved methods—such as compressed air, cementation process, &c.—have encouraged the new syndicate to proceed enthusiastically, in the firm belief that it can surmount any difficulty which may arise.

In the syndicate's offices are to be seen many curios that have been found in the vicinity of the wreck, such as various coins, shoe-buckles, bits of a fork, &c., which are being constantly viewed by the public. There are also to be seen many fine photographs of the scene of operations, and telegrams with the latest information for any to see who so desires. The venture is creating widespread interest throughout the Union of South Africa and Rhodesia, and from almost all parts of the world letters are received asking for information about this wonderful treasure hunt.

At the scene of the operations *rondavels* (grass huts) have been erected to accommodate the workers, both black and white, as well as for the staff. There are also some spare *rondavels* for visitors who may wish to see what is going on.

One of the greatest difficulties that the syndicate has had to contend with is that of transport, which may be realised when it is stated that all engineering material, provisions, &c., have to be brought by road, either from St John's or from Izingolweni station, on the narrow-gauge railway from Port Shepstone.

By the former route material has to be carted about fifty miles over rough roads, and from Izingolweni the distance by road is over a hundred miles. In some cases goods ordered for the camp have been on the road for three months. Furthermore, wood for the boilers is not easily obtainable, as the forests are protected in Pondoland. An oil-engine has been erected, and the syndicate is now able to push on with the work more expeditiously. Mr C. D. Chapman, who was successful in completing the Steenbras tunnel for the Cape Town water scheme, is the works manager, and under him are a number of white men and natives. The work is being carried on like that on an inland mine, and is under the periodical inspection of the Government Inspector of Mines. It has been the custom to drill and blast about 4 feet 6 inches at a time, after which the rock is removed on rails laid in the tunnel, and is hauled to the surface by a donkey-engine at the mouth of the shaft, the rock being dumped directly above the tunnel. A vertical boiler provides the power for the compressed air used in the drill and steam for the pumping plant. At the foot of the incline a sump has been blasted into the side, to catch the water running down from the surface and for the water used in drilling.

The works manager believes that the wreck rests on the rock, and, if his theory is correct, the tunnel will be kept to the rock until the wreck is reached; otherwise it will have to be pushed through the sand which has silted over the hull. Air-tight compartments will be built in the tunnel when it approaches the wreck. If necessary, compressed air will be employed to overcome any pressure of water, and the liquid cementation process will be used to strengthen the drive and prevent the seepage of sand and water. The engineers are driving a tunnel for 450 feet through solid rock to the narrow gully in which, lying as in a cradle, the *Grosvenor* has been located. Photographs show that, though underneath the sea, there is not a single drop of seepage into the tunnel. The Table Mountain sandstone through which it has been driven is hard, uncracked, and impervious. The tunnel is, in its smallest dimensions, some 6 feet by 5 feet.

The *Grosvenor* lies in her ocean bed under many feet of sand, and it is considered possible that this sand may have already advanced far in the process of solidification, which, when the vessel is reached, will enable the salvage operations to be carried out under comparatively dry and safe conditions. In other words, it is probable that the *Grosvenor* may be found to be embedded in a natural concrete casing. Experience has proved that timbers embedded in compact sand may be preserved indefinitely, and the stout English oak, of which the *Grosvenor* was no doubt built, may be found

to be all the stouter for a century and a half of seasoning in the sands at the bottom of the Indian Ocean.

The gully in which the old ship lies is a narrow one, so narrow that when the tunnellers are through the rock they may find themselves at once against the hull. In any case it is not expected there will be more than a few feet of cemented sand to penetrate. When that stage is reached what an anticipatory thrill will be experienced, not only by the daring adventurers beneath the sea, but by all far and near who have followed the course of the quest.

When the salving operations were first started not much interest was taken in them excepting by those immediately concerned, but the time is now rapidly drawing near when the climax will be reached of one of the most enterprising, ingenious, and promising undertakings for snatching from the sea some of its long-hidden spoils. This climax will, the promoters of the enterprise are convinced, be so dramatic as to arrest the attention and captivate the imagination of the civilised world.

Whether the treasure lies intact in the strong-room of the wreck remains to be seen, but the managing director and the men on the spot are confident enough, contending that they have sufficient reliable evidence in the records available to show that the wreck and the treasure are there.

For many years past all kinds of 'treasure trove,' supposed to be from the *Grosvener*, have been picked up on the seashore between Port Shepstone and the mouth of the Kei River; and the writer remembers, when quite a little girl, finding water-worn Cornelian beads on the lovely sandy beach extending for miles near the latter place, where camping-out for a couple of months was an annual occurrence. It took careful and daily hunting during several such holidays to collect enough of these sea treasures to form a small necklace, which was greatly cherished. Since that far-away time the *Grosvener*

has meant a romance of treasure and adventure to the writer.

Among the latest finds reported by the syndicate is a valuable diamond ring, discovered near the scene of the present operations. On the diamond is engraved a small but distinct cross, and one wonders if this is a religious emblem, or if there is a further romance attached to it. Was it a mystic spiritual sign, or perhaps a love-token? Who shall say? Much of mystery will surround the loss of the *Grosvener* for all time.

It has been learned quite recently that amongst the treasures shipped on board the *Grosvener* was a considerable quantity of diamonds. A 'true copy' of 'the register of diamonds licensed by the President and Council of Fort St George to be shipped for England on the *Grosvener*, March 25th, 1782,' has been received from Madras. This shows that the value of the diamonds was estimated at 24,444 star pagodas, the standard gold currency in the Madras Presidency in those days. The star pagoda at that time being worth, say, 8s. 6d., that works out at about £10,400. What the diamonds would be worth to-day is another matter. It would be much more than that amount.

The fortunes of the *Grosvener* Bullion Syndicate are rapidly reaching an absorbingly interesting stage, and the South African press is in close touch with developments, and is keeping the public informed of all that happens. Never, even in the early days of the Rand, when one and all were rushing to make fortunes, has so much interest been shown in any venture as is being evinced in this last bold attack on the *Grosvener* to solve once for all the mystery of what she has in her hold.

By the time this article appears in print the mystery may have been solved, for the syndicate hopes soon to reach the ship. Then only will it be possible to add the final chapter to the thrilling story of the *Grosvener*.

THE END.

NOVAJA SEMLJA REVISITED.

IT was during the search for the North-East Passage in the sixteenth century that Novaja Semlja was first discovered by western Europeans. The route to the White Sea and the mouth of the Dwina was found by Chancellor on Sir Hugh Willoughby's great expedition in 1553; and in 1556 the newly-formed 'Muscovy Company' despatched another expedition to these regions, under the command of Stephen Burrough, who had taken part in Chancellor's voyage, with the object of reaching the mouths of and exploiting the great Siberian rivers.

Burrough did not get so far, but he reached the entrance to the Kara Sea and the southern

part of Novaja Semlja. He can hardly, however, be said to have been the original discoverer of that island, as it had long been known (since the eleventh century, it is said) to the Samoyede and Russian hunters, who had christened it 'Novaja Semlja'—'the New Land.'

Towards the end of the century (the sixteenth) the Dutch began their voyages to the north-east. In 1596 Willem Barents made the famous voyage, on which he first rediscovered Spitsbergen, and then circumnavigated the northern point of Novaja Semlja. On the east coast of that island his vessel became frozen in (in about 76° 15'), and the crew passed the winter on the

land. Early in the following summer (1597) the sorely tried men attempted to escape southwards in their ship's boats, and most of them reached Kola (on the north coast of the peninsula of that name, sometimes called Russian Lapland), and afterwards Holland. Not so, however, Barents himself, who died soon after starting on the hazardous journey. In the seventeenth century Novaja Semlja was visited by several Dutch and English expeditions, and in the eighteenth the Russian ones began. Of these, Loschkin's and Rosmysloff's are the best known. The latter passed through the Matochkin Shar, the narrow winding sound which divides Novaja Semlja into two.

Not until 1820 did the Russian authorities seriously undertake the exploitation of the islands. Lieutenant (afterwards Admiral) Lütke traversed and charted the main features of a considerable part of the west coast in 1821-24, and important geographical investigations were carried out on the east coast by Pachtusoff and Trivolka in 1832-35.

After that a great many expeditions of different nationalities visited Novaja Semlja, and much valuable information concerning it was collected by the professional hunters from North Norway. In their small sailing vessels these brave men—in pursuit of the walrus and the seal—roamed the surrounding waters, waters which had been considered until then impossible to navigate by reason of the masses of drift ice with which they were filled; and they penetrated far eastward into the Kara Sea. One of the best known of these veterans, Elling Carlsen, found the dwelling in which, nearly three hundred years before, Barents had passed the winter, and brought it and its contents away with him.

In spite of the many expeditions of which it has been the objective, and the very considerable amount of scientific work which has been carried out there, Novaja Semlja is still but little known. This, however, is intelligible enough. In the form of an elongated crescent it extends from 70° 30' to 77° N. lat., a distance of 600 miles; it has an average breadth of 60 miles, and it covers an area of no less than 49,000 square miles. It seems to be a continuation northwards of Vaigach Island, from which it is separated by the Kara Strait, 30 miles wide. Even in summer large tracts of this extensive coast-line are frequently blocked with ice. On the east side even the mere outlines of the coast cannot be traced; and only in a very few places has the interior been penetrated. Apart from the travels to and fro of the Samoyedes, the journey of the Norwegian expedition across the North Island in the summer of 1921 is only the fourth which has ever been carried out in Novaja Semlja.

The Matochkin Shar does not constitute a

division between two tracts of country of different character; it is merely a cleft in the formation of the land—a deep channel resembling a Scandinavian fjord. In its vicinity the mountains rise to heights of from 3000 to 4500 feet. Already in the northern part of the thus-formed South Island glaciers begin to make their appearance, but they do not extend quite down to the sea. Not until the 74th degree of latitude is nearly reached is that the case, and then they increase in extent and dimensions to such a degree that they form an ice-cap over quite one-third of the North Island.

No original population exists on Novaja Semlja. The few Samoyedes who live there all the year round form four colonies, of which three are on the South Island. These people came from the district of Mezen at the entrance to the White Sea. The first of them were brought over at the expense of the Russian Government in 1870, and since then they have been joined by others from the mainland. The Karmakuli colony, on the west coast of the South Island, was the first that was organised. When in the summer of 1921 the Norwegian expedition visited the Matochkin Shar there were some twenty-five or thirty Samoyedes living at the western end of that strait; and the colony on the Krestovaja Fjord, on the North Island, consisted of only ten persons. These people have good houses, constructed of materials brought from Russia, and they live by hunting and fishing. Once a year a ship from Archangel brings them stores, for which they pay in furs.

The interior of Novaja Semlja is desolate in the extreme, and beyond an occasional bear, Arctic fox, or reindeer, there are few traces of animal life. There are not many insects, and even the mosquito of the tundras is absent. No reindeer were seen by the Norwegians on their recent visit, but plenty of their shed horns were found. This animal is not indigenous to Novaja Semlja, and it probably came there originally over the ice from Northern Russia. On the island of Vaigach the Samoyedes keep them.

Myriads of sea-fowl occupy the coast, and in summer vast flocks of swans, geese, and ducks visit the lakes, of which there are so many on the low-lying parts of the west coast, for breeding purposes. On their journey across the glacier-clad wastes of northern Novaja Semlja in 1921, the only bird which the Norwegians saw was the ivory gull (*Pogophila eburnea*).

There are not many varieties of fish in these regions: the most common, perhaps, is the char, which frequently attains a very considerable weight, and is captured in enormous quantities by the Samoyedes. It spends the greater part of the year in the sea, and ascends the water-systems for spawning purposes, as is the case in Northern Norway.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER IV.—A PLAN OF ESCAPE.

'I GUESS yo' saw that little schooner down ther bay, when I was tryin' to mark you a while back, Mista Carwyke?'

'Yes,' answered Carwyke impatiently.

'Well, it's a little more nor three weeks since she sailed inter ther bay, which ain't a good one for ships, Mista Mannering havin' chose it for that very reason, as he didn't want ther whaling-crews about demoralising his people. Whalers ain't much class, as yo' may hev heard, an' as I know, havin' been one of 'em in my time. But to continue—when we saw thet schooner comin' in there was some excitement in this camp, as yo' can guess; an' I won't say what hopes ther sight of it awakened in Miss Norma's heart—'

'I thought that it might be my father returnin,' said the girl quietly.

'I guess we all had something o' ther sort in our noddles,' continued the narrator. 'I know I had, an' I fair prayed that we was right, for Miss Norma's sake. Before they'd dropped anchor an' lowered their boat, ther kayaks were out an' driving towards ther schooner; an' I guess thet I plied ther double-paddle as I hadn't done i' my life before. I won ther race to ther schooner, an' ther first face I saw was thet of thet villain Standifer. I spotted him at once for ther feller who'd passed through Unapik three years back; but I didn't connect him with ther black thing that had been done just then.

"Hev yo' got Mista Mannering aboard?" I yelled, though I guessed well enough thet he hadn't; for ther missionary ud ha' been on deck plain to be seen if he'd been there.

'Standifer looked at me like a feller who'd had a surprise. He could see I was white; an' I guess he wasn't expectin' thet, me not havin' spoken to him last time he was at Unapik, an' havin' missed his notice, or been mistook for a native. Then when he'd finished his stare he asks quite politely, "Who ther deuce are you?"

'I gave him ther information he wanted, an' then asked him my question again. He shook his head.

"Has Mannering gone, then?" he asks.

"Yes," says I; "lost on an ice-floe three springs back."

"Thet's damned bad news," he says, lookin' down at me as if I'd been a grub of a sort thet hadn't took his notice before. Then he lights a cigarette, jest to show how deep his grief was at ther news, I suppose, an' after a minute he asks, "An' Mannering's little girl—was she lost too?"

"No," I answers. "She's over there by ther tepees, prayin' thet yo've brought her

father back; but she ain't a li'l girl no longer, but jest a fine strappin' young lady."

'At thet he lets loose a laugh. "I was forgettin' how time goes," he says, then looks towards ther shore. "I'll come an' hev a talk with her, an' maybe I'll take her back to civilisation with me."

'All ther time he was parleyvooving with me, ther crew was gettin' out ther boat; an' when I saw him beginning to get inter it, I paddles back here to pass Miss Norma ther word thet her father wasn't on ther ship, an' to warn her thet Standifer was coming. I watched him land, saw him speak to Miss Norma here, an' then go into ther tepee; an' I reckon Miss Norma can tell yo' better than I can what he had to say.'

As he thus finished he looked at Miss Mannering, who, after standing thoughtful for a moment, took up the story.

'I did not like the man from the first; and when he spoke of my father's disappearance, like Billy, I felt he was insincere, and I had a conviction that he wasn't really surprised to find my father absent from the camp. He asked for particulars of my father's going, and I caught an odd look on his face when I told him that Billy suspected foul play; but I didn't think much of it at the time. The only comment he made upon the matter was one that I couldn't agree with at all.'

'What was it?' asked Carwyke quickly.

'He said the Eskimos were a treacherous lot, and he was surprised that something hadn't happened to my father before. I told him that I differed with him, and that the tribe loved my father—'

'An' thet was ther gospel truth!' interrupted Billy.

'He took no notice of what I said, but went on to point out that I myself was in a perilous position, among a wild tribe on a desolate coast which even the whalers passed by; and said that he thought I ought to leave the place and go back to my father's friends, and that he would break off his cruise and take me south to my own people out of harm's way.'

'Harm's way!' grunted Billy in scornful contempt.

'I answered that I didn't know who my father's friends were, and that the men and women of the tribe and Billy were the only friends that I had ever known; and at that he smiled.

"You must extend the list, Miss Norma," he said. "I claim the privilege of being counted among your friends. And it is because I am most truly your friend that I insist on your

living here. I will look after you until we find your relatives. You do not understand the danger you are in. One of those buck-Eskimos may fancy you for his wife and take you to his ship; or a drunken whaling crew may happen along and then——"

"He broke off there, and after a little pause resumed, "That would be too terrible! How terrible you can't know, and I dare not tell you. But you must not stay here; you must go south to the white people—and leave those blubber-eaters. It is nonsense to think that you can live your life up here—in grave danger, and among such a people. You simply must leave this miserable place, and if you can't find your friends, why, I myself will care for and cherish you!"

"When he said that he looked at me in a way that made me dislike him utterly, but I cut him off by saying that I would consider the matter, and with that he appeared to be content; and later in the day he invited me to go on and his ship.

"I had never been on a white man's ship, and I thought I should like to see one, though Billy had tried to dissuade me——"

"I suspected the beggar from the first," exclaimed Billy, "and I'd been on whalers which had put to sea with Eskimo women aboard in my time; an' havin' heard how he'd tried to persuade Missy to leave Unapik, I'd a notion of what he was after."

"I would not be dissuaded; and I went, with Billy and half-a-dozen of the men."

"We'd hardly boarded her, Mista Carwyke, when there was drink goin', an' before Miss Norma had made their tour of the schooner, most of the tribesmen was dancin' silly in the fore-cabin, with the sailors laughin' at 'em. I was sober, but by the mercy of God I kept off the whisky, though I'll own I was sore tempted; and all of a sudden I noticed that most of the tribes had left the fore-cabin, and that there were only two of them by the stairs, an' thet one of 'em had a sealing-rifle in his hands. Then I saw that there was trouble brewin'; an' when I heard the creak of a capstan an' the regular clump of feet, I guessed that the anchor was being hoisted. I made a move towards the fore-cabin, but the fellow with the rifle pointed it at me."

"Keep back, yo' damn Eskimo," he says, "or yo'll be an angel before yo' want to be."

"I knew now that we was fairly caught, an' I looked at the tribesmen singin'-drunk, an' wondered what would happen when they tumbled down that they were being carried out to sea to be dumped overboard, as like as not, as soon as we was out o' the bay. I could do nothing. The feller with the gun knew it, an' he grinned at me; an' when the ship began to move I reckoned it was all up with us. . . . But to cut the yarn, it wasn't!"

"A goodish bit later, Standifer himself comes to the top of the ladder, shoutin', "Where's thet damned squaw-man!"

"Here!" says the fellow with the rifle, who was sitting on the steps, smoking.

"Is he drunk?"

"No; sober as a water-wagoner!"

"Then pass him along, quick."

"I was passed up the stairs, an' when I reached the deck I sized up the trouble at once. A Bering fog had blown up, an' yo' couldn't see one end of the schooner from the other."

"Look here, fellow," says Standifer, "I guess yo' know these seas an' coasts, an' yo're a sailor-man though yo' have chosen to live with these dirty blubber-eaters. We've lost our bearings, an' we're too close to the mud for my liking. You've got to pilot us out. Can yo' do it?"

"Well," says I, "I ain't a navigator, but I knows this coast——"

"Then get her out," he shouted, "quick! This fog is thet deuce."

"The fog was thick—a regular Bering blanket; an' the wind was drivin' it jest like rain. It wet a man thro' jest as if it was rain; an' the ship was drippin' an' drivin' to thet Lord-knows-where in a freshening wind. North he was goin' now, though I'll take me oath she'd started south; but Standifer had got scared between the fog and the shallowness of the sea, which up here ain't much deeper than a duck pond; an' in his anxiety to get open water, I reckon he'd changed his course more than once."

"I'll try," says I, "but I don't guarantee——"

"You'd best try hard," snaps Standifer, "or yo'll be fish-meat in no time at all, an'—— What thet livin' blazes is thet!"

"The sound of a shot had broke right on his words, an' thet next moment there was a bellowing sound from thet fore-cabin companion, an' I knew thet thet tribesmen was making trouble. Standifer knew it too, an' with a curse he rushed ter take a hand in the racket. At thet same moment I saw Miss Norma here, standing a little away. I went to her, an' she whispers ter me, "Billy, we're in Unapik Bay. The fog broke a minute ago, an' I saw the camp."

"Thet so!" says I, knowing then thet Providence was fightin' for us; "then get ready, an' go over thet side if we bump."

"I went towards thet wheelman. The wind was fair behind us, an' we was making a good pace through the fog. The leadman was calling the depth; an' I grinned to myself as I listened to the racket down in the fore-cabin."

"Then jest as if yo'd ripped a blanket in two thet fog parted, an' lyin' clear in thet

sunshine was ther long spit where ther schooner lies. We was close to it, with ther wind an' tide behind us, an' nothin' in this world could save us from striking. Ther helmsman let out a yell, as did ther watch in ther bows, but I guess Standifer was too busy in ther fo'c'sle to hear it; an' as ther fog began to close up again, I ran back to Miss Norma. I hadn't time to speak to her, when the ship struck, knocking both of us off our feet; but I was up in a trice, an' gripping her.

"Quick," I says. "Overboard. We'll win clear of these ruffians yet."

'I heard Standifer yelling an' cursin' as we hit ther water, an' began to swim quietly away in ther fog. We hadn't so very far to go, thank God, an' when we landed ther tribesmen who'd seen ther schooner comin' in were already runnin' down ther beach.

'It didn't take long to tell what had happened, an' when they knew they went fightin' mad, an' there was no stopping 'em. That's one o' ther queer things about Eskimos. They're a quiet, peaceable lot in ordinary, an' don't go lookin' for trouble anyways; but when ther blood is hot, then look out! . . . I guess before that night was over Standifer learned somethin' as he hadn't known about blubber-eaters,' he added meditatively.

'They attacked the crew?' asked Carwyke quickly.

'At close quarters, an' seal-harpoons is pretty nasty weapons to run against. Ther little lot over ther tundra there is all that won clear, except two that I've picked up since; but we've lost six hunters an' one woman, an' things ain't what you'd call rosy, for it's plain they mean to have Miss Norma here, if they hang on all summer. Ther Standifer is a stickler, an' why he wants Miss Norma I can't make out; but he does want her badly. A week back he caught one of ther kids what had strayed out on ther tundra, an' he sent a written message to me, offerin' to go away in a boat they've got down ther coast somewhere if I'd give up ther girl; an' because things are gettin' pretty hot, Miss Norma here was inclined to agree to save ther tribesmen, but I wouldn't let her.'

'I should think not!' said Carwyke with conviction.

'But the position is very bad,' broke in the girl. 'No one can move out of the camp but at the risk of being shot, and the children are in danger. We've only three rifles, and Billy is the only marksman.'

'But you can move the camp,' said Carwyke.

'Not very well! On sea or land we are exposed to ther fire unless fog comes, and for a week it has been as clear as it is now. And I can't bear the thought of these innocent people suffering for me, when I can save them by marrying that man Stand—'

'Marrying?' ejaculated Carwyke.

'Yes!' answered the girl simply; 'that is what he wants. He told me so when we were on the ship and sailing out of the bay.'

'Phew!' Carwyke whistled, and then looked at the girl before him. That she was eminently desirable his own eyes told him. Many men meeting her would wish to mate with her, for she was virginal and glorious; but that Standifer was so moved he did not believe. The scrap of conversation that he had overheard in the tent assured him that there was some other reason for Standifer's purpose of marrying her; but what that reason was he could not guess even remotely. He was still thinking, when the girl spoke again.

'I would save these poor people for whom my father worked by—'

'You must not think of it!' broke in Carwyke earnestly. 'There is something behind all this that we none of us know—I am sure of that!'

'But if we continue as we are——' began the girl, and broke off without finishing the sentence.

'There is no need for you to do so,' answered Carwyke after a minute. 'If you were to leave the camp, those men would follow, and your friends would be saved from further molestation, Miss Norma.'

'You think so?' asked the girl quickly.

'I am convinced of it,' was the answer emphatically given. 'Suppose Billy and I talk it over; we may hit on some plan.'

'If you only could!' said the girl a little wistfully. 'The present position is intolerable. Always one of these men is on the watch. If our hunters go out on the sea after seal they are shot at. If they go out on the tundra it is the same; and soon the camp will be starving—in the season of plenty! And there is not much ammunition for the rifles left.'

'Then Billy and I will discuss a way. Rest your mind, Miss Norma, we will find a way.'

Carwyke turned and, accompanied by the other man, left the tent. As they emerged and stood for a moment the whizz of a bullet sounded, and from far away came the faint crack of a rifle. Eskimo Billy swore, and dived for the tepee nearest the one they had just quitted, and Carwyke followed him.

'That's ther sort of thing when these devils are on ther rampage. They've got glasses, an' they watch ther camp like a fox watches a sitting ptarmigan before it springs. This camp ain't what yo'd call a sanatorium jest now——' He broke off, spat meditatively, and then looked shrewdly at his companion. 'What's yo'r plan, Mista Carwyke? Yo've got one, I know, for I saw it in yo'r eyes back there in Miss Norma's tepee.'

Carwyke's answer was a question. 'Billy, are you tied to this camp, yourself?'

'Well, not what yo'd call tied—not now! When I hit Unapik, Mista Carwyke, I was moving on, but I stayed—for a girl. Mista Mannerling was against her having me; but when he saw I meant it, he tied me to Teriksin jest as fast as law an' church knew how; an' we sorta lived happy ever after till that blasted Russian came along when I was out with ther hunters, an' stole her away. By Heaven!'—he broke off, and his placid face was convulsed with sudden almost maniacal fury—'if ever I come up with him!' For a moment he did not speak again, but the working of his face showed the stress of his emotion, and when he broke the silence his voice was hoarse and shaking. 'Four years I've waited and watched, with never a sign of him or Teriksin. I should have moved on afore this, but for ther one hope o' meetin' him. An' I'll move on now to save Miss Norma from that eagle-faced scoundrel across ther tundra there. Maybe a move will bring me on ther Russian's trail, an' if it does, then ther devil help him, for I know God won't!' Again after this outburst he was silent, and when a minute had passed and it was evident

that the man's emotion had spent itself, without referring to the cause of it, Carwyke resumed.

'You and I might get her away! It might be possible for us to work across the tundra towards the hills, and so to other white men. If we could get a start, and leave those scoundrels behind, we might save both Norma and the tribesmen; for, once they found out that the girl had gone, they wouldn't waste time here, but would quit, either on our trail, or for the south. Standifer is not such a fool as to wait for winter to overtake him on the open tundra.'

Billy thought a moment, then nodded his head. 'It might be done if we could jest persuade Miss Norma. Yo' see, farther up ther coast there's a river empties which is bigger than most streams what yo' find in ther tundra, having a better drainage. I don't know where it comes from, Mista Carwyke, but I know it runs a long way, and if we was to follow it, we'd maybe get at the back of them beggars over there. Then we'd have clear running.'

'Is it navigable?' asked Carwyke eagerly.

'Well, it ud take a kayak a goodish way, I reckon.'

(Continued on page 69.)

OCEAN VOYAGES IN SMALL CRAFT.

By FRANCIS B. COOKE.

THE challenge issued by the Duke of Leinster to Mr Nutting to race across the Atlantic single-handed in small yachts not unnaturally attracted a good deal of attention, for it is no small undertaking to traverse some three thousand miles of open ocean in a little boat. The Atlantic crossing has, of course, often been made before in small craft, but there is no record of anything in the nature of a race having been attempted in vessels sailed single-handed. And cruising and racing are very different propositions, for whilst in the former the voyager can proceed in leisurely fashion, taking precautions for the security of his vessel when signs of approaching bad weather are noticed, in the latter he must carry on until the safety of his craft is actually menaced.

Although the Atlantic has been crossed by little boats on quite a number of occasions, the objective has usually been purely commercial, and the voyages made by amateur yachtsmen could almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. The redoubtable Captain Andrews made several crossings years ago, the first, I think, being in the fifteen-feet *Red, White, and Blue*, which was subsequently on view at one of the great London exhibitions about forty years ago. This same Captain Andrews lost his life in 1901 whilst on a honeymoon trip from the States to England

in the twenty-feet *Dark Secret*. What happened to the little ship will never be known, as after her departure she was not seen again. A more fortunate honeymoon was that of a Mr Bradley, who, in 1902, brought his bride from Nova Scotia to Dover in a boat measuring only sixteen feet in length. Another woman who braved the perils of the Atlantic was the wife of Thomas Crapo, who accompanied her husband in a little boat named *New Bedford*. More surprising, perhaps, than the successful accomplishment of the voyages was the sublime faith of the wives in the skill of their husbands, for they seemed to reckon little of the danger and discomfort. Probably the longest voyage of this nature ever undertaken by a woman was that of the wife of the late Captain Joshua Slocum, of *Spray* fame, who accompanied her husband and two sons in a small open boat from the coast of Brazil to Philadelphia, a distance of seven thousand miles.

Some of the most notable small boat voyages, however, were made in waters other than the Atlantic. The fishing smack *Forget-Me-Not*, for instance, made a remarkable passage to Cape Town in 1908. She was manned by four young men, of whom only one had had any previous experience of the sea, and proceeding by way of Madeira, Las Palmas, Cape

Verde Islands, Trinidad, Tristan da Cunha, Nightingale and Gough Islands, arrived safely at Cape Town, having covered some ten thousand miles of open sea. An even longer journey was made by the *Storm King*, a patent lifeboat, in 1889. Carrying a crew of four, the vessel sailed from London and, proceeding *vid* the Cape, eventually reached Adelaide after a passage of 326 days.

The two greatest exploits in the way of long single-handed voyages were those of Captain Slocum in the *Spray*, and Captain Voss in *Tilikum*. Both sailed round the world, the former covering forty-six thousand miles, and the latter about forty thousand miles. *Spray* was a vessel of about thirty tons, and her owner was able to live on board with some degree of comfort. She possessed an extraordinary facility for sailing herself with the helm lashed, and at one period of the voyage, when in the Indian Ocean, Captain Slocum did not touch the wheel for weeks on end. Although very heavily built, *Spray* was capable of attaining a speed of eight or nine miles per hour, and, being a particularly fine sea-boat, was able to take care of herself in heavy weather.

Captain Voss's craft was of very different type, being an old dug-out canoe, originally built by Alaskan Indians for war purposes. She was about thirty feet long with a beam of five feet, and, even after Captain Voss had added a false keel, drew barely two feet of water. In preparation for her long voyage the boat was decked all over and fitted with a tiny cabin, in which Captain Voss subsequently lived for four years. Rigged as a three-masted fore-and-aft schooner, *Tilikum* was surely the strangest-looking craft that ever sailed the Seven Seas. Nevertheless she lived through sixteen great storms, and although she at times encountered seas forty feet high, she never shipped so much as a bucketful of water. In referring to Captain Voss's venture as a single-handed voyage, I am not perhaps strictly accurate, as at the outset he was accompanied by a man named Begent. Whilst in the Southern Pacific, however, the latter unfortunately fell overboard and was drowned. For the remainder of the long voyage Captain Voss sailed quite alone.

The voyages to which I have referred were for the most part undertaken for the sake of gain, either by exhibiting the boat on arrival at her destination or for some other commercial purpose. Captain Voss's objective, for example, was the advertisement of a new form of drogue, or sea-anchor, which he had invented, and it was with a special view to calling attention to its efficiency that he selected such an unpromising type of craft as *Tilikum*. Several Atlantic voyages, however, have been undertaken with no other inducement than a thirst for adventure. Mr Nutting, whom the Duke

of Leinster challenged, had already made two successful trips in small craft; and quite recently Mr S. C. Houghton, of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, sailed the small racing yacht *Neith* from America to England with an amateur crew. Another notable amateur voyage was that of Mr Thomas Fleming Day, the well-known American yachting journalist, who some twenty years ago sailed the five-ton barge yacht *Sea Bird* from the States to Rome.

Although Captain Andrews, Captain Blackburn, and possibly one or two others have lost their lives in attempting the Atlantic crossing in little boats, so many have successfully accomplished the feat that one is forced to the conclusion that it is not so perilous as is generally supposed. It is not the size of the waves so much as their character that renders them dangerous, for, provided that they do not break, they are comparatively harmless. Indeed, a little boat will often make far better weather of it than a large vessel, as her short length enables her to lie comfortably upon the side of a sea through which a big ship would have to plunge. The seas in mid-ocean seldom, if ever, break, and as a rule it is only when the influence of an abnormal tidal current is felt, or there is a sudden change in the depth of the water, that the waves assume a dangerous aspect.

Every boat has a maximum speed beyond which it is impossible to force her with safety. If pressed after that speed has been attained, she commences to make waves on her own account. These artificial waves, in conflict with the natural seas, result in broken water, and the prudent mariner, when running before a following sea, shortens canvas in order to reduce the speed of his vessel. But in a gale of wind a boat under the merest rag of sail will travel too fast for safety, and in such circumstances she has no alternative but to lie-to. She can either be hove-to under a close-reefed mainsail or try-sail, with her fore-sail a-back, or ride to a sea-anchor. Now, in a very small craft it is not advisable to heave-to, as the reefed sails would be becalmed in the trough of the seas, and the vessel might pay off broadside on and be overwhelmed. It is the usual practice, therefore, for a small boat to ride to a sea-anchor when caught out in a gale of wind.

The sea-anchor, or drogue, is the small boat's salvation when making an ocean voyage, and no prudent sailor would embark upon such an undertaking without one. Briefly described, a drogue is a canvas bag, conical in shape, and sewn to an iron hoop, to which is attached, by means of a bridle, a stout warp. The drogue is prevented from sinking too far below the surface by a small cork buoy secured to the iron hoop with a few feet of line. When overtaken by heavy weather, the boat is brought to the wind and the drogue lowered over the bow, some fifteen fathoms of riding warp being paid out.

The effect is to keep her riding head on to wind and sea, in which position she will not ship anything but spray, and requires no attention, the crew being able to seek the comparative comfort of the cabin. Equipped with an efficient drogue, a small boat should be able to live through practically any weather, and it is undoubtedly due to this ingenious contrivance that little boats are able to cross wide tracks of the ocean in safety.

The most dangerous stage of an ocean voyage in a small boat is when she reaches soundings, for in shoal water the seas are apt to become steep and breaking. If a boat is overtaken by bad weather when approaching the land, there may not be sufficient sea-room to permit of the use of the drogue, as a craft riding to a sea-anchor makes considerable drift. But even in these circumstances the drogue can be of great assistance, if used in another way. In running

for a harbour before a dangerous sea, the drogue is towed apex first by the tripping line, in which position it retards the vessel's progress but little. When a threatening sea is observed, the tripping line is slackened sufficiently to allow the drogue to turn over and come into action. The vessel's speed is at once checked, whilst the strain on the warp, which is of course made fast to the stern of the boat, prevents her from broaching to, and the wave passes harmlessly beneath her. As soon as the dangerous sea has passed, the drogue is tripped again. Skilfully handled in this manner, even open boats have lived through the wildest seas. Whilst in New Zealand Captain Voss crossed the famous Sumner Bar six consecutive times in an open boat, using his patent drogue, without shipping any water, to the astonishment of some seven thousand people who had assembled to witness the demonstration.

'FACILIS DESCENSUS.'

PART II.

III.

IN the October of the third winter there occurred an event so insignificant as to be hardly worthy of record. It was, in fact, nothing more than a passing sensation—a smell.

It had rained for a fortnight. In that fortnight Firkins had thrice revoked, the roof over the servants' bedrooms had leaked, and Mrs. French, the cook, had contracted a sore throat. William Anstruther Parkes was returning from the scene of the third and most criminal revoke. He was walking up the hill in the dark, when, through the open door of a cottage, he caught a glimpse of a laden dresser, a red-tiled floor, a picture of a white cow, and a woman with untidy hair pursuing a cat with a duster. There was a glow within, making every raindrop momentarily golden.

It was a comfortable experience—precisely the sort of experience he had so often thought of in India as approaching the ideal. A rainy night, and the warm benison of a cottage fire on the way home—the very picture he had so often conjured up. Yet the effect of the experience, when it came, was unexpected and disturbing. For he did not look. He sniffed; and each sniff seemed to bring a whole world of images. First the bazaar at dusk, with a hundred little things leaping out; then, camp at night; then, the servants cooking their dinners; then, the faces of the servants in the flickering light—old Madar Bax, the bearers, and that admirable jemadar; then, the tents and the dim, swaying forms of the elephants under the trees. Thence his imagination took wings and rioted, for he saw the morrow's tiger-beat, the sun on the

jungle, the long files of beaters, the great, striped body stretched on the grass. The tension and the ecstasy came back to him—good days! Something like a pang shot through him, and he had to pull himself up mentally as well as physically. He looked resolutely at the cottage, as if determined to appreciate the present at all costs. Then, feeling the rain creep into his boots and down his neck, he stumped on up the road.

He had only caught a whiff of a damp peat-fire. Only a damp peat-fire—but after dinner that night, when he had got his pipe going, he laid down his 'Poor Law Administration, with schedules and appendices,' and took from an obscure bottom shelf another volume, whose corners were peeping from the frayed linen like heels from torn stockings. It was labelled 'Shooting Register, India.' As he opened it he looked round almost furtively. But he did not close it till midnight.

In the morning he regarded the whole affair of the peat-fire as a regrettable lapse, somewhat excused by its utter unexpectedness. He made up his mind that it should not happen again, and, as if to pin down the temptation, wrote 'No regrets' with a flourish in his diary after breakfast. Then he departed to London to see his dentist. On the way up in the train he carefully and systematically took his mind back again, as it were, over the course of reminiscence, furnishing that course with its appropriate obstacles—the smell of the bazaar by day for instance, camp-cooking, flies, and a go of malaria. Old Madar Bax, he recalled conscientiously, had been an unmitigated thief, and the admirable jemadar laziness personified. The tiger-skin

had been stolen subsequently—and was not that fact in itself a sidelight on the whole character of India?

'The land of unfulfilled promise' he would call it—the land which held tigers and hill-stations and C.L.E.'s as baits for the unwary, and then, by some secret alchemy, substituted hot weathers and famine, duty and obscure graves. Whereas in England—you knew where you were.

He looked out of the carriage-window, and marked the orderly fields and hedges and houses—the gates—the notice-boards. Yes, you knew where you were. You could believe what you saw. Firm ground!

Three-quarters of an hour later, as if to give him the lie direct, the maid informed him that the dentist was out of town. Vain to show the appointment card. Vain to recall the succession of past visits, and to expatiate on the sacredness of a dentist's ties with his patients. He was out of town. She blushed. She was sorry. There had been some mistake, but—he was out of town. Muttering '*Be-bandobast!*' (feckless), William Anstruther Parkes descended the steps. As he made his way to the Tube there came into his mind another scene—the picture of an excellent dentist walking up the steps of his own bungalow at Fatehgarh a quarter of an hour before the time of the appointment. Ah, then he had been some one! With a gesture of petulance he switched his mind off the forbidden topic.

But he seemed to be fated to be reminded of India at every turn, for at Brompton Road an Indian boarded the train and took the place next to him—a handsome young man in a gray suit and a becoming purple pugaree. With a certain thrill of satisfaction at his own unimpaired powers of observation, he recognised the type—a Punjabi officer; very likely one of the four on special duty at Buckingham Palace. The mere proximity of the man fluttered him strangely. He could not help stealing glances at him, for the Indian recalled pleasant things—polo meetings, a visit to a rajah for duck-shooting, sundry bright ceremonials—and at the same time made the other passengers look dull and sombre. It passed through his mind that colour was what England lacked.

Then came an astounding thing. Quite naturally, and without a shadow of hesitation, the Punjabi turned to him, made a gesture of respect, and asked for the nearest station to Grosvenor Gardens. But he asked in Hindustani! In Hindustani—and without a shadow of hesitation, as if he were certain of his man.

William Anstruther Parkes answered in Hindustani, and the words came back to him pleasurably, as if he had been long in a foreign land and had been debarred from using his own tongue.

'*Mirhbani*, sahib'—another courteous gesture. Courtesy! That was what England lacked. He could not help comparing the easy grace, the subtly conveyed respect of that salute, with the clumsy plucking of the cap which stood for homage in England. He brightened. He forgot the dentist. He drew himself up and asked questions. Soon he was carrying on an animated conversation.

'How did you know that I should understand Hindustani?' he asked.

A deprecating wave of the hand. 'How should I not know, sahib! There was something—'

Yes. Exactly. There *was*—something. An air—a stamp. He had been some one. And this man knew.

He glanced round and noticed that other passengers were regarding him with a sort of furtive curiosity not unmingled with respect. They, too, were fluttering and whispering, and one woman was holding up her little boy to look at him. Almost in spite of himself he raised his voice and began talking about Lahore—the races—the Patiala polo team—the Durbar.

How it all came back! Even when, after a cordial handshake and exchange of salutations, his new acquaintance alighted, the sense of satisfaction did not desert him. It resembled the feeling that succeeds a good dinner—a warm glow of kindness. When he, too, alighted at Piccadilly Circus, eyes followed him. The conductor touched his cap. It was only when he had given up his ticket and quitted the station that he recollected his umbrella. He had been so overcome with emotion that he had left it behind in the train—and the rain was coming down in sheets. Piccadilly glistened with umbrellas.

He stood for a moment in the station entrance, undecided. Once more his thoughts were stealing to the land of rainless winter, and this time he did not switch them off, but let them light on a picture—duck strung out in a wedge pattern against a cloudless sky. In December, too! And he and Carslake had bagged forty couple.

'You'll miss this sort of weather in England, my boy,' Carslake had said. Well, Carslake was in the same boat!

Suddenly an idea struck him—why not look Carslake up? He had a couple of hours to spare, and he would be out of the rain. Without a thought of the implications of his present mental condition, without a backward glance at the dangerous currents that led to it, innocent of any presage of doom, but desiring only an old friend, and a fire, and a 'buck' about India, he hurried down Jermyn Street, bore to the left, and saw the puddles reflecting the street lamps in St James's Square. He fumbled in his pocket for his card-case.

IV.

Sir Rawdon Carslake was in, the porter thought, basing his estimate on innumerable particular instances of Sir Rawdon being 'in' at that hour. A page departed to verify the statement, and William Anstruther Parkes sat down.

There was a comfortable, glowing look about the interior. Members—many of them known to him—passed to and fro, looking animated and happy. Serried ranks of antlers and horns on the walls reminded him of other antlers and other horns that should have been in the hall—but were in the attics—at the 'Gables.' A momentary discontent with the 'Gables' passed over him. The house was on the small side. Now, in an Indian bungalow, with all its disadvantages—

'Sir Rawdon is in, sir, and will you kindly step this way!' He went inside.

When, four hours later, having dined and borrowed an umbrella, he saw once more the street lamps reflected in the puddles of St James's Square, his feelings were curiously and rather alarmingly mixed.

He had thoroughly enjoyed himself. But the devil of it was that he had not spent such an enjoyable evening for—well, two years. But, even more forcibly, the devil of it was that that enjoyment had taken place at the Bandobast Club. It was illicit enjoyment!

Yet, that dinner! How it had shown up Mrs Wrench! That sauce with the sole—a smack of India there. Byculla soufflé—they knew a thing or two. And the wine—admirable; the exact temperature of the room. Mrs Wrench would have boiled it.

Then, again, those rubbers—all old friends; and he had not lost the art. Rather the contrary. That was the devil of Pilchester—no possibility of bridge without Firkins. Firkins! Funny thing—he had played in that very four at Fyzabad all through the hot weather of '99. Come to think of it, there were points even about the hot weather. You knew where you were, at any rate. Heat never did a man any harm so long as he didn't play the giddy goat.

They had been really glad to see him. He had had quite a little ovation. 'Good old Struther!' Very gratifying; unexpectedly gratifying. Whereas in Pilchester, who cared? Who really cared? And, after all, why should any care? What had he in common with Firkins, a parson who had never been out of England; and Ling, a retired stockbroker, who thought that Bombay was the capital of India? Excellent fellows in their way, but a man who had served abroad and seen something of the Empire naturally looked at things a little differently—a little more broadly—

What was the word that Carslake had used? Ah—'parochial.' 'Narrow and parochial'—'wasting yourself.' Well, he certainly ought to be chairman of the guardians. Ling was no good—too hide-bound altogether. But Carslake was on the Indian Council—and who, after all, was old Carslake? He could still tell Carslake a thing or two about running a district.

Yes, he had thoroughly enjoyed himself. It would be absurd to deny the advantages of the club. He had been unreasonable about it—unfair, almost. Very good of Carslake to offer to put him up for it. He could hardly have done otherwise than accept.

'No difficulty at all, my dear fellow.' Exactly. No difficulty at all. And yet, for that second-rate, gimcrack, county affair—

It was, in fact, only the following morning that a belated twinge of conscience made itself felt. There, in black and white, at the beginning of his diary—'Nothing will persuade me to join the Bandobast Club!' A principle, if ever there was one. And he had sacrificed it.

He started at the words. Should he, after all, drop Carslake a line and call it off? Quite easy—but, after all, he had a right to change his mind. To change one's mind could be, under certain circumstances, an act of courage. It was precisely the inability to change his mind that made Ling such an impossible fellow to work with. Besides, he would only go there once in a blue moon—a country member.

A country member! There was an element of compromise there. It enabled him, without a backward glance, to cut out a neat strip of paper and paste it over the abandoned principle. With a little sigh, which might have been relief or regret, he removed the embargo from the Bandobast Club.

His election, since Carslake was a member of the committee, went through remarkably quickly. Within a week he was ordering a fresh die for his visiting-cards.

The rain continued. The situation as regards the roof of the servants' bedrooms became critical, and Ling became, and remained, singularly obtuse over responsibility for repairs. In fact, Ling obstinately refused to change his mind under any circumstances whatever; and Firkins, in taking his part, proved himself the narrow-minded prig he had always seemed to be. Meanwhile Mrs Wrench's sore throat became steadily worse, necessitating a period in hospital; and her substitute imported an aroma of beer into the kitchen, and of onions into the puddings.

There was no pleasure in going out of doors, so he turned in desperation to a task which he had long delayed—the sorting of his Indian cases in the lumber-room. It gave a surprising amount of pleasure, since nearly everything he fingered had a little history. A brass kettle here, picked up for nothing in Benares bazaar before the days of machine-made counterfeits

and sharp-nosed American tourists; here a Tibetan necklace, bought from a Bhutia—solid chunks of amber and turquoise; here a flask, a good old friend. Then the skins and the heads; no room for them on the walls, but it was good to run an eye over them again. Books, too, and photographs, bringing back flavours of the past. Good times! Led on insensibly, he made a job of it. He sorted his camp kit, and cleaned up his rifles.

Whenever he looked out of the window he saw rain; and whenever he saw rain, he thought of the unclouded winter sky in the Terai. He yearned to run up to the club and discuss that unclouded sky and all that happened under it. But that he resisted. It involved an even more fundamental principle than the other. Hanker for India? He might as well get married and be done with it!

Then, after a vestry meeting, he happened to overhear an ill-judged remark. Plintock, the doctor, in a would-be whisper, referred to him as 'Our somewhat pompous neighbour from Bengal.' And over again he repeated the words to himself as he walked home. They hurt him. Every syllable of them hurt him—but especially the two syllables of 'Bengal.' For he had not served in Bengal. He had always rather looked down on Bengal methods. Very good fellows, no doubt, but the cream of the Service—no.

'Pompous,' too. So he appeared pompous, did he, to Plintock. And who *was* Plintock? And if Plintock was anybody, would he be the local sawbones at a one-horse, parochial little place like Pilchester? Why, even Mrs Wrench's throat had baffled him completely. Plintock!

He hated Plintock. Worse—he hated Pilchester. Pilchester and Plintock seemed suddenly indissoluble. He could no longer remain in the same place as Plintock—and Ling, for that matter—and Firkins.

He packed a portmanteau, wired for a room at the club, and took the early train to London. He was made welcome. Before the first evening was over Plintock and Pilchester seemed very distant, very petty. He could afford to smile at them. But neither he nor his friends could afford to smile at the rain, which had fallen monotonously for three weeks, and was still falling. It turned their eyes in a dangerous direction. It made them thirsty for reminiscence.

So he no longer toyed with India, fingering it, so to speak, as he had fingered the mementoes in the lumber-room. He steeped himself in it, and they all joined him in the pleasant waters. Before dinner he was not perhaps wholly abandoned—that is to say, he still had some defence to make for the amenities of England. But after dinner he was lost. There was no escape. For, if the others were seasoned bibbers, well used to the fumes of the heady vintage of reminiscence, to him it was a new experience.

It went to his head. He became extravagant in his eulogies of the Indian climate; so extravagant that, when Carslake suggested a three months' trip to Nepal as the solution of all his problems, he could not consistently draw back. He made an attempt at temporising, it is true, but it only called forth the reminder that he had no ties.

'Lucky man, you have no ties!' The words crept over him like a slow, insidious poison. Carslake was a married man, and yet he was going. But he—he had no ties. Lucky!

He accepted. Thus it came about that once more, in a P. & O. cabin, William Anstruther Parkes watched another diary disappear through a porthole—not only another diary, but another principle!

V.

On a warm hillside in Kumaon, surrounded by neat apple-orchards and overlooking a green dell, where runs a river, stands a roomy bungalow, its halls thronged with the antlers and the heads which had been too much for the hall at the 'Gables.' The senile Madar Bax and the admirable jemadar adorn its verandas. The owner is William Anstruther Parkes, late of His Majesty's Indian Civil Service, now an honorary magistrate and a lieutenant-colonel in the Kumaon Volunteers. On an estate where every tree is numbered and every apple earmarked for its ultimate destination he has plenty to do. But sometimes, on an evening, he takes an hour off, and casts a yellow spider over the pool below the bungalow. Sometimes then he hears a cuckoo call in the glen. At that sound Pilchester instantly comes back to him, and, instead of the imperious Himalayan stream hurrying to the plains, he sees the sluggish Pil meandering through water-meadows to a spinney where also a cuckoo called. His fatal habit of seeing what is not there by preference to what is has engaged him stoutly, for he lays down his rod and sits down on a rock. Soon he sighs.

He is reflecting that India is not what it was. Even garden coolies are expensive to keep and difficult to control—thanks to Gandhi and Company. Government has botched the reforms. The cost of living has gone up. There is no one to play bridge. Whereas in Pilchester—

'Gad, we must be off!' he says to himself, as he climbs the hill towards the house. He has said it for over four years. But it is hardly likely that Mrs Anstruther Parkes, whom he first met on the way out, and whose enthusiasm for India caused him to settle down there, will ever pay the smallest attention to what she describes as 'one of William's whims.'

So the chances are that he will even be buried there.

THE END.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday*.

LESS sentiment is exercised at the beginning of a new year in the times in which we live and strive than was ten years ago, for now it happens for good reason that while so many are relieved at the ending of one period of twelve months, which in a wide-world sense was associated with much that was unhappy and bad, they regard with apprehension its successor, not being satisfied that the auguries point to any improvement. Certainly there are people in plenty who achieve contentment and even happiness, delighting in material possessions and a capacity for indifference to large issues. They combine some of their materialism with a little fatalism, and the result is a curious tranquillity of a narrow kind. But in general, while the world is seething and the problems of life become increasingly difficult, there are repercussions upon the units, the old sense of security and of the value of effort has departed, and men and women no longer face a new year with their former eagerness, because there is a half-developed feeling that the best efforts may be turned to failure through the obtuseness of governments. Besides, after sad experiences, the people begin to regard these old festivals, celebrations, and markings of time in a new and more careless way. Is not a year a period of less consequence than once it seemed to be, now that we devote so much thought and study to the succession of whole civilisations, to primitive origins and ultimate destinies? Desperate experiences, harsh circumstances, a certain morbidity, and a keen tendency to speculation upon future destinies made a change in the attitude towards these fleeting registrations. The thoughts of our grandfathers did not often carry them farther back than two or three thousand years. Ancient Egypt once seemed away on the far horizon of distant time. In schools children began their serious education in English history with the grand exploit of William the Conqueror, and though it was understood that something had happened earlier, supported by glimpses of Roman history, in which the adventures of Cæsar were noted, tales of the Phœnicians, and the like, the general faith in fact did not appear to go back beyond a time having tangible hooks with our own age. The

truth of that tremendous line, 'A thousand ages in Thy sight . . .,' which should turn every church and chapel worshipper who thinks of it into a better philosopher than before, is more appreciated than it used to be.

* * *

It is not made easier for certain sensitive minds to play lightly with conjectures upon this opening year through the fact that recently some graves reckoned to be fifteen thousand years old, containing well-preserved skeletons of three prehistoric human beings, were discovered at Solutr , a village in the department of the C te-d'Or, near Macon, that has become somewhat famous for its prehistoric remains. For sixty years or more finds have been made on a rocky slope jutting out above the village, among them chiefly the bones of multitudinous horses upon which the prehistoric tribes of those parts fed themselves. The Lyons Faculty of Science determined to undertake a methodical search of the district in the hope that something even more interesting and important than the skeletons of these long-departed horses might be found, and in three weeks the investigators came upon three skeletons, two of men and one of a woman, buried at depths of three feet seven inches, five feet, and six feet from the surface. They were plainly the bones of human beings, in excellent preservation, and showing every sign of careful burial. One skull was intact; the trunk and limbs of another were in perfect state. These creatures in their time seem to have been very strong, for the smallest measured six feet two, and the tallest seven inches more. The skulls are of somewhat remarkable shape, oval with low foreheads, large, square eye-sockets, and big jaws holding teeth that are still good. The bodies were laid in their graves on their backs, resting on beds of ashes, the faces turned eastwards to the sun, and two roughly shaped stones were set vertically over the head of each skeleton. The anthropologists have conducted their investigations and made their deductions, concluding that our long-departed brethren belonged to the widespread Cro-Magnon race, which is said to have been ethnically connected with the great horse hunters of the valley of the Sa ne, and the troglodytes of the V z re and of the Mediterranean coast at Mentone. There seems,

from the details of the finding, to have been some order in the lives of those persons of the palæolithic period of fifteen thousand years ago to which they belonged. They had superiority over all other men and species about them, and doubtless, having no conception, even by the utmost straining of their intellects and imaginations, of the further possibilities of man as we, our noble selves, have achieved them—our wireless and our submarines, our telephones and our poison-gas—they must have considered themselves civilised, perhaps even the highest possible products of mankind. A certain equanimity, leading on to self-satisfaction and then to doubts, must have possessed them. They may, in prideful regard for their own perfection, have wondered what must follow next, and feared it might be catastrophe. In those days necessary information was conveyed from one individual or community to another by signs on wood and stone, and these were the limits of non-oral circulation of intelligence, and the Cro-Magnons rejoiced—or would have done if by so doing they had not been party to our anachronism—in not possessing newspapers to scare them every morning, and perchance on some occasion reduce the sense of their own importance by reporting the discovery of bones that carried the tale of human life back for other fifteen thousand years. These last fifteen thousand years seem not so far from us as once they did. When a poor man becomes a millionaire he may exclaim contemptuously, 'What is ten thousand pounds!' and so when people have been looking into eternity, fifteen or twenty thousand years is but a trifle after all, and a single year, alas! the tiny dot whose inception is celebrated now is to long, unending time little more than a pin-point to space unlimited. Consider how closely the Cro-Magnons belong to us. A flint spear-head was found stuck fast in the skull of one of the skeletons, telling plainly that he and his kind, poor fellows, were afflicted with the same sad practice as ourselves. He had been a warrior killed in battle. He had, perhaps, been brought to think that war was a splendid thing in itself, and indeed, deprived of machinery and chemicals, untouched by science, being an affair more of plain human strength and nature, it did then possess elements of nobility that are wanting in the latest forms of strife, and with the width of the world and the greater necessity for self-preservation, it may have had better excuse. Yet even then there must have been Cro-Magnons who had their doubts about it, and needed some persuasion. This fellow, found in France with the spear-head in his skull, may have been told that the battle in which he was urged to fight was that which would put an end to all battles, that his world would be more beautiful than ever before, and would be safe for all his kind.

It might even be possible for him to disarm and go about his herding, or whatever occupied him, peaceful and rejoicing. Yet he may have found out that the more he fought the worse it was, and the greater the demands upon his resources.

* * *

That spear-head is a bitterly ironical sign. All along through time from then till now it has been as a master-sign, and it will continue. Though, feeling sorry for the world, we set out to rid it of war nearly ten years ago, Europe is now more armed than it was then. Hatreds between nations are fiercer, and within the nations themselves there is loss of liberty, while dictators rule. Ideas of democracy and parliamentary government are fading; indeed, if on looking back on the old year there is one general thought and conviction in regard to governmental affairs that seems to have settled itself most firmly in the general mind it is that, after all that has been said and proved regarding it, and all that was hoped for it in human happiness and progress, parliamentary government shows signs of failing because of the ambitions, the insincerities, the excesses, and the corruption of democracy. At the first thought it seemed absurd, grotesque, to suggest that there was anything wrong with the principle and practice of democracy; it appeared that it was a thing almost divine, that would assert itself and win through; and when less than a year ago Mussolini was the first leader bold enough to proclaim that a false idol was being worshipped, that democracy, and liberalism with it, were failures, and that men were even 'tired of liberty,' he was considered stupid, and condemned. But thousands, perhaps millions, are turning to that way of thinking now. If democracy fails, it is because men cannot be fair with each other. The world cannot be sincere, and in sincerity there is a panacea for all the ills, if only it could be applied. The lie is being exploited more and more. The lie in business and politics, once thought a fearful thing, is now an almost accepted means of effort, and circumstances make it more and more so. Exploited universally in the war, it is worked in the so-called peace, and forced by circumstance to more and more indispensability. Below the pleasant humour, what disconcerting truths were subtly hidden in the rectorial address that Mr Rudyard Kipling recently made at St Andrews when he suggested that the first use man made of his newly-discovered power of speech was to tell a lie, having previously been obliged to act his lies! 'Imagine,' said Mr Kipling, 'the wonder and delight of the first liar in the world when he found that the first lie overwhelmingly outdid every effort of his old mud-and-grass camouflages with no expenditure of energy! Conceive his pride, his awe-stricken admiration of himself, when he saw that, by

mere word of mouth, he could send his simpler companions shinning up trees in search of fruit that he knew was not there, and when they descended, empty, and angry, he could persuade them that they, and not he, were in fault, and could despatch them hopefully up another tree. Can you blame the creature for thinking himself a god? Unfortunately—most unfortunately—we have no record of the meeting of the World's First Liar with the World's Second Liar, but from what we know of their descendants to-day they were probably of opposite sexes, married at once, and begat a numerous progeny. And a pretty mess this custom of lying—or, said more delicately, the human practice of insincerity—has led the world into! However, if, as Mussolini says, men are tiring of liberty, they may tire of everything, and they may at last be wearied out with lying, when truth, pure and bright, may become a delight to them, the refreshment of a beautiful novelty. They may look back with horror, well justified, on the tangled web they wove 'when first they practised to deceive.' Then in their new enthusiasm, and finding that the most intricate political and all other problems are capable of instant and satisfactory solution by the application of the simple formula of truth, plainly and straightforwardly spoken, they will have done with diplomacy, of the secret and all other kinds; no more conferences or exchanges of notes of that ambiguity that is the first cousin to the lie will be necessary; disputes can no longer be, war must die for lack of its germinating and sustaining means, and we shall be well on the way to the millennium. Life may be better then, in spite of the fact that we shall have done with politics, which are mainly built on insincerity.

* * *

However, we are looking forward now. There is a firm determination, useful and good of its kind, to make the best of things, and an immediate corollary to this intention is to live the utmost for the moment, the future being so uncertain. People who move about in all kinds of social circles in these days, listening to what they hear, and considering some of the attitudes of life presented to them, have noticed particularly one definite peculiarity of what might be called the average thought of intelligent and reasonable men and women in the matter of the philosophical planning of their own lives, and that is a way of looking forward almost exclusively, but only a little way forward, since the foreground of time is almost immediately lost in thick mists that shut out the middle and farther distance. So they live the moment at its utmost and best, and leap forward to the next one with eager hope and anticipation and the intention to work it out at its hardest. Thus, in this new philosophy, it is with tomorrow, with next week, the month that follows,

and the year that comes; and the essence of the spirit of this intention is that there shall be no glances cast behind, not one of them, and no moaning on the past. Can it be doubted that there will be greater changes in the next twenty years, making bigger differences to life and the living of it, than took place in the five hundred years previous to the beginning of this century? Who can predict what enormous changes are coming upon the world, and who can even faintly imagine what may be the condition of things in the year after next? Along with all other questions, that of population becomes increasingly insistent; part of the world is much too full of people, who in the crush can only make trouble for themselves, and so we see all the old family beliefs giving way. In these distracted times it is the habit to look towards the west, to the United States, as being the land of future hope towards which life and civilisation are steadily moving, and it has been an idea that there might be room for everybody there in that spacious territory where thousands of miles were lately wild prairie and little besides; but Professor Raymond Pearl recently calculated that about the year 2100 the United States will have a population of 197,000,000, which number would be the maximum that its continental territory could sustain.

* * *

It may not matter; the condition of things indicated by the learned professor will, through wars and other circumstances involving vast international political changes, probably not arise, and, anyhow, who can think of the year 2100? Actuaries have reckoned that about seven of each thousand babies at present starting life may live to the year 2000. Such as do will pass through greater changes, endure more startling shocks, behold more amazing developments and discoveries than all mankind had done before their time; but whether they will enjoy life a thousandth part as heartily as did our grandparents is another matter. It may even be that the actuarial seven, having been deprived of liberty, will be shorn of their very lives by some new laws and necessities. I have no envy for the seven. Such as live through it will have something to think and talk upon on the New Year's Day of A.D. 2000, and we surmise that it will be a sad, sad tale. None but Mr George Bernard Shaw can exercise imagination upon a period so distant, and even farther on, much farther; and he, with his intrepidity, has written a most wonderful play, *Back to Methuselah*, which deals with life from the beginning to the future end, or at least to A.D. 31,920, which is as far as even Mr Shaw can think. His play requires five days for its representation, and it seemed when he had written it that the only chance of its being performed was to get it done in China, where they like this highly continuous sort of thing; but, most marvellously,

it was done in Birmingham only a few weeks ago, and was one of the most remarkable achievements of our own or any other stage. In the year 31,920, or 'as far as thought can reach,' Mr Shaw suggests that the evolution of mankind will have attained such a stage that human beings will then be produced from eggs after two years' incubation, and at hatching will have an apparent age of seventeen. During the period of their incubation they will have acquired and developed all sorts of knowledge such as in this age of ours can be obtained only by long years of study. In their next four years, in the open, they will live what is equal to a full life of ours, devoting it to love, to sports, and the arts, and when this period ends their hair will fall off, their beauty fade away, their sexual distinctions will disappear, and they will fare forth emancipated upon a purely intellectual life which may endure for thousands of years. Chloe, the maiden in the play, observes at the age of four—her lover, Strephon, being aged two—'I want to get away from our eternal dance and music, and just sit down by myself and think about numbers.' Elsewhere in the play 'The She-Ancient' remarks, 'The day will come when there will be no people, only thought'; and 'The He-Ancient' responds, 'And that will be life eternal.' The ghost of Lilith says that 'life is to become "a whirlpool in pure intelligence" instead of "a whirlpool in pure force."' She adds, 'Of life only is there no end; and though of its million starry mansions many are empty and many still unbuilt, and though its vast domain is as yet unbearably desert, my seed shall one day fill it and master its matter to its uttermost confines. And for what may be beyond, the eyesight of Lilith is too short. It is enough that there is a beyond.'

* * *

So, with it all, it does not appear that we are interested in the newness of a year as once we were. Kind greetings are not exchanged so freely as in yesteryear, because, it may be, of a sympathetic consciousness of the mutual and increasing ills we bear, and the knowledge that in all good wishes there are certain reservations, and that a shade of irony may sometimes be suspected. Men and women are still addicted to diaries—September even had not fully run its course when they were offered in some of the London shops—but one suspects that they are for marking future engagements only, and have no concern with the old-fashioned records of life that has been lived and stored away in memories, or with gentle soliloquies upon the world and some people it contains. Only a few months ago there was a great assembly of an international character to consider schemes for the reformation of the calendar, but the present attitude of most of us is that we care not what is done with the calendar, save that

it seems good that for each individual who has accepted the philosophy of the present and the future a new one should begin each morning, while the brooding rest, conscious that history will have its fling in its reactions upon present and coming time, reflect that it would be well, when 'reparations' are really fixed, when this uneasy world settles to new tranquillity, with lambs and lions resting by each other, that then we should start a new calendar for us all, and really begin the world afresh. For the present such things as might be said on calendaring and calendars appear too trifling for those in mood for exploiting the first of January to its utmost while keeping half an eye upon the second. It would, for example, be of no avail to tell them that as a matter of scientific convention and solar reckoning they are late with the new year, and that, considering a moment of time as the same elsewhere, whatever Professor Einstein may say upon it, independent of questions of light and dark, the year opens, first of all, by the working specially of what is known as the 'Admiralty Date-line,' to the small community who abide on Chatham Island, about five hundred and forty miles east of New Zealand. This occurs about noon on what remains for us the last day of the old year. Afterwards New Zealand, Australia, Asia, and Africa greet the new adventurer coming on to us. How many people know that the use of January 1 for the New Year was not begun in England until as recently as 1751, which was within the period of our great-grandfathers; while in Venice the change from the previously existing convention was not made until 1797? One doubts if the reformers of the calendar will ever achieve their object, because days and weeks and months would be so much standardised as to be very dull. Our old calendar at least affords variety, and who shall say, in spite of common declaration, that after all it is not better for the holiday-makers, who are most concerned, that Easter and Whitsuntide should wobble about somewhat, giving us one season, perhaps, more than the tail of departing winter, and another the full face of smiling spring? Interesting, surely, are our calendars, with notes upon the important things that have happened on each day, showing how great event is never idle, while the universal analysers may discover in this curious co-ordination of names of days and figures of months some strange cases upon which significance, according to their fancy, may perpend. You may not know that the ordinary year, as distinguished from the Leap Year, always ends on the same day of the week as that on which it began. Or that no century can begin on a Wednesday, a Friday, or a Saturday; that October starts always on the same day as January; that there is a calendrical *entente* between February, March, and November, which always begin on

the same day of the week; while May, June, and August, in their sunny appearance so placid and gentle, are to each other like Balkan entities, and never will start on the same day. However, if little or nothing of all this matters, there is one thing that does so still, and it is an affair of the goodness of the human heart and the belief in fair destiny. It is still a pleasant thing to wish a friend a happy and a prosperous New Year. Last night, when all was still, and all the bad news of the day had been published, I was glancing again through a book of sorrows—the memoirs of Heinrich Heine—when I came to a letter with which one may, in good spirit,

end these notes. Heine was writing from Paris on the last day of the year 1842, and he said: 'I am writing these lines in the last hours of the unpleasant departing year. The New Year is at the door. May it be less horrible than the old. I am sending my sorrowful good wishes across the Rhine. I wish for the stupid a little understanding, and for the understanding a little poetry. I wish the most beautiful clothes for the women and much money for the men. I wish a heart for the rich and a little bread for the poor. But, above all, I wish that we may blackguard each other as little as possible during the New Year. . . .'

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER IV.—continued.

ROY CARWYKE did not speak for a little time. His mind was busy with the possibilities of the situation. If they could win clear of the camp and get a day's start, it would be almost impossible for Standifer and his companions to overtake them. Then, once they were assured that the pursuit had failed, they could move in any direction they chose: northward to the whaling-stations, or southward to the mining-camps; and in either case the girl would be saved from Standifer's machinations.

'That river would be worth trying,' he said at last.

'It's ther one way; if Miss Norma can be persuaded, as I reckon she can, for she's about given up all hope of her father ever comin' back, an' I guess she'll quit if only to save ther tribesmen. Yo' stop here, Mista Carwyke, an' I'll go an' talk to her.'

He withdrew from the tent, and Carwyke waited for the crack of the sniper's rifle. It did not come, however. Apparently the Standifer crew had ceased hostilities for the moment, and after a little time his mind grew absorbed in the possibilities of the situation. To plunge into the waste was, as he owned to himself, a hazardous expedient, but it seemed the only way, since to attempt to follow the coast to the whaling-stations in the north was impossible. Standifer had a boat, and would follow at all costs; and, unscrupulous as he was, would not hesitate to pick off Billy and himself once they appeared in the open. But if they could make the river which the white Eskimo had mentioned, leaving their enemies uncertain of the direction of their flight, then safety might be reached. In any case, to remain in the camp was to invite ultimate defeat, and to let Norma Mannering fall into the hands of the man who was determined to gain possession of her. The chance of a couple of flying bullets finding Billy and himself would bring that end about, and at all risks it must be avoided. He began to devise plans for

the proposed flight, and was so engaged when Eskimo Billy re-entered the tepee. 'Well?' he asked eagerly.

'Miss Norma 'll go!' answered the other man, with a laugh; 'so all we got to do now is to make ther get-away.'

'And we'll do that!' cried Carwyke joyfully. 'By hook or by crook, we'll do it!'

CHAPTER V.—FOG AND FLIGHT.

IT was high noon. The tundra slept in the sunshine, all except its multitudinous insect life, which never for a moment ceased its activities. In the direction of Standifer's camp there was no sign of movement, and the morning had passed without any act of hostility; but Carwyke had no doubt that watchful eyes were staring across the waste, keeping watch on the Eskimo village.

He himself lay on the damp moss between the skin-tents, his eyes fixed on a bank of fog which hid the face of the sea a mile away. The wind was blowing inshore, and if only it would bring that great bank of fog with it, the chance for which he waited would be given.

Slowly the gray bank drifted towards the coast, then hung as in iron. Again it moved, obliterating the wet face of the sea as it came. The wind freshened a little and the fog trailed out, sending its skirmishers to the very edge of the tide. Carwyke watched it hopefully. 'It's coming, Billy,' he whispered excitedly. 'It's surely coming.'

'I ain't so sure,' answered Billy. 'A fog'll do odd tricks up here. I've seen it stand for half a day like a wall wi' ther sun playin' all about it.'

Carwyke looked landwards. The tundra was bright with sunlight, its green mosses and starring flowers flashing gloriously, and, as he knew, every line of the camp must be visible to

the vigilant watchers southward. Then he turned his face to the sea again, and as he did so saw the gray vapour blown like smoke across the beach and surge over the rising ground. A wisp of it, damp and cold, chilled his face. The line of the beach was almost hidden, but the tepees still stood in unclouded sunshine. He waited breathlessly, almost prayerfully. Then the fog rolled forward—a dense mass of clinging vapour. He looked around. The sun was obliterated, the rolling tundra was no longer visible, and the tepee three steps away was not to be seen. The transition from broad daylight to gray gloom was startling beyond belief, but he did not stay to comment on it. Leaping to his feet exultantly he cried, 'Now we make the get-away, Billy. Sharp! Get the men to work!'

All the morning, since the fog had shown signs of drifting inshore, preparations had gone quietly forward, and now there was little to be done except launch the kayaks with such stores as were available. At a word from Billy the apparently sleeping camp woke to activity, and men and women hurried down in the direction of the sea.

The gray mist drove like fine rain, but was infinitely more dense, hiding everything from view. It set a crystal dewdrop on every hair, moisture trickled in runnels down every smooth surface that it encountered, and, settling on the clothing, slowly drenched it. Carwyke, noting the fact, laughed with excitement. There was an Eskimo watching at the edge of the encampment, but now his services were superfluous. The heavy vapour spreading across the tundra would hide all its contours, and if Standifer's crew tried to approach the camp in the fog they must inevitably lose their way, unless they came along the coast. And that contingency had been provided for. On the spit where Carwyke himself had lain was another Eskimo armed with a rifle, with instructions to fire a warning shot on the least sign of any overt movement on the part of the enemy.

In a very few minutes all was ready. Norma had already taken leave of her friends, and most of the Eskimos were on the shore, when there came the faint far-away sound of a rifle-shot, answered by three others.

'They're comin' sure!' cried Billy. 'Quick, Mista Carwyke. Ther devils have a boat, remember.'

The girl was already afloat, and in a moment Carwyke himself was skimming the gray face of the sea in the light Eskimo craft. He was no stranger to the kayak, having often used one at Nome, and he plied the long paddle with dexterity. Eskimo Billy brought up the rear, and as he followed in the wake of the others the fog thinned abruptly for a moment, and from the southward came a shout. Carwyke looked hastily round and visioned a short stretch of open water and beach, around which the fog

hung like curtains, hiding the rest of the world. On the edge of the open water a boat was driving.

Instantly he guessed what had happened. Standifer, grasping the possibility of his quarry's escape by sea under cover of the blanketing fog, had taken means to anticipate it. Sick with apprehension, Carwyke cried a warning to the girl, and drove his own light craft forward with almost demoniac energy. They passed into a denser zone of the mist, and settled into a steady pace. Once, twice, they paused to listen, and Billy thought he caught the sound of rowlocks; but neither of the others heard it, and an hour and a half later, uncertain whether they were pursued or not, they passed into the sunshine. The tide was falling, and ahead Carwyke caught sight of the low mud-banks of a small estuary.

'There's ther river,' Billy shouted to him. 'We win the first lap!'

They swung into the river, which had here a sluggish current, and without pause pressed on. The mosquitoes hung about them in clouds, and never seemed to grow less, drive forward as they might; but for the moment no one of the three regarded the bloodthirsty insects. Carwyke's eyes were fixed on the girl, who still led the way, her paddle flashing tirelessly in the sunshine, her white-skinned kayak gleaming like some great water-bird on the desolate river. His mind was busy with the mystery that she embodied. Why was Standifer so eager to get hold of her? That some other motive than the natural attraction of her beauty was behind the scoundrel's activities he was convinced, and Billy, as he remembered, shared that conviction. He recalled the white Eskimo's suspicion that Standifer was the man who had cut the mooring-line of Mannering's kayak, and accepting it as truth, strove to link that nefarious deed to Standifer's reappearance on the coast, without, however, obtaining any inkling of the motive that had dictated the scoundrel's actions. Cudgel his brains as he might, he could get no clue to that; and presently he gave up the hopeless task, and with his eyes still fixed upon the girl, gave himself to other thoughts.

What was he to do with her if they made good their escape? From the girl's own account he had gathered that she had no knowledge of her father's friends or of her relations in the southland, if she had any; and the problem before him when they reached civilisation, if they ever did, was not exactly an easy one. He might advertise, of course. There must be some one interested in the girl, or Standifer's unknown motive was entirely inexplicable; and there must be people interested in her father's sacrificial labours.

As the latter thought occurred to him, doubts leaped in his mind. Three years had passed since Mannering's disappearance from Unapik, and no one outside had missed him apparently;

at all events no one but the man from whom they were fleeing had ever come to look for the lost man's daughter. Was she really friendless and alone in the world?

It was barely possible; and as the thought was in his mind, his eyes sought the lissom figure ahead once more, and, as they did so, a way out of the difficulty that would follow on their escape leaped to his mind. Standifer had proposed to marry her; why should not he himself—?

His bronzed face flushed at the half-finished thought; then the light of dreams came in his eyes, and a half-whisper broke from him, 'Why not?'

His mind played with the thought. But for Eskimo Billy, Norma was apparently friendless. She was inured to the hard life of this bleak land, in which he himself was a wanderer seeking rainbow gold; together they might shape a life that would be one of happy comradeship. There was that claim of his down at Coldfoot. It had promised well, and probably the man whom he had left working it on half-shares had piled up for him a quite respectable pile of dust by now. He would be able to make the girl happy, and—

He gave a little laugh at himself, and the sound reaching the girl, scarcely a kayak's length away, caused her to turn her head swiftly, and for one moment her blue eyes met his own in inquiring glance. He laughed again, reassuringly this time.

'There is nothing wrong!' he called.

Norma flashed a smile, playfully flung back a little shower of spray with her paddle, and then in silence they pressed on, with now and again a backward look on their course for any sign of pursuit.

Between the low banks of emerald-green they drove for hours, halting only for a brief meal at the tail of a long rapid, where they were compelled to make a portage. Nothing of Standifer and his crew was seen; and as in the northern sky began the rosy glow that told of the approach of the summer midnight, they made a camp at a place where a few dwarf spruce and birch trees lifted dead and stunted arms. Billy gathered an armful or two of these lichen-grown sticks, and with the aid of some dead moss kindled a fire; which, when the cooking was done, was turned into a smoke smudge by the addition of armfuls of caribou-moss. In the reek of this they were able to eat the meal in comparative immunity from the mosquitoes and a plague of troublesome black flies, which had swarmed most unexpectedly in the desolation.

When the meal was over, the girl, more tired than the men, wrapped herself in the rabbit-skin blanket, and in the drift of the smoke lay down to sleep. Almost in a minute the slumber she sought came to her, and glancing at her,

Eskimo Billy smiled; then a tender look came on his face as he whispered to Carwyke, 'This sort of thing is rough on a girl kid like thet!'

'Yes,' Carwyke agreed, a light of tenderness shining in his own eyes as he looked at the sleeping girl. Then he spoke again. 'Tell me all that you know about her father, Billy?'

The ex-whaler puffed stolidly at his pipe for a moment, then whispered back, 'Don't know thet there's much to tell thet you haven't already heard, Mista Carwyke. Mr Mannering was a good sort, but a bit queer, I reckon, or he'd never have let thet kid stop in this country after her mother died. No sane man would when ther chances of death more than balance ther chances of life. I used to feel thet as I watched ther toddler—me who am only an old whaler turned squawman—an' I tried to tell him so once. But Mista Mannering jest shook his head. "She's in ther hand of God, same as you an' me, Billy," says he. "Hand of God," says I—"it ain't very plain to be seen i' these latitudes, an' I'd as lief see ther little one in ther hand of a woman down in God's proper country, which is ther blue grass district down in Kentucky where I was reared, sorrow to me thet I ever left it to go a-combing salt-water."

"All countries are God's," says he in ther solemn way thet he had.

"Yep!" says I, "but some more than others; an' this abomination of desolation ain't one of them, I reckon."

He jest shook his head at me for thet in a way he had, an' begins to talk about ther brave and hardy Eskimos who find ther land a Garden of Eden, an' at thet I chipped in again, "'Tain't no Garden of Eden for a li'l white girl," I says; "an' if I was yo', I'd jest take her south to her relations jest as soon as I could make it! If yo' must go on dry-nursin' ther souls of Eskimos who ain't got none, yo've no right to put it on to ther kid. Take her down to her relations—"

"Relations!" he bursts in; "yo' don't know what yo're talkin' about, Billy."

'Maybe I didn't; but I reckon I knew I was right about ther kid stoppin' up here, an' I said as much. He jest turned away an' began to work at some damn papers in which he was—reducing, that was ther word he used—ther Eskimo lingo to writin' so thet he could teach 'em to read, as if there was newspapers for 'em to read up here; an' when later I again made bold to mention sendin' ther little one south, he jest told me in so many words to mind my own business, which, where Missy there was concerned, I did for ever afterwards, holdin' my peace when I felt inclined to up an' tell him what a gallows-fool he was—not thet he wasn't a saint for all that.'

'Did he ever get any letters?' asked Carwyke.

'Nary one thet I knows of; though, as he

went to Icy Cape twice a year to gather ther letters that ther mail man brought in, 'tis more than possible that he had some. But he never mentioned anything about his folk, an' it was newspapers an' books that seemed mostly his interest—them an' the Eskimos about which, if I may say so, he was always a bit balmy. Seemed to think they was one o' ther lost tribes, though how any man who looks at ther uoses can think that beats me!'

'And he wasn't in touch with any of the missionary societies?'

'Not that I know of! He never mentioned 'em, an' he got no reports, for I used to read every blame thing that he brought back from ther trading-post, havin' ther run of such literature as there was about. An' dry readin' it was too, a lot of it!'

'I dare say!'

For a time Carwyke sat silent; then his eyes wandered to the sleeping girl, and stayed there for a minute or two. At length they returned to Eskimo Billy again.

'I don't quite see what's to become of Norma if we win out to civilisation.'

'Tis a bit of a corker!' owned the ex-whaler; and after puffing stolidly at his pipe for a minute, added, 'Yo're a mite too young to adopt her, an' play ther heavy father!' A gleam came into his eyes, and a slight grin wrinkled his good-humoured face, 'But yo' ain't no ways too old to be her husband.'

'What put that into your head, Billy?' demanded Carwyke sharply.

'Oh, well, say ther general circumstance of ther case,' replied the other easily. 'Yo' comes to ther girl's help; yo' saves her from ther villain, which is Standifer, an' after perilous adventures yo' brings her to civilisation an' marries her.' He broke off and then chuckled as he added, 'I've read romances in my time!'

'That's quite clear!' answered Carwyke, with a smile, but it was noticeable that he offered no further comment upon the ex-whaler's suggestion.

(Continued on page 87.)

LABUAN: A GEM OF THE ORIENT.

By Sir HERBERT RUSSELL.

OF all the places visited by the Prince of Wales during his Eastern tour—and these, in the official programme, numbered 108—none possessed a greater fascination of romantic appeal than the little island of Labuan. Probably the name is more familiar to most of us as a memory of stamp-collecting days than as a reminiscence of the geography class. And even amongst those who thus vicariously know of it, not everybody could drop his finger upon it on the map, for it is really such a tiny spot, nestling off the coast of North Borneo.

Labuan is a veritable gem of the Orient. When the *Renown* had come to anchor in the great blue lagoon, in one corner of which is sprinkled the handful of European bungalows and the atap-thatched, pile-perched native hutches constituting Port Victoria, all agreed that the picture was one of surpassing tropical beauty. Everywhere from the sand-fringed foreshore a riot of vivid foliage rolls back against the pale glare of the sky. Jungle shoulders forest, the giant merbau and rasak overshadowing the lower density, although the scimitar-topped palms seem to have done well in the eternal green battle for space.

Yet a visit to Labuan sends one away rather sad. It leaves one with an impression of expectations and ambitions which have not been fulfilled, and which never will be fulfilled. At the end of last century there were about fifty European inhabitants upon the island. When the *Renown* was there, in May 1922, the number had dwindled to seventeen, of

whom eight only were quaintly referred to as people of standing. The mouldering wharves and the baked jetty at Port Victoria tell the tale of languishing trade—of trade, indeed, that has never come. The brooding silence of the velvet spot, broken only by the occasional *cheep* of a parakeet or an Argus-pheasant, and the eternal strident hum of the cicada, seems ominous with its message of human failure—that is to say, white human failure, for the suave, soft Dusun comes and goes amongst the green shadows unto the bowed and shrivelled climax of his placid existence.

The truth is that this rich, languorous island is no white man's spot. Five years on end is said to be the limit of endurance of the most robust constitution; then comes the anæmic lassitude of sheer physical enervation. A Lloyd's Agency and a little station of the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company are the only survivals of past attempts at commercial activity. It is a great pity, because the island is richly endowed. In one corner of it is a deposit of bituminous coal, of which the main seam alone is estimated by geologists to contain 12,318,900 tons down to a vertical depth of 2000 feet. From 1847 to 1879, heroic attempts were made to mine this coal, which is said to possess the best steaming qualities of any found in the Far East. During twenty-one years no fewer than twelve managers carried on the struggle, which ended in bankruptcy; and to-day the gaunt and blistered plant may be seen, a pathetic symbol of the futility of

man against the inexorable limitations set by Nature.

Labuan as a British possession was born in romance. The piracy of the Borneo dyaks had become so bad that it was imperative to make some organised effort to drive these gentry back to their own domestic hobby of head-hunting. So Captain Mundy, having demolished the stronghold of Haji Saman on the Membakut River, and collected a great number of brass cannons and wonderful gongs during the course of this destruction, demanded that the island of Labuan be ceded to Great Britain as a naval station. The sultan, after seeing the Illanuan pirates ferreted out of their lairs, and realising the absurdity of arguing with British corvettes, agreed that this was quite a good idea; and on 24th December 1846 the *Iris* and the *Wolf* anchored in Victoria Bay, dressed ship and fired salutes, and a landing-party proceeded ashore, clearing a spot in the jungle, where Captain Mundy hoisted the Union Jack. Incidentally, Rajah Brooke, of Sarawak, was appointed first Governor of Labuan.

In the light of the consequent languishing career of this luxuriant little Crown Colony, of some forty-seven square miles in area, it is somewhat melancholy to recall the high hopes for its future expressed after we had taken possession of it. With its excellent geographical position on the great trade-route between Singapore and Hong-kong, its wonderful natural harbour capable of accommodating a whole fleet of dreadnoughts, its abundant supply of fresh water, and its wealth of steam coal, prediction declared that it would become a second Singapore. The Labuan Trading Company negotiated valuable concessions with the Sultans of Brunei and Sulu. But the company had an existence which was very much more adventurous than profitable, and died a natural death without having achieved anything in the way of lasting development of the island.

The roads in Labuan, which curl away under deep-green tunnels from Port Victoria, are of soft red sand, almost blood-like in hue, and forming a startling contrast with the verdure. On each side of them lie stagnant ditches, the slime of which seems acrawl with strange forms of life, whilst mosquitoes darken the surface like shimmering clouds. Yet the island is fairly free from malaria, and also from poisonous reptiles. The land rises gently from the glaring white beach to a little central eminence, near the top of which stands the Residency, a straggling bungalow almost canopied by the fronds of lofty coco-palms. From the summit, when the sun-haze permits, may be obtained a fine view of the Mount Kinabalu, in North Borneo, soaring in lonely violet grandeur some eighty miles away.

There are two quaint old ramshackle *gharries* in Port Victoria, the saffron-coloured drivers of

which did a roaring trade during the visit of the *Renown*; these are the only means of locomotion on the island. The few straggling shops in Port Victoria are of the Indian bazaar type, and, apart from the elementary necessities of life, appear to deal chiefly in extremely gaudy sarongs, conical crowned straw-hats, and gongs. That they ever do any business it is difficult to believe from the air of immobile contentment with which their proprietors settle down at opening-time betwixt the rattan blinds, as though nothing on earth would ever induce them to rise again.

A quaint-looking little steamboat, a sort of cross between a miniature Mississippi ferry-boat and a Dutch *botter*, maintains connection with the mainland, making creaking and laborious trips to Brunei and Jesselton whenever there is anything worth connecting about, which is very rarely the case outside of the occasional pony-races; for the Dusuns are great gamblers, and have a method of their own in dealing with bookmakers which does not tend to render that business either lucrative or attractive.

And touching sport, one finds evidence in this little gem of the shining East that wherever the Englishman comes there will games thrive. From out of its seventeen inhabitants, several of whom are women, Labuan was able to put up a cricket-team to challenge the *Renown* whilst she lay there. Likewise the island offered the officers of that ship the hospitality of its golf-course.

The bathing in the glass-clear water which shales softly upon the very flat beach is so attractive that one is apt to ignore the perils with which it is beset; for the lagoon is full of sea-snakes—green, writhing creatures, up to three feet long, with a deadly bite—and of the ferocious bonito, which has a notorious proclivity for snapping at the most vulnerable parts of the human anatomy. After dark, when the *Renown* was lit up, it was a wonderful spectacle to watch the sea-snakes wriggling around her, attracted by the gleams on the water, and they would often curl their way half up the steps of the gangway ladders.

That vessels occasionally call at Labuan is suggested by the existence of a harbour-master and a Lloyd's station. The harbour is well buoyed and beacons, but this is a legacy of the days when the island was a naval station. Lateen-rigged dhows, engaged in an indiscriminate sort of bartering traffic, use it, and so, likewise, does the local fishing-fleet, consisting of about half-a-dozen mat-sailed sampans, of a collective burthen of about half a ton.

If a cinema producer were searching the world over for a veritable Robinson Crusoe island, he might well select Labuan. The traces of habitation are so few and unobtrusive that it is the easiest thing imaginable to lose them. And then all that remains is the riotous beauty

of such tropical growth as would make the most fitting environment conceivable to a lonely figure in goatskins, with umbrella and musket. Here is the very creek wherein Will Atkins and his mutinous mates set the Spanish captain ashore. There is the very sand, smooth and dust-like, in which appeared the famous footprint. Yonder are the giant trees from amongst which Robinson selected the one from which, 'with infinite pains,' he hewed his great periagua, upon the savanna over which he had not the strength to drag it.

Some day the wonderful coal deposits may attract a new effort to mine them. Exploration for oil has taken place, but without result. The British spirit of 'having and holding' is indomitable, and Labuan will continue under the Union Jack. But beyond the telegraph-station, which is only a link in an alternative line, it is impossible to see what there is in this delicious tropical island to draw white people to it. Venturers of the past have enterprised here and

failed. The seventeen who were remaining on the island at the time of the *Renown's* visit included the Cable Company's staff, the members of which are relieved every two or three years. The time may well be not far distant when these will represent the only European inhabitants of Labuan.

It is indeed a case in which Nature insists upon conformity with her law of the fitness of things. This veritable elysium is essentially the land of the silent, mysterious people born to live in it. White women cannot propagate, and white children cannot be reared in it. The Dusuus have watched the coming of sturdy men full of hope, and their stealing away, wan and full of sorrow. For there is the strange fascination of a deadly nectar in this radiant spot, and whilst the spice-scented heat is gradually sapping all joy of life, still there clings the reluctance to depart. One can realise this even from the haunting memories of a brief visit.

THE VERGER.

By H. K. DERRY.

I.

WOODCOCK was a tall, clean-shaven, cadaverous-looking man, who had lived in the precincts of Ebechester Cathedral all his life.

His father had been the boiler-man; his uncle a bell-ringer; his nephew, possessing a fine tenor voice and social ambitions, was training in the hope of obtaining a position as lay-clerk. His wife, childless and a semi-invalid, had once been head-housemaid at the deanery.

Woodcock himself had entered the cathedral as an under-verger at the age of twenty-five; now, twenty years later, he held the post of head-verger, an office that he discharged with all the dignity and efficiency of an artist.

Of affairs in the outer world of material things he knew nothing. Companies might rise and fall; treaties be drawn up, signed, defied; Derby favourites might die in their stalls; volcanoes pour out death upon defenceless thousands—the verger did not so much as don his spectacles to read of such things.

But if in the cathedral a bedesman chewed tobacco, a choir-boy forgot his mortar-board, a lay-clerk whispered to his neighbour, or a minor canon slipped a phrase in the prayers, he marked it down and scored a cross against the offender's name in the imaginary note-book of his mind.

The cathedral history he knew like the story of his own life. The saintly Herefrid, in whose time it had been built, was as real to him as the precentor. He knew the meaning of every half-obliterated sentence on the ancient tombs; the reason and history of every alteration of

masonry; the origin of all the curious customs of ritual.

Religiously he believed the stories of the ghostly appearances of St Herefrid; devoutly upheld their veracity to the sceptical under-vergers. Many times he had come last thing at night to the echoing building, officially to see that everything was well, secretly in the hope of a glimpse of that pious figure in its black Benedictine habit and sandalled feet, gliding up the aisle, with its swinging lantern and noiseless, ghostly tread. The fact that he had never seen it, and the realisation that fewer and fewer people were inclined to believe in the ghost, were the greatest disappointments of his tranquil life.

As he moved down the aisle after matins, an American voice accosted him. 'Am I addressing Mr Woodcock?'

Woodcock halted and made a slight bow. He knew a gentleman when he met one. Even Americans he had learnt to place in their social classes with accuracy. 'Yes, sir.'

The American smiled widely and extended his hand.

'Very glad to meet you! I come from the States. I heard of you over there from a friend of mine who made a European tour and saw all the English cathedrals—Townsend by name. You recollect him?'

The verger shook his head rather dazedly. The wonderful fact that he had achieved fame, thus baldly presented to him, robbed him of the capacity for speech. He could take in nothing but the knowledge that his name had

reached America. It was the triumphant justification of his existence! Over the Atlantic, when men stopped discussing money-making and spoke of art and the English cathedrals, his was a name connected with them. When they came to England, it was he whom they wanted to see. Enough!

'Probably not,' the visitor continued. 'You must meet so many of us. The point is, Townsend told me that when I came to Ebchester I must get you to show me round. Am I to have that good fortune—or must you conduct a party? I see one—'

'Oh no!' Woodcock had recovered his self-possession. 'It will be a pleasure to show you everything. I never take a party unless we are especially busy. Please come this way. We will begin at the north porch. May I ask you if you have read the subject up at all? Ebchester's history is peculiarly interesting.'

II.

An hour later, his eyes bright, his cheeks pink, Woodcock emerged from the glowing paths of the past, where he had wandered with the man beside him down the long avenues of history.

'It's a wonderful place, sir,' he said, 'wonderful! I've lived in its shadow all my life. St Herefrid's as real to me as that bedesman by the door. The stones are still speaking of him.'

The American nodded sympathetically, but with a touch of humorous detachment that betokened him man-of-the-world first and artist second. 'Sure! And these tales of the ghost, you believe them too? You have seen it, perhaps?'

The light died in the verger's eyes at the question. 'No,' he admitted sadly, 'I have not seen it. But he lives here, I am sure, for all that. He couldn't have borne to leave it. The finest cathedral in Europe!'

The American made a quick gesture. 'Ah! There,' he replied, 'I must differ. The finest in England, certainly, and that is high praise. You have visited all the English cathedrals?'

Woodcock smiled in a slightly superior fashion. 'Many times! But I have been abroad also. The study of architecture is a passion with me. Belgium, France, Germany—Cologne, truly, is wonderful; but it cannot touch Ebchester.'

The American nodded. 'I agree with you. I was not thinking of Cologne. Have you ever been to Milan?'

Milan. That was in Italy. As he shook his head, a pang of jealousy shot through the verger. Those journeys to Bruges, Paris, Cologne, had entirely emptied his slowly-filled pockets. Italy, that garden of architecture, was beyond him; yet this man was telling him that it held a rival to his beloved Ebchester!

'No,' he said slowly, 'I have never been to Milan. Has it a cathedral to compare with this?'

'It is finer than this. The Duomo is the most wonderful creation. You should certainly visit it. I should like to hear your opinion. You are prejudiced, you know!' He held out his hand. 'Thank you immensely for taking me round. It has been a most enjoyable hour, with—may I add?—a remarkable man. But you should certainly see Milan. A visit to the Duomo, and an encounter with St Herefrid on his nocturnal rambles—may I suggest them as the two things needed to crown a most original career? Good-day to you, Mr Woodcock. I hope we may meet again.'

Smiling, the American turned and strode towards the door, pausing, however, at the poor-box nailed to a pillar to push a twenty-pound note through the slit at the top.

III.

For the remainder of the day, three sensations took possession of the verger's mind, presenting to his brain a rapid series of vivid pictures.

First was his delight in the knowledge that his fame had reached America; that, even in his obscure and unusual line, he had made a name for himself; that over there, when men talked of their tour of the English cathedrals, Woodcock was a name connected with their reminiscences.

Then close on this picture came the decisive tones of the visitor. 'Milan . . . it is finer than this,' and a stabbing, furious jealousy would seize him—jealousy that anything could compare with this cathedral of his, jealousy of the man who was wealthy enough to visit it and acquire the advantage of superior knowledge to back his opinions, and a desire, fierce and poignant, to see the Duomo himself, and prove with his own eyes its inferiority to his treasure.

To meet St Herefrid was not within his powers, but a trip to Milan during his fortnight's holiday—well, that was not possible either, since his wife's last illness and his purchase of a costly old book on Ebchester history at an auction sale—not possible unless—

There were no poor in Ebchester. That twenty-pound note would be thrown away on its prosperous citizens. The exchange was very low on the Continent—and he kept the key of the box.

For the first time in his sheltered, decorous existence temptation faced Woodcock in the austere gloom of the cathedral.

During his luncheon-hour he studied the volume Malt. to Pear. of his encyclopædia, and returned to work with his mind a battle-ground of envy and obstinacy.

Dividing the close printing of the page on Milan was a photograph of the Duomo, depicting its wonderful pinnacles, with human beings,

like ants, wandering around it. He read that it was built entirely of marble, and that the exterior was adorned with some six thousand statues in niches.

Elbchester cathedral was of stone, and contained scores of niches from which the statues had been flung by vandal hands in the sixteenth century. Of course, the entire character of the two cathedrals was dissimilar. In that respect one might say there could be no comparison. Thus he argued, striving to reassure himself; but the American's voice, decided, yet tolerant—as if half-amused at his ignorant prejudice—sounded maddeningly in his ears. 'It is finer than this. . . . You are prejudiced, you know!'

IV.

At twenty minutes past nine, when his wife had laboriously climbed the stairs to bed, the verger let himself quietly out of his house, and padded down the deserted street.

It was a balmy October evening, and couples were still pacing the roads. Some of them Woodcock recognised, and these he greeted in his customary quiet fashion. There was nothing unusual in his presence abroad at this hour; there would be nothing unusual even in his visit to the cathedral. His passion for the building was well known and, though scarcely understood, respected.

Boldly, therefore, he approached the north door, key in hand, and, as the clock chimed the half-hour, he closed it gently behind him. Feeling in his overcoat-pocket, he withdrew an electric torch, not liking, at that hour, to turn on the electric lights, which would shed their beams through the windows.

He paused for a minute, his bulb illuminating the flagstones, to pay homage to the spirit of the edifice, for it was always at night-time that its spirit seemed to stir and waken. Through the day, while the eyes of careless sight-seers vulgarised its beauty, and the sound of their voices and boots shattered its sacred silence, it stood, as it appeared to Woodcock, veiled—as if the mere shell of it, unable to escape, waited till the peering eyes, prying fingers, and garrulous tongues, had done their worst and departed. Then its soul, emboldened by the stillness and gloom, would steal forth from the cage of Time, fill the spaces and kiss the crannies, rising like incense up into the dim tower.

Woodcock leaned against a cool pillar and meditated, his arm encircling it caressingly. The spirit must have heard, that morning, the voice of the American disparaging its beauty. Well, he had come to vindicate its honour. He was going on a pilgrimage to Milan, to prove once for all whether Elbchester had a right to call herself the queen of cathedrals!

Almost it seemed a sacred cause. Unwaver-

ingly, and with no sense of guilt, he moved round the pillar to the wooden box, feeling for its key in his waistcoat-pocket.

Stealing? No such thing! The money was to be used, not for his own ends, but for the glory of the cathedral he served—a far greater cause, surely, than that of the idle unemployed of Elbchester. The American's gift had been a tribute to the cathedral. For the cathedral, then, let his gift be spent!

V.

He was fitting the key into the lock when a sound made him hesitate.

It was a singing squeak, as of some metal rubbing against other metal, and the regularity of its repetition gave the impression that it was caused by some rhythmic movement.

Woodcock spun about, half-ashamed of his galloping heart, and searched the darkness before him.

From the direction of the squeaking sound now came a bobbing light, peeping from behind a pillar and disappearing again, as if it, too, depended on some regular movement. The verger watched, fascinated with horror and curiosity, the shadow grow sharper as it increased its strength, till at length it emerged altogether into the middle aisle, swinging a foot or two from the ground.

Added to the noise of the squeak was a flapping tread, and now the light explained both sounds, for its form showed as a hurricane-lantern, swinging as it moved on its handle, and displaying two sandalled feet that advanced slowly behind it, kicking automatically the long skirts of a black garment as they came. A form, tall, dignified, in a monk's habit, was moving towards him.

At first sight of the lantern Woodcock had switched off his own torch, and now he receded farther behind the pillar, hoping to keep out of the lamp's circle of light. His heart was hammering against his chest, his lips were sticking together, for, even if the figure had not been dressed in the costume of a Benedictine monk of the fourteenth century, something about its walk, its aloofness, the remote expression of its shaven, awe-inspiring face, would have told him that at last his wish had been granted and his eyes beheld the ghost of St Herefrid.

But in what circumstances! His clammy fingers were still fastened on the poor-box key; his feelings, far from being those of the reverent joy he had always anticipated, filled him with a terror of discovery.

The light from the lantern flashed suddenly full on him, and as he backed away he saw that the monk had left the middle aisle and was making straight for the pillar to which the poor-box was nailed.

Only the knowledge that his boots would

waken the wildest echoes in that silent place prevented the verger from turning and tearing up the north aisle. As it was, backing still farther away, he watched, with a fascinated horror, the figure slowly approach; his lantern, no longer swinging, lifted to illuminate the pillar.

Held thus, its light fell full upon the monk's face, and Woodcock saw that it was faintly smiling—a smile that lent to its dignity and austerity an unutterable charm. His right arm, under its voluminous sleeve, moved, and a hand emerged, stretched out, and felt the lid of the poor-box. Then, apparently finding it satisfactorily fastened, it dropped again, and the figure turned, casting, as it did so, a glance straight at the trembling verger—a strange look that saw him and yet did not see him, that rested upon him and yet went right beyond him, as if, through the shell of his body, it saw the vital realities of his soul.

The lantern, lowered once more, began its squeaking song, its radiance swinging to and fro at each sandalled step. The light became fainter; now disappeared entirely behind a pillar, now appeared again in the direction of the south door. Then, suddenly, it vanished. The flapping ceased, likewise the singing squeak. St Herefrid, through the barred and bolted door, had departed into the cloisters.

Shivering and gasping, as if he had received a shock of cold water, the verger dropped the key into his waistcoat-pocket, let himself out of the north door, and locked it after him.

VI.

The head-verger, hurrying down the north aisle to speak to a bedesman, was accosted by a voice that, in its well-bred American tones, was faintly familiar. 'Good-day, Mr Woodcock. Had a spare half-hour between trains—thought I'd have another look around your cathedral.'

Directly he saw who it was, Woodcock turned, smiling. 'So you wanted to come back, sir? Even though it is inferior to Milan!'

The American laughed good-humouredly. 'You have not forgotten that. May I ask if you have taken my advice and paid the Duomo the compliment of a visit?'

The verger shook his head. 'I'm afraid not. I'm a very busy man. But since I saw you I have climbed one more rung in the ladder of what I think you were kind enough to call "a most original career."'

The American was much intrigued. 'Indeed? Ah yes, I remember! I suggested a visit to Milan, and an encounter with—with— You don't mean that you've seen St Herefrid, Mr Woodcock?'

The verger's smile was pardonably superior. 'Just that,' he replied. 'We met one evening when I was taking a last look round the building. At least I saw him—but I do not think that St Herefrid saw me! He was taking a last look round himself. Curious coincidence!'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL LIFEBOAT.

FROM the tentative beginning made in 1905, the motor fleet of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution has increased to nearly fifty boats, and it is being added to at the rate of three or four vessels a year. The 60-foot twin-screw vessel lately sent to her station at New Brighton is of particular interest, not only because she is the most powerful in the world, but also because she is the first to be completely decked in and provided with cabins. With her breadth of 15 feet, and a draught of $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet, she has a displacement of about 40 tons. Every practicable device has been employed to render the boat unsinkable. Not only is the hull divided into fourteen water-tight compartments by steel bulkheads, but 100 air-cases are stowed inside. The skin is of teak in two layers, with calico and whitelead between them; teak has also been used for the deck and other parts. A novelty for 'Institution' boats is a huge rope 'fend-off' lashed round the sides to prevent damage from bumping when alongside a sinking

ship. In previous boats cork has been employed for this purpose. The machinery is amidships between the two cabins. Although one recent lifeboat was fitted with a cabin, it was a very small one compared with the accommodation below in the later vessel, which is sufficient for fifty people. Moreover, the cabins are warmed by hot-water radiators; an urn and an oven, heated by electricity, provide hot drinks and food for the rescued. Other innovations include a hood for protecting the steersman, a net into which persons can safely jump from a sinking ship, and a powerful searchlight. The two engines are of the type described in our issue of May 1923. Each develops 90 horse-power at 800 revolutions a minute. The propellers turn in tunnels, which protect them from damage by wreckage or as a result of touching the ground. Every device making for reliability is embodied in the machinery outfit. For instance, instead of the water to cool the cylinders being drawn from the sea, fresh water is used, being pumped round a closed circuit which includes D-shaped pipes placed under the bottom of the

boat, in which the water is cooled. Incidentally it may be noted that some of the hot water from the cylinders is used to heat the radiators in the cabins. Each engine is entirely independent of its neighbour, and is housed in a separate water-tight compartment. Just aft of the engine-rooms is a space for the petrol-tanks, with a steel bulkhead at each end. From these tanks, which hold 375 gallons, the petrol is pumped to running tanks in the engine-rooms. Forward of the main engines is an 8-horse-power motor, which drives a dynamo, an air-compressor, and a bilge pump. The dynamo charges a battery which supplies current for general lighting, a powerful searchlight, and the cooking apparatus. Compressed air is wanted for blowing the whistle and for operating an anchor windlass and a capstan. The bilge pump keeps the bottom of the vessel clear of water; it can also be used to pump sea-water round the cylinders of the engines should the fresh-water system fail. On trials a speed of 9.75 knots was obtained. As a searching test, one of the engine-rooms was filled with water up to the cylinder-heads, the compartment between it and the boat's side being also flooded. In this condition the boat lay over to only a small extent, and was brought into port without difficulty on the other engine; moreover, the flooded engine was easily started while immersed. This lifeboat has a radius of 150 miles, and will carry 150 people. Named the *William and Kate Johnston*, she was designed by Mr R. A. Barnett, the Institution's consulting naval architect, and was built by Messrs J. Samuel White & Company, Limited, of Cowes. She was sent to her station at New Brighton *via* the east coast and the north of Scotland, and behaved well under the severe conditions of wind and sea which were encountered on the voyage.

GAS TURNED ON AND OFF BY THE KETTLE.

In few directions have greater economies been effected than in the use of gas for cooking and heating, many devices having been brought out for this purpose, some of which have been described in these columns. Among the latest is a gas-ring in which the act of putting on the kettle turns on the gas, a by-pass, of course, forming part of the equipment. The gas-ring is similar to the usual pattern, but has a central boss, through which slides a vertical steel rod with a steel button at the top. The bottom end of the rod is pivoted to a short toggle piece, the other end of which is pivoted to a horizontal rod. A wire spring passed round the pivots normally pushes up the end of the toggle and the vertical rod, so that the button stands well above the supports for the kettle. At the other end of the horizontal rod is a vertical lever pivoted in the middle. This lever passes through the air hole, and the upper end controls a spring-loaded ball-valve over the gas

inlet. When the kettle is placed on the ring, the bottom pushes down the vertical rod and straightens the toggle, the effect being to push back the horizontal rod. By these means the lower end of the lever is pushed back also, while the upper end moves forward, thus opening the ball-valve. A by-pass, of which the opening can be varied by a thumbcrew, is fitted to the gas nozzle, and a small pipe from it terminates in a tiny jet where it will best light the ring. With the device described, as soon as the kettle or a saucepan is lifted from the ring the gas is shut off, to be relit when the kettle or pan is replaced.

PILFER-PROOF PACKING-CASES.

It is a notorious fact that the pilfering of goods in transit has become rife since the war, and railway and dock companies have to meet heavy claims for losses caused in this way. A common complaint is that packing-cases have been opened and closed so neatly as to give no indication that thieves have tampered with them. It is almost an impossibility to devise a form of case that cannot be opened of which the cost is not prohibitive, but a species of fastening that, once broken, cannot be done up again is a much easier proposition. In our issue for February 1923, a wire-binder was described which provides this. Lately a method of applying steel straps in a similar manner has been invented. To do this successfully a powerful tension has to be imparted, and the ends of each strap have to be fastened with a joint which has the full strength of the strap, and which cannot be undone. The new device for imparting the tension consists of a flat steel bar with ratchet teeth on the upper side, and a powerful grip at one end to hold one part of the strap. Sliding on the bar is a similar grip (for the other end of the strap) provided with a hand-lever, which engages with the ratchet teeth and moves the second grip towards the first, tooth by tooth, with immense power. A pawl holds the grip in position when the lever is moved back to 'pick-up' the next tooth. By these means the ends of the strap are brought together for fastening, an overlap of about 2 inches being allowed. A light, flat steel tube is next slipped over these overlapping ends. A sealing-tool, which contains two punches, is then applied to the steel tube or seal. These punches are forced down by cams with long handles, the effect being to crush two square depressions through both the tube and the overlapping ends of the straps. It is claimed that this fastening is actually stronger than the strap. The steel for the straps, which is supplied in rolls of about 600 feet, varies in width from $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch to $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch, with a tensile strength of from 630 to 1260 lb. When a case is to be opened the straps are cut, and they cannot be joined again: unless, therefore, the thieves were provided with a supply of steel

and the necessary tools, they could not strap it again. The cut straps are not wasted, but are applied to smaller cases. So much extra strength is given to packing-cases by these straps that thinner wood can be used, thus effecting an appreciable saving in that direction. The straps can be applied in from 30 to 60 seconds, according to size.

TUNING THE GRAMOPHONE DISC.

A gramophone sound-box having a diaphragm of vellum with a mica centre was described in our issue for October 1921. Excellent as these diaphragms have proved, it has been found that the tension of the vellum varies slightly with the weather, as does that of all parchment drums. Means are always provided on a drum for varying the tension; and a device for the same purpose has been recently added to the gramophone sound-box by the inventor. Hitherto the tension has been obtained by clamping the edge of the parchment between two brass hoops, one being pressed tightly into the other, with the parchment between them. This arrangement will be supplemented in future by pressing a ring on the back plate against the inside face of the diaphragm, the pressure being imposed by a third hoop, which fits inside the inner clamping-hoop. Three inclined planes are cut in the back edge of this hoop. These planes engage with the ends of three screws, which pass through the clamping-hoops. By turning the hoop the inclined planes pass under the ends of the screws, and this has the effect of wedging the hoop towards the diaphragm, thus pressing the ring on the back plate against the inside edge and increasing the tension. Lugs are provided on the hoop with which to turn it, and the inclined planes are at a small enough angle for the hoop to remain where it is set. With this device the parchment can be relaxed when the instrument is out of use, and tightened when required, as is always done with drums. Different degrees of tension, according to the type of music to be rendered, can also be imposed; and this feature has proved of considerable value.

A SECURE WINDOW-FASTENER AND DOOR-BOLT.

The ordinary window-fastening gives little protection against thieves, and it cannot always be depended upon to prevent the rattling of the windows in strong winds. A new fastening has been recently brought out which cannot be forced with a knife-blade from the outside, and which clamps the two frames firmly together. The essential part of it is a barrel, through which a steel bolt is screwed. The end of this bolt projects from the barrel and terminates in a head which resembles in form that of a big wood screw without the nick for the screw-driver. A squared part at the other end of the bolt fits into a square recess in a knurled head,

which turns in an enlargement forming the corresponding end of the barrel. The complete contrivance is pivoted to, and swivels on, a stout base-plate, which is screwed to the lower frame of the window in the same position as the catch for the ordinary fastener. A hook-catch screwed to the upper frame has a recess at the back for the head of the bolt. To fasten the window when closed, the barrel is swung round on its pivot until the bolt engages with the hook-catch. The bolt is then withdrawn farther into the barrel by turning the knurled head, with the result that the bolt-head enters the bevelled recess in the back of the hook-catch, and the frames are drawn tightly together. The type of fastener just described is intended, it will be observed, for sliding sashes and flush-framed casements and doors. For recessed casements and doors a variant is provided. In this case the barrel is solid with the base-plate, and is screwed to the door. The end of the bolt, which is plain (without a head) and rounded, bears upon the lip of a hole in a plate screwed to the door-post. The barrel is not parallel with the surface of the door, but is inclined towards the edge. This feature, together with the correct placing of the plate on the door-post, causes the bolt not only to prevent the door from being opened, but to press it so closely as to prevent rattling. A key is also provided by means of which the bolt can be locked in position. Except the steel bolts, the 'business' ends of which are hardened, these fastenings are made of gun-metal with nine different types of finish, and are massive in design as compared with the old-fashioned fasteners.

A GAS FLASH-SIGN.

Owing to the keen competition between electricity and gas for lighting purposes, those interested in the one spare no efforts to equal or even excel the other in the efficiency of the devices offered to the consumer. Hitherto electricity has held the field for the flash-signs by which shopkeepers and others call attention to their wares after closing time. Lately a gas flash-sign has been devised which gives results fully equal to those from electricity, and at a lower cost. There is, of course, no difficulty in illuminating a transparent sign by gas. It is in the automatic turning on and off of the gas at regular intervals that ingenuity is required. This is done by an appliance which bears some resemblance to the old-time bellows that were used to brighten up a fire. The top and bottom of the bellows are of stout tin-plate, stamped into oval pans. Leather-covered steel strips are employed to clamp the uniting leather band to the top and bottom, and a hinge is provided at one end. The leather, which is of fine-quality Persian skin, is treated in the same manner as the leather diaphragms of gas-meters, to make it durable and gas-tight. On the top of the

bellows is a rectangular metal box, which contains a grooved rocking-arm. Pivoted in the middle, and provided with a steel ball which travels along the groove, this arm is fitted with a valve at each end that closes or opens the mouth of a gas pipe, according to which way the arm is tipped up. These two pipes are connected to the gas-supply pipe and the pipe to the burner in the flash-sign respectively by short pieces of rubber hose, so disposed that they allow the top of the bellows to rise and fall. When the bellows are 'down' the pipe to the gas-supply is open, and gas flows in, raising the top pan until the groove in the rocking-arm slants towards the hinge, when the ball runs to the other end and presses down the valve over the supply pipe, at the same time opening the pipe to the burner in the sign. The weight of the top part of the bellows, which is loaded to give the correct pressure, now forces the gas to the sign, where the burner flashes up and remains alight until the bellows have closed far enough to tip the rocking-arm the reverse way. The ball then runs along the groove, closing the pipe to the burner, and opening that from the gas-supply, and the cycle of operations is repeated. The device is contained in a neat circular metal case, fitted with two gas-taps and spigots for rubber pipes from the gas-supply and to the sign respectively. Naturally, the burner which lights up the sign is fitted with a by-pass, and this is independent of the flashing device. The sign will, therefore, begin to flash at any time if the gas is turned on. By means of a quadrant, a further movement of the bellows is made to work a revolving sign which flashes six or more distinct messages.

A NEW TYPE OF SPEED-BOAT.

No exhibit attracted more attention at a recent motor-boat show in London than a high-speed boat which in form was not unlike a fat cigar. The predominant feature of this craft is the construction, which somewhat resembles that of a Zeppelin, in that the framework consists of a series of lattice-work metal rings connected by longitudinal members. The hull is circular in section throughout, and measures 40 feet in length, with a maximum diameter of 8 feet. A form has been chosen which gives a minimum resistance to high speeds through the air, as the hull is out of water when proceeding under full power. Each ring of the frame consists of an inner and an outer ring of L-section steel, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, with tangent spokes between the two. The flanges of the outer rings are bevelled to suit the skin of the boat, which is fastened to them. The frame rings are connected longitudinally by four 2-inch solid-drawn steel tubes, which are attached to the inner rings by aluminium brackets. At the pointed ends of the hull these tubes are held in

a gun-metal casting, to which the skin is also attached. Once this frame is completed, the attachment of the skin is a simple matter. The skin is of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch-thick mahogany planks, each in one piece from end to end of the boat. There are two thicknesses, with oiled calico between them, the outer planks covering the joints in the inner skin. This form of hull is enormously strong, and involves only about one-third of the weight entailed by the orthodox construction with a wooden framing. In its cylindrical form it would be unstable, but to attain the high speeds aimed at, planes are required, upon which the boat skims on the 'duck and drake' principle. These planes end abruptly aft, forming steps; they give the hull a rectangular under-section where they occur, and this provides the necessary stability. As they are patched on to the planking, the strength of the circular section is not impaired. The boat shown had a plane amidships, and another near the after end. For racing, the place of these planes is taken by a series of steel plates, known as hydrofoils, upon which the boat rises right out of the water at high speeds. A light 450 horse-power petrol motor with eighteen cylinders is fitted inside the hull about amidships, being fixed to the longitudinal tubes of the framing. This engine should give a speed of 50 miles an hour to a boat fitted with planes. With hydrofoils, a speed of from 60 to 70 miles an hour is confidently expected. Access to the inside of the boat is through a big manhole, while the equipment includes a fore-hatch, rails round the upper part of the hull, and two cowl ventilators. The steersman stands on a platform below the manhole, with his head and shoulders out. It is claimed that the lightness and strength of this form of construction have special advantages for flying-boats, aeroplane-fuselages, submarines, lifeboats, racing car-bodies, amphibious cars, and fast boats for war purposes loaded with explosives and controlled by aircraft.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (a) a reply post-card, or (b) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, Chambers's Journal, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

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Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE ADMIRAL'S SHORE DAYS.

By G. APPLEBY TERRILL, Author of *The Museum at Night*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

I.

MY travelling-carriage was high slung and light in the wheel; and, deftly though Fred, my old postilion, drove me—and for a man who had been on shipboard till past middle life he was wonderfully deft in the saddle—we were apt to make rather a swing of it when taking a sharp corner. As we swung thus at a cross-road, the letter and the newspaper which had been lying on my knee slipped to the floor.

For a while I let them stay there—looking down presently at the newspaper. I had read it throughout; but in my idleness, and with some notion of testing how fully my vision could master small print at a distance of four feet, I read certain of its items again—the increase of the price of flour, the stealing of a jewelled fan at a playhouse, and, lastly, the piece of intelligence concerning myself which was set close beneath the date of the newspaper, November 7th, 1798:

‘It is stated on authority that the Right Honourable the Earl of Axbridge, the new Rear-Admiral of the Blue, will not hoist his flag until well into the coming year. His lordship’s health, following grave wounds sustained in the late glorious action of Aboukir Bay, is such that he is ordered to take complete rest on shore for six months at the least. His lordship’s age being not much above forty—he was born in December 1755, and succeeded to his father’s title in 1780—there happily is every reason to expect that he will be entirely recovered when the six months are passed. His lordship leaves Town this week for Bagenal, his seat in Sussex.’

In the last thirty years I had not spent above three months ashore at one time; and having long since lost interest in shore life, I should have protested very heartily against my sentence of six months of it, had it not been for the letter lying beside the newspaper. That letter, reaching me a few days ere this, had made me feel almost glad of half a year at home.

I stooped and gathered up letter and newspaper—and then I leaned back in my seat.

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An effort I had made in stooping had done me no good. I closed my eyes during a minute, for the sight of Fred, beyond the forward window, sinking and rising to the motion of the near horse had affected me with giddiness. I drew a long breath or two, feeling that but for my stiff, newly-made, tight-buttoned, uniform coat—which replaced the sea-whitened rag I had landed in—I should be near to subsiding in a huddle. Then, careful to turn my face from Fred towards a side window, I opened my eyes. I saw that we had raised the South Downs on our beam; and the aspect of that hill range, massive and steady in the pale sunshine, began at once to dispel my qualm.

I looked at my watch. Half after one. Three o’clock should see me at Bagenal. . . . I folded my lips a trifle rigidly as I thought of the oppressive loneliness of my house when last I was there, two years back, with Joyce and Cecilia away at their school; and of the loneliness as great, three years before that, when those little daughters of mine were at home, but too young to solace me.

By now, however, Joyce was thirteen, Cecil eleven; and—I glanced to where I had laid the letter, conscious of my lips curving into a smile—and, from what their schoolmistress wrote, they would give me other matters than loneliness to think on.

I had perused this letter, in which their mistress so readily consented to send them forthwith to Bagenal for my companionship, perhaps half a score of times—perused it partly amused, partly troubled—perused it not an hour bygone. Yet now—not simply because I lacked occupation, but rather because I was still undecided as to how much reason for being uneasy the letter gave me—I picked it up and spread open its pages again, scanning, with increased smile, the list of my daughters’ misdeeds, but dwelling very thoughtfully, as hitherto, upon a subsequent paragraph. It was that paragraph which troubled me. The schoolmistress had penned it thus:

‘I am reluctant to distress your lordship further, but I feel that I must not keep from your lordship that Circumstance which underlies

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JANUARY 5, 1924.

these turbulent misbehaviours and occasions me the greatest Grief and Bewilderment—namely that, although the dear children (and despite everything they *are* dear to me) have been in my care since their tend'rest years, yet my influence over them, instead of ever increasing with the passage of time, has of late Diminished Rapidly!—as has the influence of all who instruct and seek to control them. An unaccountable spirit of wilfulness has grown in the sisters; a spirit which, especially in the Lady Joyce, turns frequently into a very Flame of Rebellion, before which I stand dumfounded and well-nigh powerless. I earnestly beg that your lordship will examine this spirit for yourself, and consider whether it might be better quenched by placing the Ladies Lamont at an Academy where disciplinary measures are sterner than at my own. Should your lordship favour this course, I shall learn of it with further grief, and yet with approval, since the Ladies Lamont are become a responsibility that bears heavily upon me.'

So, to all intents, my daughters were broke—dismissed their ship. Save for regret that they had sorrowed an excellent and kindly governess, I was not over-perturbed by that. No, the actual thing that troubled me was that, unknowingly, the schoolmistress had hit a certain nearly forgotten nail very full on the head. The paragraph, the instant I saw it, had set me thinking of poor Janey's words—Janey, my wife, who died in June '88. She was paying off fast when she spoke them, and entreating me to wed again, in faint, fevered words. Poor, poor Janey!

'Some one to guard our little girls, Ben,' she had said; 'some one to guard them from themselves when they are older. . . . Remember, we're such wild blood, Ben, you and I. Remember, we were both going to shipwreck when we saw each other, and loved, and saved each other. You were going to leave the navy and pistol Commodore Hughes; then horse-racing and cards for the rest of your days. . . . And I—I was going to run off with a married play-actor—and I'd fired a hayrick the year before—swearing in fury, not caring if I was hanged. . . . Such wild blood for our little girls to have—and you away from them, at sea! . . . Ben, marry a wife who will watch them, hold them tight gripped—hold them till they love men who—will save them as you saved me.

'She must *watch, watch*—hold—*Wed her*! If not, we've—we've doomed our children, Ben. I know it!'

I had soothed Janey, even making her smile a moment by saying that such a wife as she spoke of might keep a cruel hard grip on Ben himself; and—no need to tell—I had vowed our little girls should come to no harm. I did not share Janey's forebodings, and certainly had never a thought of putting another woman in

her dear place; and having chosen my daughters' school with much care, and having had no ill report of them until this letter, I had experienced no whit of anxiety touching the future. But the case was different now.

I leaned back in my seat again, setting my hand to my chin and gazing at the houses of Lewes town, which we were approaching. 'Flame of Rebellion,' quoth the schoolmistress. 'I'd fired a hayrick, swearing in fury,' had said poor Janey of herself when sixteen. Our Joyce was thirteen. Thirteen—that was my age when I cracked a gamekeeper's head, and my father banished me to sea in the *Nireus* frigate.

I pressed my chin into my palm. Yes, it was as well I was to have them under my eye for six months—my little girls with whom I had not spent a week all told in the last five years.

II.

It was in my library at Bagenal.

I put my pipe on a corner of my *escritoire*, hitched my old brown coat—the only shore coat I possessed—straighter, and, with elbows on my papers and hands locked under my chin, surveyed the two faces on the other side of the *escritoire*—slender faces, a little flushed, dark-blue eyed and amid dark curls, one face a head above the other. I looked Joyce in the eyes, and Cecil in the eyes; and, though each looked down after an instant, I knew, with something near to dismay, that this was in graceful courtesy to me, not because my look overpowered theirs.

I sighed, not letting them hear, and pondered before speaking.

'When I came home, not a month back,' I said, 'my daughters had their arms round me before I was well out of the carriage. They kissed me—tears in their eyes, saying'—I shrugged my shoulders—"Oh, my lord, how proud we are of you!"'

Both pairs of lips in front of me moved. 'We are—very proud of you, my lord,' they whispered.

'Father,' I corrected.

'Father.'

'I was ill that day. I almost fell. My daughters' arms strained around me held me up; and their faces were full of pity for me, of longing to comfort me. And I found that their arms comforted me as nothing in this great world could have. And I felt I wanted to leave the sea service and live at home with my daughters.'

The lips did not move, the dark eyelashes were without a tremor—for one second, two, three. Then Joyce was looking at me. 'We wish you to live with us—very, very much, my lord.'

'Father,' I said gently.

'Father.'

'You wish it, child?' I said, with a show of incredulity. 'But what have you done since

that day? One piece of great naughtiness after another—you or Cecil, or the two of you together—so that I shall be forced to send you both away from me to school this week.'

I saw Joyce's eyes quiver, and Cecil's head move with a start, at that.

'Yes, you must go,' I said; 'for here, unless you are in my view, I cannot tell, day or night, what rascal mischief you are doing. I will *not* spend my time spying after you. So you must go—and leave me here lonely—very lonely, Joyce . . . Cecil.'

I pressed my lips together; and then the thought of Bagenal without them—for I meant them to go—goaded me. 'Oh, miss,' I said, looking into Joyce's eyes; 'and you, miss!'—Cecil looked at me—'I wish I'd the heart to put you to a school where they'd flog you by day and lock you to your beds by night.'

And then I regretted I had spoken thus; not so much because of the strong, sullen light of anger which had come into Joyce's eyes, as because, blended with the anger, were plain forbearance and forgiveness towards me, that touched my heart sharply.

But, in case she had seen my regret, seen that I was near to lowering my flag to her on this subject, I sternly repeated the shot, 'Yes, miss—governesses who'd give you whip and chain—'

She whispered to herself, with far deeper light in her eyes.

'What?' I asked.

'I would—kill any one, except your lordship, that whipped and chained me or Cecil.'

I hesitated. Then, since it was I who had led the child into this fierce water, I thought it right to steer her quietly out.

'I know you would never do that, sweetheart,' I said, ignoring that her lips whispered she would; 'and you know your father would never put you to such a school—eh, Cecil—eh, Joyce?'

I paused for affirmation of this. Joyce, staring down at the carpet, nodded. Cecil said under her breath, 'Yes, my lord,' and swallowed; her eyes stole round the room, to the bookshelf, to the fire, to one of my navy hats which, perpetually damp from salt, was airing on a chair before the fire. She swallowed again, and looked at me, with a swim of tears in her eyes.

'Will you—send us—to Mistress Dennis?' she asked.

'No, I shall find you a new school.' (I did not add what was in my mind—a sterner one.)

'For—Christmastide? We have never had Christmastide—or holidays, save once, with you at sea. We always live at school—' She suddenly turned her face from me and gave a little groan, and pressed her fingers over her eyes. And then she sobbed, her dark head jerking lower and lower.

What father could have stood that?

I came out of my chair, knocking my pipe from the *escritoire*, and lifted her off her feet, right up in my arms, hearing Joyce's affrighted, 'Oh, my lord, you will break your wounds!' I kissed the backs of Cecil's poor little fingers, kissed the brow above them, then settled in my chair with her arms clinging round me and her sobs against my breast. I eyed Joyce, who had picked up the pieces of my snapped pipe and stood holding them.

I was not much in mood now to go into the matters which had caused me to send for the two this morning; but I felt I could not avoid the business, and so I began. First I took the night affair—Joyce and Cecil out of the house (by way of the kitchen window) and far away in the park, in the darkness and bitter cold of three o'clock.

It was Joyce who answered me chiefly, with her head bowed to my reproaches and her fingers playing absently with the white, clay fragments of pipe—though now and again Cecil murmured under my chin. It appeared that it was not the sound of pistol-shots—as it had been on a former night, when they followed a smuggler chase for three miles—that had brought them from their beds this time. No—simply the dogs were snarling, which meant that foxes, or possibly house-breakers, were about. They had loosed the two big stable dogs, and endeavoured to follow them across the park as they chased something. In losing the dogs they had wakened Fred, who slept over the stable. Fred, trying to see them, had nearly overbalanced from his window, dropping his pistol into the water-cask. A malicious smile touched Joyce's lips as she told me that—for Fred it was who had informed against them.

For twenty minutes Joyce and I beat hither and thither in words, tacking and wearing, tacking and wearing, upon this mad night affair. She came to tears; Cecil's started afresh; but from neither did I win anything more than I usually won. They were deeply sorry they had pained me, but—for they would never lie to me—they were not sorry they had gone out. They had loved the adventure. They would try (a word which I had learnt was valueless) not to do such a thing again, but no, they would not promise; no; for if they broke a promise, it would be terrible!

I strove, as often before, to gain a promise. I bribed. Let them promise to do no more mischief, and I would not send them to school. But, though scarcely able to whisper because of the sobs which this temptation brought them to, they refused; first Joyce; then Cecil—leaving me with my bows stopped by a stone wall, as it were, and with a feeling that the refusal was plain proof of how the promise would have held them; with a feeling, too, that my daughters were not wholly unadmirable.

Though I saw no use in it, I turned to the

second misdemeanour, scarcely an hour old, before I dismissed them—the throwing to the ground of the maid Ann and the casting of her basket of linen into a just-thawed swamp hole. What was the meaning of this thing, by which Ann's wrist was well-nigh broken, and my linen spoilt?

The voice beneath my chin—Cecil's—answered, after some seconds had gone by in silence, 'Ann hoped—you'd beat us, for last night. I told Joyce to beat her.'

'I beat her,' said Joyce. She wiped a tear from her chin with her sleeve, and then stooped for a bit of the pipe which had slipped from her hand. 'I am sorry about your lordship's linen,' she said miserably.

III.

When my daughters had gone from the room, I took a new clay from a box, blew the sawdust from it, filled it with good, strong, lower deck tobacco, and lit up, my eyes going now and then while I smoked to the escritoire, on which lay the pieces of pipe that Joyce's fingers had played with for so many unhappy minutes.

I recharged and relit my pipe, and rang for Mrs McCourt, my house-stewardess of Bagenal.

'I saw some schoolgirls—young ladies, last week in the village, ma'am,' I said. 'Have we a school here now?'

'Mrs Thayer's seminary, my lord—where Sir Cort Freeland's young ladies attend, and Mr Floyer's, and quite a many more.'

'Think you Mrs Thayer would keep my two young tigers for me, yet let me have them for part of each day?' I asked.

'Indeed, yes, my lord, but——' Mrs McCourt stopped. One of her hands uneasily went adjusting her white cap, her thin curls; and she regarded me with troubled face. 'Indeed, yes, my lord, but I shouldn't sleep at night for thinking of them climbing out of top windows—and no more would your lordship, I believe. They are safer here with their kitchen window for their desperate ways.'

I nodded. And after a moment I said, 'Well, Mrs Thayer shall have them by day. If you will have the kindness, ma'am, you shall drive with them to her door of a morning and fetch them at evening. Between whiles we shall have a little rest in the house. I will arrange with Mrs Thayer this week.'

IV.

But it fell out that I did not arrange with Mrs Thayer. A very sweet gratitude on the part of Joyce and Cecil when they learned they were not to be sent from home keeping them in marvellous behaviour for several days and nights, and a letter from the Admiralty, asking me for certain information anent the harbour at Corfu, occupying much of my

attention, the school slipped from my mind until the following Sunday morning. Then, as I sat with my daughters in the village church—this being my first attendance, for hitherto I had feared to become weak and dizzy during service—the entrance of a score of young ladies, accompanied by mistresses—Mrs Thayer's seminary, I could not doubt—recalled my project to me.

I was pleased by the style of these girls as they passed by us, their chins well up, their gaze level, their pretty bonnets of silk and gauze formed in a mode that I thought would be nice for Joyce and Cecil. I liked, too, the style of the three young mistresses, slender, erect girls in buff, or gray, velvet, silk-bonneted, black scarved, and seeming, in common with their pupils, ladies to their finger-tips.

It wanted seven minutes to service time, and for a space, when Mrs Thayer's seminary was seated, I kept my eyes on silk bonnets and straight shoulders with increasing approval. And then came that which resulted in a sharp change of my school plans.

There was a sound of more young feet entering the nave, and past me came a half-dozen little girls, neatly clad, but not a velvet frock or silk bonnet among them—not a frock or bonnet that did not seem to speak of what is called 'genteel poverty.' These children were with an elderly, slight, middle-aged lady, rather set and nervous of face and dressed as humbly as themselves; and plainly this was another seminary—too small and poor to be termed a rival of Mrs Thayer's.

I noticed that the little new-comers, when almost abreast of the silk bonnets, glanced, with something of apprehension in their air, at them, and then, unmistakably, drooped their heads; while their mistress held her face markedly averted from the bonnets.

Then the Mrs Thayer bonnets turned, pretty well all at the same instant; and up, amazingly up, went the chins of the wearers, girls and mistresses alike; and the massed sneer at the half-dozen children and their governess which the action conveyed was something you would well-nigh have felt, if you had missed seeing it. More than that, it was augmented by two or three sniffs and by at least one giggle. As I watched the six children file into a long pew, with heads held low and more than one poor little cheek dyed red, I would have sworn smartly if I had not been in church.

What I did do, and on the instant, was to determine that, so sure as my name was Ben Lamont, those little children should hold their heads as high as Mrs Thayer's girls, or Mrs Thayer's mistresses either, in a very short time—if my patronage of their school could help to it.

(Continued on page 109.)

THE 'K.O.'

I.

WHENEVER a case concerning a commercial transaction in fine art comes into the Law Courts the question of Knock Outs nearly always figures more or less prominently. The judge comments with acid severity on the 'institution,' the advocate warms himself into a fine fury, and the correspondence columns of the newspapers teem with denunciations and exposures. There is no one sufficiently courageous—or indiscreet—to say a word in favour of the K.O., as it is laconically called, and those who could say much are too retiring to say, or to write, anything.

To the general public, or rather to that part of it which is particularly interested in art and literary property, either as buyers or sellers, the K.O. is a sort of secret society made up of booksellers and art dealers whose primary aim is to rob the vendor of the full value of the articles which he consigns to an auctioneer for public sale under the hammer. Any such society or combination is, *prima facie*, a conspiracy which has been declared illegal, and subject to very heavy penalties if the evil-doers could be brought to book. But the K.O. fraternity do not quarrel in public, and when, as occasionally happens, there is a row in the 'ring,' the leaders have a very effective way of punishing an objectionable member by refusing to have him in a 'settlement,' and by so running him up at public auctions that he cannot buy anything on his own account except at prices which leave him little or no margin of profit. And no disgruntled member of the K.O. has ever been such a fool as to seek redress in the Law Courts.

Briefly put, a Knock Out is a combination of two or more persons not to bid against each other at an auction sale, but to secure the articles as cheaply as possible, and then to arrange among themselves as to which of them shall have the articles purchased at the sale. Open competition is obviously the very mainspring of auction sales, and without it prices must necessarily be low and inadequate. The K.O. removes or clogs this mainspring, with more or less disastrous effects to the vendor, and to the advantage of its members. It is an auction after an auction, and is usually conducted in an upper room of a convenient inn, into which no one but members of the K.O. are admitted. The K.O. is by no means always successful in 'stalking' all its game; but the things which its nominee secures are again put up at the private auction, and competitive bids are again taken, this time the highest bidder being the actual purchaser. The sums realised over and above the prices originally paid at the public auction are thrown into a 'pool,' and at the end of the proceedings

each member of the K.O. takes his share, or 'dividend,' as I think it is called. Supposing, for instance, an article is 'knocked down' in the open market at £100, and is subsequently 'knocked out' at £200, the members of the K.O. share equally in the £100 profit. This means that the actual buyer may have paid very nearly full market value for his acquisition—for which he probably has a customer—but he also gets his share in the 'dividend': if there are only five in the K.O. he, in effect, gets the article for £180. On the other hand, the original owner is robbed of one-half of the amount he ought to have received. Against this it must be remembered that at a public sale cash has to be paid almost on the fall of the hammer, or at least within a few weeks, and the auctioneer himself has to pay his client within a month of the sale; whereas a dealer may not find a purchaser for his articles for months or even years, and has to risk the uncertainties of market values going up or down. Even at five per cent. interest a picture or a book may 'eat its head off.'

II.

It will surprise many that the person who can 'handle' an article at full market price should join a K.O. There are, doubtless, compensations and advantages not readily discernible to those outside 'the ring'; and if a few things work out at full market value, others go much below it. The more wealthy members of the K.O. are usually those who make the largest purchases, partly because they are in a larger way of business than their associates and have more channels of distribution. The K.O. may be more discriminating to-day in its selection of members, but at one time it consisted largely of 'spongers,' who had no intention or even means of buying, and were only in 'the ring' for what they could get in the way of 'dividend.'

How at least one wealthy and prominent member was cured of the K.O. was told by himself to the present writer. At a very famous sale in London of a great art collection in which were many superbly beautiful things, nearly every item was bought at much less than market value by one emissary or another of the K.O. At the subsequent 'settlement' these things were again put up, and my friend (now dead some years) found himself at the end saddled with nearly the whole of the collection, and had to pay out some thousands of pounds in the form of 'dividends' to his associates in the K.O. He was landed with a large stock of choice articles at their full market value, with the certain prospect that years must elapse before he could fully realise his investments, for snuff-boxes and such things, at anything from £500 to £1000

each, are not selling every day. This transaction—I will not repeat his picturesque descriptions of his former associates—cured my friend, and he never again joined a K.O.—not because it was unvirtuous, but because it was not good business.

The K.O. in books, pictures, old furniture, and so forth, is particularly rampant at sales in country houses. The catalogues of these sales are nearly always compiled by local auctioneers who, claiming to know everything and to be able to sell anything, are often criminally responsible for sacrificing the property of their clients. The cataloguing of books and objects of art is one which requires expert knowledge, and this cannot be acquired in a few months. The more ignorantly a sale is catalogued the better for the dealers, who have to go to view the sale and then to attend the auction. It is obvious that this costs time and money, especially to those at a distance. They are not philanthropists, and the person whose effects are being sold may never have spent a penny with them. Generally speaking, the books in country sales are of small value, but they sometimes include unexpected and undetected rarities in the way of pamphlets, which are nearly always bundled together in big 'lots.' These have to be gone through, and notes made. It is no part of the bookseller's duty to teach the auctioneer his business, and if the K.O. has a fine day it owes it to the auctioneer. The proper place for the sale of any important library—and especially of an old one—is London or some other great centre, where it can be adequately catalogued and displayed. It would not be difficult to name a dozen country libraries which have been thrown into the hands of the booksellers at their own price through the incompetence of country auctioneers who undertook tasks for which they were entirely unfitted.

But what may be almost a virtue in the country is hardly one in London, although in London, as in the country, incompetent cataloguing and the hole-and-corner places at which many auction sales are held mean a good day for the K.O. Every auctioneer in London is aware of the existence of the K.O., and is powerless to circumvent it. The dealer is his chief customer, but the market is a perfectly open one, in which any member of the public is free to bid. If the things are to be sold, and if private people do not enter into the contest, the trade is bound to be the purchaser's. The Americans and the French claim, though upon quite different grounds, that the K.O. does not exist in New York or in Paris. But I am not at all sure about this, and I have attended great sales both in Paris and in New York. It is quite true that in these cities the private collector is much more in evidence as a public buyer than in London. In New York the great picture auctions are

held in the evenings, until recently in the ball-room of one of the finest hotels in the city, and evening dress is almost *de rigueur*. It is quite a common event there for some wealthy man or woman—hitherto unknown as a collector—to turn up and purchase pictures to the tune of thousands of dollars. This kind of thing entirely knocks the bottom out of any K.O. arrangements, assuming that any such existed. Something like this happens every now and then in London. Some years ago a wealthy French commercial magnate appeared at a great sale in London, and bought a magnificent Gainsborough portrait for many thousands of pounds in the teeth of all the London dealers. He paid a big deposit in £1000 Bank of England notes, and then went for a 'blow' on the Thames in one of the County Council steamers; his identity was not revealed until his death a few years since. All vendors cannot hope for such an apparition at their sales, and so, in spite of occasional surprises, unpleasant to the K.O., the dealers have things pretty much their own way.

In Paris, as is well known, practically all the auction sales, from the finest collections of pictures to the 'junk' from all sorts of quarters, are held at the Hôtel de Ventés in the Rue Drouot. The auction profession there is a very close corporation—and not as in England a mere matter of paying for a licence—and every sale is engineered by the 'expert' who makes the catalogue, and the *commissaire-priseur* who 'cries' the sale. Auctions are going on concurrently in half-a-dozen or more rooms. The collector or dealer of books, prints, postage-stamps, pictures, and the thousand and one other things which are collected may follow up his prey all day long under the one roof. The 'expert' sees to it that everything is properly catalogued, and the bargain-hunter does not have a great many chances. That bargains have been picked up in the Rue Drouot there can be no doubt, but any combination such as our K.O. would be difficult. The Hôtel de Ventés is in the centre of Paris, and to the collector all roads lead to the Rue Drouot. But it must be pointed out that in both Paris and New York the auction charges are far higher than they are in England, and often run to thirty per cent. From which the cynic might be tempted to say that if the K.O. does not rob the vendor, the auctioneer does!

III.

The obvious remedy against the K.O. is reserves. At the greatest of New York art auction rooms, reserves on the part of the vendors, except in very special cases, are not allowed, and practically everything is sold to the highest bidder. Vendors have found more than one way of getting over this, and of preventing their property being given away for

next to nothing. The danger of reserves at London auctions is that they may not be reached, and the owner has to pay for the buying in of things which, once out of his house, he does not any longer want. To get a friend to 'run it up' to within a definite limit is always a dangerous expedient, because if the friend purchases the article for the owner, the latter has to pay full commission, just as if a genuine sale had been effected. At the best, a sale with reserves is rarely more than a moderate success, and more often than not a distinct 'frost.' The frequenter of London sale-rooms very quickly discerns whether the auctioneer is receiving genuine bids or whether the bidding is on behalf of the vendor. In the latter case the would-be buyer develops what the Americans call 'cold feet,' and drops out of the contest.

Owners nearly always regard their geese as swans, and by placing unduly high reserves on their property, they are not so much defeating the K.O. as damaging their own property. Reserves are safe only when they are reasonably low. It is obviously the auctioneer's duty to his client, and it is to his own interest to obtain the highest possible price for the wares he offers, but if he is fettered with unreasonably high reserves, the chances are not in favour of his success. Some things will fetch much more than had been expected and others much less, as I have experienced on many occasions.

Various means have been formulated for cir-

cumventing the K.O., but the fact is it can neither be suppressed nor prosecuted. The composition of each 'ring' is nearly always different both as to number and as to individuals. You cannot prosecute an abstract idea, any more than you can prosecute a community as such. That the K.O. has robbed the fatherless and the widow, that it is an iniquitous system with very little in its favour and much against it, there can be no question; but it is one of those evils which will elude all attempts to suppress them. Dealers in art and books are not in business for philanthropic purposes. They are out to buy in the cheapest market, and to sell at the highest possible price. They make bad purchases even in the K.O., and often find themselves burdened with things known as 'stickers'—things for which they confidently expected a ready sale, but which prove to be additional dead stock.

The K.O. has had its disappointments as well as its successes. Probably the greatest shock it ever sustained was when one of its members cleared a lot in 'the ring' at about £10, and discovered when he got it home that it contained a copy of one of the rarest pamphlets in English literature, which he quickly sold for over £1000. In this case it was a question not of 'sharing out,' but of one man 'sharing in' with the whole of the plunder. The original vendor got about £3 for the 'lot,' and the K.O. hardly enough to pay for a day trip to Margate and back.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

By OTTWELL BINNS, Author of *A Mating in the Wilds*, *A Hazard of the Snows*, *Clancy of the Mounted Police*, &c.

CHAPTER V.—continued.

A MOMENT afterwards Carwyke changed the subject. 'Do you suppose that Standifer is following us?' he asked Billy.

'Yep! He ain't ther sort to give up on ther first lap. He'd maybe drive past ther mouth of ther river first go-off, but when he found we wasn't up ther coast he'd guess; an' I'll wager he's coming this way now. He ain't ther breed to be easily foxed. If we can't keep well ahead of him, we'll hear of him inside a week, sure.'

Carwyke considered a moment ere he said, 'This river seems to be taking us almost due south.'

'Sou'-east, I should say. Comes from some mountains down this way, I once heard an old Eskimo tell; but I dunno any more than thet, nor whether it's true either.'

'It probably is. Eskimo tradition is often reliable. That means that we may be making towards the Noatak and the Baird Mountains, in which case we might swing west and make Kotzebue Sound.'

'It's all one to me, so long as we get Miss Norma away from Standifer.'

'Oh, we've just got to do that,' answered Carwyke emphatically.

'Then it's time one of us was a-turnin' in, for we'll have to get away pretty soon. I'll take first watch if yo' like.'

'No, I'll take that. I'm not in the least sleepy at present.'

'Then I'll go to by-by. There's one good thing thet comes from havin' been a sailor-man—I can go to sleep any time when it's my watch below.'

Without more ado Billy wrapped himself in a blanket, carefully covering his head, and within five minutes his snores proved that his last words had been no idle boast.

Carwyke, left to himself, finding the mosquitoes troublesome, threw an armful of moss upon the fire to increase the smoke of the smudge, then after a single comprehensive glance across the dreary landscape and up and

down the silent reaches of the river, fell into meditation. From time to time as he sat there he glanced towards the sleeping girl, those glances revealing the subject of his thoughts. Once he whispered to himself, 'Mannering must have been a madman or a fanatic to let her take the risks!'

A sound arrested his attention a moment afterwards, and he looked hastily round. Half-a-dozen caribou had appeared, seemingly from nowhere, and were standing staring at the smudge with wondering eyes. He watched them for a moment, then waved his hand. The beasts trotted away across the tundra, but presently halted, and with the curiosity of their kind resumed their contemplation of a phenomenon that was probably entirely new in their experience.

Once more he fell into thought. How had Mannering lived during those years at Unapik? Had he lived on the resources of the land and sea as the Eskimo lived; or had he private resources which enabled him to purchase what he required from the trading-post at Icy Cape, which he had visited twice a year? The latter seemed to him the likelier alternative, the fact of the missionary receiving books and papers from the outside inclining him strongly to that idea. In that case the girl must be heiress to some competency which, whether small or large, would enable her to live. When they reached civilisation he must somehow find where her father's means came from, and so secure her rights.

So, thinking first one thing then another, but all his thoughts centring round the sleeping girl, he passed the time of his watch uneventfully. At the end of a couple of hours he wakened the snoring Billy to take his place, and himself promptly slipped into slumber, from which he did not waken until the ex-whaler shook him and announced that breakfast was ready.

The girl was already awake, seated in the drift of the smoke and just finishing the plaiting of her long golden hair. She looked up as he rose and stretched himself. Her blue eyes were radiant, her face was aglow after a wash in the cold river water, and a smile played around her mouth as she gave him greeting. 'Good morning, Mr Carwyke. I hope you have slept well.'

'Like a bear!' he answered back with a laugh; then, stretching his arms again, added, 'But I'm frightfully stiff.'

'That is the paddling, and the sitting in the kayak,' she answered, laughing back as she threw the finished plait over her shoulder. 'You are not used to such work, but in a day or two it will wear off.'

So he sat upright and stared across the river without speaking; and she, looking at her, felt his heart

quicken, and a glowing light of admiration came into his eyes of which he was entirely unaware. At that moment something—the intensity of his gaze perhaps—caused the girl to look at him, and their eyes met. As they did so a deep flush surged in Norma Mannering's face, and a second later her gaze once more sought the tundra, though the flush deepened. Neither of them spoke; but as Roy Carwyke began to walk up-river to make his morning toilet his heart was beating quicker, and as he trod the soggy moss there was a spring in his step, and he hummed to himself the lines of an old chanson of the woodcutters:

Here shall I build my cedar house,
A city with gates, a road to the sea—
For I am Lord of the Earth—

He broke off, looked back over his shoulder to where Norma Mannering stood with her hair gleaming like gold in the sunshine, then gave a laugh of pleasure. 'Lord of the Earth!' he gibed at himself. 'To be lord of one woman's heart is a better thing.'

Then he began to hum the catch over again:

Here shall I build my cedar house,
A city with gates, a road to the sea—
For I am Lord of the Earth!
Hew! Hew!

CHAPTER VI.—OVER THE HEIGHT OF LAND.

BREAKFAST over, the fugitives resumed their journey up the river, and paddled on without incident until noonday, when to escape the pestering mosquitoes they landed and made a smudge whilst they ate their midday meal. There was still no sign of any pursuers, and Carwyke was inclined to think that Standifer and his companions had not followed them up the river.

'Don't yo' b'lieve thet, Mista Carwyke, urged Billy earnestly. 'Standifer's of the sticking sort, an' he ain't givin' up Miss Norma without a kick. He ain't visible yet; but I'll swear he's tearing ther water behind us, or else marching across ther moss to intercept us.'

'Across the moss!' cried Carwyke, startled at the thought.

'Yep; yo'll have noticed that this yere river winds about a goodish bit, an' thet we waste time takin' long bends. If Standifer knows thet, it might strike him thet he'd save time by taking a bee-line across ther tundra and meetin' us farther up.'

'Then I hope he doesn't know it,' answered Carwyke, staring across the waste of moss and dwarf trees.

'There's one comfort, we're bound to get sight of ther fellows if thet's their game, unless they keep to ther hollows, an' in thet case they can't go straight, an' we'll beat 'em at any point they may be making for; thet is, if we don't strike a lot of broken water, an' ther current don't get no faster than it is at present.'

The ex-whaler's words, however well-meaning, brought little assurance to Roy Carwyke. He felt that as they progressed up the river the great was bound to quicken, and that it was a certainty that more broken water would be encountered. When they resumed their journey he was conscious of a mounting anxiety; and towards the end of the day they reached a portaged round three long rapids, his eyes returned to the tundra instead of the river, no sign of pursuers. He saw none. Once again he caught sight of small herds of reindeer, but these, with the wild geese and waterfowl that made the waste their breeding-grounds, were the only sentient things in the waste; and when they pitched camp for the night his anxiety began to wane.

At the end of the third day it was completely clear. It was inconceivable that, barring accident, Standifer could overtake them now, and on the fourth morning they resumed their journey in a sweeping rain blown across the tundra in spite of the discomfort his heart was in. The pursuit, if pursuit there was, must be abandoned, and the way ahead was surely clear.

Through the veil of the rain he noticed that the character of the country was slowly changing. The banks of the river were growing higher, the dwarf spruce and willows less thick; and once, as the rain broke and the sun shone clear, through the rainbows he thought he could perceive a line of distant hills. Billy declared that what he saw was no more than a low bank of cloud, and the girl shared his view; but Carwyke clung to his conviction. The tundra itself was less broken and undulating, and now as he looked across it southward it seemed to rise upward towards the skyline, proving that they were moving towards the Height of Land.

That evening when they camped Carwyke was full with anticipation of the coming change. In two days, three at most, they would have left the dreary waste behind them, and be passing through the changeful scenery of the mountains. Walking on the tundra with Norma to his left, the stiffness from their limbs, he expressed much to the girl, who replied laughingly, 'Do you know, Mr Carwyke, I have never seen a mountain!'

He stared at her in amazement, and before he could answer the girl spoke again. 'I have seen pictures in my father's books, but all my life I have lived at Unapik; and I have never been anywhere else, except when the tribe migrated to the hunting-grounds. I have never been away, and had never seen half a score of white men together until that ship sailed into the bay.' 'How old are you?' he asked abruptly.

'Nearly eighteen,' she answered wonderingly. 'Why do you ask?'

He did not immediately answer. For a moment he visioned the bleakness of her life,

enviored by the misty sea on one side and the barren waste on the other. He thought of the wilderness as it was now in the hour of its freedom—a soggy waste of moss starred with flowers and varied by dwarfed spruce and birch, the home of the caribou, the haunt of white wolves and arctic foxes and migrating birds. Then he visioned it as it was in winter, a mere howling waste of snow, the home of the blizzard, swept by unceasing and bitter winds, and as he did so he cried, 'Eighteen years of this! For you! Great Scott, what was your father thinking of?'

The girl looked at him in surprise, and then answered, 'He meant me to help him with his work. For two years I have been teaching the children, when there was opportunity. You know Eskimo children all help in the work of the camp, and really there was not so much time as you might think for that kind of thing.'

'What did you teach them?' he asked curiously.

'Oh, how to read their own language; and stories from the Bible. They are very fond of stories, you know, and it is easy to teach them that way.'

He looked at her, saw her in all her radiant fairness, and his heart rebelled at what he considered the waste of her youth.

'Your father ought to have known better,' he said sharply. 'It was not fair to keep you up here. He ought to have sent you south to your own kind.'

'But I was very happy,' she said—'until my father was lost.'

'Perhaps!' he answered. 'But life owes you a great deal for those lost years of your youth—and it may yet liquidate the debt.'

'If my father came back——' began the girl, and broke off without finishing the sentence.

'I am afraid there is little hope of that,' he said quietly. 'Three years is a long time; and if he had been picked up from the floe, he must long ago have found his way back to Unapik and you.'

'Yes!' answered Norma, with a little quiver in her voice; 'I fear it is so.'

'And you will be wise to order your life as if your father had indeed passed out of it.'

'But——' A look of apprehension came on the beautiful face, and the thought that had occasioned it was not spoken.

'But what?' he asked quickly.

She waved her hand southward. 'The great strange world to which you are taking me! What shall I do there? I know no life but that of Unapik. Oh, I . . . I am afraid!'

As he looked at her distressed and beautiful face, his heart went out to her. He took a quick step forward, hot words upon his lips; then, remembering her helplessness, he checked them, and said quietly, 'Please do not distress yourself on that score, Miss Norma. We are not yet out of the wilderness, you know, and it

will be many weeks before you have to face the thing you fear. And when that time comes you will find your place, I am sure of that.'

'You think so?' she asked yearningly, as one clutching at comfort.

'Yes!' he answered emphatically.

'That was my father's faith,' replied the girl, her face clearing a little. '"Each of us has his niche," he used to say. And perhaps I shall find mine. And I shall have you to help me, for you are my friend.'

'Friend!' For a moment he was tempted to repudiate the word, to tell her the thoughts that had been in his mind in the last day or two, and that had clamoured for expression a minute before; but again he put the bridle on his tongue, and answered only, 'I would do anything to serve you!'

'You have already proved that,' cried Norma impulsively. 'You have risked your life, and incurred the enmity of that man Standifer, and if he overtakes us—'

'He won't!' broke in Carwyke confidently. 'We are too far ahead of him now. Soon we shall be in country that I know, where he is

scarcely likely to follow us. And in any case I am not afraid of Standifer.'

'But if he overtakes us—what will you do?'

'Shoot him as I would a wolf! I should be justified for your sake, and for my own. Remember, he has already attempted my life.'

The girl looked at him with a tender light in her blue eyes, and then with a quite unusual shyness said, 'I should not like anything to happen to you—because of me.'

His own eyes kindled as he read the solicitude in hers, and again he was tempted to take advantage of the moment. He saw her face flush rosily under the ardour of his gaze, and she looked hastily away; and again he repressed his surging emotion. At all costs he felt that he must not lose her confidence, or jeopardise the future by taking advantage of her dependence upon him. He forced himself to laugh with assumed carelessness.

'That is not in the least likely. I am well able to take care of myself, Miss Norma, so do not worry on my account. But there is Billy signalling to us. Supper must be ready.'

(Continued on page 100.)

SMUGGLING ON THE CLYDE.

By JOHN DONALD, Author of *Old Greenock Characters*, &c.

I.

DEEP discontent disquieted the people of Scotland after the Union of the English and Scottish Parliaments in 1707 through, *inter alia*, the imposition of numerous new import duties, because, before the Union, Scottish Customs exactions had been comparatively few; and the resentment of the masses was aroused by an unwise prohibition of the importation of certain foodstuffs at a time when the limited agricultural outcome of their own country was insufficient for their needs. The exclusion of foreign produce (which then included Irish goods), such as butter, cheese, and beef, raised the prices of food, and bore hardly on the poorer classes. A petition had been presented to the Scottish Parliament urging 'that all acts and impositions made and imposed for restraining and inbringing of victual may be discharged, it being without example in any part of the world, and so much the more that the whole Sherifdoms of Dumbarton and Renfrew are not able to sustain themselves in the most plentiful years that ever fell out without supplies from foreign ports.' The prayer of that petition was not granted. On the contrary, as already stated, additional duties were imposed (after the Union), and smuggling became rampant. Indeed, it has been said that at that time the value of smuggled goods exceeded the value of duty-paid imports.

Although this extensive traffic was per-

sistently carried on under the very noses of the preventive officers, it was exceedingly difficult to detect the smugglers; for our seaboard populace (many of whom knew when a cargo was to be 'run') regarded the evasion of duty-payment as venial, and connived at, where they did not actively assist in, the operations of the 'free-traders.' Landed proprietors whose mansions were in proximity to the shore were not averse from receiving a substantial and inexpensive addition to their stocks of brandies, wines, tea, and tobacco, a fine piece of silk to make a gown for my lady, or a dainty lace frill to trim it withal—yet they detested poachers!

These 'runs' were generally organised and financed by the smugglers themselves, but they sometimes received from their consignees what was termed 'venture-money'—that is, part-payment in advance for the value of the goods, the balance being payable on delivery. Obviously, prompt payment to and by the smuggler, whether in cash or in kind, was imperative.

The utmost despatch was necessary in disposing of a consignment, even in favourable circumstances (as when no preventive officers were about), and in populated districts there was no lack of willing hands—male and female. On 9th July 1717 no fewer than thirteen otherwise respectable women deforced Robert Cochran, a surveyor of H.M. Customs, while in the performance of his duty at Port-Glasgow. The officer had seized several casks of smuggled

brandy in the stable of William Stirrat, a merchant (the term 'merchant' had a more general application then than now, and included small shopkeepers, such as grocers, drapers, and even hucksters), and the ladies, in turn, seized the officer, carried him off, and held him in detention until their male accomplices had removed the liquor to a place of concealment. Two men, Stirrat and one John Taylor, were convicted for their share in the matter, and absconded to evade payment of the fines imposed; while each of the women was penalised to the extent of five pounds sterling, the husbands (described as merchants, horse-hirers, fleshers, and masons) of the married women being rendered liable for payment of the penalties.

Encounters between smugglers and Revenue officers did not always end so innocuously. An officer named Hugh M'Lachlan, on watch-duty near the Cloch Point, observed a boat putting off from the shore, apparently with the intention of meeting the incoming ship *Blackgrove*, bound for Greenock. After hastily summoning his colleagues in the neighbourhood, M'Lachlan continued to watch the actions of the suspected parties. It was evident that some one on the ship expected the shore-boat, for as soon as it got alongside a short parley was followed by the transference to the boat of a number of bundles or cases. That was sufficient for the watcher, and, his fellow-officers having come up, he and nine others put off in a boat to intercept the smugglers. They met them about a hundred yards from the shore.

'Hallo! Stop there!' shouted the officer in charge.

'Why should we?' came back the reply.

'We are Customs officers, and demand to know what you have on that boat.'

No response was made, and as the men continued to row smartly landwards, the Revenue boat turned and followed in pursuit. Both boats reached the beach about the same time. Most of the Revenue officers leaped ashore and made a dash for the smugglers' boat, only to find themselves confronted by its late occupants, reinforced by a number of comrades who had remained ashore. The 'free-traders' were determined not to relinquish the smuggled goods, and equally resolved that they themselves should not be taken. They were armed with sticks and stones, which they used so freely that at their first onslaught several officers fell, more or less injured. 'Have at them, boys!' shouted one of the smugglers, and a desperate hand-to-hand struggle followed. The 'hounds' (as the Custom-house officers were called) fought gamely; but the greater force prevailed, and in a short time the Revenue men were either routed or disabled, while the victors lost no time in getting into their boat and off to a quieter retreat for the landing of their gear. The result of the affray was serious. M'Lachlan had been killed outright,

another officer had his arm broken, and all the others bore some mark of the fight. A criminal prosecution was at once instituted against the parties implicated, who were known to the officers. It was a hanging matter, and the offenders, realising this, disappeared without leaving a trace, except two men who were too old to have taken any active part in the conflict, and against whom proceedings were dropped.

II.

Apart from Irish produce and a comparatively small quantity of illicitly distilled whisky from the Highlands, cargoes of wines, brandies, and dress-stuffs were 'run' in, chiefly from France and Spain, and rum, brandy, and tobacco from our American colonies and the West Indies. About 1720, tea was added to the list of uncustomed commodities. By means of trading-stations at Ostend and Gothenburg, that favourite beverage was sold on the Continent at a price within the reach of even the poorest classes. The price of the duty-paid article in Britain was, generally, prohibitive, and the 'free-trader' seized his opportunity. The result was, as stated by a writer in 1722, that in this country 'Tea is become the common breakfast of all sorts of people—blue-gowns and fish-carriers among the lave—and, in consequence, the decay of the brewery is immense.' (Readers of Scott need not be reminded that beer preceded tea as the breakfast beverage.)

The evil influence of the illegal commerce was more than commensurate with its extent. Observant and thoughtful men noted its debasing effects on both communities and individuals, and protests were fulminated by writers and preachers. In a letter addressed, within twenty years after the Union, to the Convention of Royal Burghs it is stated: 'The smuggler was the favourite. The prohibited or high-duty goods were run ashore by the boats of whatever part of the coast he came near. When ashore, they were guarded by the country people from the Custom-house officers; when seized, they were in most cases rescued; and when a seizure did take place and the guilty persons were captured, the juries nearly in every instance found a verdict for the defenders.'

An interesting sidelight on the effects of the smuggling trade on the Ayrshire coast is given by John Galt in *The Annals of the Parish*, where the Rev. Micah Balwhidder quaintly records: 'It was in this year' (1761) 'that the great smuggling trade corrupted all the west coast, especially the laigh lands about the Troon and the Loans. The tea was going like the chaff, and the wastrie of all things was terrible. There was nothing minded but the riding of cadgers by day and excisemen by night—and battles between the smugglers and the king's men, both by sea and land. There was a continual drunkenness and debauchery;

and our session, that was but on the lip of this whirlpool of iniquity, had an awful time o't. I did all that was in the power of nature to keep my people from the contagion: I preached sixteen times from the text, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." I visited, and I exhorted; I warned, and I prophesied; I told them that although money came in like slate stones, it would go like snow off the dyke. But for all I could do, the evil got in among us. . . . The annalist then proceeds to detail certain effects of the iniquitous traffic upon the morals of his parishioners, including, among more deplorable incidents, the spread of tea-drinking, and the institution of a dancing-school 'in the genteelest fashion, in the mode of Paris.'

By the way, it is amusing to note that just a year later the reverend gentleman writes: '... although I could never abide the smuggling, both on its own account and the evils that grew therefrom to the countryside, I lost some of my dislike to the tea after Mrs Malcolm' (a deserving widow) 'began to traffic in it, and we then had it for our breakfast in the morning at the Manse, as well as in the afternoon. But what I thought most of it was, that it did no harm to the head of drinkers, which was not always the case with the possets that were in fashion before . . . so both for its temperance and on account of Mrs Malcolm's sale, I refrained from the November in this year to preach against tea; but' (he naively adds) 'I never lifted the weight of my displeasure from off the smuggling trade.'

The smuggler had small respect for the church; its sacred buildings were not immune from desecration by him. It is recorded in the Register of Session of Greenock that on 17th September 1784 the 'beddal' of the kirk was dismissed from his office for having, among other offences, neglected his duties by allowing the windows of the kirk to be broken and stolen (that is, smuggled) goods lodged in it. The church here referred to is, by the way, the now famous 'Old West Kirk,' within whose kirkyard reposed until recently the remains of Burns's Highland Mary, which still holds the dust of James Watt's parents, John Wilson the poet (author of *The Clyde*), and other notable persons. The church was not far from the beach, and the mouth of the Kirk Burn (now the West Burn) near by, then used as a harbour for fishing-smacks, doubtless also sheltered smuggling craft.

About this time the 'private stills' of the Highlands provided occasional small freights for 'free-traders.' From various points in the shires of Argyll and Dumbarton the usquebaugh was conveyed over rough roads and no roads to Garelochhead or the Cowal shore, whence it was stealthily ferried across the firth. Much of the liquor shipped from Garelochhead was

distilled in the neighbourhood, and one of the 'Black M'Kinlays,' known as 'Jock the Whaul' (Whale), was a leading spirit in the adventures.

A marvellous success attended these smugglers; but on at least one occasion they ran into 'the lion's mouth.' An old collector of Customs, residing close by the shore at the west end of Greenock in the beginning of last century, was one night awakened by an unusual sound of oars. He at once got up to investigate. Peering from the window, he saw (for the night was fairly clear) a boat with four or five men and a considerable number of kegs on board. Without thought of danger the men ran the boat onto the beach with a loud grating noise, and, having made it fast, quite leisurely proceeded to land the cargo. Meanwhile the old gentleman, amazed at their temerity, and indignant at their extraordinary impudence, hastily summoned assistance, and before the unsuspecting duty-dodgers had completed arrangements for the removal of the booty they were pounced upon.

A hundred and twenty years ago the bold contrabandist, attired in an easy-fitting half-sailor, half-pirate costume, with the traditional waistcloth, hanger, and pistols, formed a striking figure, around whom lingered an air of gallantry and romance. Napoleon I. is said not only to have encouraged smugglers but, by utilising their larger craft as privateers, almost raised the illegal traffic to the dignity of warfare. Indeed, the successful smuggler on a large scale was generally (although not by Revenue officials) regarded as quite a respectable person. Even Sir Walter Scott, sheriff though he was, betrays a lurking kindness for Dirk Hatteraick; while Gilbert Glossin is presented as an object of contempt.

But with the removal of most of the prohibitive duties on imports to Britain passed the smuggler in his glory. For many years his numerous successors, in common garb, have been more than satisfied to conceal small quantities of dutiable goods in remote recesses of steam-driven 'tramps,' and to sneak ashore with the booty when the Custom-house officer's back is turned. There have been exceptions, of course, as we shall see presently in the case of the steamer *Ovington*. Meanwhile, it may be interesting to state how some of the petty smugglers accomplished their end. An old salt of the writer's acquaintance usually sewed his plugs of tobacco—sometimes as many as eighty-four, equal to 7 lb.—inside a coarse blue shirt, which he donned as a working garment immediately before the arrival of the Revenue officers; and he chuckled as he told how he had outwitted the 'hounds' by scooping out the contents of two cork fenders and restuffing them with plugs of tobacco. These fenders lay on the deck, and were repeatedly passed, and actually kicked, by the unsuspecting officials.

At the conclusion of a business conversation in the cabin of a newly arrived vessel the captain informed a shipping-clerk that he had a box of prime cigars for him from a friend in Havana, which would require to be taken care of privily, as they had not been entered in the list of cargo. The clerk thanked the captain, but said he would rather pay the duty and run the risk of smuggling them. However, the shipmaster produced the box, which was wrapped up in brown paper fastened with string, and the clerk departed with the parcel swinging from his hand. He made no attempt to conceal it. Just as he stepped off the gangway he was confronted by a Customs official newly on the job and unknown to him. 'What have you got there?' demanded the officer.—'A box of cigars,' frankly answered the young fellow, with a smile. The other seized him up and down disdainfully and passed off, his head in the air; while the excited clerk, with his choice Havanas, smiled jauntily up the quay whistling 'The Lassawa wi' the exciseman.'

III.

Some forty years ago the Customs officials at Greenock became aware that considerable quantities of tobacco and cigars were being consumed in the town which, to use an old phrase, 'had never paid the Queen.' Local seaporters protested against the unfair trade, and a private, but thorough, investigation was conducted, the result of which was that strong suspicion rested upon the crews of steamers carrying raw beetroot-sugar from Hamburg to Greenock for refining. The vessels were closely watched for a considerable time, but no discovery of importance ensued; and the authorities at headquarters, whose confidence in the diligence and efficiency of the local officers appears to have been weakened, determined upon direct action. In the afternoon in the month of May 1886 three gentlemen wearing ulster-coats, and each with a carpet-bag, perambulated the wharf at the East India Harbour. They looked like commercial travellers, and were supposed to be waiting for one of the Irish boats. About half-past seven the s.s. *Dresden* from Hamburg was sighted, and, before the mooring-ropes were cast, the three men, to the surprise of the dockers, jumped on board, threw off their outer garments, opened their carpet-bags, and donned the uniforms of Custom-house officers. Two of them quickly disappeared, one into the cabin, the other into the fore-castle, while the third remained to watch on deck. They had been sent from London specially to search this ship, and the outcome was that about 30 lb. of tobacco were found hidden away, mostly in the main locker. No owner could be found for the stuff; but it transpired that during the search one of the crew went ashore, ostensibly to

report at the police office the loss of a watch which, he alleged, had been stolen from him on the voyage, and—he did not come back! However, a fireman was next day convicted of having smuggled over 5 lb. of tobacco, and fined £2, 14s. 6d. and expenses.

It will not be supposed that the Greenock Custom-house officers felt complimented by the advent of their Metropolitan confrères, and perhaps they were not unduly cast down at the meagreness of the result. Be that as it may, after the departure of the London men, and in spite of increased vigilance on the part of the local officers, the illicit game went merrily on. It became evident that organised smuggling was extensively carried on by the collusion of persons ashore with others on board ship, and that the small quantities of tobacco seized from time to time had no connection with the organised traffic; but it was not until nearly two years after the *Dresden* incident, and then only through an informer, that the Revenue officers learned the secret of the operations which had so long baffled them, and which were now to lead to the greatest Customs seizure for many years. Their information was that from the incoming s.s. *Ovington*, a Hamburg trader, there would be dropped opposite Lunderston Bay (a mile or so below the Cloch Lighthouse) a considerable quantity of tobacco made up in bales or parcels, each having attached a rope and buoy or float to indicate its situation to confederates from the shore, who were to uplift it.

It may not be inappropriate to relate here as an amusing episode an incident which occurred before the Revenue officials became aware of the smugglers' methods. The latter, to obviate a long land journey, were in the habit of dropping the bales overboard opposite Fort Matilda, or at an agreed-on spot off the Esplanade as far up, even, as Princes Pier, and at a time when two men were grappling for the sunken contraband a Customs boat swung suddenly round the pier corner, so startling the trawlers that they jumped into the water. The officers, who thought an ordinary accident had happened, soon had the men out and back into their boat, after which they proceeded on their way. It was only in the light of subsequent events that they realised what the men had been about. That fright warned the smugglers, and thereafter they jettisoned their goods farther down the firth.

But to return. The coastguard at Inverkip had been informed; the *Ovington* had passed up the river, and, in the early hours of the 27th March 1888, three officers kept a look-out from a hiding-place on the shore. By-and-by a boat with two or three men put out and disappeared in the darkness. The watchers waited patiently, and their confidence in a successful issue of the vigil was confirmed by the appearance, on the road leading from Greenock, of a cab, which stopped almost opposite the point whence the

boat had set out. After an absence of about two hours the boat returned, and, a careful survey of the district disclosing nothing of a hostile nature, the smugglers proceeded confidently, even cheerfully, to transfer a considerable number of cases from the boat to the cab. Their satisfaction was short-lived. Just as they were about to start on the homeward journey the officers leapt from their ambuscade and called upon them, in the Queen's name, to surrender. The driver whipped up his horse and made off, but the reports of two blank cartridges fired by the officers induced him to stop. The smugglers showed fight and a scrimmage ensued, in the course of which two of them escaped. The cabman and a man named Walker, who subsequently proved to be the leading spirit of the illegal enterprise, were secured, and, with the horse and cab and about 300 lb. of tobacco, taken to Greenock.

Walker, who was employed as coachman by a gentleman in the west end of Greenock, was a man of varied interests; for, apart from his adventures in contraband, he managed, in his spare time, to attend sales by auction, and subsequently to retail his purchases of easily portable goods, such as watches and articles of jewellery, to shopkeepers, individuals of his acquaintance, and others. He was suspected of having concealed a considerable quantity of

smuggled tobacco in or about the stable where he was employed and his adjacent dwelling-house; and in consequence, while their colleagues were engaged near Lunderston Bay, a party of seven Custom-house officers raided the premises, and discovered in various hiding-places parcels of tobacco amounting in all to about 800 lb. The total quantity seized was afterwards ascertained to be 1095 lb.

The horse and cab were declared forfeited, and ordered to be sold, notwithstanding the owner's protest that they had been hired from him in the ordinary way of business, and that he knew absolutely nothing of any illicit traffic.

The steamer *Ovington* was allowed to proceed on another voyage, after the deposit of a £300 bail-bond. On her return the mate was arrested for complicity in the affair, and he, along with Walker and the cabman, was, on 30th May 1888, brought to trial before Lord Fraser in the Exchequer Court of the Court of Session. The mate and the cabman were found not guilty of the charges brought against them; but Walker was convicted of removing and knowingly harbouring uncustomed goods, and mulcted in penalties amounting to £831, with £25 of modified expenses, on default in payment of which he was sent to prison for twelve months.

So ended the last important instance of smuggling on the Clyde.

'THERE SHE BLOWS.'

NETTING WHALES IN NEW ZEALAND.

By D. W. O. FAGAN.

I.

COURTEOUSLY I advise the engineer to 'tell it to the marines,' and frankly refuse to believe. 'Catch a sixty-foot whale in a net? Nonsense! D'you take me for an idiot?'

'Man,' says M'Gill, 'I tak ye for a misdootful ignoramus. Come an' see for yoursel'. Ma leave's up the morn, an' we'll gang thegither.'

Why not? I argue. There is nothing urgent on hand. At least the visit should be productive of 'copy.'

And that is how I come to find myself at Wangamumu (North Auckland) to see the whales caught in nets, and to learn the manner of it and other things.

II.

The talk is of whales; of fierce fights in wide sea-spaces; of 'sperms,' of 'killers,' of Poleward-faring whale schools taking the age-long track that brings them in touch of Cape Brett; of bulls and cows poking inquisitive noses inshore to have a look, and paying for their curiosity with their lives. And so, after a good-night

tot of the rum that has never paid duty, I 'turn in' in the spare bunk, with injunctions to 'keep an eye lifting' for an early call. Ten minutes I am asleep—no more—when 'Whale ho!' rings from the 'look-outs' on the cliff-head. Like the 'huers' of the Cornish coast who watch for the coming of the pilchard, these men scan the sea-face night and day for signs of 'fish.'

'There she blows!' Crews are at their stations in the long, light whale-boats; harpooner and lance-man test their weapons, and look to the mechanism of the harpoon-guns; boat-steerers try the swing of the great steer-oars in the stern-grummets.

'Tumble in, all hands!'

Steam is up aboard the launch, and we put out across the still water. M'Gill's head rises out of the engine-room hatch, winks solemnly at me, remarks to the skipper, 'Show him a thing or twa,' and pops in again.

The eastern sea-rim burns red to the flush of dawn; a wine-red carpet spreads quickly over the heaving leagues, and our wake flashes prismatic gems from myriad facet-points of fire.

The dawn wind, rich with the perfume of all

The mornings, strokes our faces and ruffles velvet tresses in our hair. The sun leaps the horizon, and it is blue day—sea and sky of softest indigo.

Beyond the bluff of Cape Brett, breaking the skyline, hangs Piercy Island, a black jumble of jagged rocks afloat in the blue depths. The channel between is narrow and deep, and through it a fair percentage of the south-going whales pass on their way. This is the scene of operation. Strong wire-rope nets meshed to seven feet, hung on wire cables supported by huge floats and drogues, close the water-run with an impenetrable barrier of steel mesh.

The principle of the nets is not to stop, but to hamper the quarry that it falls an easier prey to the hunters. No mortal fastening yet devised could withstand the hundred-ton momentum of a charging whale, backed by its mountain of thew and muscle.

Three separate nets are used, and so arranged across the channel that, on 'striking,' a whale may 'race' seaward or 'sound,' carrying the net with 'her,' without fear of disturbing the remaining two. Each net has a depth of two hundred feet or so, with a surface stretch of a hundred feet.

Launch and boats take their station behind the nets at a hundred yards distance. The skipper points up-channel to something that looks foam-fringed in the morning sun. Little jets of spray spout and flash about it.

What is it? A half-tide rock awash in the surf? A great kauri log adrift from some shipman's raft? But no; the thing moves. It drifts lazily from side to side, and draws nearer. Now it goes under in a swirl of white, and reappears a minute later.

A whale! surging leisurely on its way to the sea, dorsal fin and twenty feet of gray-black back showing above water.

The skipper points again, this time to what looks like a mass of broken shell and shreds of fishy substance, mixed with tangled sea-grass, and comes floating up through the clear water.

'Barnacles,' he says, 'scraped off on the bottom-rocks. That's what brings 'em close ashore,' he goes on. 'Up in them tropic seas barnacles fixes on to the whales thick as hairs on a pig, an' they makes in here to scratch 'em again the rocks on the sea-floor.'

To the landsman a veritable fairy-tale, but—there is the whale, and there the broken barnacles.

III.

Suddenly a wild whirlpool, away by the floating net-floats. A section of the float-line wrenches together, and surges bodily toward us. The placid waters around seethe, foaming, and our little launch dances like a cork in a mill-race.

A huge head, a monstrous body, webbed about with clinging gossamer of wire-rope, rise

fifty feet in air. A moment the mighty bulk rears on its tail, curves like a bow, and, with a noise of thunder, goes under for the 'sound.'

Away race the boats, each crew eager to be first 'fast' to the 'fish,' which must come up soon to breathe. We in the launch follow at half-speed, and come up as the monster reappears—a wallowing, snorting mass, whirling tail-flukes and lashing twenty-foot side-fins beating abroad a smoke of foam and spray.

The net holds good. The whale's desperate struggles serve only to entangle it the more hopelessly. A white puff of smoke from either boat-bow, two flat reports, and the harpoon-irons are 'home.' A spasm, a shiver through the sea, and the huge bulk is away for the 'race.' The harpoon-lines smoke round the loggerheads, and the dancing boats go swirling in the wake of the flying 'fish.' But the race is not long. The hamper of tangled wire-mesh, 'bunched' net-floats, and drag of towing boats soon bring it up 'all-standing,' and the boats haul in on their lines.

Now the battle begins in dead earnest. The whale heaves huge sides half-out of water. Mad with terror it strains, plunging to break the unknown clinging horror that grips it. The boats draw in warily on either side. Deadly eight-foot lances strike deep for the heart, behind the pectoral fins.

A seething wallow, whirl of pink-eyed foam, a shuddering sound, half-sigh, half-groan, and a huge gray-black mass that writhes and tosses! Mighty fins, curved scimitars of bone and sinew, hiss through the air, and strike blindly at the attackers.

There is a moment of fear. But the boat-steerers are good men. A sweep of the long steer-oars, and the boats, swung aside, are backed out like lightning, and blows that would have beaten men and boats to a pulp fall harmless.

It is soon over. The lances have bit deep and true. The 'spout,' scarlet from wounded lungs, hisses from wide nostrils that quiver. Feeble slaps of the mighty flukes, huge fins that shiver in air, like the wings of a wounded bird, and, wallowing over on its side, the monster floats lifeless. Holes are cut through the gristle of the underlip, hawsers roved through them, and the dead 'fish,' with boats towing behind, follows at the stern of the launch to the flensing jetty at the station.

IV.

Here the barefooted 'flensers' take charge, and leap down to precarious footing on the floating carcass. Ankle-deep in oil on the broad back, they cut hide and blubber into long strips or 'blankets,' two feet wide, working diagonally around the body. An incision is made in the end of the strip, a chain hooked on, and the winch started, and, as the dead whale revolves in the water alongside, the

'blanket' of blubber peels from it like thread from a cotton-reel. Waste flesh and offal go to the 'digerter,' to emerge as prime fertiliser. The great bony skeleton, broken and ground, reappears later as bone-dust for the farmer.

No particle of the mighty bulk is wasted. A meat cannery is attached to the station, and here the choicer parts of the whale-flesh are canned for export to the South Sea Islands, where the natives buy it eagerly in preference to land-fed beef. And the trade is growing.

All the world knows the whale is a true mammal, warm-blooded and red-fleshed. But what the world does not know is, that certain portions of the meat of it are not to be distinguished from the prime cuts of the best land beef ever fed. Whalers, the world over, have long regarded it as a choice delicacy.

He was an artist, that chef at Wangamumu. He stayed us with dishes of whale-flesh to delight the heart of the most exigent of epicures; dishes to win tears of gratitude from aldermanic souls. But of that more anon.

'Humpbacks' and 'sulphur-bottoms,' with an occasional 'sperm' or two, form the bulk of the 'catch' at Wangamumu. Though carrying none of the valuable 'bone' (whalebone) that makes the 'right' whale so much sought after, they furnish a thick coat of blubber, and, under the no-waste system, are made to yield a very good profit. The average 'take' of oil, on trying-out, is from sixty to a hundred barrels. Now and again an eighty-foot 'sperm' will find its way to the nets, but the usual 'run' of whales caught may be anything from forty to sixty feet in length.

Often than not, when attacked, the efforts of a whale are confined to attempts at escape. It sometimes happens, however, that the angered monsters will charge the boats 'open-mouthed.' This is especially so in the case of 'sperms,' when only the trained skill of the boat-steerers can avert disaster. An eighty-foot 'sperm,' fighting-mad, fifteen-foot jaws agape, as he 'rushes' the boats, is a fearsome opponent, likely to try the mettle of the hardiest crew.

V.

More things go to the make-up of an American beef-can than the world wots of. So far Wangamumu stands alone as the one place where the canning of whale-beef is conducted openly and above-board. He would be a bold man, however, to forecast the future, and who shall say how short the time ere it is made possible and usual to greet the morn with a tin of potted whale as an indispensable of the world's breakfast-table? I talked it over with the whale-master. He saw no difficulties ahead, and waxed enthusiastic.

'Let the rich men do it,' he said, in a burst of vicarious philanthropy. 'Let them do it, and give it to the poor, and,' ruminatively,

'there's a deal of picking on an eighty-foot whale!'

The idea is colossal. Think of it, ye millionaires and good philanthropists! London's jaded palates tickled with a dish of potted 'whale's-tongue'; Paris happy with 'flake-cutlets'; the starving millions full-fed and strong on a diet of whale-beef, succulent and nutritious!

Though off the beaten track, Wangamumu is well worth a visit. It is unique. In no other place in the world are whales captured by means of nets. Let me say, at once, that the whalers are hospitality personified; that here one may study, at first-hand, the whole duty of the modern whaler; may watch leviathan poke his nose into a net and emerge, a few hours later, canned and labelled for the table, or neatly bagged as manure for the farmer.

Rugged rock faces; sloping cliffs, ablaze with flowering trees, that drop steeply to the water's edge; golden beaches that sing through tropic nights to soft drumming of a droning surf, appeal to the nature-lover. Above all the breeze, ozone-laden from thousand leagues of ocean. What an air that sea-wind brings, genial, full-bodied, generous, a strong wine of Cos that compels to laughter, that sets the blood a-tingle in the veins!

Four bells in the first dog-watch (6 P.M.), and the labours of the day are over. Whalemen, crews, and flensers step ashore for rest and dinner.

I dine with the whale-masters and officers. Every one comes to the feast with an appetite like unto Milo's. And what a meal it is: fricandeau de baleine; whale's-tongue, à la maître d'hôtel; petites côtelettes de whale-fluke! Never sat Lucullus at feast of stranger meats, or more delicious.

As we empty our glasses in a good-night toast, there flashes to mind a capricious picture of a former famous banquet, where

The fish was two delicate slices, crimped,
Of the whale that swallowed Jonah.

The fantastic lines sing themselves in my brain like a literary nightmare. They refuse to be exorcised. At last sleep comes with a sigh for poor Elia. He never dined at Wangamumu! What a poem he would have made of it had he been with us!

CHILL WINDS.

WHEN the winds from Grampian blow
Then I turn the other way,
Fearful of the thoughts that flow,
Fearful of the things they say.

O that I were deaf to hear
Whistling winds that chill me through,
And that I were blind when near
Places where I trod with you.

ALEX. MACKENZIE DAVIDSON.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

CLIMBING A PEAK IN DARIEN.

By STEPHEN GRAHAM.

PART I.

I.

COLUMBUS sought first a new way to India and glory for Spain, and then his followers sought gold and gems. Spain made a rapid transit in Time. For, as a young man has visions and the mature seek fame, so the old and disillusioned turn cynically to gold as the only substance which in the end will not disappoint its possessor.

Spain became old suddenly. Was it rapacity bred decay, or decay rapacity? Even the Indians, who admired all else, laughed at the Spanish lust for gold.

It was given to 'the most faithful son of the Church' to discover America; given to the conqueror of the Moors to despoil it. In a time of growing heresy, word-of-mouth heresy, mathematical heresy, Spain in action wrought out one of the greatest of heresies, proving by discovery the existence of a new world.

Yet Spain reposed spiritually on a mediæval faith, and the spirit of Protestantism rising at that time was the negation of that faith, saying 'No' to the sword of the Lord and the triumph of the Saints. And Spain could not partake of the new, for she had not that Teutonic self-questioning about conscience that stirred the North. Scandals did not scandalise Spain. And the pother about indulgences was merely disloyalty to God's vicegerent. Spain had no quest after truth. It was enough to apprehend the beautiful and the true. For the rest, she had the blind faith of the Church. Hence the ferocity of the Inquisition; hence, at a later time, the rise of the Jesuits, ready to give their undivided wills to St Peter in charge for God.

New history mocked the old when Spain began to prove the world was round, and that the little old sheep-fold and pasture and Mediterranean lake made only a particle of God's creation, and that the first fifteen centuries of the Christian era had been blind to half the world.

Mankind was groping through the mediæval forms toward a life more unconfined. On the one hand was the anchorite in his cell in the wall of the Church; on the other, Columbus sailing to the West. The navigator seemed a

daring free-thinker to his sailors, an impious man who ought to be restrained. Nevertheless, in a spirit of profound religiosity Columbus and his crew found first land and named it San Salvador, the Holy Saviour.

Devout wonder, devouring curiosity, fantastic credulity, lust for treasure, quickly followed one another in the Spanish mind. The vision ruled in the heart of Columbus, glory rose in the eyes of the monarch behind him, cupidity itched the fingers of the multitude. But the world wondered; the old world paused whilst a new idea entered it and a new seed of life was sown.

Four voyages in sailing-ships, tempestuous, troublesome, anxious, with ever more credulous and violent crews—but Columbus clung to the last to the hope of a new way East. How mysterious, how haunting and pathetic, and yet visionary, the fumbling and nosing of Columbus's vessels along the coasts of Panamá and Darien in that last voyage of his, sensing a place where a passage must be made! It is like the trouble of Nature before sunrise, a thought before dawn.

II.

San Salvador is a long strip of low-lying shore, a platform above the sea, and at night a lighthouse beaming over the dark ocean. It is a shore and it is a light. That is what it was then, 'the other side,' and the light of salvation.

The story of the first islands, those bits of Paradise vouchsafed to lost mariners, is pitiful and tragical; the story of the mainland, the Spanish Main, is violent and sinful. Adam voluntarily banished himself from Eden a second time. With the banners of the Church and the spirit of Cain the discoverers set foot in the New World.

'In the Name of God, let us remain here,' cried the tempest-tossed Diego de Nicuesa, in 1507, when he found the quiet water of Nombre de Dios Bay. 'In the Name of God! In the Name of God! *Nombre de Dios! Nombre de Dios!*' cried his followers. And there they made a colony which endured, and in time made the first base for the Treasure Fleet. Balboa discovered the Pacific in 1513. In 1519, on the

shore of the other ocean, the city of Panamá was founded. In 1520 Magellan rounded Cape Horn. In 1521 he reached the Philippines, where he was killed in battle. But the survivors of his ships sailed on and reached, with no small astonishment, the Cape of Good Hope, and then made Europe, thus circumnavigating the world. Magellan called his ocean the Pacific. In 1521 Cortes got to the Pacific, crossing Mexico to Tehuantepec. In 1524 Pizarro set sail from Panamá City to the conquest of Peru.

Then commenced the building of the Royal Road, *Camino Real*, through the jungle of Darien, for the safe transit of the treasure-caravans, and Spaniards enslaved Indians, and made them hew a way with knives and carry the blocks of stone, cobbling it a yard wide all the way from Nombre de Dios to Panamá itself.

Pearls and gold came from the South Seas, gold and silver ornaments, gems of all kinds, and then gold and silver in massive bars. The pack-trains, led by the muleteers and guarded by men in armour, toiled through the dank hot jungle. There was built at Nombre de Dios a great stone treasure-house, where the spoils were heaped up or stacked to wait the coming of the galleons. The Plate Fleet, bearing to Spain its precious cargoes, became the astonishment of the ocean, firing the thoughts of pirates and adventure-seekers, and not least, England's Elizabethan sailors. The Plate Fleet was harried; Nombre de Dios was attacked; Nombre de Dios was burned. Nombre de Dios became known as 'the Spaniards' Grave.'

III.

I sailed there in a little boat with a wizened old man, who was owner and skipper and cook and sailor all in one. And, as we rode over the curling waves, his talk was all of gold. There were a score of tatters in the only pair of trousers he had in the world. I advanced him ten dollars to buy provisions and oil for his little cooker. He wore a twenty-year old straw hat; he collected newspapers, which he seemed to regard as precious in themselves. But he said, 'My God'—he was very profane—'when I get some one to put capital into my mines I shall be king.' A cross between a German and a Panamanian negro, he was at once credulous and calculating. I could not convince him that I was not seeking gold, or oil, or at least manganese. The German in him made up his mind about me. I was made to correspond to the description of my type in a Leipsig encyclopædia. The negro in him was fantastically imaginative regarding the treasures of the Spanish Main. He had sailed for forty years, seeking gold, seeking treasure. Far from its being a pestilential coast, Darien was Paradise. It was a health-resort; there were no mosquitoes.

'This land is Aden,' he kept saying, filling me with mirth, for he meant Eden all the time.

We passed, or were passed by, many schooners manned by Jamaicans, proudly and superfluously flying British flags; and by San Blas Indians in dug-out canoes surmounted by the most rudimentary sails. We came alongside and looked on the mean cargoes of coconuts and bananas, and on the Mongolian features of the untamable Indians. The same Indians, whom the Spaniards treated so ill, have long since recaptured their country, and have established a feud with white man and black man. Nearly all Darien to-day is called 'The Forbidden Country,' and no one who is not an Indian dare remain there after nightfall. But the Indians come down to the shore, or even set off in canoes, to trade fruit and monkeys and parrots for—one thing mostly—powder. The Spanish priests tried to teach them to pray to God. But the other Spaniards brought a more convincing gospel of powder. My skipper evinced great contempt for them, however. 'They'll never be no use till put underground,' he averred. 'All this'—he pointed to the entangled jungle of the shore—'is white man's country. Only white men can do any good here.'

We called at tropical islands, all gnarled rocks and upstarting palms, places for pirates, places for loot. We called at inhabited islands, trading islands with great general stores. On these were white men making a fortune by intercepting the schooners and bartering fruit for canned goods, tools, guns, cartridges. But the wild shore of the mainland held the eyes.

Green hands of the jungle reached out from the tangles, as if all the trees and shrubs were also savages locked in some orgy in which the young and slender were being suffocated or trodden under foot. Hands of despair were stretched outward to the sea. But when we came into Nombre de Dios Bay the barbarity of the vegetable kingdom seemed to have receded as age and depravity step back for innocence. The gentlest of waves rippled forward on a fine half-round of sand. And there might well have been many children playing on that long curve of shell-strewn beach. It was peaceful. It was sun-bathed and blue and gleaming—and it was empty. Even the two schooners and the three dug-out canoes were hidden from view by the breakwater and dam. A huddled village with thatched roofs looked out from under isolated fringing palms—like gray women with shawls about their ears. In the background a ruined church of stone.

Time stood still in the mind whilst I turned back the pages of the chronicles and saw this bay of childhood and romance as the 'Spaniards' Grave.' Here, then, lived Francis Drake in disguise, watching how the Spanish shipped the treasures of Peru on to the Plate Fleet. Nombre de Dios was built in stone then; but you will

search in vain for that stone to-day, unless it is in the structure of the church or in the roadway of the Treasure Trail.

'I have brought you to the mouth of the treasury of the world,' cried Drake when in 1592 he captured Nombre de Dios and led his seventy-three English sailors to the stacks of bars of gold and silver there, so heavy no man could take any of them away.

Even at the moment when El Dorado's gold confronted them the Spaniards rallied, Drake was shot in the thigh, and his companions were driven off, but the English seamen returned several times, and at last destroyed the city so that it never recovered. Drake, after many adventures, returned there to die. He ambushed the treasure-caravans; he way-laid the Plate Fleet. With his little ship *The Golden Hind* he captured the great galleon called *Cacafuego*, he burned Santa Domingo, he fought the Armada, he sailed round the world, he singed the King of Spain's beard. He played at bowls in Devonshire part of the time. But it was Nombre de Dios and the Spanish Main that held him at the last, for in a leaden coffin his body lies there somewhere under the quiet sea.

The people who live in Nombre de Dios now are in themselves the ruins of nations. Chinamen married to Negro women who are themselves partly Spanish, partly Indian; Moslem traders from India living with Jamaican girls who are half English; here lives a Polish-American trader with a mulatto. And the children! They swarm, and are just savages. Even the missionaries avoid them. Even the Catholicism, to which nominally they belong, has no hold. Its church has no roof—and a padre to brave the mosquitoes is not there.

IV.

Neighbour to Nombre de Dios upon the Spanish Main is Puerto Bello, which afterwards became the anchorage of the Treasure Fleet. But Puerto Bello also was destroyed, and also by one of Albion's hateful isle—though he was by no means a true hero of romance—Henry Morgan the pirate. He blew it up; he marched with his crew, cutlass in hand, across the isthmus, and fired Panamá too, or caused the Spaniards in defence to fire it, thus wrecking the fairest city in America of its time, a city of seven thousand cedar-wood houses, two hundred treasure-houses, and three-score churches with golden altars, a city already of thirty thousand souls. That was in 1671. He was rewarded by his king, after he had bought a knighthood, and was made Governor of Jamaica; had, in fact, quite a modern career. They point his grave out to you as you sail along the shore, and every half-savage in Panamá knows more of him than of Drake or Balboa. And at Puerto Bello there has

remained untouched for two centuries the spectacular ruin which he wrought.

The rusty guns lie where they lay 'the morning after,' beside the massive stone fortifications. Spiked, useless, and yet impressive in idleness, it is surprising that they have not been taken away to become ornaments of some new city square, or at least for the value of the metal that is in them.

Puerto Bello has a mixed Negroid population and many bamboo huts. But it has also stone houses. It was once well laid out, and has beautiful little stone bridges and pleasure-seats. The fortified part is extensive, and as one walked the ramparts—the only European, indeed the only person about at all—once more Time, as it were, stopped in the mind, and one realised the night when the pirates came, and, drunk and idle, the Spanish soldiers, and dire the fate they met.

But I left behind me the thought of Morgan at the old portal of the city where, scarcely moulded over, stand the three crosses which mark the place where for nearly two hundred years the treasure-caravans came regularly and made an end of their long, arduous, jungle journey, and the priests gave blessing whilst enslaved Indian coolies toiled and soldiers and sailors swore.

And the old disused cobbled roadway plunges through sedges under the marsh and into the vegetation and darkness which has long since swallowed it up.

From Puerto Bello, Morgan crossed the isthmus; from Nombre de Dios Drake crossed it, and from a 'goodlie and great high tree' looked on the waters of the South Seas for the first time. Where exactly Balboa crossed it no one knows, for no one has come that way again. But it was certainly in what is now called the Forbidden Country, which the Indians have long since recaptured, and now hold by force of arms, to the total exclusion of all who are not Indians.

V.

It was in the Forbidden Country that William Paterson landed in 1698 with twelve hundred men, gentlemen of Scotland, clansmen, old soldiers, traders, and uncovered on Darien's shore the banner of St Andrew blessed at Leith at parting. And they mounted fifty guns and called the fort New St Andrews, and proceeded to organise a trade-road through the jungle, a mere fifty miles to the other side, convinced that thereby the trade of the world would begin to pass through their hands.

The expedition failed disastrously. It seems the Scotsmen were greatly discouraged by King William the Third, who loathed the Scots, and ordered his Governors at Jamaica and elsewhere to refuse them supplies. They were strong enough to keep both Indians and Spanish off,

but they lacked adequate food, and were soon sorely stricken with fever. Their relief ship foundered off Cartagena. Paterson became temporarily deranged. Apathy—or was it despair?—seized the Colonists. Without realising a doyt of their expectations, and reduced to a mere handful, they returned to Scotland. They had been eleven months on the Spanish Main—and some they left behind lay there for ever.

Where many died you will, however, search in vain for Scottish graves. Only the imagination, going back once more, may yield a whisper of the pipes played on that desolate shore.

VI.

They all sought gold; poet-discoverers, conquistadores, heroic sailors, dastardly pirates, Scottish shareholders—El Dorado was their common goal. Even Balboa himself, raising human eyes on the Pacific, was accompanied by those who 'look nowise but downward with a muck-rake in their hands.'

Balboa had settled at Salvatierra in Haiti, and sailed across to Santa Maria de la Antigua on a shore of the Gulf of Darien, and was joined by a group of men whom he captained, making fantastic expeditions into the interior in quest of a massive gold idol—it, The Golden One, El Dorado; and they fought continuously the warlike Indian chiefs and their retainers, generally making the vanquished their allies and seeking out another chief against whom the conquered Indians nursed some grievance.

The Indians wore ornaments of gold, as they still do to-day, but they placed no value on the metal itself until it had been fashioned to some end. But the jewellery, of which the Spaniards ravaged the tribes, led them to believe in some great source. Comagre gave Balboa four thousand ounces, and told him that on the other side of the mountains was a great sea and cities and ships and wealth inexhaustible. And the explorer pondered the matter in his heart, and he said, 'God has revealed the secrets of this land to me only, and for this I shall never cease to thank Him.' An astonishing idea, that God, the spiritual genius behind

all creation, should be taking thought to reveal gold to thieves—and yet it was sincerely held.

It was not exactly humour that the Spaniards lacked. When the first jackass made his first hee-haw on American soil, appalling the Indians, who appealed to know what this strange animal was wanting, a Spaniard replied, 'He is saying that we need more gold, still more gold; do you understand?'

Material desire and the fever of exploration drove Balboa on, and with a hundred and ninety followers in chain-mail he sailed from Antigua to the lands of the subject-chief Careta, whose daughter he espoused. This was at the beginning of September 1513. He travelled two days along the shore to the domains of Ponca, and then, after a fortnight, they started inward to the heart of the jungle, cutting their way with their swords, sweating under their armour, and in four days of unbelievable difficulties they came to the foot of high tree-clad slopes. There they encountered Porque and the Indians of Quarequa. Porque they slew; the Indians they dispersed; the gold they took. That was on 24th September, and on the next morning, early, Balboa set off to climb the mountain of the world, with his Spaniards behind him and Indian guides ahead. There were with him also a priest and a lawyer and a dog. The priest was for God, the lawyer for the King of Spain, and the dog for himself. Little Lion, the bloodhound, held military rank and drew rations, it is said. He was alleged to be worth any three men.

Where is Quarequa? No one knows. Perhaps it is even an invented name, and the fight put in by the narrators to give feature to the story. How many hours Balboa's party struggled from the Indian village to the top of the sierra has not been calculated. Did Balboa look upon the Pacific at noon—or was it in the glamour of a later light? Possibly, with his Indians to lead him, it was still morning. And it was still morning in the soul—the morning of new life and light, the morning of discovery.

Balboa halted his party, and then advanced alone and saw the sea.

(Continued on page 121.)

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER VI.—continued.

TOGETHER they turned and went back to the camp, outwardly in precisely the same relation as they had been when they left it. But Carwyke knew that really there had been a profound change in their position to each other. By some feminine intuition the girl had divined what was in his mind; and, fearful lest he should in any way disturb her reliance upon

him, he determined that for the future no sign of his real feeling towards her should escape him, until at least the girl was in a position to act for herself and to order her goings. Till the end of this wilderness journey, their relationship must be one of friendship only.

But whilst it was comparatively easy to make the resolution, it was, he found, difficult to

adhere to it. Once or twice in the course of the meal he found the girl's blue eyes meeting his own with a shy, wondering look in them, and knew that if he spoke what was in his heart his desire would find a response in her. Young though she was, living among the Eskimo all her days, Norma could not be ignorant of the facts of life or of the deeper relations between men and women. Standifer had already spoken to her of marriage; and whatever her father's teaching might have been, and in spite of her remoteness from women of her own race, it was clear that she knew what that relationship involved. It would be easy to win her now. He had but to speak to obtain her heart's response; of that those shy looks of half-understanding assured him. And when they reached civilisation things might be different. Some one might show up to claim her and carry her completely out of the world in which he moved; or some other man might move her more deeply than himself, in which case—

His thought broke off there. Quite suddenly he saw himself as he must appear in her eyes—a man who had risked, and was risking, his life for her. That was, he knew, an enormous asset in his favour. But again repressing his surging desire to make her his own, he resolved that he would not use that advantage. He would serve her and await the issue, letting his services speak for him, without urging them upon her when the moment for speech came.

In the few days of their companionship quite naturally they had turned to each other, for Billy with all his virtues was of a different order and of commoner mould. Each day they had walked off together after supper, leaving the squaw-man complacently smoking by the fire. But to-night, when at the conclusion of the meal Norma rose and moved across the tundra, Carwyke deliberately remained in his seat by the fire. Billy waited a minute, then shot him a glance of inquiry. Carwyke kept an impassive face. At last the ex-whaler spoke.

'A tiff?'

'No?' answered Carwyke, with a little vexed laugh at the thought that the other should so easily have discerned the situation.

'Then why don't you go? Legs stiff or what? There's Missy lookin' back for yo.'

Deliberately Roy Carwyke kept his eyes from turning in the direction of that lissom figure moving across the sodden moss, knowing that if he saw the girl looking back he would not be able to resist the implied invitation. 'I'm tired,' he said evasively.

Eskimo Billy spat in the glowing moss of the fire. 'When I was young,' he said, 'I wasn't never too doggoned tired to walk with a nice girl.'

'No!' answered Carwyke, with a laugh. 'And perhaps I'm not quite so tired as I'm

making out. But there's decency in things, you know.'

'Mebbe!' answered the other, with a flash of understanding in his eyes. 'I wasn't reared thet way. I've a-took what's come as it come to me; an' thet's what I should do now, if I was yo', Mista Carwyke. Missy's yo'rs for ther askin', as any one can see with half an eye—an' I don't know thet I'd wish her any other man.'

'But I sha'n't ask, Billy—yet.'

'Um! I got yo'—mebbe yo'r right. Thet's ther gentlefolk's way, I guess; but 'tain't mine, though to be sure I had what Mista Mannering would have called scruples about Teriksin, an' mayhap they was akin to what yo're feelin', Mista Carwyke.'

Carwyke looked at the man wonderingly. 'I remember,' he said quietly. 'You married her.'

'Yep! An' for her I'd have lived and died in this gol-darned wilderness. Thet's how I felt, Mista Carwyke, an' I guess thet's how yo're feeling about Missy there; an' straight, as from man to man, yo're a fool if yo' don't up an' tell her so this very minute. I reckon I'd be only too pleased to know thet she was in yo'r hands for good—and remember, for three years I've been sorta father an' mother to ther kid.'

'I'm sure you wish her well, Billy, but I must follow my own judgment,' answered the other, and then deliberately changed the subject. 'Tell me about Teriksin.'

'What's there to tell?' answered the ex-whaler hoarsely. 'I married her fair and square, an' then one day comes along thet Russian, an' my igloo was left to me desolate.'

'Did she go of herself?'

'I do' know!' said Billy. 'Thet's ther 'ell of it, Mista Carwyke. Ther women at ther camp could tell me nothin'.'

'The Russian? You knew him?'

'I'd seen him twice. He called himself a priest—an' mebbe he was one, but he was a priest of 'ell! He drifted in one day to see Mista Mannering, an' again six months later, an' I reckon must have seen Teriksin then, for it was ther very next winter thet he came an' spirited her away. But I'll get him yet! When Missy's clear of this I'll come back, an' if I've to tramp Alaska through I'll find him. Priests ain't thet common up here thet I won't hear of him one o' these days, and when I do—' He broke off and laughed fiercely. 'Mista Mannering used to tell me that ther good book said, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith ther Lord;" but it's mine too, an' mine first, an' I reckon I'll do my own repaying with a rifle-bullet or six inches o' steel!' Again he laughed savagely, and added, 'There is a cold fact thet can't be mistook.'

He ceased to speak, and, his pipe out, sat staring sombrelly into the fire. Carwyke, not

knowing what to say, also remained silent, and a moment later, lifting his eyes, saw that Norma was returning. When she reached the camp he thought he saw a shadow of disappointment in her candid eyes, and, after all his resolutions, reproached himself for having remained in camp instead of availing himself of the pleasure of her company. And until they turned in for the night it was a silent trio that sat in the lee of the smoky fire.

Three days later, the river proving impassable, they left it, and made a long portage to the Height of Land, spending three days in the operation; and on the evening of the third day looked down on a small lake, and beyond it a river which led to the first outposts of the great woods. On the long slope to the lake the willow bushes were taller, the dwarf pines of much sturdier growth, and instead of the all-pervading moss, clumps of nigger-heads lifted themselves in view. As he stood looking across the wilderness, far away to the right, Carwyke saw something which made him stare intently. It was a thin veil, that might be fog or smoke, which as he watched seemed to hang about a small stream running in the direction of the lake. He called Billy, and pointed out the place. 'What is it?' he asked. 'Mist or smoke?'

The ex-whaler stared steadily for a moment, then gave his opinion. 'Smoke, Mista Carwyke.'

'And smoke means a fire—and probably a camp.'

'Yep!' answered Billy.

'You don't think it is Standifer?' asked Norma, who had drawn near.

Carwyke shook his head. 'I don't see how it can be. We had the start, and we have wasted no time.'

The ex-whaler gave a sharp exclamation. 'Ugh!'

'What is it?' asked Carwyke quickly.

'I wouldn't be so sure about it,' answered Billy quickly. 'Thet Standifer's no fool. S'pose he knew that the river we came along would bring us south. S'pose he guessed thet naturally we'd make for ther Height, an' thet instead of following us he made a cut-off and took ther risk of getting on ther lower side first.'

'But how could he do it? Remember we've pressed the pace, Billy.'

'Yep! An' ther river wriggled about some, an' we've lost a goodish bit of time following its windings. Standifer had a boat. S'pose he drove down ther coast, and took one of them rivers farther south. There's lots of li'l creeks thet nobody except a gold-seeker or two or ther Eskimo ever bothers about, an' if he hit one thet was on ther right side of ther Height—why, there yo' are!'

Roy Carwyke whistled softly to himself. He could not deny the possibility of which the ex-whaler spoke. Then he gave a harsh laugh.

'Well, if you're right, Billy, we'll have to make a fight for it. Standifer shall not have Miss Norma whilst I live. But before fighting we'll run. If we can make that lake without being observed, we shall be all right. . . . After all, we may be worrying ourselves needlessly.'

'I ain't prepared to take no chances with Standifer!' answered Billy.

'Nor I! We'll work down towards the river. There's a gully away to the left there that will hide us, and once we get to navigable water again we shall be all right. Of course, we may have no trouble at all.'

They crept to the watercourse which Carwyke had indicated, and began the long and slow descent to the lake. Presently they reached a place where willows scattered on the edge of the gully offered better concealment, and made a quicker pace. The gully deepened as they descended; and knowing that they were now out of sight of any one not posted on the crest of the slope, they pushed on desperately. An hour passed, two hours, and they still followed the watercourse, carrying the light kayaks on their backs, stumbling among the stones, slipping on moss-grown rocks, and splashing through pools of water.

At the end of that time sheer weariness compelled a halt, and, creeping to the top of the bank, Carwyke looked over. The smoke was now plainly visible, drifting in a long cloud in the light wind, and as he watched, he had even a fancy that he could catch the pungent odour of the burning moss. As near as he could judge, the fire was about a mile away; and whilst they rested he watched it carefully, keeping his head low, for he remembered that Standifer had glasses. He saw nothing of the camp or the campers, and, though he searched the landscape narrowly, he caught sight of no human presence.

At the end of two hours they resumed their journey towards the lake. The mosquitoes, which had been bad at the beginning of the descent, were now less troublesome; there was a great stillness over the land, broken occasionally by the weird cry of a loon; and the glow in the sky above the crest of the slope behind them proclaimed the rosy midnight of the north. Well-nigh dropping with fatigue, they pressed on, and were almost within reach of the lake, with the camp on the slope a mile behind them, when an untoward thing happened. In the gully Billy, who was leading, startled a caribou, which was drinking at one of the pools. It sprang up the bank, and in its turn startled to flight a pair lying in the open; and scarcely had that happened when, from somewhere up the slope, far away, but distinctly audible, there sounded the cry of a human voice, which was answered by another.

'Quick, Billy; there's no time to be lost. Those beasts have drawn attention this way!'

They plunged on recklessly, trusting now to the concealment of the willows. Once or twice they heard shouting, but did not stop to reconnoitre. It might or might not be Standifer and his men, but they could not afford to take risks. Just as the gully broadened to a marsh at one end of the lake, where they were forced to step into the open, the shouting was renewed. And as they reached the water, and, breathless and panting with their exertions, arranged the stores in the kayaks ready for launching, there came unmistakable evidence

that they had been observed, for above their heads there sounded the sudden drone of a bullet, followed by the faint, far-away crang-g of a rifle.

'Standifer! Ther black dog!' yelled Billy, beginning to unsling his rifle. 'Push on. I'll keep ther divils back.'

And as Norma and Carwyke took the water, they heard his rifle crack behind them, and at the same moment a hostile bullet ricocheted on the lake in front of them.

(Continued on page 116.)

HALF-TRUTH.

By A. W. THOMSON.

IF we are to tread the path of life with graciousness, and, in the jostling of self-help and mutual help, crowd our way in decency from birth to death, the matter of truthful relationships becomes a study of exceptional complexity. Though deep enough in all conscience, the subject is perhaps not so puzzling in the narrower individual life of the constant personal touch. But when you apply it to the larger ties with which you are bound to the common humanity you do not know, but with whom the exigencies of your own life, as a unit, are inextricably bound up, the affair assumes an appallingly difficult aspect; so appalling, indeed, that in fits of greater callousness you insensibly knock about the truths that cement the lives of people in as careless fashion as you knock about billiard balls.

You are not wholly to blame; for it is often nearly as difficult to define the truthful interacting and engaging in ordinary affairs and issues as it is to come by the essential facts in a complicated court of law case. The business of living is mainly an immense 'combine' of cases, longer or lesser problems, as puzzling as law cases. And workaday is, after all, but a jog-trot of moves and counter-moves through the interminable series. We each set out to attain our little ends, to win our petty cases, and, by hook or crook, establish right to existence. You have a case of sorts, if it is but to face your digestion to a special dinner, or to prepare your income-tax paper, or to treat with your table-maid who has given notice to leave, almost every minute of your waking day, let alone your working day. And all you can say or do is dictated by your requirements and aims of the moment. So your cases all come under the same general head—self *v.* society—the eternal battle of the ego to keep toeing the line with its fellows, and get forward in command if it can.

The most deplorable feature about those little cases that compose existence is that they convince you that the apparent facts of common

life are but a bundle of parables, all neatly tied up in red tape awaiting your attention. They have a distressing faculty of working outwards like a prodigious geometrical progression. No sooner have you disposed of one than its demise automatically hatches out a couple of others. And it is an even chance against your striking the most truthful solution. The task of knowing your job of living becomes, under such unfortunate conditions, quite problematical. In fact, the only thing you can do, not to break the back of your conscience, or kill a practical spirit with theoretical speculation, is to mix that conscience with all the purpose and work you can find. But your conscience, though the best thing about you, is not necessarily a book of learning. And so by this prescription you may get your leavening to work out as truth suited more or less to circumstances. You set to work on half-truth, or truth diluted, like modern liqueurs and other things.

The faculty of making up a mixture suitable for the practical conduct of daily life bearing a truthful attitude to yourself and others is clearly an art. To bring it to perfection is as difficult as the art of blending teas or whiskies, both of which are highly-paid professions. Conscience is but the foundation, for you need a lot of other ingredients, such as tact, diplomacy, policy, fashion, public opinion, and other seasonings, to make the dish palatable to a consensus of tastes. The job is like building a house. If your foundation is only good enough, you can build on it to please your fancy or to suit a particular utility. If the house does come down, the foundation always remains intact. So much for a good conscience.

Of these ingredients you use a good deal of fashion. For instance, you may not smoke a clay pipe though you know it is healthier than a briar, since, when it becomes coloured in a few weeks with narcotic juice, you are rich enough to throw it away and start a new one.

This is not putting smoking in a very truthful relation to yourself. Nor may you buy the wife of your bosom a beautiful hat that is slightly out of date. You must get what may be atrociously unsuited to her, but has the grace of fashion. And that is but half-truth in the relation of dress to your wife. Again, whether or not you can conscientiously afford it, whether you have a fancy for the pastime or prefer to stick to gardening or the collecting of antique furniture, you must get a motor-car if you are to retain much esteem and many friendships. Now, while a car is pleasure-giving and a convenient accessory of life, it has no business to come as a wedge into the love between you and your friends. So even your car is a thing of imperfect relationship towards you, and but half-truthful in the qualities of its advantages. The fashion of things must touch us, for we are human and demonstrative by nature, though the staidest and most perspicacious will shed a vulgar touch (if a fashion dare be vulgar) without leaving a stain.

As for tact, from the moment you clamber out of bed of a morning until you creep back to it at night, you are confronted with the fact that we are all so dizzily self-respecting on our own flimsy pedestals that a single cross word may upset the conduct of the day. To preserve the proprieties and the intactness of your general position in this respect is a very fine art indeed. In fact, continually to strengthen that position is a finer art than sculpture, or painting, or architecture, or even futurist drawing. We ought to be straight enough in the back and stiff enough in the upper lip to face all the winds that come from anything abutting on the logic of practical common-sense. Yet we are full of a quaint conceit in thinking we perceive the core of things for ourselves. And we are amusingly forgetful that the world is still in the creeping stage, and that to be old before we are young results in physical inertness and mental indigestion. Besides, excessive tact tends to propagate human ignorance, not to speak of its kicking true pride into an insensibility, where pride has no business to be. This, whether you go to the one extreme of covering up by voluble talk, or to the other of complete silence. Curiously enough, in the end, you may find yourself drifting into some body with a catholic appetite for 'isms' when you fling your tact to the four winds, and hurtle your doubtful truths from the house-tops. Mortality, like hardy annuals, would, to use a homely Scottish phrase, often 'hang better as it grows.'

Public opinion is something like haggis or apothecaries' condiments, inasmuch as no one ever quite knows what it is composed of. A pleasant dish it usually is, otherwise it would not be popular or public opinion. But that does not mean it is always the best one for us,

any more than medicine with a good taste is better for us than Dr Gregory's abominable but estimable mixture. Still, public opinion is usually a sound sort of thing in its way. The trouble is that its bad points, such as these are, become insidiously woven into the affairs and conduct of the business of living, since the bare fact of its picturing the trend of the times invests it with what looks like a cloak of sincerity. It is an ill wind that blows along a belief that *vox populi* is necessarily *vox Dei*. But a lot of folk are so set on themselves as to believe so. And we are all inclined to accept the comforting doctrine that what is, with due reservations, must be best. When folk are working in gangs or bodies they are prone to turn a deaf ear occasionally to tentative whispers of conscience and justice. Each can lay the blame to the others, and use them as a pretext. It is a question of courage, and a regiment has more than the individual unit. So circumstantial interests become our accepted morality by public opinion. At the best of it public opinion is but a hotch-potch made up into a nice dish, just like haggis in fact, only sometimes not nearly so wholesome. And you see we thus put a premium on a blend of good and bad, sound and doubtful, on half-truth.

Take any topic at all, and half the people you meet don't know what to make of it. The other half are divided in conclusions, which proves that both cannot be wholly right, and therefore both must be partly wrong. And, since we are all so touchily agreed to differ, you find yourself in your dealings with your lawyer, doctor, banker, wife, tradesmen, work-people, chauffeur, gardener, cook, and maids, for ever squandering time in shaping and reshaping common-sense and kindly directness to a form you judge suitable to carry with you to meet prevailing affairs. The universe is as though peopled with living and animated half-drawn windows. And if you were to pull up the blinds each would mistake the other even in the closest relationships, while in the larger issues the whole world would be at a topsyturvy count of sixes and sevens, with the charlatan's cry ringing despairingly in our ears. The picture is ugly enough from beginning to end, and, in due accordance with the text of this paper, is probably but half-truthful, thus confounding the writer in his own toils. But you must not believe with the cynic (as some will name the present writer) that there is no such thing as truth, and that it therefore can have no uses to study. For, by the grace of God, there is a jolly lot about, and we are indeed all full of it. Only we have an exaggerated habit of smothering it when quite unnecessary in our hearts' embrace. Even then you must brightly remember that nothing altogether dies, even if smothered, but everything is resurrected for future utility.

'ASMAN BOLTA HAL'

A TALE OF THE EAST.

By CHARLES NIBBS, Author of *Some Hindu Servants, &c.*

I.

IN the old days at Cambridge we often played chess together, and although I am a fairly decent player, he usually beat me. In this way we had gradually become friendly, but my limited Western conception made me conscious of a point in his mentality beyond which it seemed impossible to pass. The Oriental imperturbability of Manogi Nath Banerji presented a veil through which I could but dimly pierce, and the psychology of the man was such that in my blunt English fashion I could only sum him up as being a 'queer sort of chap,' and so was content to leave it.

I learned from him that it would be a difficult matter to regain his 'caste' on returning to India, as crossing the 'black water' was an almost unpardonable sin for a Brahman, and that it could only be done by his passing through a ghastly and horrible series of ceremonial cleansings, in which money would avail but little. Next his body he always wore the 'sacred thread'—to me it was only a piece of knotted string—and when he became expansive, which was not often, he would tell me many curious and interesting facts of Brahmanic rites and ancient Hindu mythology.

On leaving Cambridge our ways parted. He entered one of the Inns of Court, and after being called to the Bar, left at once for the East in order to practise at a Provincial High Court. We exchanged a few letters and then the correspondence ceased, for we were both busily immersed in our own affairs. As is so frequently the case, we still reckoned ourselves friends, in spite of distance and lack of communication. 'Varsity friendships, except between the most intimate, are often like this, and are very readily resumed at the point of breakage, even after a long time. There is something in the atmosphere of Cambridge that knits the unspoken bond with almost Masonic strength.

So when I found myself in Calcutta quite recently, it was only natural that my thoughts should turn to Manogi Nath Banerji, and I wondered whether we should have an opportunity of meeting. I knew he was not likely to be a judge, although he was a member of the English Bar, being, as I well remembered, of much too visionary a type for a seat on the Bench. I looked for his name in all the official lists of *vakils* or 'pleaders' attached to the various courts, and made diligent inquiry in all possible directions, but failed to trace his whereabouts, so concluded that, if alive, he had retired from practice.

To escape the intolerable humid heat of Calcutta I had run down to Puri, a small fishing village on the Bay of Bengal, some four hundred miles away, and only about two miles from the famous Hindu temple in the holy city of Jagernaut. At a small hotel, right on the surf-covered beach, a hospitable Scotswoman made me welcome, and I thoroughly enjoyed the early morning swim in the never-ceasing rollers, and the sundry fishing trips in the curiously sewn boats, which the natives handle in a most dexterous way as they toss through the breakers to the calmer waters beyond. In the comparative cool of the late afternoons I wandered through the old Hindu city, untouched as yet by Western civilisation. I was allowed to enter only the first court of the huge temple, as none but orthodox Hindus are permitted farther. Indeed, so far as records go, the few who have proved venturesome enough to successfully pass the many door-keepers and reach the inner shrine of the temple have never been seen to come out. The Government police know this full well, but are powerless to give any help to those who are rash enough to take their lives in their own hands. The religious prejudices and the sanctity of places, whether Hindu or Moslem, are rigorously observed by the Government, which is actuated by a remarkable spirit of tolerance and benevolent neutrality in all questions of this nature.

From the temple to the seashore runs a straight road, about a mile in length, bordered on both sides with peepul-trees and cactus-bushes. It has the poetical name of 'Gate of Heaven Road,' and contains several subsidiary temples devoted to the cult of the different deities favoured by the orthodox. In this road I saw more devotees, fakirs, *yogi*, and holy men than in any other similar place except Benares. Filthy-looking fakirs with long matted hair, covered with vermin, were to be seen on their beds of spikes, with the inevitable 'beggar's bowl' within reach of their eyes. As I had some knowledge of colloquial Hindustani, I tried to get into conversation with some of these men, but neither by word nor by look did any vouchsafe the slightest knowledge of my presence. It was only when I stooped down and ostentatiously put an anna or two in the 'bowl' that I caught the flicker of an eyelid, which told me that the fakir, after all, was quite wide awake to the main chance.

Being, so far as I knew, the only white man in this city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, I was of course followed by the usual crowd of small children and a few of the more inquisitive

adults, who apparently wanted to know what the Belati-sahib would do with the 'devil picture-box.' The click of the camera was the note of satisfaction made by the 'inside devil' when the picture was taken, and the spell which it cast was so manifestly evil that I had a lot of difficulty before I managed to persuade one picturesque-looking individual to pose for me. He probably thought that the few pice I promised him, being a present blessing, would more than compensate him for any possible evil which an angry devil might send, especially as he could safely plead that he was much too insignificant a person for a powerful demon to bother about. No harm immediately ensuing, he now considered himself a man of some importance and quite imbued with Western ideas, which he showed by engaging me in conversation, and as a piece of valuable information told me to go farther down the 'Gate of Heaven,' where, under a large peepul-tree, I could see a very holy man indeed—a *yogi*—who was a Brahman, and a strange Brahman too, for he taught the people.

This was such an unusual thing that I had no hesitation in following his suggestion, and a few minutes afterwards edged my way through a small crowd and saw the holy man. His *dhoti* was spotlessly white, his head shaven, and the 'caste-mark' showed that he had done *pūja* that morning. In the familiar squatting attitude he was quietly talking to the men around. Then I caught his eye, and to my immense surprise recognised Manogi Nath Banerji, graduate of Cambridge and barrister-at-law.

II.

He gave no sign that he had seen me, but went on talking to the people, who listened spellbound as he expounded in simple terms, and with homely illustrations, his scheme of philosophic life, which I soon saw was a curious mixture of the ancient Brahmanic cult and the modern teachings of the Arya Samaj. As these two cults are diametrically opposed in fundamental essentials, the experiment was distinctly bold, and certainly novel.

As soon as he had finished he dismissed his audience with a benevolent gesture, and, turning towards me, gave me a polite 'salaam'; and then in English, but without offering his hand, bade me welcome. 'I have been expecting you, Spencer, and am very glad to see you after so many years.'

'But, my dear fellow, until five minutes ago I had no idea you were here.'

'Nevertheless, I knew you would find me, for so it is written. Please come with me; all I have is yours.'

Rather bewildered by this sudden meeting and his cryptic words, I followed him into a small house of just a couple of rooms, differing but little from the ordinary native huts, except that

it was 'pucca-built.' A tiny veranda in front was just big enough to hold his *charpoy* (string bed); a few grass mats and some brass pots formed his domestic furniture, the only luxury being a dilapidated deck-chair and a small shelf, on which I recognised some old friends—well-thumbed volumes—of our Cambridge days. He offered me the hammock-chair, as being the only suitable accommodation for a European.

Then we talked, and for the best part of an hour we were fully reminiscent of old times, old friends, and the events of the intervening years. I confess that I felt very angry with him for throwing away all his opportunities, as he apparently had, and wanted to know what all this tomfoolery meant; but he waved aside all my objections with the remark that he considered he had a mission to his own folk, and the only way to reach them was by becoming a *sadhu*, *yogi*, or ascetic in his manner of life, and in so doing was absolutely contented and happy, much more so than if he had continued his work in the courts amassing fees for which he had no need. Shelter, clothing, and food were all he desired; and assured of this, in barest simplicity, he would ask for nothing more.

'But enough of me, my life, and my work. I must go my own path, following the Light which has been given to me. It is of you, Spencer, I want to know. Tell me of the trouble overclouding you that has sent you to me?'

I laughed outright. 'There is no trouble, Banerji, and it is purely by chance that I have come across you to-day.'

'It is no chance, Spencer, and I am certain that there is trouble ahead, for so I interpret what is written. What of your sister's son, the little curly-headed boy I remember. Of course, he's a man now—how is he doing?'

'Doing very well, I think. He's in business at home; and, so far as I know, is going ahead all right.'

'You have been his adviser all through, haven't you?'

'Yes, since he lost his father.'

'Well, you must go to him; he needs your restraining influence pretty badly at present.'

'Impossible, my dear chap. I'm not leaving India for a couple of months yet.'

'Go, and go at once. To-morrow will be too late.'

I looked sharply at my friend. Evidently the austerity of his mode of life had affected his brain, and as I fancied I could detect a gleam of insanity in his somewhat dreamy eyes, I was for beating as hasty and dignified a retreat as I could. But his words, 'Go, and go at once,' were burning with an intense insistency into my head, and before I had time to frame a suitable answer to his palpable absurdities, I became conscious of an eerie sensation as I lay in the hammock-chair.

The smoke from the cheroot I was enjoying was curling gracefully upwards, and two or three white rings were forming, and I looked for it to dissolve in the clear atmosphere. Suddenly it seemed to me that I was looking at it from *outside myself*, and with an awful thought flashed through my brain that this was really the insane one, and not Banerji. I was in the little room, yet looking at things from another standpoint, and with quite a detached air. I saw myself comfortably reclining in the chair, with the lighted cheroot between my fingers, and Banerji squatting in front, intently peering into my face. He was still talking in a monotonous tone, and I heard every word quite distinctly, amid an intense silence that seemed to enwrap everything. The humming of the myriads of insects, the gentle soughing of the leaves of the peepul-trees as they rustled in the evening breeze, the distant sound of the tom-toms outside one of the temples, the voice of my friend urging me to see my nephew—all impressed me with a strong sense of a new unlettered personality.

Gradually the character of the place seemed to be changing, the grass matting had become a carpet, a large desk was in the middle of the room, which seemed to have expanded in some extraordinary manner, the little book-shelf had become a big case full of ledgers, and all the paraphernalia of the private room of a business office in London were evident. I even noted that the electric light was burning, although, allowing for the difference of about six hours between Indian and Greenwich time, it should only be about noon in England. Glancing out the window I saw the reason; a heavy thunderstorm was about to break, and all was dark and murky. By degrees the place became familiar. I was in my nephew's office, and there he was sitting at his desk! With an inarticulate cry of delight I advanced to meet him, but I seemed quite oblivious of my presence, and Banerji wondered at his lack of manners. I noted that he looked worried, anxious, and was so deeply absorbed in his work that I thought I should be kinder to wait a bit before drawing his attention. Then he spoke, but I did not catch what he said; indeed, I heard no sound at all, but judged from his lips and his action that he had made up his mind to some course which seemed a bit distasteful, and it suddenly dawned on me that I was there to prevent it. At that moment a brilliant flash of lightning illuminated the room, followed by a deafening crash of thunder. The diversion brought me to my senses, and I cried out, though I was conscious of the terrible effort it cost me, 'Don't do it, Jack!'

Before the reverberating roll of thunder had quite died away, the scene gradually faded into indistinctness and then slowly resolved itself into Banerji's little room again, and I was

quizzically gazing at my own recumbent form in the deck-chair. 'This won't do at all,' I thought; 'I must get into myself again, or perhaps I sha'n't be able to presently.' An intense physical struggle, but without the slightest movement, pervaded my whole body. I couldn't get in. Great beads of perspiration were rolling off me as the only result. Summoning my whole will-power, I concentrated my mind on one tremendous effort, realising that if I didn't get back I was in danger of being looked upon as dead, and, though perfectly conscious, buried alive! It seemed an eternity before I succeeded; then, looking up in a perfectly normal fashion, I saw the last of the smoke rings die away. All had happened in a few seconds of time. Banerji's questioning voice recalled me to the present.

'So you have seen him?' he was saying.

'Yes, I have, but I don't understand—'

'No, and probably you never will. You are too Western in your outlook and environment, but at any rate you will know that I have served you in your need. Go back to your lodging—a storm is brewing—and *Asman bolta hai*' (literally, 'the heavens are speaking,' that is, 'it thunders').

Another peal crashed above as I hastily bade him good-bye, and in a tremor of mixed emotions sought the shelter of my Scottish friend's house.

III.

A few months later I was in London, and after dining at my club with Jack on the evening of my arrival, I was not at all surprised when he began, 'Uncle, I very nearly made a mess of things while you were away, but, thanks to you, I managed to pull up in time.'

I had an idea of what was coming, but purposely said nothing except to invite his confidence; so he went on with his confession.

'Yes, I found myself in a beastly hole, and saw a sudden chance of getting out of it. It looked very simple at first, but it meant going under should I be found out. But on the very morning when I had made up my mind to face the risk and take the consequences, a heavy thunderstorm burst over the city, and in a vivid flash of lightning, which lit up the whole place, I distinctly saw you standing in my office, and heard you cry out as the thunder crashed overhead, 'Jack, don't do it.' It may only have been imagination working on my overwrought nerves, but it was enough, and I'm jolly thankful I listened to the warning, for, after all, I managed to pull through the crisis safely.'

As for my whilom friend, Manogi Nath Banerji, well, as he said, I don't understand, and probably never shall, but I'm none the less deeply indebted to him.

WHILE THE ELEMENTS RESTED.

By T. E. ELWELL.

A DEAD calm in deep water a thousand miles from land will soon be a rare experience. Even in the bygone days of sailing-ships its indefinable charm was felt by few; and but a small percentage of the elect were willing or able to communicate their impressions. To captains and officers calms were not delightful experiences but sore trials, often ordeals; and if officers did not so regard them, captains seldom failed to force this view upon them. Few A.B.'s studied anything but the quality of their food, and to the cook there were but two phases of sea-life: that period when pans, held in place by a maze of wire, spilled their contents if filled above one-third capacity, and the time when, unleashed, they would hold two-thirds.

Let me, then, answering to none of these ratings, place on record my thoughts and actions during a calm.

As the wind dies away there comes a strange feeling of detachment—segregation. This cannot proceed rationally from lack of motion; for a squirrel running in a circular cage is as far from rodent companionship as he is when resting, and the routine of the ship was inexorable, storm or calm. No! Apart from some animal instinct, the only physical cause proceeded from the changed and ill-defined horizon, a melting of blue sea into blue sky.

That was indeed a startling change, for a sailor as unconsciously scans the horizon as a committee man scrawls on his blotting-pad. And how would a committee meeting proceed were all pads and pens suddenly withdrawn?

Ship sounds, unheard during a breeze, now became audible: the jolting of the rudder in its trunk; the swirl of water below the counter; the zip—ze-ee-p—zip, as a light swell ran along and broke under the edge of a plate on the water-line. Ropes whispered, murmured, creaked, begged to be left alone, or furiously abused each other, according to size; and at night one could fancy they spoke of things unmeet for man to know. Albatrosses and Cape pigeons sat as serene as geese and ducks on a mill-pond; only spreading their wings or squabbling over their one quest—food.

At midday I have thrown a bright disc of tin to a goodly distance, and have marked its pendulum-like, flashing descent for minutes. At such times I have imagined 'that inverted bowl we call the sky' to be resting its edge on as infinite a bowl styled the sea, with the ship poised for ever in the centre of space.

Land!—What was land?—There never had been land—in this existence.

In a previous incarnation, perhaps; for the

word suggested a place where nothing was at rest, where with daylight came ceaseless noise; a hard framework whereon millions of shuttles wove a confused, ill-understood pattern.

No! the universe was vastly blue and yielding; as above, so below and around—the planet I lay upon having an uncomputed orbit, but no destination.

Small living things would leave the ship's side and adventure a yard or so on the surface of the water, darting back when the sails gave a sudden flap. It seemed a miracle that such mites could survive the pressure of waves that stove in bulwarks; yet, upon reflection, their immunity is one with that enjoyed by short grass amid the gale that uproots oaks.

A time and a place for each; the man, the bird, and microscopic life. The sun that scorches the grass strengthens the oak's heart. Without calms, no trade-winds; for if here is energy, there must be rest. There is nothing really wrong, save views and habits.

Hence, during a calm, the same state of nature that made one placid would cause others to rave. What could ultra-moderns do with a conspiracy of circumstances that allowed them to get neither on nor out? It won't do, my masters; if the elements are calm, let us substitute human brain-storms.

Yes, to all who regard any kind of action as superior to inaction, to those who prefer sound, even discord, to silence, the cessation of wind and wave must ever be punishment.

But to quiet accepters of Nature in all her moods, to all who, at risk of being misunderstood, I must apply the term 'Thoreauvians,' a calm at sea never failed to induce as deep and equal a calm in their souls.

SONNET.

(Written on Shigi-san, one of the mountains of Yamato.)

I LOVE to roam these wide hills, wintry drest.

Their note is *quiet*: in these paths far-strayed,

And climbing, terraced fields, man has but laid

A soothing finger on wild Nature's breast.

The silhouetted pine on yonder crest,

And those in cloud-like, stemless layers arrayed

In soft relief against the valley's shade

Are still as pictures. So is sound suppressed,

That if a bird speak 'tis but to reveal

The rounding silence; while, along the pass,

Shaggy with last year's yellowing bamboo grass,

The blue-clothed peasant, tripping on his road,

With lightly-carried, yet so heavy, load,

Shares, not disturbs, the peace the senses feel.

L. R.

THE ADMIRAL'S SHORE DAYS.

CHAPTER I.—continued.

v.

'MA'AM,' said I to Mrs McCourt that evening, 'I note we've a second academy in the village. We are becoming a very centre of education.'

Mrs McCourt smiled. 'The air is healthful to the children, my lord,' she explained.

'This second school?' I said, lighting my pipe. 'It looks very small, very poor; but it may not be the fault of the mistress. Is she a gentlewoman, respectable and capable?'

'Yes, my lord—once governess in a private family. She is a widow, Mrs Spens, and does well. But Mrs Thayer, having Sir Cortland's daughters, gets all the young ladies.'

'I can name two young ladies, ma'am,' I said, 'or better, two Barbary savages, that Mrs Thayer shall not get.'

Next day I settled the matter, and three days later, with no disapproval, I perceived in the newspaper an intelligence which beyond doubt had been sent by Mrs Spens:

'The Lady Joyce Lamont of Bagenal and the Lady Cecilia Lamont of Bagenal, the daughters of the Earl of Axbridge, have entered the P. Spens's Academy for Young Ladies at Bagenal, Sussex.'

CHAPTER II.

I.

A JANUARY morning—with Joyce, red-eyed, tremulous lipped, roaming about the library. The child had been crying all night over her kitten, killed by young Gibsone's dog; and her hand had seemed so fevered to me this morning that I would not send her out into the raw air to school.

She came to a pause before a chair, on which lay a sketched plan of the action at Fair Bay that some printer had submitted to me, begging my criticism and correction. She studied the plan listlessly.

'Why did you mark arrows by these French names, *Le—Le Guillaume Tell* and *Le Généreux*?' I asked.

'Two that escaped from us, sweetheart,' I answered; 'sail of the line of Monsieur Villeneuve's division.'

She passed on, with a sigh—moved her book. 'Oh, why did you let Gibsone come through our park?' she said.

'A neighbour, my dear; and it saves him two miles. But I will see he does not bring the dog after to-day.'

'No, let him bring it.' She came back to the plan, and once more stared at it. I laid

down my pipe and opened my snuff-box with a sense of gratification. So Joyce was inclined to forgive Gibsone's dog? That was fine of the child. It looked as though Mrs Spens's academy, notwithstanding two recent and most flagrant misdeeds done jointly by my daughters, was doing Joyce good.

'Did *La Justice* frigate and *La Diane* frigate escape you also?' she asked, her eyes still on the plan.

'Yes,' I said; and then I laughed. 'She's twitting!' I exclaimed. 'She's out to twit Admiral Nelson and me! Go on, miss; find some more that flicked their heels at Nelson and your poor old father.'

She smiled wanly, with a little shake of her head in denial of twitting, and resumed her roaming, while I got a notebook from a drawer at my knee and set to transcribing some notes. I heard Joyce open a cupboard, but I did not raise my head. Presently when I looked up she was examining a light, silver blunderbuss-pistol, which a friend had given me years before. 'Is it charged?' she asked.

'It should not be,' I said. 'Tis a silly toy that is like to burst and blow your hand off.' Then, for fear that some one had loaded it in my absence, I went to her, took the thing for an instant, and, finding it empty, returned it to her hand.

I marked her glance stray to my case of pistols proper, which chanced to be on the escritoire. It would never do for her to idle with those. So before I left the room, which I did some minutes later, I locked the case in a drawer.

On my coming back Joyce was gone—the silver blunderbuss toy also. Not seeing there could be any harm, I worked on with my notes, to break off after a while as a thought entered my mind. What if Joyce asked one of the gamekeepers to charge the pistol for her? Surely the man would not be numskull enough! Surely not! But I got up. And then my eye caught the face of my watch, which had been beside me. Ten minutes before twelve. Young Gibsone and his dog, crossing the park as usual, would be almost abreast of the house! I picked up my hat and cane and well-nigh ran. I did not care about fifty dogs, but I cared about my Joyce's hand—it might be her face also, even her very life!

From the hall-door I could not see her. I sped down the steps, and pushed through the belt of evergreen bushes to the left of the drive—and there she was, moving over the grass a cable's length ahead of me, her hand behind her, the pistol shining against her dark-blue velvet frock. And coming towards her, not fifty yards from her, were young Gibsone and his gray dog—the dog trotting nose down by

Gibson's side. 'Joyce!' I cried. 'Joyce! Stop! Come to me this instant!'

She quickened her pace.

'Joyce!' I shouted, running hard. 'Joyce! It will burst and kill you.'

Whirling the pistol from behind her, she ran for the dog.

I saw Gibson stop amazed. Then, perceiving what was meant, he did a thing that I thought would save matters: he caught his dog by the neck and pushed it as much as possible behind his legs, holding it there. Joyce was some twenty yards from him then. She rushed on, bringing to at five yards, with Gibson bent towards her, speaking to her, and his struggling dog heaving now its head, now its quarters, clear of shelter.

She pointed the pistol, firing as she pointed—a puffing, crashing discharge. I had watched her hand. I could not think of Gibson at the moment. To my thankfulness her hand had flown back from a fair recoil; the pistol had held. Luckily three-fourths of its scatter-shot passed clear of Gibson; luckily indeed, too, he had whipped up his arm, which was by his legs as he strove to pen the dog; and luckily he was wearing high, thick gaiters. But, as it was, he got a taste in the shins that sent him swaying about with clenched teeth and clenched fists, moving his legs in woeful pain, while the dog, appearing to have suffered nothing, was making full sail for its home.

No need to detail what followed—my deep apologies to Gibson, and his ready, handsome acceptance of them, by which he showed himself a particularly worthy young gentleman—and the desperate scene between Joyce and me at the house, she in bed by my order, and crying as though she must wrench the soul from her little body, yet ever refusing to promise that she would not try again to kill the dog.

That scene left me profoundly wretched, having added considerable distress to my fright. Oh, ay, I was frightened—badly! My ruthless Joyce had fired with as much willingness to pepper Gibson's legs as to pepper his dog. She would have blazed vindictively at Gibson's head if it had been thwarting her—I was sure of it. I could see Joyce sailing deadly close to the gallows one of these fine mornings.

II.

Such were the earlier happenings of a day that took a strange, new turn about half after three in the afternoon. I was in an arm-chair by my library fire at the time, wretched, as I have said, and feeling none too well in body after my running. I was resting until my carriage should come round to take me to Lewes, where I was to be guest at a formal supper; and since I was wearing on my uniform coat what Joyce called my 'beautiful, great star' and other decorations that the child loved to see on me, I

was wondering if I should fetch her from her bed of punishment to sit with me. And then Laslett, my butler, came to me. 'Miss Thayer presents her humble services, my lord, and could your lordship receive her?'

'Mrs Thayer!' I said, in astonishment.

'Your lordship's pardon—Miss Thayer. The daughter, my lord.'

'Do you know her errand?'

'No, my lord.'

I hesitated, then reluctantly hoisted myself from the chair, and nodded. 'Let her come here,' I said.

This visit must mean that Joyce and Cecil had made some attack on the Thayer seminary. In the circumstances I could not refuse to see the woman.

The woman!

She was in gray-blue, from her gray-blue straw bonnet to her little gray-blue shoes of a stuff I believed was damask. Her eyes were gray-blue, dark-lashed, and of the biggest size. On each cheek—rather pale cheek—was a puff of pure bronze curls that you wouldn't match for prettiness in many a day's ride. She was slender—one of the slender mistresses I had seen in church, it might be, though I had not seen her face then, or those bronze curls.

And I had called her *woman*! Still, 'pon my word, what else was she, save she was a young girl? Throughout my bow I felt, somehow, an hundred years old. 'Your very honoured servant, ma'am,' I said.

From her curtsy she came shyly a yard nearer me, looking at my face, then looking for the briefest instant at my orders, then at my face again, in a manner as though her sight were uncertain. But, from her wide open, flawless eyes I was sure this could not be the case. Then, drawing back, she said, with a little, nervous, well-nigh pleading smile, with a little increased paleness of her cheeks, with a little tremble of her voice, 'I am come as—as an enemy, my lord. I came with great courage, but I think I have lost my courage. I hope your lordship will not—will not beat down my attack at the very beginning.' Her smiling lips quivered.

'Why, no,' I said reassuringly. I took my hat and cloak from an arm-chair opposite my own. 'I beg you be seated here and attack as long as you please. With your permission I'll sit too, to receive your fire.' I sat down. 'If it will aid you, ma'am,' I said, smiling—for, no matter what was coming, the visit was certainly lifting me out of my wretchedness—'I will open with a question. What have my daughters done to displeasure you?'

'Your daughters?' The gray-blue eyes regarded me, very wide, scarcely comprehending, it seemed. 'Nothing, my lord.' Then the eyes looked from me to the fire. 'My question, my lord—the thing I—I entreat your lordship to tell me, is'—her lips quivered again; her fingers

in their gray-blue gloves moved very nervously — 'the question is: how did my mother and I displease your lordship so greatly that you attacked us?' Her eyes came back to me. 'We are very helpless in face of an attack by your lordship.'

'I have attacked you?' I asked, with amazement, then instantly with a sense of guilt, as I recollected several things.

She looked at the fire again. 'You sent your daughters to Mrs Spens, not to us, who are the — the recognised school for ladies of birth and rank. That was an affront to us which surprised every one. But your lordship had a perfect right to choose Mrs Spens, and we — my mother and I — no right to reproach your lordship, though we should suffer seriously, since many parents would be anxious to follow your lordship's lead. But soon' — she hesitated, taking a deep but quick breath — 'but soon we heard that your lordship had said to some one — to two people, that you would not let your daughters go to "that ill-bred Thayer school."' She paused, looking still at the fire, giving her head a little shake of dismay. 'I think that has ruined us, my lord, that fierce attack which is spoken of everywhere.'

I eyed her with drawn brows, not meaning the frown for her, but frowning to think that careless, bad-tempered words of mine should have hit her school with force.

'Ruined?' I said.

She moved her head in assent, a gleam from the firelight slipping over the bronze curls. 'Nearly half our pupils are to leave us in the spring, to go to your lordship's chosen school. We think that all will have left us by the end of the year. So then we must close our doors — disgraced, and very lonely without our girls.'

'You lonely, ma'am?' I could not keep from exclaiming. 'You, with your young life?'

She was silent a moment, eyes still towards the fire. Then: 'I had looked to our girls to prevent my life from being — very lonely,' she said. 'I had looked to have girls always around me — in the schoolroom — on my walks.' She shook her head again. 'I had looked so much to hear them say to me such things as — as: "Ma'am, the mail coaches are coming up the road. Do you hear them?" "Ma'am, the sky above the hills is many colours. Shall we tell you the colours?"' She broke off with a slight gesture of her hand, with a woebegone smile. 'Oh, I shall be fully punished for displeasing you,' she said. 'Meanwhile' — she raised her chin and faced me, her eyes seeming calm, but a fleck of angry pink suddenly in her cheeks — 'meanwhile, I humbly beg your lordship to tell me *why* I am to be punished!'

'One instant,' I said, 'one instant before I assure you that you shall not lose your girls' — and how her face changed at that! I leaned towards her. 'There sounded to be some

strange meaning in what you spoke of loneliness and sky colours — some meaning I cannot fathom.'

'Nay' — her face was bright and protesting — 'nay, indeed I will not trouble your lordship with the meaning.'

'Yes,' I said; 'unless you would liefer keep it secret.'

Her eyes, on mine, widened ever so little, almost as though to bid me note them. 'I am to go blind — quite blind by early summer,' said she very quietly.

I rose out of my chair and stepped towards her, her eyes lifting as I came, so that I was looking down into them. 'What?' I said. 'You — with your pretty curls and sweet face — you, the sweetest slip of womanhood I've seen for ten years!' And then I stepped back from her, bending in apology. 'If you can see your way to forgive me, ma'am,' I said, 'if you can take into account I am but a rough sea-faring fellow, not used to holding back my words, I will ever remember your generous forgiveness, ma'am.'

I was too truly ashamed to look at her, this young lady whom I had insulted in my own house — until she spoke to me. Then I saw her face soft pink, her very brow and temples soft pink, her eyes greatly wide, seeming engrossed with my star and other orders.

'Your words were in kindness, because of my eyes,' she said. 'How can they require forgiveness, my lord? I cannot tell how.'

'Generous,' I said; 'generous.'

In grave thought I picked up a snuff-box from a table by me, and, turning the box over and over in my hands, I looked hard at her. 'I will not believe it!' I said. 'You — to go blind! Tell me, child' — the word slipped out — 'what physicians have you seen?'

'Lady Freeland took me to Mr Michaels, in London — one of the king's doctors.'

'Did he say —?'

'Yes. It is so sure that he gave me no spectacles. Something is dying, but without pain to me — except for a little aching. That will cease, and — and my eyes will not be shut, or look different from now. They will not look' — she drew a breath in which there was a shiver — 'they will not look "dead," or even blank, for which I am so thankful! But they will be quite blind.'

'I've no great opinion of Michaels,' I said; 'there are newer men, more skilled than he. *They* shall see you. I will arrange that. Yes!' I asserted, in answer to her gaze of surprise, of protest — and I tapped the snuff-box on my palm. '*They* shall see you — make a fight for you. I wish to wait upon your mother tomorrow, to win her consent to this. A pretty thing,' I said, perceiving her protest growing, 'if I should stand idle letting a child like you go blind! — A pretty thing if I should feel no concern for the tutor of a daughter of mine!'

'A daughter of yours!' Her surprise took a new direction.

'Yes,' I said. 'I will not use Mrs Spens so ill as to give both my daughters to you. But you and she shall have one apiece. What think you of that? Will it not repair the harm I have done you?'

She touched a puff of her bronze curls with a little, excited gesture, and breathed deeply; then her lips seemed to struggle against a smile of amusement. 'I think you—utterly kind, my lord,' she said, very earnestly, despite the coming smile. And then the smile broke forth.

As though in fear that it would incense me, she moved her hands in appeal. 'You have made me so light of heart,' she said, 'because you have saved our school, that—that I am nearly laughing over your plan. It is so—so impartial that it is very amusing. Do you not think so?'

She asked that entreatingly; and, had I detected no humour at all in my purpose, I should have pretended that I had, to put her at ease. As it was, I realised there was more than a hint of comedy about the apportioning of my daughters, and, on the point of telling her so, I chuckled; and at that she laughed softly, and I laughed with her.

'But, my lord,' she said then, 'you will believe, will you not, that I came with no thought of doing this—of winning one of your daughters from Mrs Spens? I came—' she paused, wavered as to what she would say, and then, smiling so prettily, gazing at me—'if it does not appear ungrateful, my lord—could I know how I displeased you?'

'It was not you, or your mother, that displeased me,' I said. I put the snuff-box on the table and sat again in the arm-chair. 'Let us say it was no one—nothing save my crooked temper.'

'I know it could not be that.' She leaned a shade towards me. 'Tell me, my lord.'

So I told her; and then vehemently wished I had not, because of the pink—unhappy pink this time—which had coloured her face and brow.

'I can make some defence of our academy,' she said, having been quite silent until I had finished. 'That behaviour was on three Sundays. It began because—I cannot say how truly—Mrs Spens was thought to have schemed to—she gave a tiny smile—to win away one of our pupils. On the first two Sundays I was not at church—my head was aching from my eyes—and my mother goes to earlier service. Therefore we knew nothing. I was at church the third Sunday, when you were. I was taken by extremest surprise when it happened. I looked, to try to see the cause. But I did not sneer, my lord.'

'You have never sneered in all your life,' I said quietly, confidently.

'After church, when we were at home, I—I bitterly unbraid them—our girls; bitterly

reproached the mistresses in private. They were all very sorry and shamed, my lord. You saw there was no unseemliness the next Sunday, or after?'

'Ay, I plainly saw that,' I answered—not confessing I had innocently believed this to be the result of my alliance with Mrs Spens—'plainly indeed. And you have filled me with regret for my ill-temper. And now,' I continued, 'if you can a little forget that temper, will you grant me two favours? Will you let me have a dish of tea brought here, and take tea with me, ma'am? And will you let me present to you a very naughty savage that is at present in her bed—for shooting a pistol point-blank at a young gentleman, ma'am, if you can credit me?'

And straightway I told her of Joyce, and asked her whether she would receive such a fierce bravo as her pupil.

At this, though she had fallen very serious as she listened to the tale, she smiled with returned happiness, saying that indeed she would receive her. And then, ere passing up word for Joyce to come to us, I spoke again of tea, aware that I was strangely eager to keep my visitor with me until I should be forced to set out for Lewes.

She looked—anxiously, I noted—to the window, to the sky; and though pleasure at my invitation was in her face, she hesitated. The gray-blue eyes returned to me. 'How long is it to twilight, my lord?' she asked. 'I must be well on my road before twilight, for I am so blind, so lost, in that.'

In the last few minutes, with her youthful prettiness holding most of my thoughts, I had more than half forgot the incredible thing she would have me believe she was fated to. Her words, giving me a picture of her helpless on a road in twilight, brought it back to me forcibly. They did more: they raised forthwith in me a pity of such quality that I—I, coarse-handed, elderly seaman—dared to imagine myself moving across that instant to this young lady in all her delicate prettiness, and putting my palms to the puffs of bronze curls and compressing them gently as I could against her cheeks; and, holding her face thus, telling her that we would fight to the last shot to save her sight, and, except Heaven forbade, we'd save it—then stooping and kissing her above the eyes, and, if her eyes closed, kissing their lids. Yes, I dared to imagine myself doing all that; for, 'pon my word, it was what I dearly should have liked to do.

No need to say, the only part of it I did—remaining fast moored in my chair the while—was to speak of the saving of her sight. Then: 'As for twilight,' I said, 'I am to drive presently through the village. If you will permit me to take you in my carriage to your door, ma'am, I shall be very, very honoured.'

With pink clouding into her cheeks again, she thanked me; and she agreed to return home thus.

(Continued on page 120.)



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

A PHILISTINE IN FLORENCE.

By E. D. CUMING.

I.

THE guide-book conveys a false impression: it would have us believe that Florence consists of churches and picture-galleries, which is a mistake. There are other, many other, interesting things besides.

It is easy to see how the guide-book's mistake arose. It assumes that every one who visits the Tuscan capital is orthodox in the artistic sense; and ecclesiastical architecture and art in its several forms being the intellectual diet of orthodoxy, the guide-book does its best to satisfy the craving. The fundamental error, of course, lies in the fact that the existence of Philistine visitors is ignored. Philistines are not expected in Florence, but they find their way there—some, there is reason to fear, deliberately posing as orthodox persons.

Philistinism occurs in various shapes. It may be deliberately suppressed (which is a sign of grace); it may be latent; and it is often unconscious. Thus it comes about that orthodox visitors are shocked by the suspicion that there is a Philistine among them, when it becomes advisable to apply the usual test. The process is simple, and, save in the case of deliberate concealment, infallible. It is this: The suspect is lured to Santa Maria Novella, in which church hangs the famous Madonna of Cimabue. This work, as every one knows, was pronounced by the thirteenth-century critics the finest work of art ever produced. It created an immense sensation at the time; the citizens carried it in procession round the town, and then reverently deposited the treasure in the church, a resting-place at once appropriate, accessible, and secure. Orthodoxy has admired it ever since. The picture is invaluable—especially as a means of diagnosing Philistinism.

The suspect is placed before this picture, given a sketch of its history (it is only fair to do the latter), and an orthodox observer waits for effects. If the man strikes attitudes of admiration; if he says the right things—to be checked from the glowing page of the guide-book; if, in a word, he adopts the thirteenth-century opinion of the work, all is well. He may be passed sound, artistically speaking. If, on the other hand, he appears perplexed,

mutters such epithets as 'flat,' 'wooden,' and the like; if, as happens in confirmed cases, he falls to speculation concerning the art over which this of Cimabue was held so superior, and opines that thirteenth-century criticism was marvellous lenient, then the observer recognises in the suspect a Philistine, whose mind (artistically speaking) is incapable of improvement.

I write with feeling because this is my own case. I perceive in this achievement of Cimabue advance on the best efforts of the Byzantine school, and had I never seen anything better should admire it very much. But I am persuaded that if the shade of Cimabue were now to revisit the scene of his triumphs, it would be the first to acknowledge that much finer pictures have been painted since. Let Cimabue enjoy all the credit due to a pioneer who, greatly daring, set the stereotyped methods of his epoch at naught and struck out a line for himself; but let us be honest with ourselves, and not pretend his work is admirable when judged by later standards—or we disparage by implication Titian, Raphael, Rubens, and all the great stars of the art firmament.

II.

We leave these high matters to the orthodox. The Philistine discovers so much of interest that is ignored by the guide-books that he need not trespass on the artistic preserves. A walk through the streets leaves impressions, not invariably favourable, though to express other than indiscriminate praise of Florence and all that therein is savours of heresy. Thus you find reason to wish that the side-walks in some of these old thoroughfares were more than eighteen inches wide, especially when such narrow streets have been chosen for tram-routes, and the electric-car screaming past obliges you to shrink against the wall. You feel it would be an advantage if the crowds were less reminiscent of Oxford Street at sale time; if taxi-drivers and cyclists wouldn't display their unearthly skill in narrow shaves at your expense; if the men had somewhere else to stand about and vociferate. Apropos the crowds, the vast predominance of men over women strikes the insular eye. In an elder day social usage

forbade Italian ladies to appear in the streets on foot, and this inconvenient tradition to a great extent survives; hatless girls and women of the working-class—and some whose hats mark their higher social standing—there are in the streets, but they are far outnumbered by the men. It is rare even to see a lady driving. The life of the Italian lady in town must be dull. She doesn't go out shopping; she never goes out to afternoon tea. A medical man who speaks English once expressed to me his warm approval of the British practice of inviting friends to meals. 'But don't you ever ask a friend to luncheon or tea or dinner?' I inquired. He looked at me with the rising eyebrows of astonishment. 'No, not ever! If I ask one to eat dinner in my house he shall think I want something from him.' Which seems to indicate an alertly suspicious habit of mind in the Italian.

You see many beautiful faces among the Florentine girls, whose prevailing expression is one of gaiety and self-satisfaction. I do not question their right to look pleased with themselves—on the contrary; but the thing is so marked that it compels notice. Somebody suggests as the reason the plenty of men; but this opens up a field of inquiry we will not explore. One most attractive quality is common to all Italians—to wit, their swift and charming smile.

Turning again to the streets, you find reason to wish that the universal stone-paving were less uneven, or that rubber tires were in use. Doubtless it is the stunning clatter and roar of wheeled traffic that obliges the townsfolk to make their voices so audible; but there are always two points of view, and the Italians complain that Britons speak in a whisper. Comparatively speaking, this is correct.

Another vexation is the wind. It is usually blowing half a gale. The early morning is calm, but about ten o'clock the wind rises, up or down the Arno Valley, and continues till nightfall. Dante, as a Florentine, knew what he was doing when he made one of his places of torment a world where gales ceased not from raging. When there is no wind Florence is enervating.

III.

The number and size of the palaces suggest vast wealth owned by individual citizens of bygone days; huge prison-like erections in stone four or five storeys high, the owner's arms conspicuous on an outstanding shield without, the massive walls adorned with decorative wrought-iron sockets and brackets for the display of banner and torch—beautiful things that even the Philistine appreciates. Most of these old palaces, here as elsewhere, are turned to baser uses now—converted into warehouse, bank, suites of offices public or mercantile, hotel, *pension*—even tenement house or

'rookery.' A few still shelter descendants of the original owner—the Strozzi, for example, whose upper regions are inhabited by a member of the ancient family of that name, while the lower floors are given over to collections of old furniture, bronzes, marble, and the like—half sale-room, half museum.

These great Tuscan palaces are all built on much the same plan—four-square about a central court open to the sky, sometimes with a gallery on each storey overlooking the court, all the rooms on a storey opening one into the next; a common stairway to the top, where is frequently a *loggia*, open on three sides or all four, an airy resort in hot weather, and much used, we may suppose, in default of any garden.

An enterprising citizen has purchased one of these fourteenth-century town houses—the Palazzo Davanzati—and, furnishing it in contemporary fashion, shows it for a small fee. The equipment of the house is conscientious in its minuteness, including, among other details, a lady's night-rail and a gentleman's garment, the latter of patterned material cunningly wrought all over in silk with the Italian equivalent for 'I want the heart.' This was a usual gift from a fourteenth-century Florentine maid to her betrothed. The Palazzo Davanzati is the most illuminating sight in Florence, revealing, as it does, the domestic surroundings of a well-to-do medieval family. It is fair to the guide-books to say that they mention it.

The wealth of those who dwelt in such palaces must be discounted. Each was the abode not of a single branch of a family but several branches, and a few odd twigs besides, if the expression may be pardoned. The street doors—nail-studded, metal-sheeted, of size meet for a cathedral—open on the court and its arcades, where were sheltered the coaches, horses, forage, fuel, and so forth. On the first floor, whose rooms are the loftiest, dwelt the head of the family with his wife, children, and servants; on the second, lived a married son or brother with his belongings; on the third, another son or brother with his; and above him an assortment of cousins, uncles, and aunts, for whom family affection or regard for the family dignity provided house-room.

It says much for the domestic virtues of a turbulent age that this mode of living, Oriental in its acceptance of the claims of blood, should have persisted for centuries. Small exercise of imagination discloses the drawbacks. The mind's eye sees all those branches of the family, and with them the odd twigs, assembled in the *loggia* under the roof to enjoy the cool of the evening and the wide views over the city. The mind's ear hears Aunt Alexia's adverse comments on the misfit of little Atanasio's trunk-hose, her strictures on the defective frizzling of little Petronilla's hair—which are really not her business. Is it surprising that the

mamma of Atanasio and Petronilla makes a tart rejoinder, and relations become temporarily strained?

The servants too. Paolo, the serving-man on the first floor, waylays at the hatch the bucket of water Nicolo, serving-man on the third floor, was drawing up the common well-shaft in the thickness of the wall. Paolo passes it off as a joke, but Nicolo doesn't see it, and the two are out on their respective galleries exchanging compliments. That was the sort of thing calculated to bring knives into action. Yes, in this mode of living there was ample scope for friction, and worse. Yet, from the point of view of Atanasio and Petronilla, the system had merits—always supposing Florentine uncles to hold correct views of avuncular obligations; that an adequate supply of maiden aunts, however addicted to personal criticism, was invariably on hand upstairs would be a fortifying reflection when pocket-money ran short.

IV.

A popular resort ignored (undeservedly, as the Philistine thinks) by the guide-book is the hat market. Ladies visiting Florence never fail to put in a morning or two at the hat market. The plaiting of straw, from the coarsest to that of horse-hair fineness, and the working thereof into hats, is a great home industry in this region; in the suburbs and the country round, straw plaiting takes the place of knitting in Great Britain, and the fruits find their way to the hat market. Stall after stall is stacked with hats in all shapes, sizes, and colours, a looking-glass in the middle for the convenience of customers, who 'try on' regardless of the public eye—the market is only a roof upheld on pillars. Here the Florentine female is in heaven, for her life is one delirious round of chaffering. It is understood that she begins by asking twice or thrice the sum she will take for any given hat, and it is popularly supposed that she would rather sell at half-price than forgo the joys of bargain-driving. Anyway, she disposes of hats in quantity. Cheapness apart, there are excellent reasons for buying: the hats will roll up into compass so small, a dozen or two take no space when packing; so light, you may take a hundred and add nothing perceptible to the weight of luggage; so well made are they; so—in short, a woman of ordinary resource can find a separate, distinct, and sound reason for buying each of all the hats that take her fancy.

Florence can give other cities a lesson in the proper use of poets. What Shakespeare is to Britain that Dante is to Italy; but Italy is resolved that her people shall be familiar with Dante if the thing can be achieved by quotation that all may read. The references in his works to building and locality are frequent, and where he has thus conferred immortality you find a tablet engraved with the appropriate lines from

the *Paradiso*, *Purgatorio*, or *Inferno*, as the case may be. It is an ideal method of keeping the poet's memory green, of identifying his work with his city, if the people read these interesting reminders.

'If,' because the Florentines—and not only the Florentines—are so much given to the erection of mural tablets that these by sheer number, variety, and, it must be added, inconsequence, are likely to defeat their end. A case can be made out for that tablet, tombstone size, let into the wall on the Lungarno, which records the fact that at this spot, in 1847, Leopoldo Gargani jumped into the river to save a child. It does not appear that either Leopoldo Gargani or the child was any the worse, and this enduring monument gives to think. We decline to believe that Leopoldo is the only Florentine who ever risked his life to save that of another, but from this admiring inscription we might infer that his display of courage was something quite exceptional—an unjust reflection surely upon Italian bravery. That tablet to the memory of Giovanni Sartoni on the house in which he was born needs no justification. Sartoni was one of the thousand volunteers who joined Garibaldi in his expedition to Marsala—that forlorn hope whose success laid the foundation-stone of Italian unity. It was one of those adventures that make history, and every man who bore part deserves his monument. In a different category falls such a tablet as that in Siena which immortalises the circumstance that for thirty years dwelt in this house Antonio Gamboni, professor of Economics at the local college. But perhaps it were wise to refrain from question; not to know of Professor Gamboni may be to argue oneself unknown; and I present as another example of mural tablature the marble record which apprises the passer-by that Amadio Donati built this wall round this property in 1875. It is a brick wall about five feet high, and encloses the property—a market-garden of two acres or thereabout—from the public road; quite a good wall, but bearing marked resemblance to any other wall. Perhaps enough has been said to support the plea that the tablets deserving attention are in danger of escaping it by reason of the multitude that do not.

A feature of Florentine life concerning which the guide-books are reticent is the appetite of the populace for boiled beans. Wherever you go the pavements bear witness to the passion for this form of nourishment, bedewed as they are with those pale yellow husks ejected by consumers. The purveyance of beans is a street industry; at the point where a tram-service stops, in church portals among vendors of cakes and sweets, in nooks on the bridges, in the entries of converted palaces—in any corner, convenient or the reverse, crouches an old man or woman behind a large basket of cold boiled

beans, to be sold by the handful. The taste seems peculiar to Florence.

Because a few of the deficiencies of the guide-books (from the Philistine's point of view) have thus been brought to notice, let it not be sup-

posed that they are to be contemned; they have their uses—even their charms. Who would part willingly with a guide-book whose description of a painting is, 'Adam and Eve under the Science Tree'? Not I!

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER VII.—AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER.

WORN out though they were with the toil of the long descent Carwyke and Norma paddled their hardest, keeping close inshore to avoid presenting the perfect mark they would have done on the open bosom of the lake. The sound of the ex-whaler's rifle reached their ears at intervals, answered by more distant shots, and just as they approached a long tongue of land the firing ceased. Carwyke listened anxiously, fearful that something had happened to Billy. As he reached the point beyond which Norma's skin-craft had already swept, he half-turned the kayak to look back. As he did so the distant firing was renewed, and he caught sight of Billy's kayak breaking the reflection of the rosy sky in the lake. He gave a shout, caught the whaler's answering shout, and, as he swept round the point, heard another cry, that brought a look of apprehension to his face.

He turned his craft to go back, and, as he passed the point again, saw his companion still coming on, but riding low in the water. The on-coming man shouted a warning, which was emphasised by a bullet splashing in the water a dozen yards away. Instantly Carwyke sought the shelter of the point, and waited in the lee of it. The firing still continued, and then after an interval of some minutes the ex-whaler appeared.

'Slippy, Mista Carwyke!' he shouted. 'This craft's plugged!'

Carwyke landed on the spit; and as Eskimo Billy, deep in the water, grounded, he helped to pull the damaged kayak ashore. A single look told him what had happened—a bullet travelling on the water-line had ripped a long tear in the skin body of the kayak, through which the water had poured. In ordinary circumstances it would have been easy to repair, but there was no time for that now.

'Dished!' said Billy, and without delay began to hand the stores from the interior, transferring them to Carwyke's craft. Then with his knife he deliberately ripped great pieces of skin from the damaged kayak, completing its destruction, and as he did so explained breathlessly, 'Those beggars haven't got their boat hereabouts, I'll swear! Left it cached somewhere backalong, I expect. Now, Mista Carwyke, yo'll have to carry me. I ain't no weight to speak of, an' I've ridden on ther deck of a kayak before.'

They launched the kayak, and Carwyke took his place, his companion laying himself on the craft behind him. Doubly burdened, he paddled on to where Norma awaited their coming. The firing behind had ceased, and, looking back, they could see nothing of their pursuers. Neither of the men believed, however, that the pursuit had ceased.

'Keep on steady, Mista Carwyke. We'll get ahead all right. The blackguards can't walk or run as fast as we can swim. Guess they wish they had their boat along now. They must have done what I said—come up another river, and waited for us to cross ther Height.' He broke off and chuckled. 'Well, we've crossed, an' now ther scoundrels is behind us, where they'll stop. But 'twas a blame near shave.—Hallo, Miss Norma, paddle on! There's no bones broke—only ther kayak gone to blazes. Make for the river thet runs out at ther head of ther lake. Lord send thet it's navigable!'

Utterly weary and worn out, yet sustained by excitement and the harsh necessity of the hour, they paddled on. The lake was some six miles long, and they passed the whole length of it in an hour and a half, and with the sound of rushing water in their ears reached the outlet.

'Rapids!' said Billy. 'We'll have to land.'

They did so; and Carwyke hurried to reconnoitre. Beyond the head of the lake the land fell abruptly away, and down a rather steep slope the outfall plunged in sharp descent, but when it reached the lower level it ran with a smooth, swift-flowing current, that promised easy and rapid travel. He returned and informed his companions, and without delay they portaged the outfit to the navigable waters; and, re-launching the kayaks, were whirled into a long valley, the sides of which were clothed with willow-thickets and jack-pine.

'Wonder where this durned river goes?' said Billy. Carwyke also wondered, but for the moment was content to know that it was hurrying them from Standifer and his crew. He said as much, and the ex-whaler gave a chuckling laugh. 'Yep! Thet Standifer must be cursing his luck just now.'

Using the paddles only to keep the kayaks straight, they swept forward. The valley opened out a little, and then Billy gave a shout, 'Big timber! I ain't seen ther like for years.'

A huge pine towered on the hillside ahead of them, and beyond it the timber showed in jagged lines, indicating that they were coming to a bleak and more hospitable land. Then as the valley opened more, a line of hills appeared, their tops bright in the light of the midnight sun, their bases in deep shadow.

Half-an-hour afterwards Norma, who was singing, gave a cry, and pointed at something in the distance.

'Story!' cried Billy. 'A house, as I'm a son of a gun!'

Carwyke stared. In front, scarce five hundred paces away, nestling against a pine-clad hill, was a long building. From its formation and the stripped fir in front of it, from which a mass of ragged bunting fluttered, it was some sort of trading-post or mission-station. His heart leapt at the sight. Their pursuers must at this time be many miles behind. That lodge in the wilderness in front would be a very welcome resting-place, and, dropping with fatigue as they all were, a very desirable one. He turned to Norma, who, as they approached the shore, had her craft inshore. Carwyke himself slipped his suit, making for a strip of sand which, where a trio of canoes drawn up there, seemed a fitting place. As he reached it he gave a shout, and from the low log-building a man of enormous bulk came running, then, as they drew the kayaks out of the water, stopped and stared staring in wonder.

Carwyke returned the stare with interest. The man was at least six foot four inches in height; broad in proportion, with a large face hidden in a big well-kept beard, which lay flat-wise on his chest. His small piggy eyes gleamed with amazement, and for a moment he seemed incapable of speech. Then he threw out his long arm and gave a shout, and in response a half-breed woman came running from the building. The giant pointed to the new arrivals, said something in a purring, spitting tone which Carwyke did not understand; and the woman, with but a single glance of her dark eyes at Norma, hurried indoors again.

'God save us!' murmured Billy. 'A Russian, I'll be bound! I wonder if he is that blackguard priest what——'

The Russian spoke to them at last in a great booming voice that quite drowned the excited and quieter speech. 'Where you come from?'

Carwyke pointed on the backward way. 'From the tundra, across the lake, and down the river—from the coast.'

The small pig-like eyes widened a little, and Carwyke as if to learn if he were being glanced contemptuously at Billy in his new outfit, then fixed themselves upon Norma.

They saw the wonder grow in them, as they looked from her native costume to her blue dress and golden hair; then the fellow, address-

ing himself to Billy, asked abruptly, 'The girl? She is yo' woman?'

'Nope!' answered Billy, a trifle explosively.

The Russian looked at Carwyke, but before he could repeat his question the wanderer shook his head. 'No.'

'Den who will she be?'

Carwyke saw no reason for withholding the truth, and offered a short explanation. 'She is the daughter of an American missionary to the Eskimos. Her father was lost on an ice-floe three years back.'

'The name?' cried the man, something more than curiosity burning in his eyes. 'The name?'

'The name of the missionary was Mannering,' answered Carwyke, wondering what inspired the man's questions.

'Good heavens!' The words came in an explosive bellow. For a moment the big gross face quivered with excitement, and the piggy eyes fairly glowed. That the name meant much to the man was evident; and Carwyke promptly shot a double-barrelled question, 'You have heard the name before? You knew Mr Mannering maybe?'

At the questions the glow faded from the eyes, and the fleshy face grew mask-like. Then the man gave a rumbling laugh. 'You haf make mestake,' he answered. 'Never haf I see Mr Mannering, an' the name I haf not hear before. But you will enter the house an' rest. Yes?'

Without waiting for a reply, the Russian turned and led the way towards the house. As he did so Eskimo Billy slid forward to Carwyke and whispered, 'Ther man's a liar, an' a dirty Russian. Watch out for Miss Norma!'

Carwyke nodded, and the trio followed in the wake of their giant host, who, stooping in the doorway, had turned to see if they were following. As they crossed the threshold he grinned affably.

'Welcome, pilgrims, to Little Novgorod.'

'Is that what yo' call ther place?' asked Billy, looking round on the primitive interior.

'Yes, dat is the name, after the place of my birth,' answered the man, combing his great beard with his huge paw.

'Well, I've never had the luck to hit ther port, but if it's anything like this——'

'It is a great centre of trade,' broke in the Russian with a noisy laugh, 'an' dis is the little centre, an' dat is the explanation of the name—dat an' my little self. But yourselves make at home, as the English say. Ah! To see you is great pleasure. You will eat; you will rest—one, two, many days?'

'Thank you,' answered Carwyke; 'a few hours only. We must push on.'

'Dat is to be regretted. But for the leetle whiles you are here we will be merry. You will drink of the vodka?'

He went to a shelf and took down a stone jar, then some tin mugs, into which he proceeded to pour the spirit. Carwyke, watching the proceeding, hastily interposed. 'A little only, my good man. We have come far and are very tired. A little will brace us, but the overdose would not be helpful—you understand.'

The man's great laugh bellowed forth. 'As you will. But when you haf eaten we will drink—we will drink the roof off!'

Carwyke picked up the mug that held the smallest portion of spirit, and carried it to Norma. 'Sip!' he whispered. 'A little only. It is fiery stuff; but a mouthful or so will tone you up.'

He picked up his own mug, and carried a third to Billy, purposely spilling much as he did so, his action hidden from the Russian in the half-light of the room. With a brimming mug in his hand, the trader gave another bellowing laugh.

'A happy meeting! Chin-chin!'

He swallowed the fiery spirit as if it had been water. Eskimo Billy, gulping the liquor, broke into a sudden splutter as it stung his throat, and coughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks, while the Russian laughed uproariously.

'Ha! Ha! Little father. It burn you!'

'Some!' answered Billy, wiping his eyes.

The Russian continued to laugh, rumbly. 'Another one,' he roared. 'We will the health drink of the little sister of us all.'

He poured fresh spirit into his own mug, and approached Carwyke, stone jar in hand. But Carwyke covered his mug.

'Thank you,' he said; 'I have sufficient.'

The trader laughed and turned to Norma. 'Little sister—'

'You would not have me drink my own health, sir?'

'Holy saints! No!' laughed the giant. 'But I, Nicholas Nicholovitch, will do dat—from my heart, little sister!'

He did it, with one hand on the fringe of his beard, where his evil heart might have been, but was not; then he roared menacingly, 'Marya! Marya!'

The half-breed woman hurried in, and proceeded to lay the rough table, and, watching her, Carwyke saw her dark eyes turn to Norma with something unfathomable in their depths; and all the time the Russian mumbled on, 'Dat Marya is a pig—a lazy pig, dat not even the knout can quicken—no wife for a man, you comprehend? And up here a man haf much need of company. When the snows are out an' the river haf freeze, an' the wolves howl in the valley, it is bad to be alone, and so Marya she stay with me. But she is no wife, no; and here a man could for a wife wish—such a man as I.'

He stood, and drew himself to his full height, then, stretching an arm, grasped one of the low rafters. 'Dere was not six men in dis land who could dat do, no!' He laughed again, and addressed himself to Norma. 'Hey, little sister?'

The girl, perhaps divining what was in his mind, made no reply, and the giant chuckled.

'And dere are not two men, no, nor three who could meet Nicholas Nicholovitch in battle without having the necks of dem broken.'

He looked this time at Carwyke, who wondered whether the vodka the giant had drunk was taking effect, or whether his words were a covert warning. The man himself dribbled on, 'But of battles we will not talk—we, who are brothers. We will together eat; and after dat we will haf the great drinkin'. Yes! For a meeting of the little brothers is a great thing.'

(Continued on page 140.)

BRITONS HELD TO RANSOM: EXPLOITS OF BANDITS.

By HORACE WYNDHAM.

THE dramatic case that was recently reported from China, of armed bandits forcibly seizing peaceful travellers and holding them to ransom, has a number of parallels in the past. As a general rule, the scenes of these daring exploits have been the remoter portions of Europe; but Asia Minor, North Africa, and certain of the South American Republics have also earned an unenviable notoriety in this respect.

Turkey has a very unsavoury reputation for such outrages, which appear to be committed there almost with impunity. At any rate, it is very seldom that any one is brought to book. In 1896 an instance occurred near Smyrna, when an English officer, Brigadier-

General Marriott, was waylaid by brigands, who demanded £15,000, 'and no questions asked,' for releasing him. By good luck, the captive managed to make his predicament known to the authorities. The latter acted promptly, and, throwing a strong cordon of troops round the band, compelled the whole gang to surrender. But, as a preliminary, the military had to guarantee that the chief should not be arrested.

When a sufficiently large ransom is put up, the victims of such outrages are, as a rule, given their liberty at once; and even when the cash transaction is not completed, the usual custom among the bandit fraternity is to set them free after an interval of suspense. At any

rate, the old-time practice of forwarding a couple of ears, or a few fingers, to their anxious relatives (just to show that business is meant) seems to have been dropped.

The most daring case on record, one which (although now nearly fifty-four years old) is still remembered among the blackest annals of bandit crime, occurred in Greece.

Briefly, the grim story of this atrocious crime runs as follows: Towards the end of April 1870 Lord and Lady Muncaster, with whom were the Count de Boyl and three other gentlemen, accompanied by a retinue of servants and couriers and a military escort, were making a sight-seeing expedition in the country round Athens. The tour being completed, they were on their way back one afternoon, when they were suddenly 'held up' by a gang of brigands near Marathon. The escort (probably in league with the attackers) ran away as fast as their legs could carry them, and the unfortunate travellers, thus left in the lurch, were made prisoners. Their fate was soon settled, for the chief of the ruffians calmly announced that he would cut their throats unless they produced a sum of £25,000.

Confronted with this alternative, the party decided that the best thing to do would be for one of their number to return to Athens to raise the money. After some discussion, the bandit chief allowed Lord and Lady Muncaster to go, while he carried off the others into the interior as hostages. When the Greek government heard what had happened, they despatched troops to effect a rescue. Furious at what they regarded as 'treachery,' the gang then murdered all their prisoners and fled to the mountains. After a long and stern chase, carried out with relentless vigour, they were arrested, carried back to Athens in irons, and hanged as a warning.

Brigands appear to have flourished in Italy from time immemorial. Most of them gravitated towards the southern portions of the country, where they still seem to have a good many lineal descendants in hotel-keepers and cab-drivers. Yet, with a view to stamping them out, the authorities have always subjected them to very stern punishment. Thus, one of their number was sentenced to be 'beaten to death with hammers' at Naples; and the 'famous' Fra Diavolo (whom his weak-minded compatriots regarded as a 'hero' of the first water, and round whose nefarious career Auber wrote an opera) perished on the scaffold. The biggest ruffian of all, however, was Don Ciro Anichiarico, an ex-priest. This blackguard confessed to having murdered dozens of people. When a brother priest expostulated with him just before he went to the gallows, he told him they were 'both of the same profession.'

The islands of Sicily and Corsica have furnished several examples of bandit activity during recent times; and travellers are warned by police and consular officials not to wander far

from the towns. Some years ago an English clergyman and a friend fell in with a gang of brigands near Taormina, and were relieved of their purses; and there was another case a couple of summers ago.

Most of the recent cases of holding British subjects to ransom have occurred in Morocco, where life is always wild and lawless. A distinguished victim of unwelcome attentions of this sort was Kaid Sir Harry MacLean, who was carried off by a party of Moors in July 1907. What made the exploit all the more daring was that Sir Harry happened to be the commander-in-chief of the Sultan's bodyguard. Still, this did not avail him much, as he was kept a close prisoner for seven months. Raisuli, the head of the Riff tribe, who brought off the capture, was something of a profiteer in the bandit world, as he demanded £5000 down, and £15,000 to follow, as a suitable ransom. After a good deal of haggling the British government agreed to pay this, but only on the understanding that the Sultan himself would refund it. This undertaking, it is interesting to note, was honourably discharged by his Shereefian majesty, Mulai Hafid. However, he doubtless got it back (and a bit more) out of the rascally Raisuli, for the Moorish authorities have ways of their own of extracting cash from their subjects.

What is perhaps the latest authenticated instance of an Englishman being held to ransom occurred in Mexico a couple of years ago. The victim was a demobilised officer, Major Johnstone, who was seized by local members of the far-reaching bandit industry, and promised a very violent end unless he chose to pay £5000 for his freedom. The gallant major, however, was not afraid of a pack of Mexican desperados, and refused to pay up either a brass farthing or its equivalent in the currency of that part of the world. When they saw that they would get nothing out of him that resembled cash, the brigands restored him to liberty.

The Mexican minister in London, when applied to for compensation, returned the official answer, 'No funds available for such a purpose.' Still, that little *contretemps* of this description were not entirely unknown to his government seems obvious from his further remark, 'All such cases are carefully considered on their merits.'

Evidently, present-day life in the wilds of Mexico is not exactly humdrum.

WHERE ROSEMARY GROWS.

WHERE rosemary grows,
So straight and so tall,
Some one has memories
Sweet to recall.

And where there's lavender
Gathered apart,
Some one keeps memories
Sweet in her heart.

ELISABETH S. FLEMING.

THE ADMIRAL'S SHORE DAYS.

CHAPTER III.

I.

THE doctor, Michaela, had been right—more than right. *Before March was ended her sight had completely gone.* The final ebb of it had been swift beyond anticipating. Joyce gave me the news on my return to Bagenal from Portsmouth, whither I had gone for a week to look at the fitting-out of my flag-ship, in which I expected to put to sea by mid-May. There was in what Joyce told me this much consolation: Miss Thayer came, just as hitherto, to the schoolroom, teaching without a book, and went walking with the girls, though now one of them must hold her hand.

'Tis I hold it,' said Joyce, taking my cloak and hat from me—we were in the hall-way—'for she knows I love her.' Joyce gazed down at my cloak. 'You have torn your cloak with a nail at Portsmouth,' she said—then: 'I am very sorry now I pained her by seeking to have Gibsons's dog—physicked—and by throwing a sickle at Jim, the stable-boy. I did that—the evening you left. I meant only to frighten Jim; he'd disobeyed me. The sickle cut his arm—not badly.'

I took a pace or so up the hall, making a little hiss with my breath. 'Here is another that you love, yet load with pain—Miss Thayer,' I said, and turned. 'Has she not enough to bear without that, think you? You will make me no promise. What if you promised her to do no more ill things? It would gladden her, Joyce—gladden her very much.'

Joyce shook her head, gazing on at the cloak. I stopped by her, rested a hand on her shoulder, wondering whether to repeat my plea, thus making her unhappy in these first minutes of my return, or whether to wear away from the subject. Joyce spoke.

'It was Mrs McCourt told Miss Thayer of the sickle,' said she resentfully. 'She spoke above twenty minutes with her, bidding me wait in the chariot, in the cold! That was afternoon, and in the morning Miss Thayer's face looked as though she had wept all the night. Maybe that hastened her blindness. McCourt must have told more than of the sickle. McCourt is a venom-tongued scold!'

'Be quiet, miss!' I said. 'And bear this in mind—Mrs McCourt has given all her days to serving your family.' I tightened my hand, questioning, on her shoulder. 'Was there aught else for Mrs McCourt to tell of?' I asked.

'Not then. I aided Cecil against McCourt and Ann this morning.'

'What do you mean?'

'Cecil did not want to go to school, for fear

of missing your home-coming. McCourt and Ann strove to force her—to carry her to the chariot. Of course I would not endure to see her handled. Oh, nay! I took her from them. She is locked in McCourt's room now. McCourt locked her up when I had gone to school. I would have freed her, but I heard your carriage.'

I let my hand sink from her, pretty well despairingly, and softly hissed my breath again. 'Child! child!' I said; and then, scarce knowing what to say, added, 'You, then, went to school?'

She nodded. 'I went afoot. McCourt would not take me, and forbade Harry Digg to drive me. I am sorry there has been—disorder, when you so asked us to make none, but—' She broke off, looked at me with sudden appeal in her face. 'There is one other thing, but I cannot understand I am to blame for that. To-morrow is Wednesday, when I was to have brought Miss Thayer to take tea with us—'

'Was? You are to bring her,' I said sharply.

'She will not come. She begs you excuse her.'

'Now, look here, Joyce,' I said, 'what is the plain meaning of this?'

'I do not know. I am honest, I do not.' And the child's eyes, on mine, were very honest.

'You shall take her a letter to-morrow,' I said. 'Read it to her, and tell her, moreover, we—we entreat her to come.'

And presently, when I had seen my Cecil, and devoted a space to soothing poor Mrs McCourt, I went to my library and wrote the letter; after which, taking some snuff, and getting a pipeful of lower-deck under blast, I pondered for a little.

It was from a sense of duty, and clean against my inclination, that I had gone to Portsmouth, using up, what with journeying thither and back, well-nigh a fortnight of my dwindling time ashore. I had wished intensely to spend those dozen odd days at Bagenal—my reason, Mary Thayer.

Since that afternoon when, all in gray-blue, she first had entered my library, I had contrived to let scarcely a day pass, except for the late dozen, in which I did not get a word with her. And there had been one string of truly memorable days when, with the school left in charge of an aunt of hers, she and her mother had travelled with me to London, where I lodged near them, escorting them to various physicians, and, after the hopeless report of each, rallying our spirits by hastening to such entertainments of the town as her eyes would not prevent her enjoying.

On our return from London I would frequently displace Mrs McCourt in the matter of fetching Joyce and Cecil from their schools at an afternoon—receiving Joyce from Miss Thayer's hands. If I did not drive down thus, it was, almost certainly, because Joyce was to bring her to pass the early evening with us, after which would be that taking her home in my carriage or chariot, her arm touching mine all the way, and I wondering if I could convey to Fred later on that he was not to drive so fast on these occasions.

The evening before I went to Portsmouth, the weather being most fine, we had not driven, but walked, she holding my arm for guidance in the dimness. I had determined ere we set out that on this walk I would ask her what I could not much longer endure to keep from asking her—to wed me. But when it came to the time I found that Ben Lamont was still what he had been for weeks and weeks past—a rare coward for fear of offending and losing her. I was no bright young spark who might catch her affection quickly, but an elderly, widowed man. I had not known her long enough—I should affront her! So I argued to myself whilst talking lightly enough on other subjects to her, with her answering blithely and unsuspecting of my thoughts. Then, after a mile, I took a desperate hold on my courage,

drew a breath before asking her, and—forth from a cottage, carrying his lanthorn, came old Mr Maunsell, the parson, so pleased that now he could illumine our path to the village that I was not able to find heart to tell him he was come a little before he was signalled for. He convoyed us every step to the school; and within, Mrs Thayer received us, and saw no reason to leave us together for a minute.

And next morning I had started for Portsmouth—duty! I pressed my finger impatiently into my pipe bowl. Why had not I delayed a day, and so asked her? Why had I gone at all—been absent when blindness descended on her? Now I had but seven weeks before sailing, which gave brief time for married life—if she would have me.

If!—If she had affection for me, why would she have me excuse her from coming to-morrow, stating no cause whatsoever?

I smoked another pipe over that, finding no answer—finding my prospect dark. Then, perceiving that if I did not distract my thoughts I should presently be ordering out my chariot and going to her, which, at this time of the evening, would cause a flutter in the school, I went back to my *escritoire* and wrote doggedly for an hour to Smythe, who was captaining my flag-ship, anent those orlop deck fittings of ours.

(Continued on page 133.)

CLIMBING A PEAK IN DARIEN.

PART II.

VII.

RELIGIOUS geography is part of the art of living. To come to each new place on the chart called Earth, not in a spirit of mere pillory, but with some reverence, gives a richness to life. Whilst some seek gold, others seek spiritual gold, the soul's possession, which is neither sentimental nor unreal, but is, indeed, the one substance out of which, in the beginning, all things were made.

The apology of a world-traveller that he did not see the Pacific before from the heights of Tehuantepec, from the Golden Gate of San Francisco, from the stone eminence of the new city of Panamá—he preferred to see it with Balboa's eyes, climbing a peak out of the jungle and looking also and in like manner for the first time, in that way to perform a geographical rite in the world-temple.

I travelled with Cecilie Lucarez and Victor Morales. One carried my pack and a gun; the other with his long knife slashed the passage clear of jungle growth. It was icy cold and burning hot at the same time, dank and steaming; perspiration soaked even through the leather of one's knee-boots, but small cold airs

crept out of the profound green shadow on either hand, chilling for moments the very marrow. Underfoot were innumerable water-currents and mud and slime, and the giant trees above us dripped water all the while. A grave-like coldness crept about everywhere, and now and then a draught of air would lift my wet shirt and make it flap against the skin. Yet it was burning hot.

The Spaniards plunged across the isthmus in chain-mail; I was in my shirt, the Spanish negroes without even a shirt. That the Conquistadores did it in complete armour gives a measure of the physical endurance of these men.

The ground is strewn with rotting yellow plums, which have fleshy centres and a bitter-sweet taste; monkeys hang from the trees looking at us, parrots innumerable flutter about the open spaces. And when we come to open spaces, how painful the sun!

It is easier to cross the isthmus in January or February, the dry season, but Balboa crossed it in the wet. It is his September, and rains every day, as no doubt it did then. Up to the knees in soft mud, up to the waist in water each day, and the feet all swollen and broken by the treatment. The guides, with their bare feet

and legs, seemed able to take the floods more easily; and Morales in mid-stream of a rushing torrent, with my knapsack balanced on his head and his gun on top of that, whilst water foamed against his bare breast, was a sight not easily forgotten. Apprehension of a lost knapsack stamped it on the mind.

We rested in a jungle village. I sat on a clay floor, with a wild monkey on a string, and noisy children, and scarcely less noisy parrots. We were regaled with kola wine, and grated coconut, and oil, and rice, and bits of fat pork, and some of the ugliest preserves I have encountered. It was the time of the rice crop, and rice in the husk was drying in baskets in every little palm-leaf hut. Every hour the women took the rice-baskets and shook them to help dry out the grain. Next day an aged negro with grizzled wool led me on, and we found in the depths of the thicket that which I could not follow from *Nombre de Dios*—part of the *Camino Real*, now moss-covered and green, but unmistakable, a massive cobbling of large stones with a lateral upturned stone along the edge for curb, just room for a panniered ass and no more, but now so overgrown in places that even a monkey could not pass on it. Trees have shot up and split the cobbling, the scrub has met over it, and for many miles it climbs amid the mahogany trees high up into the mountains.

It would be worth while for some one to employ natives and spend a month cutting clear and tracing this great treasure-trail all the way from coast to coast; for there must have been resting-places, and perhaps even taverns, upon it, and possibly a chapel half-way.

The 'Speakities'—the coloured people of the jungle—all believe in lost treasure, and are superstitious regarding the evil spirits which are guarding it. Some have even bits of Spanish gold which have been found.

We made but slow progress in the jungle. Rainy weather and consequent mud held us. I changed my guides three times. None cared to go far from home. Two nights were spent in the scantiest shelter. Thousands of flaming fire-flies lit the floating mists, which along the edge of a jungle clearing looked like phantoms living in dark houses. The wraiths were of unstable dimensions, now swelling to a bank of mist, now tailing away to nothingness. But the fire-flies lighted their way—myriads of fire-flies. I lay in all the clothes I possessed, and in my boots, and wearing gloves, but still the mosquitoes bit. How combat a foe that you actually take in with your breath?

Tongues of fire among white mists in intense darkness, howling of monkeys, the creaking and wailing and prolonged z-z-z of insects in the trees, mosquitoes as noiseless and attentive as breath, the air not vital, suffocating—of such were the nights. In a hotel you would turn and turn, but something in the jungle constrains

you to lie like one dead all the night long, and that something also banishes thought.

There breaks out the throb of a native drum, one only, but you cannot say where it comes from. It is far away, it is close at your ear—it is wandering in the jungle. Who could be beating it, and why? But it is no matter. Your eyes close; you fall into a light slumber and lie dreamlessly—you cannot estimate how long. But suddenly horror breaks upon your soul. You start up, you look around, you fall back in a cold sweat. A roaring as of lions has torn through your consciousness. You think a puma has found you, and then, as suddenly, you laugh and relax. It is a pack of night-howling monkeys, beating their hairy breasts high among the branches and howling like lost souls. A vague thought enters the mind—the lost souls of those who murdered Indians for their gold.

Morning comes, and proves that each bad night was but a bad dream, a nightmare and not God's creation; for even over the 'white man's grave' it is fresh, with fair rose colours in the sky.

The natives think that I am a *gringo* surveyor planning a new road, and are quite pleased. They have never heard of Balboa or of Drake, or, indeed, of any one except Morgan. They think the *Camino Real* was built about fifty years ago. They know nothing. But I found them extremely dignified and courteous. The women seemed especially modest and discreet, and those stories of the Speakities selling their young girls for a few dollars, and of the Indians selling their children, are not true, except of the people on the coast, those corrupted by traders.

The men and women are not 'married,' but then there are no priests. Religion is nothing to them, but something of ethics is instinctive. They are said to be poor workers. It is hard to tempt them out of the jungle to do a day's work for pay. They do not want a victrola or a five-foot shelf of books. A few bright cottons for the women and powder for the men are all they ask. Money is scarce. In the depths of the jungle Chinamen keep little stores with a daily turnover of about twenty-five cents. An opened packet is a stock of cigarettes, and they sell them one at a time. They will even sell a half of a cigarette—the only people in the world who would undertake such a trade.

I wondered at the swarm of children of these Chinamen, begotten of their black wives. 'What will you do with them when you make your fortune?' I asked one.

'The best boys I take with me to China—the rest I leave behind,' he said.

I found that in the native huts I never had to pay for hospitality. It is true, however, that whole families enjoyed my provisions—gloated over tinned milk, drank mug after mug of dense *Nombre de Dios* coffee, ate chocolate as a wonderful novelty. In return, they would put in

the midst of the red mud floor a large pot of rice and pieces of smoked fish and forest berries soaked in brine. They brought down branches of fat little cream-coloured bananas from the roof. A parrot would lift itself by its beak on to my fingers whilst I ate, and in the same way up my coat to my shoulder, calling and outcalling its mate, who was perched on an ox-limbed woman in coloured overalls. In such a hut I met Martinez, a man with no hands and only one eye. He had lost his members dynamiting fish. Martinez had hooks tightly corded to the stumps of his wrists, and had learned to do all that most of us can do with hands—thus, he struck a match and lighted a cigarette, he shouldered my knapsack, he lifted down an old gun from the wall, he slung it on his back. Even using hooks for hands he was a good shot with a gun.

Martinez was by temperament a hunter, and was less interested in getting me to the Pacific coast than in following trails of wild beasts. He showed me a tree-sloth hanging in the hammock of its own body high up among the branches; showed me a boa coiled like a cable and sleeping like a babe. That did not interest him. But the jaguar and the puma were ever in his thoughts. We came upon the footprints of a tiger, a *grande gato*, a perfect six-spot in the mud. With bent back and staring eyes Martinez was for following it, and he gave me his long knife. But I said 'No.'

'No carey?' he inquired, raising his brows. 'No quiere?'

'No, Martinez; grande gato make nice meal you and me. Sabe, Martinez?' I made signs to him, pointing down my throat.

'Ah, you no carey?' he rejoined sadly, and set his face toward the sun. He threaded his way to an isolated hut surrounded by bog, where lived a bachelor acquaintance more ready to follow up the trail of the tiger. There we brewed coffee, and as I sat in the doorway sipping it, I saw fly past like a flame the most beautiful bird I had seen in the jungle. The sportsmen missed it, but heavy as I was with clinging mud I started up to follow it. I was tired enough of tramping, wet to the waist, mud to the knees. I had fallen down several times. Handless Martinez had offered to carry me across one or two morasses and torrents, and had actually raised me on his shoulders once, but I felt him waver under me, and took my two hundred pounds down from his back. I was glad when we came once more upon a stretch of the *Camino Real* and could actually walk upon it. We stepped steadily upward, and I began to meditate climbing that 'goodly and high tree,' for there were many such starting out of the marsh and scrub and going straight to heaven. But then, suddenly and unexpectedly, coming out on the scarp of a commanding ridge, I saw the ocean. I did not need to climb a tree. From

this ridge I also saw the Pacific for the first time, far away, a blue triangle of water beyond the hills and the forests and the ridges. There was a wide and majestic view, and the great trees of the jungle made a framework on either hand like the extended plumage of an eagle.

To my one-eyed guide it meant nothing, and he could not understand why I paused in the way and called him back. But it was a great moment. A warm current ran through my veins, and something seemed to lighten heavy boots. Wings came out from my heels, and I stood on tiptoe and stared.

That phrase of Keats, 'a wild surmise,' came very near to naming the feeling of rapture. The eyes of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, the eyes of Francis Drake, the eyes of the one of the many! 'It was all for this,' I whispered.

Martinez restlessly waved his hooks and peered at me one-sidedly. 'Grande oceane,' said he reflectively as we resumed our tramp, and he led me to the sea. It was many hours, but they went easily, and we came out to the shore in the peace of the late evening, and there in a little inn we drank *blanco seco* and toasted Vasco Nuñez de Balboa and Francis Drake, whom certainly the one-eyed man did not know. Then I counted out silver dollars for Martinez and paid him off. And he was pleased.

Balboa, it is said, knelt on the mountain alone, and then his comrades came and planted a cross. And the pious chronicler avers that *Te Deum Laudamus* and *Te Dominum Confitemur* were sung. The dog Leoncico barked for joy. Balboa in a loud voice claimed all that was visible for the King of Spain, and the lawyer, whom they had brought along, drew up a deed which was signed by sixty-seven Spaniards—all that were left of the original hundred and ninety.

Balboa then marched to the sea. Pizarro, one of his companions, afterwards conqueror of Peru, was the first to reach the shore, and with two others they entered an abandoned canoe, and were thus the first white men to sail on the Pacific. Next day Balboa took possession of the ocean for the King of Spain. He did not throw his ring in the water, like the Doge of Venice taking possession of the Adriatic, but, clad only in his shirt, he marched with twenty-six of his comrades into the waves. In one hand he carried a banner of Castile; in the other a naked sword. They stood around Balboa, Pizarro, and the rest; they made crosses of steel, they kissed one another's sword-hilts, they lowered the crimson banner to the water. It had been morning on the mountains, and was sunset on the sea—the light of vision and then the many colours of glory sinking towards oblivion. With me also there was some of the light of romance in the glamour of the evening on the shore of the southern sea.

THE END.

HUNTING BOB.

By PHILLIPPA FRANCKLYN.

I.

'HE ain't a beauty, he ain't!' said Joe Curtis, as he indicated the dog that crouched at his feet. The animal's torn ears quivered grotesquely, as if he understood every word that his master was saying. 'What with being one leg short, and a saddle mark what a grizzly gave him as a token of affection, he's about as ugly a cur as you'd meet in the whole of Canada. But if he's ugly, he's cute, and as a bear dog he can't be beat. Indian dog? Well, what of that? I don't care a hang that his parents were two bear dogs belonging to a Cree Indian called Minosi. Hunting Bob saved my life as well as Minosi's, and, if you like to hear the yarn, well, here goes.

'I was up in the Peace River district a few falls ago. Game was plentiful, and as to bears, they just swarmed. The saskatoon bushes were heavy with berries, and the brutes had come for miles to get that fruit. You could see their trails on the bald bluffs, as well as the tunnels they had scooped through the dense berry bushes.

'I'd come up the river in a Cree dug-out, and landed opposite a big berry island, and struck inland. It was late September, and I kept my eyes open for bears. Not that I wanted them—their skins were too unprime to be worth the trouble of taking—but I'd my eyes skinned for probable spots for their denning-up, and a harvest of skins in March and April.

'I hid my dug-out, and packed my goods along the trail, which led, a half-breed had told me, to a deserted shack. He said it was only a mile from the river, but that mile multiplied itself considerably before I reached the place. I expressed my feelings loudly long before I reached it, but he was right about its being sound, and the surrounding country being good trapping ground. It didn't take me long to take possession, and in a few days I'd fixed upon my line of traps, and before the first snow fell I was as comfortable as possible with a good store of wood and food ready for the winter.

'The wolves had been making a considerable fuss around the shack, and, as I was keen upon raking in a few bounties, I set a series of traps. Timber wolves are always extremely wary, so I caught only one, and the rest apparently left the neighbourhood, for I heard nothing more of their midnight music. By this time the other trapping was in full swing, and after baiting the wolf traps, I left them for some days.

'One morning, when out in that direction, I heard a dog howling dismally. On investigation I found a miserable, half-starved Indian

cur caught in one of the wolf traps. I was considerably surprised, for I didn't know that there was a single Cree in the district. The poor little brute had evidently lain quiet until too starved and bad with the pain to stand it any longer. He cowered miserably when he saw me, apparently thinking that I should knock him on the head. His leg was too hopelessly mangled to be saved, so I cut it off, and bandaged up the stump as well as I could. It's strange how these Indian dogs get over an injury. In a few days he was hopping around quite contented and happy. Not that he settled down, not he! He was always on the hunt up and down the country, sometimes for hours, often for days. My mate, Jim Dawson, who'd joined me by this time, declared that the dog was hunting for his master.

"He's young, and he doesn't know the way to their winter hunting-grounds."

'I doubted his being very young, for even then he'd a considerable number of scars upon his hide, and I said so, asserting that if I got the chance I'd buy the brute; for I'd taken a fancy to the dog, he was so precious cute and ugly.

'One day a young Cree lounged up. He knew the dog, and said it belonged to Minosi. At any rate Hunting Bob was glad to see the Cree, and when he left went with him. The ungrateful little brute never even said good-bye to me, but dotted off, wagging his skinny tail as if he was perfectly happy.

"Once an Indian dog, always an Indian dog," said Jim, with his widest grin. "They prefer to be half-starved in an Indian *tepee* to having their fill in a trapper's shack."

'I felt pretty sick about it. I missed the dog with his queer, cute ways. However, there was no good crying over spilt milk, and I had to reconcile myself to the brute's desertion. I had given him up for lost, when one morning I was surprised to see him come bounding out of a windfall. He hurled himself upon me with every expression of delight and affection. Then, in the most absurdly bashful way, he attracted my attention to a young bitch that crouched close to the windfall.

"The brute!" ejaculated Jim. "Who'd have thought of his bringing back his mate? Wonder what Minosi will say?"

II.

'Even his mate could not keep Hunting Bob from hunting. He hunted in season and out of season, everlastingly hunting something, even if it was only the jack-rabbits that were pretty thick around the shack. Nothing came amiss.

'I was somewhat surprised that Minosi did not come and demand payment for his dogs, but he never came near the camp. I rather wanted to see the old fellow, for I'd heard no end about his always hunting grizzlies with nothing better than an old gun—how he scorned to use anything but the ear shot, and always hunted alone.

'By this time the stream and swamps below us were frozen over, although the winter had not been as severe as usual. So I was not surprised to come upon the trail of a grizzly doing a walking winter. I was not anxious to meet him, for a grizzly on the tramp in winter is a holy terror. His temper at the best of times isn't sweet, but when he's on the tramp he's hungry and mad. In fact, he's an incarnation of everything fiendish and devilish.

'The grizzly had evidently been fishing in a small space of unfrozen water in the swamp, and had had no luck. His trail led in and out of the snowdrifts, apparently in an anxious search for food. You may guess I kept my eyes skinned for a sight of the brute. I had only a light gun I used for pot-hunting, and it would be as useful as a pea-shooter in a fight with a grizzly.

'But I wasn't destined to meet him just then, nor did I come across any more of his trails. Jim was eager to have a shot at the brute, but I talked him out of the project. Our line of traps extended in a ten-mile circle from the shack. We usually worked out in opposite directions, and met in the centre of the circle, some miles away in the forest. If we didn't meet, the first to arrive at the centre trap made a blaze, and returned to the shack at once without waiting for the other. One day Jim had finished his line and returned. When I came back to the shack he was sitting in front of the stove frying Johnny-cakes. "I've spotted your grizzly," he announced, with a grin. "He's a bully brute, and no mistake. I'd have gone for him, but my gun was too light. However, to-morrow I'll interview his lordship to some effect."

"Don't be a fool, Jim," I ejaculated, my mouth full of Johnny-cake. "You'll bite off more than you can chew. Leave him alone until the spring."

'Jim grunted. He was always set upon having his own way. I knew he was determined to tackle that grizzly single-handed, and I might as well sing to the moon as expect him to listen to me when he didn't want to.

'The next morning I was off 'most before dawn, while Jim was still snoring in his bunk. Bob and his mate were away on a hunting expedition of their own, and did not return when I whistled. I felt fair nervous that morning. I'd taken a holy scare of Jim tackling that grizzly on his lonesome. So, when I came to the end of my line of traps, instead of cutting back to the shack I started through the bit of

forest that stood between the two lines, and continued down Jim's half-circle.

'Everything was unusually quiet. I'd never noticed how quiet everything was before. Not a single sound echoed through the trees. Suddenly, running as silently as a fox, Hunting Bob and his mate dashed past me. Almost immediately I heard them giving tongue furiously at some little distance ahead. Mingling with their yapping was the wheezing protest of a grizzly. I heard a faint hail, and remembering Jim's words, I dashed madly down the trail left by the galloping dogs. I felt certain Jim was at grips with a grizzly.

'It might have been three minutes, but it seemed hours before I broke cover and came out almost on top of a huge grizzly. Jim was nowhere to be seen, but Hunting Bob and his mate were tackling the monster. I had only my usual rifle, so, as Jim was in no danger, I stepped off; but the grizzly, evidently considering me worth chasing, brushed the yapping dogs aside, and swinging his great arms like a wind-mill, charged down upon me. I stepped back suddenly, caught my snow-shoe in a root, and went down. Before I could recover my footing the grizzly was close upon me, and I only just recovered my gun in time.

'I blazed away, retreating backwards step by step. I might just as well have poured peas into the grizzly for any use the gun was to me. It was only the charging, yapping dogs that prevented him from simply finishing me. But every few steps he would turn to brush them off as they sprang at his flanks. The going was none too easy, and I could not pick my steps, and every minute the grizzly might shake off the dogs for good, and, charging down, completely wipe me out. I could not help thinking that it was a marvel that he had not done this before.

'All the time he was grunting and growling savagely, whirling his great paws about in a boxing attitude, swiping now at one dog, then at the other, and all the time advancing upon me. As to the dogs, they looked sorry enough objects with their hides ripped and scratched, where the beast's claws had touched them, but they hung on to the attack pluckily enough.

'Suddenly I was brought up against a mass of snow-covered bushes, and stumbled backwards into a deep drift. I thought all was up with me, for the roaring grizzly gaped and boxed hideously not six feet away. He made frantic lurches in a mad endeavour to lay out the dogs, or seize me in a rough embrace. For one awful moment I tried to regain my feet. As the drift was crashing in under me, I heard another growl echoing from below. It felt as if I had landed on top of an earthquake. I squirmed madly to one side, catching sight, as I did so, of the blue ice blow-hole of a black bear close beside me.

III.

'Things were getting mixed with a vengeance. I tried to squeeze away under the bushes as a big bear humped up from his winter den. The grizzly tried to claw ineffectually at me, only succeeding in removing a good square foot of cloth, but fortunately not touching my flesh. I rolled still farther under the tangle of undergrowth as the black bear rushed out and went for the grizzly in a frantic rage at being disturbed. I did not wait to act as umpire, but burrowed away under the snow and bushes, leaving the bears to settle the fight as they liked. Two bears were more than the dogs could tackle, so Hunting Bob came whining after me, and his mate followed his example.

'Perhaps it was the dogs' retreat, or perhaps it was their usual cussedness, but those two bears ceased arguing and made after the dogs. I had no wish to renew the encounter with my peashooter of a gun, and burrowed for all I was worth farther into the bushes, hoping to get out on the other side, thus escaping from the bears. Suddenly the snow gave way, and I was precipitated down a steep bank. I wasn't hurt, but well scratched by the thorny bushes that grew on top of it. I sat up and looked around. The two bears craned their heads over the top and growled savagely.

'The brutes paced along the top of the bank for some time, but the snow-covered bushes that overhung the edge gave a little under their feet, and they were afraid to venture down. At last I heard them retreating, with muttered growlings, in opposite directions. I waited until all was quiet, and then scrambled up the bank and made off in the direction of the shack, thankful that I had escaped so easily.

'Then I remembered the hail. Jim had been in trouble. Where was he? I had been so occupied with my own affairs that I had forgotten him. I retraced my steps. It was getting late, and the sun was just on the edge of the tree-tops. I soon reached the scene of the conflict, and walked back to where the dogs had engaged the grizzly. The snow was so trampled that, in spite of a detailed examination, I could not make head or tail of the signs. Once I thought I had discovered the trail of a moccasin, but that was all.

'After a prolonged search I did find a lock of long, dank hair that had been scraped off a head in a lump, scalp and all. It comforted me some, for I knew it was Indian hair; besides, Jim was as yellow-haired as a Swede. Still the memory of the call haunted me. I looked still farther, but could see no sign of an Indian, so started off once more for the shack. Suddenly I heard a dog whimpering behind me, and turned around to find Hunting Bob, stiff and wounded, trying to crawl after me. I suppose his wounds had stiffened in the cold air. He crouched at my

feet, and whined piteously. I lifted him up, intending to carry him back to the shack, as he seemed all in. But he wriggled out of my arms, and tried to make me understand that he wanted something.

"What do you want?" I asked him, but he only lay and moaned at my feet. I was in a hurry and didn't want to linger. I was still haunted by that white man's hail, and I wanted to be sure that Jim was all right. In the distance a wolf howled in a suggestive way, and I fully expected the grizzly to return and continue the fray. I tried to lift the dog again, but he howled dismally, then crawled into a tunnel under some snow-laden bushes, and whined for me to follow. I didn't like the look of the place. It was dark and dismal under the trees; in that hole it was as black as night. I struck a match and looked into it. The flickering light fell upon the trail where something had dragged itself over the snow, leaving ominous stains behind.

'A faint moan answered my call. I didn't wait to think, but dived into the tunnel, creeping along, until I came to the prostrate form of an Indian. I knew it was an Indian by the feel of his naked body. He was as near unconscious as he could be, and had probably crawled under the bushes waiting for death to end his sufferings. I thought Hunting Bob must have found him, but I learnt afterwards that Hunting Bob and his mate's sudden appearance and assault upon the grizzly had given the Indian time to creep away from his foe. Then I had come up, and the grizzly had gone for me instead of staying to root the Indian out of his hiding-place.

'I was puzzled what to do. The Indian was almost dead, and would be frozen to death in a short time. I tried to lift him, but he was not only a bigger man, but as heavy as myself, and the restricted quarters prevented my getting a good grip upon his body. There was no help for it. I built a huge fire out beyond the bushes, and then dragged him out into its warmth. He revived a bit and opened his eyes, gazing stolidly into the fire as he lay in front of it. It was a weird scene—the wounded, silent Indian and myself crouching there, waiting for the moon to come up. I hoped by that time he would be able to crawl, with my help, down to the shack. But at daybreak we were still there, and the Indian was still too stiff even to stand. I built a huge fire in front of him, dressed his wounds as well as I could, and left him there with Hunting Bob and his mate to keep him company, while I went back to the shack to find Jim.

'I found him in an awful state of mind. He'd been out hunting for me until late at night, and was just about starting out again when I turned up. To cut a long story short, we got the Indian down to his *tepee* and left him there, and by this time I'd found out that it

was Minosi I'd rescued. We left him, as we thought, to die, but in a feeble voice he assured me he would always be grateful, and that he intended living to kill the grizzly that had mauled him.

'We went back to our trapping, and almost forgot all about Minosi, except to wonder whether the old brave had recovered. I thought he'd died, for about three weeks after we'd taken him to his *tepee*, Hunting Bob and his mate came back to the shack, both looking decidedly the worse for wear, but getting all right again in a very short time.

IV.

'When the summer came we sold out our furs, and went prospecting up north for gold. We hadn't any luck, but hung on as long as our supplies lasted. Then we decided to return to our trapping-ground of the winter before. Jim was for following the old trail back, but I wanted to try a new and supposed shorter one. So we parted, each promising to turn up at the shack before the first snow fell. I watched him go off, and lingered to shoot some caribou. Then, having luck with them, I decided to stop and prospect a little longer. I'd plenty of time before me, and I'd been told that the new trail was miles shorter than the other, and was reported to be well marked.

'I grilled caribou steaks and ate them, watching the whirling red leaves, and listening to the honking of the migrating wild geese. Hunting Bob grew uneasy, and followed me as I chipped off chunks of rock and examined them for gold. He whined and whimpered, running down the trail as if urging me to follow, but I was too interested in my prospecting to leave, especially as I'd found a place that was showing promising signs of colour.

'The air was keen, but there was no sign of a break in the weather when I rolled myself in my robes in the evening, but when I awoke in the morning the snow was falling silently from a dull gray sky. Not a sound broke the silence of the white world around me. Hunting Bob whined miserably, and would not rest until he saw me load up the hand-sleigh. There was not a breath of wind to pack the light feathery masses of the snow, and the going was terribly hard. I ploughed steadily on until the early night set in, and it was still snowing in that silent, relentless way.

'The next day I resumed my journey. I plodded on, Hunting Bob running beside me as solemn and serious as an Indian. He knew what lay in front of me; I didn't. There was no sign of life beyond our three selves—even the wolves had fled before the snow. My store of meat grew less, until I dared not eat more than a mouthful at a time, and each day's journey grew shorter as my strength gave out. At last, dead beat, and almost starved, I cowered

in a hollow under a bluff. It was impossible to fight any longer against the snow.

'There was plenty of wood at the edge of the trail under the snow, and the hollow was sheltered and comparatively free from the white covering. I built a huge fire, and crouched down in its warmth, too miserable to do more than gaze at the mounting flames. Hunting Bob sat beside me, uneasy and restless. Every now and then he whined as if worried. His mate burrowed under the snow, catching the mice that lived among the dead leaves close to the earth.

'Hunting Bob grew more and more uneasy, and I wondered what was the matter. Suddenly a surging moan swept through the pine trees. Louder and louder it grew until the blizzard broke in all its force, catching up the loose, powdery snow and flinging it in dense clouds in front as it tore ruthlessly through the pines. The crashing and rending among the trees was terrific, but I hailed it with joy. The surface of the snow would be packed firm and the travelling would be easier. I should be able to make good time in my going. Then the awful thought came like a knell upon my hopes. My meat was quite gone, and if the blizzard lasted more than a few hours I should be too weak to move. Feeling utterly all in, I lay down and slept.

'It seemed to me that the blizzard raged continuously. I lay in front of the fire and chewed a piece of moose hide in a wild endeavour to still the awful gnawing of hunger. I slept fitfully, waking to grim reality after vivid dreams of plenty. The blizzard still raged, and night and day had hardly any significance to me. As long as I could I crawled out and collected wood, but at last that was beyond me, and I lay still. I could do nothing more, and Hunting Bob had left me, though I could not say just when he had gone. The end had come. The blizzard had passed, but it was too late. I was too feeble to move. I could hear faint, haunting sounds. But I was past feeling pain or hunger.

'It appeared to me that I was haunted by weird fancies. I dreamt that an Indian strode out from the early morning haze and, seizing the line of my hand-sleigh, drew me after him down the trail. I heard the barking of Hunting Bob, felt the warmth of fire. The dream was extremely vivid. My body was dead. Only my brain lived and dreamt. Still, throughout that extraordinary jumble of dreaming there came no food, until one evening I heard, as still in a dream, an Indian grunt of satisfaction. There was the rending of skin, and something soft and bleeding was thrust between my cracked and stiffened lips. Unconsciously I ate mouthful after mouthful—and woke to the realisation that my dreams were true, and to see the Indian greedily devouring part of a jack-rabbit.

v.

'Later on I heard the story of how Minosi had been wandering too far afield after a grizzly, and had been caught by the soft snow. He and his family were starving, as all the animals had been driven south by the snow. Hunting Bob had come whimpering to him for help, and because I had stayed with him when mauled by a grizzly, he had turned aside to help me. He had tasted no food for some time himself, until Hunting Bob had caught the belated jack-rabbit and brought it to him. For all he knew, his family might be dying somewhere along the trail; still he had turned back to rescue me.

'A jack-rabbit wasn't much between two starving men, but it put new life into us. Minosi gathered wood and built a roaring fire, and we warmed ourselves, and hope sprang again. As to Hunting Bob, he appeared to understand, for he arrived a few hours afterwards with another jack-rabbit, and seemed to grin with joy as we devoured it. The packing of the snow must have brought back the animals, for jack-rabbits were to be seen here and there at intervals, and we managed to secure enough to keep life in our bodies, although not sufficient to satisfy our hunger.

'I was hardly able to walk from weakness, but Minosi contrived to cover a little of the trail each day, drawing me in the hand-sleigh. Hunting Bob spent his time hunting. Morning, noon, and night we could hear his yap as he chased his prey. One morning, just at day-break, he gave tongue loudly.

"Bear," muttered Minosi, rising shakily to his feet, and reaching out for his rifle, that lay beside him. A fierce joy shone in his sombre eyes. A supply of bear meat would save us, and be sufficient to enable us to make the trail back to our shack.

"We're too weak," I muttered, as I shook my head. I staggered to my feet as Minosi, like a red shadow, vanished through the trees. Hunting Bob's yapping was getting fast and furious now. I crawled forward, clinging desperately to anything that would support me.

'I soon reached the place. A huge grizzly was sitting on his hunkers, flopping his fore-paws about in a wild endeavour to catch Hunting Bob, who danced yappingly around him. Minosi was crawling stealthily through the bushes, intent on getting a close shot at the brute. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, and, with a torrent of abuse, fired at the grizzly's ear. The great brute gave a blood-curdling yell, lurched forward, and fell.

'It was a weird scene: the long, lean form of Minosi standing there, silhouetted against the white snow; the great gray, almost dirty white mass of fur; and the dancing dervish of a hunting dog that snarled, growled, and fought

the dead thing. Then, catching sight of me, the dog dashed to my side, and grinned his delight at the plenty that lay in front of us. We were far too weak to take the bear meat to our fire, and too fearful of other marauders to leave it lying there, so we made a fire on the spot, and feasted at our leisure. Grizzly ain't quite the sort of meat one would hanker after at most times, but I guess no food tasted sweeter than that grizzly meat. I ate until I couldn't eat any more; Hunting Bob did the same; then we rolled over in front of the fire, leaving Minosi still busy feasting. When I awoke in the morning he was still at it, though now his eyes wore a far-away look in them, and he murmured a sort of song of his prowess in killing the grizzly. He evidently believed it was the one that had mauled him. So droning out his triumph song and eating he passed the day, while I and Bob alternately feasted and slept.

'The next day Minosi rolled up half of what remained of the grizzly's meat in the skin, and throwing the bundle over his shoulders, vanished down the trail. A little later Bob and I, with our share of the grizzly meat, were on our way back to the shack.'

SOMETIMES I THINK.

SOMETIMES I think a child-like trust
A greater thing by far
Than all the world's assessment just,
That knows men as they are.

Sometimes I think a woman's touch
Some hidden depths may reach,
And tune some broken chord in such
A way no words can teach.

Sometimes I think a lover sees
(They say that love is blind)
Some virtues fair, pure hopes to please,
That we can never find.

Sometimes I think a sinner knows
A sympathy more deep
And understanding more than those
Who virtue's pathway keep.

Sometimes I think beneath life's pain
There hides some purpose pure,
And sorrow's cross is manhood's gain
To make the pathway sure.

Sometimes I think that life is gift
To soul to make or mar,
Itself to lose or greater lift
Towards some distant star.

Sometimes I think could man keep troth
Unstained with his own soul
He would attain in perfect growth
The uplift of the whole.

ARTHUR C. DURNFORD.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

SHAKESPEARE is being tolerated again in the West End of London during this winter season. It is important that this circumstance should be recorded, lest posterity might assume that at the challenge London failed to hold herself in line with some European cities and places like New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, which, though claiming no possession of the immortal in any material and birthplace sense, raise certain pretensions in the spiritual line. Thus we remember that the Germans, who had the audacity to play Shakespeare in Berlin at the white-heat of the war, and found him to succeed marvellously at a time when London would not look at him—save for a momentary peep at *Henry the Fifth* for the sake of the war spirit and the martial speeches—those Germans, who are both good and bad at so many things, set up a claim to Shakespeare, bearing they had spiritual rights in him, from which it appeared they were prepared on challenge to proceed farther. Unsatisfied with torn treaties and the perpetration of all crimes, outrages, and sins, they would steal our poet, paramount genius of all the ages, chief of those upon whom we depend in a measure for prestige in intellect and culture. People of other nations may think us sometimes vulgar and possessed of simple and unsophisticated minds, as witness the case that we pay our national debt right down on the nail, even though we should walk in sackcloth and our creditors be weighted down with overloaded riches; but the truth is not to be escaped that we people, poor and proud, do own Shakespeare, for he was born in Warwickshire, and if we treat him carelessly, leave him hidden and neglected in the cupboard, after all that may be our own affair. Under compulsion, however, we should assert our rights, for if we played no Shakespeare, reduced him not, neglected him, and regarded his plays, when acted, with something like disdain, we might seem to waive our title, as when people never walk along one of those footpaths through the fields that are somehow mixed up mysteriously with public rights they may find a fence erected and their privileges passed for ever. Thus it might appear to some in foreign places that London has

been peculiarly impelled by outside influences to producing Shakespearian plays this season, though the producers may have been indifferent to the foreign vogue. The pleasant truth is that at the present time there is evidently what we might call a strong revivalist movement in progress on the London stage, and amid a sodden mass of post-war features of life, action, and tendency that are disquieting and discouraging, this is found by many who gaze anxiously for a light upon the horizon to be a hopeful sign. For in all ages the theatre has been a great reflector of the minds and consciences of people; it has held the mirror to their inner thoughts, and this season's strongly marked disposition to do better artistically and intellectually with the stage than for a long time past marks a resurgence of our better selves, and points it with a promise. When Mars and Venus were going out together on nights in London a few years back, revue at its silliest, most stupid heights was what served best their distracted minds, and this kind of entertainment fare belongs to the alcohol and nicotine group of habits, which when once contracted in excess are peculiarly difficult to discard. Revue fell away a year or two ago, but seemed to leave a blank behind it, the London stage being then dull, unoriginal, colourless, vapid, and discreditable to the people of the capital of the British Empire. Bottom was touched.

* * *

This year England is setting up some kind of an intellectual resistance, of which this is one evidence, or, at least, we like to regard it so. The fact is unmistakable. The considerable success of certain revivals of pre-war achievements seems to have prepared the way and provided the necessary stimulus. There have been more of them this season—several plays by Sir James Barrie have been running simultaneously—but along with them some splendid productions of fine new work of various character. There is *Hassan*, the poetic play of the late James Elroy Flecker, at His Majesty's Theatre, which takes a place in the history of theatrical production. The many new plays have been of full average merit. I care less for London than once I did; the splendid days and nights of twenty years ago will never

return. The social circle is too wide, irregular, with jaggy holes in it; club life as we knew it is extinct, and all is confusion and rattle; but yet London now is in many ways exhilarating, and never more so than in the winter. For entertainments—apart from opera—such as we have spoken of, she seems, from programmes, to be definitely better than Paris or New York. Had this comprehensive offering included no Shakespeare the omission would have been sadder, more noticeable than before, but the case is that Shakespeare has been somewhat more conspicuous in the general arrangement than for many years. And all the time there is, of course, the Old Vic., which is now its own adopted name, the most famous and distinguished, most worthy Old Vic. It is in a slum street down on the south side of the river by the Waterloo Road, and is approached by an avenue of fried-fish and stewed-eel shops, whelk and coffee stalls, and through a press of people that is as likely to contain cut-throats and burglars as any other, in which no gentleman, not a lover of Shakespeare and honest art, would care ever to be seen. But this true and simple theatre, strong in its determination, sincere in aim, and magnificent in achievement, is now often, and rightly, called the 'chief theatre of London' and 'the national theatre,' and for myself I know that in some foreign places it is almost the only British theatre the people have ever heard of. Lately I found the chief newspapers of Madrid with long articles in series about it; in Rome folk have asked me to tell them of the Old Vic.; and a French officer of a literary and theatrical turn of mind, at a lonely military station in southern Tunisia, when talking to me one night under the starlit desert sky of things he would like to see London for, mentioned this rare establishment. It has staged several more plays of Shakespeare this season; it has produced the horrible, the bloody *Titus Andronicus*, which had not been done in London for sixty-six years, and caused, it is reported, five faintings on the first night; and when *Troilus and Cressida* was staged immediately afterwards, it established the unique and amazing record of having, since 1914, presented all the thirty-six plays that are contained in the First Folio, the tercentenary of whose publication was being celebrated. This, then, is a theatre, with no nonsense. It is the kind of place inside that might in careless minds be considered proper for a small provincial city. Here the play is the thing, and all besides is sympathetic simplicity. Benches are best for Shakespeare, and here we mostly sit on benches, and may smoke. There are no footlights; the bright illuminations are focussed to the stage from lights held above and in front. Such as read of the Waterloo Road need not fear that here within all is not clean and nice, with the true atmosphere pervading. I think that here

we might welcome the shade of Shakespeare less shamefacedly than at any other place in town. The people who attend know why they do so; Miss Lilian Baylis, the manageress, understands her business, the players theirs, and certainly the audience their own likewise. There is an Old Vic. society, or circle, which has meetings of its own and a magazine. Here you may have a seat for fourpence, or, being wild, may spend just ten times as much; while for me, paying one and tenpence, I watched from a fine place in the balcony what in all probability I shall never see again, what few mortals who pay constant homage to Shakespeare have ever seen—the doings of Ajax, Hector, Agamemnon, Ulysses, and the full kit of them in *Troilus and Cressida*.

* * *

Some evenings back I had the chance to discuss this question of Shakespeare and the fair recognition and appreciation of his work in England—it is dreadful, but necessary, to state the case like this—with Miss Sybil Thorndike herself at the back of the New Theatre just before her playing in *The Lie*, the new play by Mr Henry Arthur Jones. She had then returned from Manchester, where she had received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University in recognition of 'a devotion to her profession which had had a profound influence upon national art.' Manchester shared with the Old Vic. the most important parts in that artistic development that has led to her taking the highest place among British actresses, and to having properly assumed that position of supreme stage artist, occupied by only one or two in a generation, as to which the vacancy was beginning to be acutely and disconsolately felt. For all Sarah's age and rare appearances, Paris feels a wider vacancy since Bernhardt passed away than she would if a good half-dozen of her very best politicians were, for their country's good, to retire themselves to monasteries; Mussolini knows what Eleonora Duse means to Italy, and was careful that as soon as his Fascists had settled down in Rome for the rule of Italy he should seek a conversation with her upon the theatre and art and how they might be encouraged, and see that some of the terms of this important talk were published in the papers. Maria Guerrero in Spain for more than a generation has been a commanding figure, and recently, when the nation determined to honour her, there were scenes of enthusiasm in the streets and elsewhere which, for ebullitions of sincerity by the populace, are not equalled when kings and queens pass in procession. There is that degree in achievement when such figures as these advance from the point when they are considered as fine and famous (and there is always through the inevitable circumstances of extreme publicity a vastly exaggerated estimate of stage

'greatness'), but largely in their selfish interests, to that when, no matter how personal interests may be served, they are national possessions; to this degree Miss Thorndike has arrived, the more worthily and honourably because of her proven sincerity and sacrifice for her art. She performed the miracle more than a year ago of drawing London and the country in long tailing crowds to her theatre to witness her performance, with a minimum of stage accessory, of an old Greek tragedy, Euripides' *Medea*. At the beginning of this season she produced *Cymbeline*, often referred to as one of Shakespeare's 'unproducible' half-dozen. Teeming with thoughts and ideas and beautiful lines, and having Imogen, one of the most delightful of Shakespeare's women, for heroine, it is not considered to be a good play for the stage. Miss Thorndike plans new risks and adventures continually, and brings to their performance the tragic power of a very highly gifted artist. But it was for her knowledge, her divination and sincerity, rather than her celebrity, that I needed a word with her for the purpose of this theme. There is a conspiracy of circumstance to provoke thoughts upon it at this moment. The Old Vic., rejoicing in the gift of a great benefactor, is saved and doing well, and is better appreciated than ever before; Mr Donald Calthrop has established a real Shakespeare season, with a repertory beginning with *Twelfth Night*, at the Kingsway Theatre; and at the beginning of this winter there was that tercentenary of the publication of the First Folio to be celebrated somehow. I am made aware that by some curious process of coincidence Shakespeare this winter is being more extensively played abroad than ever before. In New York, thanks largely to certain actors who have stood as closely to Shakespearian tradition as they could, there has for long been keen appreciation and regular production of his best works. Managers in London say that even to play *Hamlet* here is asking for trouble and bankruptcy, but not so there. In Berlin, of course, they play Shakespeare always. They did so through the war, and they appreciate him better now than ever. Madrid, though its stage is peculiarly enterprising, with great limitations set upon it, and is appreciative of foreign classics, especially the French, has somehow evaded Shakespeare. The cultivated Spaniards, with their devotion to Calderon and their other brilliant dramatists of the past, have had difficulty in discovering anything at all of the spirit of our poet, and even in knowing the matchless beauty of his work, which never can be known in mere translation, while the metre is so different from that of their own short-lined classics; but their foremost living playwright, Jacinto Benavente, he who received the Nobel Prize last year, and whose writing is among the very finest of the new dramatic work of the world, told me one night at the Teatro Español

in Madrid of the devoted study he had made of Shakespeare's work, of his admiration for it, and its influence upon him. That influence is perceived in such a brilliant piece of work as *Los intereses creados*. Ricardo Calvo, the foremost actor of the Spanish classics in Spain, who appears by regular custom and appointment at the Español during the season, told me once that he had played Hamlet in the Spanish provinces and Romeo in Barcelona, and liked the parts, but none else has done so. Margarita Xirgu, the tragedienne who will succeed Guerrero, and who is a really brilliant actress, confided that one of her ambitions is to play Lady Macbeth. And now, this very season, another eminent Spanish actor, Moreno, has played Shylock in a freely adapted version of the *Merchant of Venice*. But the case of Vienna is the most remarkable. Soon as the summer faded the wonderful Viennese, who deserve heavenly recognition for practice of the culture and refinement that fill their soul, amid all manner of difficulties and disasters set themselves to enjoyment of the best in music and the stage. At the Burgtheater, which is national, and one of the biggest and finest in the world, *Richard III.* was produced, and became an instant and amazing success. Shakespeare was here always the strongest 'pull,' but this occasion exceeded all. The theatre was booked to its limit for many nights in advance, and at each performance four thousand people sat in intensest silence spellbound. The play was given without any musical intervals, and, though there was fine scenery, the impressive pictures, as we are told, were mainly the result of lighting effects and grouping and arrangement of colours, backcloths, and such like major accessories.

* * *

Pity that in a season such as this we could not have been enjoying a great *Hamlet* in London, and so demonstrated our superior attributes, for only a British player can make a real *Hamlet*, however others may have read the part. It has been said that we shall never again in our time have a long *Hamlet* run in London, and that is sad if it is so. Yet why should it be? The last must have been that of Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, already passing to rich, mellow memory, one of the most splendid works of art prepared upon our stage. This was the 'gentlemanly' *Hamlet*; the prince was the fine, noble spirit, the quintessence of delicacy and refinement. We have seen many *Hamlets*, that of Sarah Bernhardt of the golden voice among them, and it is only when the fourth or fifth presentation has been witnessed, and the subject thought upon again a score of times, that, as with the Wagnerian operas, the inner majesty and greatness of this art comes to be fairly realised. It is impossible to know anything of Shakespeare until a free and intimate familiarity with his work is established, and Heaven be thanked

that he cannot be taken with a nod in passing. That is one point of the value of the work that is being done by the Old Vic. in the Waterloo Road. Hamlets will come from there, perhaps. Somewhere in Sicily, in the middle of last winter, Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson and myself happened to be staying at the same place for a time, and, he resting like this, and taking no more interest in the theatre as it seemed, I asked him if it were final that he would never play again, and he answered decisively that it was, and that he would look with dread upon the possibility of a return to theatrical work. He was strenuous; he may be older than, with keen and handsome presence, he seems. So thence there is no more Hamlet. Well, that career was bravely and magnificently made. He was telling me in Sicily of some of the beginnings of it, and the middles, and the end. He would have been an artist, a painter of pictures—always, instead of for pastime, as happened—had he had his choice in life, and was studying at the Royal Academy, but, one of a large family, he had to think of ways and means and futures, accepted an offer to play a part at a theatre, and the die was cast. Long after, Ellen Terry encouraged him to embark upon Shakespearian production on his own account, when in creditable timidity he had hesitated upon the ground of competence. A wonderful worker and perfect artist, his capacity was such, as he told me, that even after all the excitements and strains of a first night, as well as all other nights, he could go home and be asleep within the hour. But the strangest thing, in view of the great success he achieved, was the fact that in the fullest and completest sense he was never really in love with his work. Shakespeare, indeed, he loved, the beauty of the words and thoughts, the marvellous character and construction, but he hated all the mechanism and organisation and all the business botherations of the theatre. Had it been just a matter of reading Shakespeare and playing him, it would have been different.

* * *

I was thinking of these things and of all the futile talk, and nought but talk, about a National Shakespeare Theatre, and of the truth, as I knew it in my youth, of the better education in acted Shakespeare of even the common people, as we call them, in the provinces than in London, due largely to the splendid educative work of Edmund and Osmond Tearle with their touring companies in the past, and Sir Frank Benson later, and of many other things, when, for a few minutes in her room in the theatre, I persuaded Miss Sybil Thorndike to discuss them with me. To her conversation she brings the sincerity she practises in her art, and speaks no optimistic nonsense. Just the truth. And when I had wondered beforehand if, supposing things went well

in talk, I should speculatively suggest that modern Britain is unworthy of the poet, that it knows little of him, and may, perhaps, care so little, and that it would keep him permanently on the shelf next to the Bible, she out with it in advance, saying in effect that that was true, and more. 'We are not a theatre people,' she was saying to me. 'We may be musical, but decidedly our people are not for the theatre. They may have been once, but they have changed. People's dispositions have undergone a transformation with time, and we no longer are like the Elizabethans, or have much in common with them. Poetic plays are not wanted now, and we cannot be considered a great poetry-loving nation. The Continent indeed! It is not, after all, a matter of surprise, even if it is the cause of some inward humiliation, that we are not a theatre people as the continentals are. My husband [Mr Lewis Casson] has himself just returned from Vienna, and he tells me that there they are playing three Shakespearian plays—*As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, and, I think, *Hamlet* is the third—all the time, and simultaneously elsewhere they are running a play of Bernard Shaw's and a full season of Wagnerian opera! That is being a theatre people, devoted to the true art of the stage, conscious and sympathetic, sincere and appreciative. Those Vienna theatres are packed to overflowing all the time. But for ourselves it is different, and the truth, not understood, perhaps, fully by the general world outside, is that it is the rich people, combined with the high charges for admission that must be made as the result of the rents levied for theatres, who are to blame. To make Shakespeare pay in the West End of London and achieve long runs, such as are not only good in themselves but give spur to the ambition of other actors and actresses, the stalls, the high-priced places, must be filled, and, as things are, they cannot be or are not filled. The rich people do not come to Shakespeare. Oh, if I had my way!'—and Miss Thorndike was ecstatic at the thought of it—'all the bottom of the theatre should be seats for which nothing more than five shillings should be charged. That would be grand, and in its manner it would be successful. It would give Shakespeare to those who wished it most. But for the present it cannot be. Perhaps, through fortune or misfortune, there may come other changes in the national temperament and disposition, but the tendencies in that direction are not to be discerned at present. The films are having a great influence now. By some it has been suggested that if Shakespearian plays were made great colourful spectacles again they might succeed better. We remember the success of some of the early ones at His Majesty's Theatre with Sir Herbert Tree at one time—those remarkable shows. But I certainly do not think they would succeed again, because the people do not want

stage shows and the doctored Shakespeare in the same way that once they did. They tired them; even under Tree they did not succeed in the end. And in our present time the great stage show, whether Shakespeare or otherwise, does not capture the public fancy to nearly the extent that some imagine. In the matter of things of this kind—well, there was *Chu Chin Chow*, but there has been little besides that has paid. After all, that is better; and if Shakespeare is acted now, it must be done with becoming respect and modesty, and a reasonable and not exaggerated plainness. There are some plays like, say, *Twelfth Night*, that under fair conditions may achieve a measure of success at any time, but with others it must always be a great adventure. Our only national theatre, our Shakespeare theatre, is the splendid Old Theatre. It is paying now for the first time, and

I think it is the only national theatre that ever will. On the other hand, it might be said that our real national theatre, the theatre that the people want, where they see that which they most wish to see, and always will, is the Coliseum. The music-halls are the national theatres of Britain; we are a music-hall people. But do not imagine I say this in disparagement. The entertainments provided at these places are often extraordinarily good, and the comedians are marvellously clever. They have studied their art, worked at it, and brought it to a high state of perfection. I will tell you—I go to watch them, to study them, and learn from them. I have learned much from what I have seen on the stage of the music-halls. When I have the opportunity I love to go there. . . . But, of course, it is not Shakespeare.' And that is or may be the end of it for the time being.

THE ADMIRAL'S SHORE DAYS.

CHAPTER III.—continued.

II.

SHE came next afternoon.

Joyce was forth from the carriage, and had time to aid her descend, before I could reach her from the hall door. She was wearing a white bonnet of violet gauze, through which I could see her bronze hair. The bonnet was edged with gray, and, beyond the edge, the end of bronze curls which was nearer to me gleamed from the sun as she bent her head in stepping from the carriage. She had a slip of violet cloak and a violet skirt, both edged with gray.

She was standing beside Joyce when I came to her, her face very pale—I noted with some anxiety; her lips giving me a smile, but, of course, she had heard me; her dear, gray-blue eyes looking no different, no more different, from hitherto, as she had looked.

I took her on my arm up the steps, through the hall, and on up towards the library, where, for some reason, she and Joyce and Cecil liked to drink their tea than in the drawing-room. And as I walked so with her, looking at her, whilst she asked me of my second-deck stateroom, which she knew were the principal matter I had sent me to Portsmouth, I believed I saw, besides paleness, unhappiness, three-parts in her face. Moreover, I could detect she was quivering a thought.

When I had brought her over the library threshold I glanced at Joyce and Cecil, who were following us. 'I wish a private word with Miss Thayer, my dears,' I said; 'if she will very kindly grant it. Will you have that great kindness, ma'am?'

'Yes, my lord,' said she, but with a most plain quiver of her arm within mine.

I pressed that arm very tight against me as Joyce shut the door, giving us the room to our two selves, and came to a standstill with her. 'Child,' I said, 'you are all trembling—all distressed, I believe. Has it come to weigh very hard, your darkness that you faced so wondrous bravely?'

She looked at me, as it were, striving to smile, but with misery on her lips, with plainest misery in her face. 'Very hard,' she whispered.

I turned more to her, letting her arm within mine slip a little that I might not drag it, and placed a hand on the contour of her arm which was beneath her cloak, held the arm gently. 'Shall I seem cruel if I speak of happiness—of happiness for myself, when you are so unhappy?' I asked. 'I mean—Mary—if you—would be my wife, you would change my life to such happiness as I never thought it could change to till I saw you. Will you wed me, Mary, before I put to sea? And let me be able to think, all the while I'm at sea, of coming home to you?'

I had expected a flooding of pink to her cheeks and forehead, and surprise, well-nigh amazement, in her face. I saw that sweet, slender face between its bronze puffs only look whiter, only look more piteous—with no surprise in it. It moved, giving me a silent answer—No.

I slowly took my fingers from her arm; let my hand hang beside me. 'I ask pardon for that hand, dear ma'am,' I said. 'I love you; and I forgot in this moment that there was but—the very smallest chance you could love me.'

She lifted back her head, with something of denial in the gesture. Her lips were trembling; a flickering beat was very visible by each of her nostrils. She tried to master her lips—and tears were sprung up in her eyes! 'I will tell you,' she said whisperingly, said thickly from stress; 'I love you. I will not wed you. But I love you—better than life and sight, better—'

She gave a sharp, dismayed breath, for I had taken her right in my arms—would have drawn her right to me. But she set her little hands one below each of my epaulettes—for in her honour, as always, I wore a uniform coat in place of my old brown shore coat—and so she stayed me—because indeed I would not use strength to her, seeing her great unwillingness. With all my power, though, I pleaded, 'Kiss me, child! Kiss me, Mary!'

But, 'No, no!' she pleaded in return, her eyes, which could not see me, beseeching me, her slim shoulders beneath my forearm moving desperately troubled. 'No!' she entreated. 'I am not—betrothed to you. Oh no! No!' Piteously her shoulders worked and quivered and her hands pressed at me, and more or less I yielded to her. I took my arms from her, but my hands pressed lingeringly along her cloak-covered arms as she went back from me, and at the edge of the cloak I gained possession of her hands—held them; one in a crumple of silk glove which my fingers had slipped part-way down it.

'My dear one,' I said, fighting against my bewilderment, 'you love me—yet you will not wed me? Why? Why?'

'Because—my lord——' she drew a breath, tried to whisper on, failed, with the tears brimming from her eyes.

I looked down, or I must have kissed her—looked down at the little, half-bared, white hand in my rough, scarred hand, and moved my thumb in caress upon the whiteness. "'My lord,'" I said in echo of her broken words. 'Nay—"Ben." At least, "Ben," since you love me.'

'Ben,' she whispered; 'Ben—Ben!'

Midway her fingers had twitched, tightened on my hands, and she ended with a choke. And, looking up, I saw that the tears were away down her cheeks now, big, fast-running tears.

She did not seek to lift a hand to them, but held my hands still more tightly, bowing her head forward. She felt a tear fall on her wrist, and at that held her head sideways, showing me her face shut-eyed, with tears running across into her dear bronze curls. A sob shook her suddenly—racked her through and through. She bent her head forward again until I saw only her pretty gauze bonnet and her hair; sobbed, and clung harder to my hands from knowing I was very, very near to whipping her into my arms and not heeding her any protest.

She strained and strained against her sobs, soon, in her effort, kneading stiffly at my hands with her fingers. Then: 'I meant not to come,' she whispered. 'But I knew you would—would come to me at the school—knew this must be!'

'What!' I said—and I forced myself to sound a light note, hoping this would aid us. 'What! You'd found out? You'd found out that the old seaman was stumping after you?'

'Found out!' She suddenly lifted our hands, kissed mine—kissed them again, with a kiss that was a sob. Then she drew those hands of mine against her young breast. 'Found out! 'Twas easy to find out. And what did I—care for blindness—since you would take me blind! And then, when you were at Portsmouth, Mrs McCourt—by a chance—told me!'

'Mrs McCourt!' I said in astoundment. 'Mrs McCourt told you what?'

'Of—of your—of Joyce and Cecil's mother, who'—she took a long, shaking breath—'who prayed you marry some—some one that would—watch and guard them. *Watch! Guard!*' Her head went lower. 'How I have suffered!' she whispered. 'How I am suffering now! Let Joyce take me home!'

'I wish that silly old McCourt,' I began savagely. Then, dismissing Mrs McCourt, I put my cheek to the soft violet gauze which covered the bronze hair, yet scarcely amounted to a covering—let my cheek rest there, while her head drooped a shade more till the forehead touched my coat. 'All is right, my beloved,' I said. "'Tis a little strange—how things have fallen, yet nothing beyond that—nothing! You thought that because Janey, their mother, spoke those words, you ought not to wed me?'

'I *knew* I must not!' She drew another long, quivering breath, her breast pressing my hands, her brow heavier against me. 'It'—she strove against a sob—'it would have been—cruel mockery of her! I—*blind! helpless!* A mocking sin! I *knew*. I decided—utterly. But I am suffering so! Let Joyce take me home!'

'Nay, nay,' I said. 'Listen, my love, listen. I gave no word to Janey that I would marry a wife who'd watch them, and she was content to leave the means of guarding to me. There, child! And listen. When I am at sea, and you—my wife—are here at Bagenal, Joyce and Cecil shall go to school as now, if you wish; and you shall have two young governesses in the house for guarding them out of school time. And this will make bright company for you, eh? There, child, *say all is right*. Say you will wed me.'

I felt her head move for 'No.' I felt her strain afresh with a sob, felt the cruel force of the sob when it broke from her, with other sobs after it; and as I tried to hush her sobs with words, I had the hardest struggle with

myself I had ever known to keep my arms round her. Presently came whispers from her.

'I will not. I should still be—mockery of—what she had wished. Even worse—I should end in—in the road of—a wife who could part them!'

'There shall be no wife but you,' I said.

'Yes—for their sake—when they are too new for governesses. They will need her.'

'They will not have her. Do you think, my beloved, that any wife could hold them? No! We must find other means—dear one; for you are going to wed me.'

She lifted her head. I knew it was not assent, and at the first motion I raised my hand because I would not be mean enough to let her lips touch my cheek, which, in her weakness and woe, might well have happened. Her head went a long way back, displaying to her dear face with all its wrack of tears, to her bronze curls a darker bronze where they were against her face because of the wet tears. I thought she swayed a point; so I drew one of my hands from hers and laid it gently, flat-palmed, between her shoulders to steady her. She put a hand, as though to shield herself, upon my coat. After an instant she lifted her other hand, holding mine, to her cheek; and the rough backs of my fingers felt those tears, felt her wet cheeks—with small consciousness of her action, I think—she pressed our fingers against them.

'I decided—utterly,' she whispered very restlessly—very brokenly. Then, pressing my fingers more against the curls, she steadied her whisper. 'I would not dare wed you. Think! if I wedded you, being helpless to bid Joyce and Cecil, knowing I was helpless to do something befell them because I did not bid them! Think—of them, and of that on your soul! I have thought of it every hour since Mrs McCourt told me—every hour in my life. I dare not, could not, face it. Ben—do not love me; you would not have me face it.'

She gave a quick, sighing sob, and moved her fingers and the curls beneath them a little to press up her cheek, leaning heavily against my palm. 'Do not think me all selfish,' she said—'heedful for myself, not heeding you. I shall break my heart for want of you—not that I believe. But that is better than—mockery of—' She gave another quick sob—another, the reddened lids of her dear eyes peaking in anguish as she seemed to look at me—anguish that stabbed me through. 'I—cannot—endure!' she whispered, moaning. 'Let Joyce take me home!'

How could I hold against her appeal longer? I slipped my hand down to her waist, and began to lead her slowly, she still holding my fingers to her curls.

'I have been cruel, my angel,' I said. 'I will go for Joyce. You shall sit in your chair—your favourite chair—for a moment till she comes. Ben will ask you no more to-day.'

'No more—ever,' she whispered. 'Oh-h, no more such minutes—as these!' For two measured steps I was silent, my fingers tightening about hers. I was viewing a wan light on a distant shore, wondering if it was all that was left to me to head for.

'In six or seven years, when they are wed, my beloved,' I said; 'then—'

'No!' she whispered swiftly. 'I vow not! Or you would stay unwed for me.' She drooped back her head farther, weakly, drawing my fingers on to her forehead—with a thick, moaning sob, pressing back her hair and the soft edge of her bonnet. 'I am—being killed,' she moaned.

'Nay, all is over, dear one,' I said. 'I will—never more speak of this, if you will it.'

I brought her to the arm-chair which she always sat in, moved it well away from the hearth for fear that now she might faint and fall near the fire, then let her sink from me into the chair, and stood for brief seconds while she held my hand.

She took it from her forehead, parted her fingers from it; and with a tiny, dull gesture held her palms to her face, set her arms on the chair arm.

I walked to the door and opened it, and looked down the corridor for Joyce. I saw her and Cecil standing at the end, Cecil holding a silver basket-dish of cakes for our tea. I signed to them; went to meet them; and coughed—knowing that my voice would not be as usual. 'Go to Miss Thayer,' I said to Joyce. 'She bids you take her home.'

'Home?' The child stared at me, her face changing very much as she saw something inexplicable in mine.

I nodded. 'You will find her crying—broken-hearted,' I said. 'I think I will tell you why, Joyce—Cecil. She and I love each other. She would have wed me, have come to this motherless house of ours, have made it the sweetest, gladdest place. But, with her eyes blind, she would not be able to tell if my daughters were preparing desperate mischief before her very face. And so she will not come here.'

I looked up at a picture of frigates in line ahead off Toulon, folding my lips very hard, for they had quavered as I finished speaking.

Then I felt Joyce's fingers on my arm, heard her say very tenderly, 'Father, dear!' Giving my eyes a blink, I looked down at her. I saw that her cheeks had lost colour; I saw them lose more, saw her eyes turn stricken, well-nigh aghast, as she gazed at my eyes. 'Father, dearest!' she breathed.

Then, with her fingers holding my arm

hard, she veered her face half-aside, stared up the corridor. A kind of sternness came suddenly to her young mouth, giving her—it crossed my mind—rather the look of a little midshipman in battle. And then, with no further word, she abandoned my arm, and sharply took Cecil by the wrist.

My Cecil's eyes and thoughts were on me. Joyce's grip and drag at her brought her tottering sideways, clutching at her silver dish. 'The cakes! you——' she began, with a little flash of teeth and temper. Joyce took the dish from her, shook her arm for silence, and led her up the corridor, and, whispering to her, into the library. And from there came to me Joyce's voice, low and pitying, 'Oh, ma'am! Oh, ma'am!'

I walked away to the end of the corridor—aware of blinking my eyes again—and swung open a window and whistled to Fred in the stableyard. 'Run the chariot out,' I said. He touched his cap.

I gazed over the park for a moment; then, ere he was gone from view, asked, 'Will your knee stand another ride to Portsmouth—starting to-morrow?'

'Ay, easy, my lord.' He turned on the red brick path to face me. 'Portsmouth again, my lord?'

'Yes,' I said, leaning on the sill. 'They'll pinch me in those guns if they can—fob those cheap orlop stanchions on me. I'd best be there.'

He nodded. He had ranked as prime seaman in his time, and been shipmate with me in the *St Lucia* fight of '82, his last year at sea.

'Ay, you'd as well be,' he said. 'I'll show you what I mean about that foremast-bed. You'll give me another pass to go aboard?'

'Ay, Fred; ay.'

He waited; then, since I did not speak again, went for the chariot. I stayed at the window while two, perhaps three, minutes passed. Then I heard a scurrying of light footsteps in the corridor behind me, and turned and saw Joyce close on me. Her face was very

flushed; her eyes were veritable star eyes, with tears edging them, and tears and bright tear-lines below them. She was smiling—gasping.

'She'll be my lady! She'll be my lady!' Joyce caught my hands, then drove an arm up round my neck; swung herself off her feet by that arm. 'She'll be my lady!' the child gasped, kissing my cheek.

'What! What are you saying?' I muttered, holding her tightly, carrying her a pace or so towards the library in the whirl of my thoughts, then pausing to let her find her feet.

'We have made a promise, Cecil and I. Do you think we would see you—nearly cry, and her— Oh, it all—her arm bore on my neck; swinging again for a second, she gave me another gasping kiss—'it all well-nigh broke my heart. I said to her—I was crying—I said, "Oh, ma'am, be my lady! be my lady! and I'll promise—promise never to do one little act that I think you will not like, ma'am, as long as ever I live. And I'll die before I break that promise!" And Cecil said, "Oh, my lady, be my lady!" Cecil was all mixed, with tears getting in her throat, but she knew well what she was promising. And I said—and it was truth—I said, to urge my la—, I said, "Oh, ma'am, we'd promise no one in the world but you with your poor, beautiful eyes and your sweet lovingness. So only you in all this world, ma'am," I said, "can keep Cecil and me heading fair!" And we promised—and she'll be my lady!'

Joyce stepped back from me; leaned panting against the oak side of the corridor, biting her lip and moving her hands this way and that in her delight. 'Cecil is there, holding her. You will not want Cecil,' she said after me as I made towards the library. 'Will you bid her come with me to fetch the rat-trap?'

'Rat-trap?' I asked, though truly with no interest in this.

'Out of Mrs McCourt's bed. 'Twas only weak-springed. I am honest, it would not have hurt her toes much.'

THE END.

AT A BOLSHEVIST PORT.

By O. B. E.

I.

A RAGGED mob, armed with rifles, lined the quay-side, staring hungrily at the *Gloriana* as she made fast. It was difficult to believe that, as we soon learned, these ghoulish-looking creatures were representatives of an army, the visible signs of Bolshevik law and authority, come to take possession of our ship, to search and examine us, to control the movements of every individual on board while we

lay in port. From these men of the Red Army we gained our first impression of emancipated Russia—this under-fed, consumptive rabble of jail-birds, as our mate called them. It was apologetically explained to us that they were conscripted from the rag-tag of Bolshevism: the poor fellows undergoing an open-air consumptive cure, and the malcontents who refused to work. This may explain why the armed men set over us day and night were changed every twelve hours; Bolshevism mistrusted the guard

as much as it suspected the guarded; hence a different set of men examined our passports and searched our clothing every time we went on shore or returned to our ship.

In the course of the day, after the sanitary authorities had had a good look at us, we were boarded by the customs, police, secret agents, import and export committee, comrades' committee, propaganda agents, and interpreters. They held a lengthy council over the ship's papers, casting sidelong glances at the whisky which the wily captain placed on the table before them. When they had satisfied themselves that everything was in order they proceeded to the living-quarters, leaving the whisky untouched. Lockers, officers' trunks, and seamen's bags were ransacked, and all letters, newspapers, books—every scrap of paper found in them—confiscated. Protests that these things were personal property were answered by a laconic '*Nitchevo!*' ('That's all right!'). 'Gawd, but they've rummy ideas about freedom and liberty, have these Bolshies!' exclaimed our romantic steward, when they annexed what we presumed was a bulky packet of love-letters addressed to him. He was naturally sullen when they demanded the keys of his storerooms, where they made a careful inventory of the contents. Practically everything movable we had on board was noted in various books, and at the end of the day, after they had ousted Sparks and sealed the wireless room, the numerous officials departed, leaving the armed guards in charge, and the untouched whisky on the captain's table.

In the course of the evening the majority of these officials returned, singly this time, on the plea that they had forgotten something or other. Our captain presumed they had come back for the whisky, and produced the bottle. To their credit, be it admitted that each in turn conceded the soundness of his (our captain's) judgment, explaining that they did not care to accept hospitality while the comrades were present. So, to make amends for the lost opportunity, they one and all filled the glass to the brim, quaffing it neat at a gulp. After the fourth full-glass visitor, and when the second bottle of whisky was getting perilously near the bottom in less than half-an-hour, our captain began to get alarmed, and passing the syphon to his fifth visitor, hinted that he might like some soda-water in it. 'Why spoil it?' his self-invited guest asked. 'A Russian throat wants to feel the bite, and your whisky is too weak to begin with!' Immediately he had gone, and before the arrival of number six, the steward was ordered to throw all tumblers overboard, and to serve whisky in future in nothing larger than the smallest liqueur glasses.

II.

On the day following our arrival, after our papers and seamen's books had been examined

ashore, representatives of the police and of the W.W.U.—World Workers' Union—distributed identity cards, our permits to pass the guard and go ashore. The W.W.U. man, a Russian Jew who had picked up a smattering of English in New York, fraternised with the deck-hands and firemen, all of whom he straightway made members of the club, inviting them to make use of it as though it were their own; which, indeed, it was, as he emphasised. Here they are treated to free drinks, free food, and free instruction in the new theories. On special occasions—such as the anniversary of a Red Army victory, which now takes the place of saints' days in the Russian calendar—all crews in port, regardless of nationality, are invited to a banquet at the comrades' club. At these there is unlimited feasting and drinking, while the big guns of Bolshevism boom loudly and defiantly. Money is an evil—a comrade declares—and possession a crime. In the new world of high ideals comrades are the capital, not millionaires' money-bags; the earth is their treasure-house, and the state their banker. A moneyed class is a curse—therefore it is the duty of every comrade to shoot millionaires at sight. There is no society except the society of comrades. All laws made by society are wrong, hence they are abolished.

A beginning was made with the antiquated marriage-tie, which bound two people for life, whether they liked it or not. You may still be officially united if you wish, free of charge. There is a Commissioner of Marriages for this purpose, who ties the knot so loosely that it can be undone within half-an-hour, also free of charge. No awkward questions are asked, nor are there any binding obligations on either side. You merely 'sign on' when you feel like it, and 'sign off' when you are tired, as the sailors interpret this new idea. Naturally they are interested in this subject—about the only phase of Bolshevism that makes any appeal to them, for they are informed that it applies to foreign sailors visiting as well as to Russians, and they recall the secret smiles of the fair ones they met on the way to the club, straightway planning to 'sign on for the duration.' Our donkeyman was the only member of the crew of the *Gloriana* who actually launched on the venture. He divorced his lawful wedded wife living in Sweden, married a Russian girl, deserted his ship, was taken before the Commissioner of Marriages the day we sailed, divorced again, and brought on board between armed policemen. It should be explained that this rascal had once lived in Russia, and had the advantage of a knowledge of the language. Unfortunately we could none of us induce him to narrate his experiences, though we drew our own conclusions when we learned that he was short of money all the homeward voyage.

III.

At the club banquets Britishers are treated with particular favour and respect. After the speeches have been interpreted to them by men who seem to speak all languages, they are invited to ask questions. Our boson rose to the occasion, somewhat unsteadily, it must be admitted, and expatiated on the beauty of ideals, the cussedness of human nature, and many other topics, until the pianist drowned him by striking up 'For he's a jolly good fellow,' in which the comrades joined. Thereafter he was charged to tell the workers of England what they were missing by their conservatism; to prove to them what fools they are; to bid them open their ears to the teachings of the wise and the liberated, and to follow the red flag to—the translator actually said heaven. He forgot for the moment that Bolshevism maintains there is no heaven, except it be the equality of comradeship. Nor is there a hell, other than that of Bolshevik making. The Bible and all that it stands for has gone by the board, while the new gospel that is preached in its stead left our representatives of the workers of England stone-cold. Some of them wanted to know why in a country of freedom they could neither receive nor send letters; why their pockets were searched by an armed guard every time they came ashore or boarded their ship. They were told to have another drink and get back to the *Gloriana*.

As the boson explained to me afterwards—he felt aggrieved at having been interrupted in his speech—the idealists forgot that every British worker who changed a pound note into rubles became a multimillionaire, liable to be shot at sight. He admitted that while he was among Bolsheviks he was a Bolshevik for the fun of the thing; but he failed to see any fun in being a conscript for a stingy lot of officials who were no better than himself, if half as good; men who bolstered up Bolshevism merely to keep themselves in a good job. 'They take all the meat out of the egg, leaving the shell to the poor devil who does the work,' he declared; 'and they glibly tell us they are going to do in a generation what Christianity has not succeeded in doing these thousand years!' It should be explained that at home the boson is a red-hot socialist, a stickler for equality when it concerns the man above him. At first he was impressed when he saw the governor of the district, who had been a baker, sit down and smoke a cigarette with his dock-labouring comrade. Yet when he learnt that while he was banqueting with the labouring comrade in the dingy club with only a piano to play the music, the governor with his associates, the masters of vessels in port and heads of departments, was banqueting in the gilded chamber with a large orchestra to give sparkle to the champagne, he dismissed Bolshevism as a fraudu-

lent system of class distinction. It merely put the baker into the shoes and position of the murdered duke, and he was jealous of this power to which he had no title; a more vicious taskmaster than any plutocrat, because only by this means could he hope to maintain himself in a position for which he was wholly unfitted. Because of these anomalies, it is safe to say that Bolshevik propaganda among our crew missed fire. In fact, the effect was exactly the reverse of that intended, for the majority of our men were so disgusted with what they saw that they became rabid anti-Bolsheviks.

It is difficult to imagine any one who has lived under Bolshevism, except those who profit by it, adopting any other attitude. Imagine a man sitting in a draughty hovel shouting that he has found the best abode in all the world, and you can visualise Bolshevik Russia. The best hotel in the port where we were, once a gilded resort of fashion, is now one of those draughty hovels. Some of the gilded furniture still remains, but it has been wantonly cut and hacked with swords and bayonets so that there is scarcely a chair safe to sit on. Doors hang perilously on one hinge; bayonets have been jabbed through the panels; the skirting has been ripped, presumably for firewood; and there is scarcely a whole pane of glass in the windows to keep out the wind and rain. Deep trenches were dug in the streets by the revolutionaries, where they remain to this day, a barrier to traffic and a danger to pedestrians, particularly at night, when Stygian darkness reigns over the town. The electric power-station broke down some months ago, and nobody seems to have the authority or the knowledge to put it right. A recent blizzard blew down the electric and telephone wires, so that the streets now resemble the front in Flanders after the tanks had crossed. To prevent accidents, the authorities have forbidden any one to appear in the streets after 1 A.M., under penalty of being shot at sight.

As for the shops—and they were once the most attractive in Russia—they are closed and their owners vanished. All business is a monopoly of the universal provider—the state. It runs a market, at which the fortunate few who possess the means may purchase fixed quantities of food at controlled prices. Those who have no rubles must line up before the district distributing-agencies, and patiently wait for such doles as may fall to them in season. There is not a restaurant at which a stranger may procure a meal. Even in private houses you cannot be offered hospitality, for the people can scarcely get sufficient food for themselves, and the Bolsheviks took from them all crockery and cutlery, leaving only a cup, a plate, and a knife for each inmate. They have even taken the houses, confining the original owners to two or three rooms, according to the size of the family, and

crowding into the remaining rooms whom they choose. There is no privacy, no home life; a man may not even call his thoughts his own. In a word, communal and family life have ceased entirely, and there is nothing to take the place of either. There is no public spirit, no organisation; only devastating, hopeless chaos. And when you speak to the zealots of this they cheerfully tell you that all will be well a generation hence; all will be still better when the world turns Bolshevik. The shortcomings of the present are a legacy of the curse of the past, and will be forgotten when the glory of the daystar arises.

Meantime the Red Army marches in rags and tatters, buttonless and almost bootless, moodily chanting songs of the red flag. Their comrades work for ten hours a day at the harbour, for which the state charges the ship six shillings and sixpence. Of this the comrade gets less than one-third for himself and family; the remainder goes to the upkeep of the Red Army, the equally numerous army of officials, and the state. All workers are conscripted; their tasks are allotted to them by the Dictator, regardless of their capabilities, physical or mental. If they disagree with him an ounce of lead may settle the dispute, or a term in the ranks of the Red Army may cure the malcontents. They have no personal freedom, for they are tabulated and listed, and cannot, under dire penalties, move from one town to another. In a word, they have become slaves to that system which promised them ideal circumstances, and they have been made to feel their utter helplessness and dependence upon it. They have been cowed into submission.

IV.

How long they will continue to submit is a question which it would be foolish to try to answer. The Russian is long-suffering, but once he is roused he can become terrible, as the Bolshevik movement is in itself convincing proof. He is giving the experiment a trial, though he is far from satisfied, much less happy under it. The pillars of the movement know this, and periodically arrange flag-waving processions, followed by unlimited free drinks, to cheer the drooping spirits. Yet when you gain the confidence of the more intelligent among them, they tell you that Russia is not Bolshevik; that its teeming millions are under the rule of less than a million advocates of the movement—those whom it has placed in political power. In other words, the real Russian looks upon Bolshevism as another name for the ruling class. In the country districts the only people who have been influenced are those who have been given the lands stolen from their real owners. The peasant population has not yet recovered from the first shock of surprise; all that most of them understand is that Bolshevism is a

destroyer of their beliefs, their ikons, and their churches. This they resent, for they are deeply religious; and it is certain that sooner or later their zeal for the old faith will find expression in action against the despoilers. Their present attitude is that of dumb onlookers, not of active participators in events. They are afraid to speak, for they have witnessed only too many evidences of the summary justice dealt out to those who gainsay their new rulers. They know that Bolshevism is maintained by a highly organised system of espionage; that their nearest neighbour may be one of the secret agents, on whose testimony they may be shot or cast into prison without trial or explanation.

This is the sort of thing that happens. A Mr X. (let us call him that for his own safety), a man of considerable wealth in the days when a million rubles were worth a hundred thousand pounds, instead of less than one pound, according to present values, has been imprisoned six times during the last two years; that is to say, that during this time he has been liberated for periods varying for three days to six weeks. No charge has been preferred against him, nor is any explanation given when he is set free or again arrested. He is left to imagine that he is under suspicion of being implicated in the smuggling of gold and precious stones out of the country. Since the introduction of the order confiscating all articles of jewellery, people have been endeavouring to get their treasures and keepsakes into a place of safety. In spite of the vigilance of secret agents these things continue to cross the frontier, and in order to put an end to this traffic all people who are known to have connections abroad have been placed under lock and key.

It might be argued that Mr X., who is not a Russian, should make use of his periods of freedom and flee the country. This is no easy matter, for the Dictator realises that people of the type of Mr X. are more dangerous outside Russia than they are in it; they might discredit Bolshevik propaganda by telling the truth about the actual conditions under it. Therefore he has robbed them of their passports, thus depriving them of freedom of movement, for even did they succeed in escaping, they would not be permitted to land in any other country.

V.

Here is an experience we had of the difficulty of getting out of Russia. As there is little likelihood of the *Gloriana* returning to Russia, since she has been sold, the Bolsheviks may have the story for what it is worth to them. Our mate and engineer were ashore watching one of the flag-waving processions: a Red Army victory anniversary, celebrated as a general holiday. They were conscious of being shadowed, and when passing through one of the quieter streets a gentleman addressed them in

perfect English. He asked them if they would assist in helping a girl to escape whose life was in danger because she belonged to a family that had stood high in the late Tsar's service. She had had the luck to escape the rifles of the revolutionaries during the massacre of the aristocrats, and had been in hiding ever since. If she were found by the Bolsheviks her crime would be that she had not registered under their scheme for service, and all those who had assisted her in evading this would be punished with her.

Had they been offered a sum of money to help her to escape, the likelihood is that both the mate and the engineer would have refused to have anything to do with it. But they found it difficult to turn a deaf ear to this appeal to their chivalry, especially when they saw the hated aristocrat, a young woman in the early twenties, whose beauty was her passport to their sympathy. All she wanted them to do for her was to take her to the first port of call, from which she hoped to make her way to a near relative,

whose address she showed them, and who had the good fortune to be out of Russia at the time of the revolution. Our mate and engineer set their wits to work, and the night before we sailed a young fellow came on board, accompanied by the latter. Both passed under the scrutiny of the sentries, and disappeared down the engine-room. Next day the *Gloriana* was thoroughly searched from stem to stern, and the authorities permitted us to clear the port. Five days later we touched our first port on the homeward run, and the young fellow, again accompanied by the engineer, went ashore in the dark. The daughter of the late Tsar's servant had escaped. And she deserved to get away, after lying for six days on board, nearly smothered in ashes and oily cotton-waste. Not only were the Bolsheviks outwitted; the mate and engineer managed things so well between them that very few on board, least of all the captain, knew anything of the shipmate we carried. Let it be hoped she succeeded in finding her near relative.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER VII.—*continued.*

CARWYKE, whilst he kept his ears open, watched Marya. That she stood in fear of Nicholovitch was evident; but there was something else about the woman that held his attention. More than once he saw her glance furtively at the trader, a puzzled look upon her dusky face, as if she strove to fathom his purpose, and the watcher easily divined that Nicholovitch's present demeanour was strange to her; and once he saw her dark eyes look at Norma with a jealous gleam in their depths. When he saw that, he understood. The woman was afraid lest this new-comer, a woman of the white race, should usurp her place at Little Novgorod. He could have laughed aloud at the thought, but for the fact that the giant's demeanour lent colour to it. More and more the trader addressed himself to Norma, and there was in his manner and speech an exuberant familiarity that Carwyke did not like, for it boded trouble, whilst it most evidently distressed the girl herself. To save her from the man's familiar speech he made a diversion.

'Novgorod is a lonely post, Nicholovitch. Is there much trade here?'

'As much as I can carry in my two arms, little brother,' answered the trader. 'But what of dat! Soon I shall be as rich as dat dam' Rockefeller.'

'Oh!' cried Billy. 'Then yo've found gold, Mista Nicholovitch?'

'Gold!' the Russian chuckled, and then his bellowing laugh filled the room. 'Yes, mooch gold.' His pig-like eyes, half-hidden by wrinkles

of merriment, for one brief second flashed a glance at Norma's head. 'Mooch gold!' he repeated; 'and I haf not even to dig for it.'

'Then it's in ther river, Mista?' cried Billy excitedly.

'No!' roared the trader, shaking with laughter. 'It is yet far away; but it is under my hand—so!'

As he spoke his arm shot out suddenly, and his huge hand for one moment rested on the girl's shoulder. Carwyke, anticipating evil, half-rose from his seat, but the giant, still laughing, withdrew his hand, and gave his attention to the cold moose-joint which the half-breed Marya had just set on the table. At the same moment the prospector caught the woman's eyes. There was, he was sure, a warning in their dark depths, and a second later, standing behind the bully, she made an imperative gesture with her arm. 'Go!'

He knew that was the meaning of her action, as surely as if she had spoken the word; and as her gaze flashed from her brutal master to Norma he understood what was in the woman's mind. There was danger for Norma—for all of them in this lonely trading-post. He nodded his understanding, and whilst the Russian carved the meat, his mind worked feverishly. It was impossible to leave before the end of the meal. To attempt to do that was to precipitate the trouble that was plainly brewing. The meal must be eaten, and a little stay made before he could talk of continuing the journey. He glanced at Norma, and even whilst she ate saw

her eyelids drop sleepily. The toils of the day had left her bone-weary, as he guessed; and until she had slept, any more exertion on her part was almost impossible.

But it was not safe to sleep in this post. Peril, as he was sure, lurked all about them, and if they were to resume their journey unscathed the utmost vigilance was necessary. His mind reverted to the moments of their encounter. He recalled the excitement the man had exhibited on hearing Norma's surname, and Billy's conviction that the Russian had been lying when he had denied having heard the name before; then the fellow's odd action in laying his hand on Norma when he had spoken of the gold that was under his hand! In heaven's name, what did it all mean? For a second his mind went back to Standifer. Did that scoundrel also know something about Norma—something that he shared with this bullying Russian? He could have laughed at the idea. It was so grotesquely improbable, and yet—

A sudden movement on the part of the trader broke in on his thoughts. The man rose from the table, growling an excuse. 'I cannot eat, no! But I will of the vodka drink.' He moved away from the table, helped himself to the potent spirit, drank, and that done, took from a shelf a bundle of old newspapers. He searched amongst them, and took out one of the big, coloured Sunday editions popular in the States. With this in his hand he stumbled to the window, and there, his brows creased in the effort, he appeared to read a passage in the paper.

Carwyke watched him curiously, and glancing at Billy, saw that he also was watching the Russian's odd action with wondering eyes. After a minute or two the trader dropped the paper, emitted one of his rumbling laughs, and then addressed himself to Billy. 'You ask me of the gold dat I do not dig, hey? Dere are seven million dollars dat are mine—'

'Seven million dollars?' cried the ex-whaler.

'Yes! And I do not dig for dem—no, but I fight—so!' The man's laughing demeanour suffered a lightning change. Letting loose a roaring bellow, with an astonishing swiftness he picked up Billy from the stool on which he was seated and literally flung him at Carwyke. The prospector, borne down by the weight of his companion, crashed to the earthen floor with the ex-whaler atop of him; and in the same second the giant threw himself upon them, his great hands feeling for their throats.

Norma started from her seat and cried out in horror as she stared down at the human tangle, and the woman Marya came running to the room. She looked fearfully at the trio struggling on the floor. The Russian was growling like a baited bear; Billy was babbling odd curses learned in the fo'c'sles of whaling-ships; and only Carwyke was grim and silent as, grasping

the great beard with one hand, he jabbed the snarling, brutish face with the other. With a great effort the Russian suddenly lifted himself to his feet, dragging Carwyke with him. The two whirled round, then the ex-whaler, trampled upon by both, gripped the trader's legs and brought him crashing to earth once more, where again all three rolled over and over in a mad struggle for mastery. Once Billy, being on the top, was flung clear as if he had been a feather blown by a puff of wind; but, before he could pick himself up, the other two rolled over on him, and once more he was involved in that tangle of fighting humanity.

Norma stared like one frozen in terror. Never in her life had she seen men so fight with all the brutish instincts unchained. Back against the wall, where a sudden whirl of the struggle had thrown her, she watched, fearful of the issue. Then a hand was laid upon her arm. The half-breed woman was standing by her side, an odd look in her dark eyes. 'Queeck!' she cried, and urged Norma towards the outer door. 'Neek want yo'. Eef dey not keel heem he take yo'!

A new and sudden fear gripped Norma. With the woman's hand upon her arm she ran from the house to the landing-place, and swift as thought almost was afloat in her kayak. The half-breed waved a hand down-river. 'Me tell yo'r mans——' she cried, and then fled back to the house.

(Continued on page 157.)

MIXED MOTIVES.

As you travel the highways and byways of life
With its joys and its sorrows, its peace and its
strife,

You will find it a truly felicitous plan
To mingle your motives whenever you can.

When honestly working with hands or with head,
You are doing your duty, and earning your bread;
So when you are playing, give vent to your mirth,
And join in the frolic for all you are worth.

Give pleasure to others wherever you go;
Inspirit the weary, and sympathy show;
It then will befall, as a matter o' course,
In sharing the burden you lighten the cross.

When you go for a walk in the country or town,
As you pass thro' the streets, or tramp over the
down,
While training the body, enlighten the mind,
By carefully noting whatever you find.

If in crossing the fields you should chance on a
stile,
Let Nature enfold you, and rest for a while;
Or if to a church you should haply repair,
Consider the fabric, and whisper a prayer.

These random ideas came into my head;
There are various others between aleph and Z
That prove it a thoroughly laudable plan
To mingle your motives whenever you can.

JAMES T. JOHNSTON.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A MACHINE FOR WIPING GLASSES.

THE rinsing and wiping of glasses in hotels, hospitals, schools, and other institutions is, in the aggregate, a big operation. It is not surprising, therefore, that attempts have been made to devise mechanical appliances which will expedite the process. So far as the rinsing is concerned, a simple and effective arrangement of water-jets performs this operation as quickly as the glasses can be put on and taken off the device. Each glass is placed upside-down on a horizontal plate, which has a water-pipe standing up in the middle, and a ring-pipe outside the glass about half-way up. Both pipes are perforated with tiny holes, from which jets of water issue when the supply is turned on. The plate upon which the glass stands slides over the vertical water-pipe, which passes through it to supply the jet-nozzle. A lever under the plate opens the water-valve when the glass is pressed downwards. As the glass is removed, the lever is pulled up by a spring, closing the valve again, and pushing up the plate; hence no water is wasted. The bottom end of the vertical pipe is connected to a horizontal pipe, from which a connection rises to the jet-ring outside the glass. Such are the essential features of the device, which is made of gun-metal and is nickel-plated. It is supported on a short stand-pipe with a screw-down valve to shut off the water. The wiper consists of four horizontal spindles arranged symmetrically about a central spindle, all being rotated at a high speed by a tiny electric motor. On each spindle are a number of calico discs, which are quite limp when stationary, but which are stiffened by centrifugal force when the spindles are rotating. An electric heater under the spindles produces an upward stream of hot air which dries the calico discs between the taking out of one glass and the insertion of the next. Each glass is held by the bottom and pushed in between the spindles, the central one wiping the inside, while a quarter turn exposes the whole of the outer surface to the action of the discs on the outer spindles. The discs are easily replaced by fresh ones when worn or dirty. Below the heater is the motor, which drives pulleys on the back ends of the spindles by a leather cord. The whole contrivance is mounted upon a cast-iron frame, and is enclosed in a removable aluminium cover. It will dry and polish a wet glass as quickly as it can be inserted and given the quarter turn.

A TURBINE-ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE.

Among high-powered steam-engines the railway locomotive stands out as the most extravagant in its use of coal, this feature being due to the blowing away up the chimney of the

waste steam from the cylinders instead of its being condensed. The advantages of condensing will be better understood when it is remembered that the earliest steam-engines were worked entirely by condensing the steam, whereby a vacuum was left in the cylinder, which sucked down the piston; or, to be more correct, the pressure of the atmosphere (14·7 lb. per square inch) above the piston forced it down. The steam used had no pressure, as generally understood, yet considerable powers were developed in this way. Roughly, a steam-engine which gives out 10 h.p. when the waste steam is blown away will develop up to 20 h.p. if it is condensed. There are also minor sources of waste in a locomotive. Moreover, while the most economical steam prime mover, the turbine, can be employed directly to start a heavy train, many advantages are gained when it is caused to generate electricity which is used to actuate electric-motors on the axles. This system has been adopted in the Ramsay locomotive, which is being tried on the London Midland and Scottish Railway. It would be impossible in the space available in one of these notes to give a complete description of this interesting development; hence only the general features are touched upon. The boiler is similar to that of any other locomotive, and it provides the necessary steam at a pressure of 200 lb. to the square inch. On one side of it is mounted the main steam turbine, which is coupled to an electric generator. This machine runs at 3600 revolutions per minute, and develops 890 kilowatts (nearly 1200 h.p.), the pressure being 600 volts. A supplementary turbine drives a comparatively small dynamo, which provides current for 'exciting' the magnets of the main generator, for driving various auxiliary motors, and for lighting the train. The most interesting item of the equipment is the condenser, which is mounted on the tender. It consists of large numbers of tubes built into the form of a hollow cylinder, with a 'header' at each end. This cylinder is slowly rotated by an electric-motor, the lower part dipping into a tank of water. During their rotation above the water the tubes are subjected to a strong current of air, which has a powerful cooling effect by evaporating the water; the result being that the steam inside the tubes is condensed, and a vacuum is formed, which materially increases the power of the turbine, as already indicated. Although some water is lost by evaporation, the amount is small compared with that blown away in the form of steam in the ordinary locomotive. Both the engine and the tender have three coupled driving-wheels on each side. The motors can develop continuously 275 shaft-h.p. each at 1175 revolutions per minute, while for an hour each

is capable of giving out 360 shaft-h.p. Two are coupled, through gearing, to the engine wheels, and two to the wheels of the tender. For reasons which cannot be explained here the motors are capable of exerting three times the twisting power at starting that they do when running. This locomotive has hauled a train weighing 275 tons at a speed of 60 miles per hour for 100 miles. It burns about half the coal required by the ordinary locomotive, and needs only a fraction of the water, while it has other advantages.

A DIESEL-ELECTRIC SHIP.

Side by side with the development of the turbine-electric locomotive described above is that of the Diesel-electric ship. Instead of the Diesel engine being coupled to the propeller shaft, it is made to drive a dynamo, from which current is transmitted to a motor which drives the propeller, and is placed close to the stern of the ship. Several advantages are claimed for this system. For instance, two or more light, high-speed engines may be used to generate the electric current, although the motor on the propeller shaft may run at a slow speed, which gives the highest propeller efficiency. Then the engines can be anywhere in the ship, while they do not take up so much space as does a single slow-running engine; hence there is more room for cargo. Other advantages include perfect speed control (from the bridge, if desired); a reduction in the weight of the propelling plant; simpler engines, because no reverse gear is needed; no risk of the ship being held up by engine trouble. The first large ship to be fitted with this system, *La Playa*, was recently completed by Messrs Cammell Laird & Company, of Birkenhead, for the United Fruit Company of Boston, U.S.A. Having a cargo capacity of 5000 tons, this vessel is fitted with four Diesel engines, each of 825 shaft-h.p., which drive four 500 kilowatt dynamos. The motor on the propeller shaft is rated at 2500 h.p. Another advantage worthy of mention is that no extra engines are required for supplying electric current for lighting and power. In this case the aggregate horse-power of the motors used in the ship for the refrigerators, cargo-winch, steering-gear, and other purposes is no less than 950 h.p. Two sister ships are being built for the same owners, one of which is nearing completion. It is admitted that slightly more fuel is used in the Diesel-electric system than in the usual direct-coupled plant, and that the machinery is more costly, but the owners still consider the plan worth while.

A NEW FORM OF FERRO-CONCRETE PIPE.

Ferro-concrete pipes for large water mains and sewers have been in service for many years. Recently a compound pipe, in which a steel shell gives the strength, while concrete affords protection against corrosion, has been

devised by Mr F. W. Macaulay, M.Inst.C.E., the chief engineer to the Elan Valley water-supply scheme for Birmingham. About 900 yards of pipes constructed on this principle have been laid. Measuring 5 feet in diameter inside, each pipe is 12 feet long, and consists of a steel tube, three-eighths of an inch thick, which has a 1-inch lining of concrete (centrifugally applied) inside, this being reinforced with expanded metal. Outside, the steel tube is coated with concrete to a depth of from 4 to 6 inches. The outstanding advantage of the system is the lightness of the pipes, their weight being about half that of ferro-concrete pipes made in the usual way. That the strength is ample is proved by the fact that the pipes described are capable of withstanding a pressure of 175 lb. per square inch.

ROTATABLE CRYSTALS FOR WIRELESS RECEIVERS.

Those who have crystal listening-in sets will be interested in a device for rotating the crystal so that any part of it can be brought into contact with the catwhisker. The crystal is held between two tiny brass cups with serrated edges. One has a short stalk at the back, which turns easily in a horizontal hole in a small brass pillar. The other cup has a much longer stalk, which passes through a hole in a similar pillar, the back end being fitted with an ebonite knob. Between the pillar and this cup is a spiral spring. When a crystal is to be inserted, the cup with the long stalk is pulled away from the other by the knob, against the pressure of the spring, returning to grip the crystal tightly when released. The crystal can be rotated by the ebonite knob, thus exposing every part to contact with the catwhisker except the small portion masked by the cups, and obviating the necessity for groping to find a sensitive spot. The catwhisker is carried in the usual type of holder, which is gripped by a spherical part. The latter rests in a spherical seating at the top of a short brass pillar. It is locked by a crossbar over the top, which is screwed down at each side by a thumb-nut on a brass stud. The fittings described, together with two terminals, are mounted on an ebonite plate measuring 3 inches by 2½ inches, the connections being made in slots underneath. The rotating crystal-holder is easily applied to existing sets with fixed crystal cups.

AN INFINITELY-VARIABLE SPEED GEAR.

The ideal change-speed gear for cars that every one has been anxiously awaiting is one with which any speed can be obtained, from zero to maximum. With electric transmission this ideal has been realised; but, until recently, no mechanical device has been developed that would do more than give a small number of definite speeds. Now, at least two inventions have been tested which claim to solve the problem. The one dealt with here, of French origin, consists of what can be best described

as a wobbling plate, from which connecting rods 'take on' to what are effectively pawls and ratchet wheels on the driven shaft. At the rear end of the propeller shaft is a cylindrical block, the axis of which is at an angle with the axis of the shaft. The consequence of this angularity is that as the shaft revolves the block wobbles round. Mounted on the block, but with a ball-bearing between the two, is a sleeve upon which are mounted six radial pins having spherical heads. As the block wobbles round, so the sleeve and pins wobble also, but do not rotate. It is easy to understand that if a rod is connected to one of the pins, and the other end is provided with a pawl, the pawl can be made to rotate a ratchet wheel. If all six connecting rods were made to drive as many ratchet wheels the motion would be much less jerky, as one or two would always be engaged. But pawls and ratchets, at their best, are unsatisfactory. What is wanted is a device that will slip one way and grip instantly the other. This has been very ingeniously accomplished. Imagine two concentric rings, the outer representing the pawl, and the inner taking the place of the ratchet wheel. A space is left between the rings to be filled with alternate blocks and balls. Each block is square in section if cut through circumferentially, but the ends which are in contact with the rings are curved. These blocks are not quite radial, with the result that if an attempt is made to move the outer ring one way the blocks jam, but they slip easily in the other direction. There are six of these free wheels, so that the driving strokes overlap, and give a practically continuous motion; e.g. on the top gear of 4 to 1 the rear wheels receive 24 overlapping impulses. A separate reverse gear is fitted. We now come to the very interesting method of varying the speed. If the block were tipped so as to bring its axis parallel with that of the shaft it would cease to wobble, and the sleeve and the connecting rods would become stationary. In this condition no motion would be transmitted to the wheels; in fact, the gear would be at zero. Therefore the speed varies with the angle of tip. By an ingenious arrangement of slots and pins the angle of tip is reduced when the block is moved towards the back axle. The connecting rods pull the back axle round, and therefore tend to pull the block into the zero position, and thus lessen the stroke and lower the gear. This tendency is controlled both by the inertia effect of the block and by a special spring, so that the effects, not only of road resistance, but also of throttle-opening, are taken into consideration. The only drawback to this gear is that the wheels cannot be made to drive the engine, thus having a braking effect; but against this feature must be set the automatic lock against running backwards downhill.

STEEL BALLS FOR POLISHING SILVER.

It will come as a surprise to most people that steel balls such as are employed in the bearings of bicycles can be used to polish silver spoons, forks, and other articles. Yet this is the case, if the silver ware and the balls are shaken up together in a vessel containing a special solution, in which soap predominates. For polishing, or, more correctly, 'burnishing,' large numbers of silver articles a machine is used. The silver ware is placed in an octagonal cast-iron, teak-lined drum, measuring 10 inches across inside by 28 inches long. This drum is mounted upon trunnions, which run in bearings in two cast-iron frames. One of the trunnions projects beyond its bearing, to be fitted with a worm-wheel, whereby the drum is rotated at 32 revolutions per minute by a $\frac{1}{2}$ -horse-power electric motor. A door extending round three sides of the drum, and screwed down upon a rubber joint by hinged bolts, gives access to the inside in a few seconds. Two sizes of machine are made. The smaller, of which the inside dimensions of the drum have been given, will take 350 spoons and forks at a time. When the articles are taken out after ten minutes treatment they look like newly-plated ware. About 3 cwt. of balls are kept in the drum, and they are of rustless steel. In addition, there is a number of hollow rubber balls, about the size of tennis-balls, which assist in agitating the mixture of silver ware and steel balls. Finally, the drum is filled up to the door-joint with the special soapy solution. Hollow ware, such as teapots, jugs, and similar articles, are hung by their handles upon horizontal, removable, wooden bars, which fit into sockets in the ends of the drum. A galvanised steel trough under the drum catches any leakage, also the balls and the liquid, should it be necessary to empty the drum at any time. It is claimed that so little silver is removed by burnishing in these machines that the thickness of silver-plating would only be reduced by one-third of 1 per cent. in from twenty to thirty years.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (a) a reply post-card, or (b) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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For its return in case of ineligibility, a stamped and directed envelope (or postage-stamps) should accompany every manuscript.

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Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE WHITE HERD.

By LEWIS SPENCE.

PART I.

I.

I HAD been drawn to Joyce's Country, that desolation of gorse, boulder, and marshland which lies between Lough Mask and the Mam-turk Mountains on the borders of Connemara, not by any lure of wild beauty which some profess to find in its desert confusion, but because it appealed to me as a fitting environment in which to capture the atmosphere of savage gloom I wished to reflect in my 'Tartarus' symphony, the outlines of which were then taking shape in my mind. I had been privileged to view a series of striking landscapes of the country painted by a friend who seldom exhibits publicly, and, a week after seeing them, was on my way to Galway.

On my arrival in Joyce's Country I found that it realised with marvellous fidelity my conception of a waste prepared for the reception of the doomed, even more faithfully, indeed, than my friend's pictures had led me to believe. The gray monotone of the land, the harsh skies, the distant glooming of an iron sea, the more immediate menace of overhanging heights—here, indeed, was such a region of shadows and terror as that in which Orpheus might have sought the dim likeness of his dead Eurydice. For me, at least, this was Tartarus.

My cottage beneath the brows of Partry was little better than a cabin, a place of three rooms, one of which was inhabited by the silent man and woman to whom the place belonged. It topped a rise, commanding a sweep of country from the black borders of the hills to the hedges and pales of wooded Castle Bolding, two miles to the south-east. And when the wind blew from that quarter I could hear the bellowing of the White Herd. Never did bugles on the marches of warring nations sound a music more fitted to their environment. The herd had been maintained in that region, said tradition, for generations—an ancient strain of wild Irish cattle, milk-white, pure and uncrossed, as when a native king had first gathered it together. I had walked by the great park at Castle Bolding in which it was now confined, and had glimpsed tossing horns, flashing red eyes,

and the swift movement of gleaming white shapes among the oaks and beeches which screened the place.

I quickly realised the almost peninsular isolation of the neighbourhood, and its extraordinary hold upon ancient custom and hard-dying prejudice. Neither Brittany nor Galloway is so far beyond the world's edge. Here the Norseman found the Iberian, and wrestled and mingled with him to the making of a man of iron, cold and morose to strangers, neither warm-hearted nor irascible, like the men of the south-west, but grim and distrustful. A dread of the region had come upon me too, such an awe as, I have heard, is aroused by the sombre and rock-bound spaces of Iceland. The tall frown of Partry was strong upon me; the gray stretches of moorland appalled by their utter bleakness; the stern furrows of the sea chimed too much with the mood and colour of the land to bring any relief of variety. If the shadow of doom ever hung over any land, it was surely over this. And in the pauses of the strange speech of wind and sea came the bellowings of the White Herd like threatening trumpets, 'ancestral voices prophesying war.' It was a stage set for tragedy in the high manner, tragedy as we find it in the northern sagas, a cup to be drunk to the bitter dregs.

II.

The first act in the drama for which I had been unconsciously waiting was not long in beginning. I was sitting at the door of my cottage one afternoon in early September, trying to capture the atmosphere of moor, fell, and sky in the musical shorthand I was jotting down, when I was surprised to hear a clatter of hoofs coming from the road below. Scarcely a soul, gentle or simple, ever passed that way. Looking down, I saw what I took to be a couple of horsemen trotting along at a fair pace, but as they came nearer, and climbed the rising road which passed my porch, I noticed that one was a woman. So still was everything that I could catch the broken sounds of a conversation, the tones of which seemed pitched in no amiable key. The pair, I could see, were so engrossed

in an altercation as to be oblivious of my nearness. They were, perhaps, a hundred yards from me when I saw the woman suddenly rise in her stirrups—she rode astride—and slash fiercely at her companion's head with her whip. Even at that distance I could hear the vicious thud of the blow. The man reeled in his saddle, and clapped a hand to his face. But when the girl made off at a round gallop he followed, and, as they came up to where I sat, was almost level with her. She pulled up and dismounted. I do not remember ever seeing a woman in such a transport of anger. Her fair face—she was blonde in a cold, dazzling, northern way—was pale with fury, her blue eyes blazed like ice in sunshine, and she pointed her whip at her late escort with a gesture of such withering contempt as would have made most men turn rein and gallop off without more ado.

'You seem a gentleman!' she flashed at me, the words leaping from her lips with the swiftness of great agitation. 'That cur—thrash him—thrash him, I tell you, within an inch of his life.'

'Better try,' snarled her companion, glaring at me as if he had found what he sought—an antagonist upon whom he could wreak the bitterness which seemed boiling within him.

'You both seem excited,' I said soothingly; 'try to control yourselves.'

'Control myself!' almost screamed the man. 'Do you see this?' He pointed to a long, ugly weal which made a dark purple line between eye and mouth. As he touched it it bled freely, and he stared blankly at the stain it left upon his fingers. This seemed to drive him to a frenzy. He even made a threatening movement toward the girl. I stood in his path and motioned him back.

He was on me like a whirlwind. He dropped his whip and leapt at me so fiercely that, taken unawares, I went down at once. He fell on me, and we rolled over and over in the dust. His hands were at my throat. Unused to this kind of thing I struggled awkwardly, floundering, trying to down him by sheer weight. Then I heard the impact of a blow close to my head. My antagonist groaned heavily, and fell back. I scrambled to my feet. The girl was standing over him, whip in hand. He lay inert, his head in a little pool of blood.

'Good heavens,' I exclaimed, 'you've killed him!' Despite her vital beauty, her Grecian cleanness and suppleness of shape, I shrank from her. She seemed not the least disturbed.

'You shouldn't have struck him so hard,' I mumbled.

'I hope he is dead.'

I gazed at her in horrified amazement. She looked, I thought, like one of those fair, muscular heroines of Norse saga, such as took a strong hand in the minor killings of hereditary

enemies in 'Burnt Njal,' the apotheosis of the barbarian Amazon.

'Help me to carry him indoors,' I asked her.

'He may lie there for me,' she said contemptuously, without stirring.

III.

Not without effort I raised the fallen man and carried him into the one bedroom of the cottage, where I laid him on the bed. He breathed heavily, and bled abundantly. I examined the blow he had received, and saw that, although it was not serious, it was sufficiently alarming. At first I had thoughts of sending for a doctor, but, after I had bathed the wound and administered a small quantity of spirits, he regained consciousness, sat up, and looked about him in a dazed way.

'You must lie down,' I told him; 'you are pretty badly hurt.'

'Who the devil are you?' he growled.

'Basil Dean is my name. And yours?'

'Rupert Bolding—down at the park yonder.' He nodded a bandaged head in the direction of Castle Bolding. 'But where's that little vixen gone?'

'You mean the lady who was with you?'

'Yes; Helga Bolding, my cousin. It was she who struck me, I suppose?'

I nodded. So Helga was her name? Well, it certainly suited her.

'I think she is still outside,' I said. 'I will see.'

I stepped out onto the road, but not a sign of the girl or either of the horses could I see. Then I heard the distant clot-clot of hoofs from the plain below, and descried them, a small, moving bunch, nearly a mile away, trotting quickly for Castle Bolding.

I returned to the bedroom. 'She's gone,' I announced, 'and has taken the horses with her.'

He made an angry face. 'Little devil,' he snarled. 'Just like her. I'll have to walk it, I suppose?'

'You certainly can't walk yet,' I said. 'Better lie back and rest awhile. You've had a nasty jar. Perhaps you deserved it.'

'Don't talk like a child, man.' If she was a Valkyrie, he was certainly Hector of Troy, bullying, almost malignant. 'If you'd been where I've been, and knew women as I know them, you wouldn't excuse that little leopardess.'

'Yet you excuse yourself by quoting the custom of some outrageous corner of savagery,' I said sharply, nettled at the contempt in his tone. 'Pull yourself together, Mr Bolding.'

'Don't preach at me, you silly ass!' he jeered, with a sour smile and a grim lighting-up of his deep-set eyes. 'You're just the sort of chap who'd excuse a woman for taking an axe to a man who tried to snatch a kiss from her.'

'Lie down, man!' I said sternly. 'You can't

afford to get into a state. You're badly hurt. Be reasonable, and take a sleep to yourself.'

'I suppose you're talking sense,' he growled. 'Well, here goes;' and, smothering a groan, he turned his face to the wall. I pulled down the blind and left him.

At the door Kelly, from whom I rented the cottage, was standing. He had just returned from his day's work, and was looking with amazed eyes at the sanguinary signs of struggle in front of his dwelling.

'Kelly,' I said, 'there's been a slight accident. Mr Rupert Bolding has been thrown from his horse, and is lying down in the bedroom. Is your wife at home?'

'Misther Rupert Boulding, is it?' he said, a queer smile flickering across his dark face. 'No, sor, indade, me woife's at Misthress O'Dowd's. She'll be back prisintly, though.'

'Well, look here, I'm going to Castle Bolding. If Mr Bolding calls or wants anything, you'll attend to him, won't you?'

'Sure an' I will, yer 'anner. I'll give him a look now and agin.'

IV.

I jumped on my bicycle, and coasted down the rather treacherous hill-road into the plain. The mists, which usually fall in Galway with the approach of evening, were gathering, and the dull rose of a September sunset stained the black shadow of Partry, deepening to bronze above the hard, pale line of the distant sea. A vivid plume of orange light brushed the gray tower of Castle Bolding, making it seem like a strange blossom springing from the surrounding foliage of beech and oak. As I passed through the park I could see through the mist the gleaming shapes of the White Herd, some at rest, others galloping wildly in ever-lessening circles, as is the wont of those far-descended beasts, and I was thankful for the stout iron railings which kept them from the path. Only one of them, a magnificent bull, had so far overcome his native wildness as to approach the pale, and stood breathing his menace at me as I passed. He was a lordly creature, not large by the standard of modern judges, but deep of flank, powerful of shoulder, and white with the whiteness of milk, jetty of muzzle, and with red eyes filled with the noble rage of the tameless. As I wheeled by he greeted my passage with a scornful stamping, and bellowed twice, and from far away was answered by the trumpet-call of his fellows.

I inquired for Miss Helga Bolding, and was shown into the library. In passing through the hall I was struck with the extraordinarily mediæval atmosphere of the house. The entrance-hall and rooms were crowded with trophies of the chase—gigantic horns and antlers, the masks of boar and fox; grim weapons and armour from forgotten generations; dark portraits, which peeped out of the shadows like spectres

in an uninhabited mansion. Here was no intention to adapt the ancient to the uses of to-day. The place impressed me as if it had not been altered for a couple of centuries.

Helga Bolding entered. I had expected to see her dressed for dinner, but she wore a tweed skirt and a knitted jumper, which, if anything, made her look more athletic than her riding-habit had done. She approached me with an almost masculine stride, and stood gazing at me out of her clear, blue eyes. A disconcerting silence fell between us.

'I have called,' I said at last, and rather lamely, 'about your cousin, Mr Bolding. I thought you would have remained after—after the—accident.'

'He is not my cousin,' she said, with deadly coolness; and once again, from her tone and the calm fatality of her bearing, I sensed the atmosphere of the Icelandic saga. 'He is an impostor.'

Her directness almost dazed me. The situation struck me as preposterous in the extreme. The word 'impostor' smacked of drama and that kind of fiction which does not draw upon reality. But anything seemed possible at Castle Bolding, that house out of the Waverley Novels.

'I am afraid I don't quite understand the drift of things, Miss Bolding.' I was floundering badly. 'May I say that my name is Basil Dean? I am a composer of music.'

She gave not the slightest sign that I had spoken. I cursed the ill day that had soused me into this pother.

'I have not the least wish to pry into your affairs,' I stumpled on, 'but Mr Bolding—'

'He is not Mr Bolding.'

'Oh, indeed!' There was nothing more to say. What a fool I was to have come at all.

'There is nothing to hide,' she went on in a loud, challenging voice. 'My father died a year ago. The estate was entailed on my cousin Rupert Bolding, and this—man came here a week ago and claimed to be he. I discovered him to be an impostor. He refused to go, and I was on my way to the attorney at the village, when he followed me and tried to stop me. The rest you saw, when—when he tried to kiss me. I thank you for what you did.'

'What you tell me is very strange,' I said. 'I think you should lose no time in seeing your legal adviser.'

'I am not surprised that you should consider it strange,' she replied, a little scornfully. 'You must be wondering how I came to discover that he—that he was not Rupert Bolding. I have never even seen a photograph of my cousin, who went out to Burma in the Government Survey Service years ago. But I knew from his letters to an aunt that one of his ears was much mutilated by a dacoit knife. The ears of this person are not so mutilated.'

'He speaks of having been abroad,' I ventured. 'But what do you think has become of your cousin? Do you believe him to have been the victim of treachery?'

'I feel positive of it,' she said, 'only I have no definite proofs. These I may obtain, however. But I shall see the lawyer, who will know best what steps to take.'

'I shall not detain you longer.' I was much

impressed with what she had told me. 'I shall keep a close watch upon our gentleman, and possibly may learn something more about him than you know already.'

'If he only knew it,' she smiled strangely, 'he is running a great risk. If the people here find him to be other than he represents himself—well, they are strange folk.'

(Continued on page 163.)

THE ELASTICITY OF TIME.

By JOHN HOGGEN.

EINSTEIN notwithstanding, we continue to regulate our lives and adjust our work by the clock in the tower or the watch in the pocket. In ancient days, and among primitive peoples still, time is taken from the arrival and departure of migratory birds, the returning pest of the insect world, the growth of plants, the times of fruit and blossom, and other signs that denote movement and the passage of days necessary to bring such changes. The sun-dial, however, is surely the loveliest of all measurers of time. How many memories come to us of sunny gardens, with high box borders scenting the warm air, in the midst of which stands a sun-dial, bound about, it may be, with roses and honeysuckle; how much more beautiful it all is than an arrangement of wheels controlling a swinging rod, in a more or less ornate case on our mantel-boards!

It is true that Ben Jonson long ago taught us in a perfect lyric that the true measure of life is not time, but progress towards completeness; but it was the author of *Festus* that brought home still more acutely to men's minds and bosoms the fact that it is the contents of life that are time's master, when he sang in oft-quoted lines that we live in thoughts and feelings and 'not in figures on a dial.' 'The long and the short of it,' in fact, depends on much more than hours that merely pass. Charles Lamb, who (bless him!) was no great poet, touches the thought with solemnity when he tells us that each moment of misery is an hour, that joy passes like swift wind, and asks: 'How to a wicked soul must be whole ages of eternity?' 'At certain periods of life,' writes Thackeray in *Esmond*, 'we live years of emotion in a few weeks, and look back on those times as on great gaps between the old life and the new'; and George Eliot, in *Mr Gilfil's Love Story*, comments on the same experience: 'The conflict of emotion stretched into a long interval the few moments that elapsed before the door opened again.' If we give ourselves, or have administered to us, what Rabelais calls 'a pill to purge melancholy,' a quick change occurs, and we feel with Anna Karénina that 'there are whole months that you would sell for fifty kopeks, and

quarter-hours that you would not take any amount for.' Clearly, it is what happens in time that gives value and sense of length to its moments. 'Enjoy the day, and behold it shrinks to a moment,' George Gissing writes.

A curious sensation of long duration is sometimes brought about by the vision of something that moves us greatly. You remember that when Leigh Hunt showed Keats a lock of Milton's hair, the poet 'thought he had beheld it from the Flood.' He mentions a similar experience in *Lamia*, and a strange yet devout wish to annihilate time is expressed in one of the feeblers of his sonnets. George MacDonald and Oliver Wendell Holmes alike confessed that their thoughts were old 'as soon as born.' Holmes had, indeed, a peculiar fondness for tracing the source and the effect of unwonted emotion or shy, delicate fancies and impressions. While others were content simply to record such things, he followed them through processes of the mind if, haply, he might know their ultimate reach and significance. In *Elsie Venner*, for example, he describes an incident thus: 'Twenty-four hours after the falling of the cliff it seemed as if it had happened ages ago. The new fact had fitted itself in with all the old predictions, forebodings, fears, and acquired solidarity belonging to all events which have slipped out of the fingers of time and dissolved in the antecedent eternity.' David Copperfield's five days' imprisonment for biting Murdstone's hand seemed years—he seemed to have bitten him in 'a remote antiquity.' Modern novelists are liberal dispensers who make their men and women sweat with emotion, while their fore-runners preferred to make them faint; poets—the best of them, at least—follow Wordsworth's advice and remember emotion in tranquillity. But both contribute numerous instances of the varying sensation of time as wrought upon by emotion.

Shakespeare turns the subject over again and again. Rosalind is ready to sum up the matter with a woman's quick wit when she tells us that 'Time travels in divers paces with divers persons'—ambling, trotting, galloping, as the case may be. Juliet's rich, but impatient, passion

makes her cry: 'For in a minute there are many days'; Claudio believed 'Time goes on crutches till love have all his rights'; Cleopatra—rolling all her strength and sweetness into one ball, as Marvell has it—cries: 'Eternity was in our lips and eyes.' And Shakespeare, speaking in his own name, in Sonnet 57, uses the phrase: 'The world-without-end hour.'

De Quincey, describing how his sense of time was powerfully affected by opium, writes: 'The sense of space . . . did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of time. I sometimes seemed to have lived for seventy or one hundred years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millennium passed in that time, or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience.' But it requires no opium other than overpowering emotion charged with imagination to work similar miracles, for, as Mr Algernon Blackwood tells us in *Jimbo*: 'With every one, of course, the measurement of time depends largely upon the state of the emotions.'

Some time ago a sun-dial was found that, after all, told the truth:

Time is
Too slow for those who wait,
Too swift for those who fear,
Too long for those who grieve,
Too short for those who rejoice;
But for those who love
Time is
Eternity.

And Sir Thomas Browne, in his own sonorous voice, tells the same tale: 'Adversity stretcheth our dayes, misery makes Alcmenas nights, and time hath no wings unto it.'

What a strange mix-up the world would be were time to be measured by the mere sense we have of it, or the memory of its passing, and not by the matter-of-fact actual process of the sun! It cannot be. It is necessary to come to terms with fundamental facts, without necessarily ceasing to feel the far-off reality and charm of that elusive realm of fancy (which may, after all, contain the deeper and greater fact) into which we peer, or are fitfully drawn for the moment, and then return to live the life of common men who pay their bills punctually, buy postage-stamps and other things, and fill the hours and minutes with the prosaic and customary life of the world we live in. Indeed, it is indispensable to do so, and Anatole France gives the show and all the glory thereof away when he makes one of his characters say: 'I hold that man is only master of time, which is Life itself, when he has divided it into hours, minutes, and seconds—that is to say, parts proportioned to the brevity of human existence. And I thought to myself that Life really seems short to us only because we measure it irrationally by our own mad hopes.' Still, it must be admitted that this is a view avowedly of the earth earthy, and though 'Time's Laughing-

stocks' may be as numerous as Mr Thomas Hardy likes, and though it may be, and is, necessary to come to terms with time and retain our clocks and watches, some of us prefer to leave a little room for higher and more delicate things. We talk of 'killing time,' but it is time that kills us.

In *The Story of an African Farm* Olive Schreiner finely makes us feel how small and faint is the footpath we traverse, how narrow the shaft of light, as it were, that follows the dancer on the stage of time. These are her words: 'They say that in the world to come time is not measured out by months and years. Neither is it here. The soul's life has seasons of its own; periods not found in any calendar, times that years and months will not scan, but which are as deftly and sharply cut off from one another as the smoothly-arranged years which the earth's motion yields us. To stranger eyes these divisions are not evident; but each, looking back at the little track his consciousness illuminates, sees it cut into distinct portions, whose boundaries are the termination of mental states.'

The elasticity of time! There is no such thing. Well, time may, at least, be regarded as a flagon, limited in measure but filled with wines of limitless quality and potency which make war on each other, and make tipsy and silly the thought that there is nothing to wonder at in our ordinary association with time and space.

No one takes us quite so far, perhaps, as Cardinal Newman. For while Olive Schreiner falls back on 'They say,' Newman, in *The Dream of Gerontius*, boldly speaks (but the whole passage must be read), as it were, from the other side. He makes his 'Angel' say to the 'Soul' that is asking questions, that while men measure time by sun and moon, and the swing 'This way and that of the suspended rod,' it is not so in the immaterial world, for there intervals are measured by living thought alone, and 'grow or wane with its intensity,' and every one

Is standard of his own chronology.

ON THE SHORE.

A FITFUL wind to waken memory,
And call dead voices from the days of yore;
A sobbing sea whose everlasting spray
Bursts in vain tears along a weary shore.

A savour of the salt and tangled weed,
The melancholy of the moon's pale sleep,
And far off, where the loitering sea-birds feed,
A sudden cry of waking from the deep.

With that first breath of dawn upon the dark
Trembles the starlight, and the rose and gray
Curtains of cloud uplifting, lo, a lark
Springs from the shingle, heralding the day.

W. L. FERGUSON.

HOMEWARD-BOUND.

By Lieutenant-Commander G. RAWSON.

I.

CHRISTIAN left the hospital with mingled feelings. He was really grieved at the 'Old Man's' death, and felt he had lost a good friend, but at the same time he could not altogether repress the elation he felt on getting his first command.

He must write to the widow, and tell her everything, for she would want to know all the details, but he would not tell Olga that the 'Old Man' was dead, and that he, Christian, was now captain. He would keep that bit of news as a pleasant surprise for her.

She and the babe would be waiting on the Konig Wharf when they arrived, and how surprised she would be when she found that he was captain. She would be so pleased—and annoyed too, because he had not written to tell her! He smiled to himself as he walked along, back to the ship, where, although the captain was lying dead in hospital, the work went on as usual.

She was to load grain for Copenhagen, and as the sailing day drew near, the spirits of the crew rose. They were all Danes, and they were homeward-bound.

Christian whistled blithely to himself as the *Groner* rounded the breakwater and dipped her bows to the open sea. Eight knots! It was slow, but her bows were pointed for home, Denmark and Olga.

That evening the watch was set, and the crew settled down for the voyage. The mate had plenty of work for the few deck hands. The hatches had to be battened down, there was canvas to be repaired, and, on fine days, painting to be done, and he had only six men, with one at the wheel, and another helping in the engine-room.

For the first week the *Groner* ambled along in fine weather, and a fair wind helped her on her way. She was inclined to roll a lot at times, which caused Christian to think.

Grain in bulk is a tricky cargo, and wants watching. It was apt to shift with too much rolling, and Christian himself had personally superintended the placing and lashing of the shifting boards before the cargo came in. It was a 'liquid' cargo, and as treacherous as shifting sand, and the more they rolled, the less Christian liked it.

But he was homeward-bound, and he was young, and he was not going to let himself be worried.

When they were ten days out, the ship no longer steamed along on an even keel. She had taken a list to port—a slight list of five

degrees, but there it was, and it is not pleasant to be in a grain ship which takes a list in fine weather. It makes one wonder what she might do in bad weather. 'But let her roll,' Christian cheered himself; 'she is rolling home, and half the voyage is nearly over.'

He watched the barometer closely, and was not pleased to find that it had a tendency to fall, a slight fall, but he wanted a rise. A falling glass in mid-Atlantic in late winter is to be treated with respect, particularly if the cargo is inclined to shift. However, the young captain kept his thoughts to himself, although he did not like it. He was uneasy.

He gave orders to the chief engineer to work the coal from the starboard bunkers, and told the mate to use the starboard water-tanks. If they could straighten her up a little, while the list was still small, it might steady the grain. He also had a long conversation with the carpenter, who, after sounding the port bilges, had come to him with a worried look. It appeared he had found nine inches of water.

'However, a little daily pumping will remedy that,' said the captain, with an air of unconcern.

When the carpenter reported next morning that there were twelve inches of water down below, and the chief engineer, under a severe cross-examination, had to admit that the grain had got into the pumps and choked them, Christian, with one eye on the barometer and the other on the clinometer, really began to feel anxious. The barometer warned him of a gale, and the clinometer registered fifteen degrees of list.

Efforts were made to clear the choked pumps, and old Jens himself, and finally Christian, clambered down through the bilges, twisting and crawling, to the place where the water wearily slopped to and fro; but it was a hopeless task, for they could get nowhere near the spot. The grain had begun to 'creep,' and, swollen by the water, had effectually choked the pumps.

With the sea rising, and the list increasing, Christian found himself thinking hard. The heavy list was making matters difficult in the engine-room. Everything, coal, oil, water, grain, was sagging down to port, and the vessel began to look like a drunken reveller that could not stand up.

Christian prayed for fine weather, and could not keep his eyes off the barometer, which hung in his cabin, swinging in its gimbals. In another week, if Jens managed to keep up their speed, they would make Queenstown, where they could put in, and straighten up the cargo, and get at those pumps, and clear them.

For the present they were moving along, and if the list became no worse, all might yet be well.

But when he turned in to his bunk that night he noticed that the wind had shifted into the north-west, and the glass was still falling.

II.

He was awakened by the second mate, who reported that wind and sea were rising. Christian felt the ship labouring, and sometimes she staggered a little, when, poised on the top of a wave, she hesitated before sliding down into the valley beyond. The wind had shifted right round to the east, dead ahead, and the second mate said that the speed had fallen to six knots. All the time he was lugubriously talking, Christian had a horrid feeling that the list had increased.

He put on his oilskins and went up onto the bridge to think things over. The stinging spray cleared his brain, and he calmly analysed the situation. An impulse to lighten the labouring ship by jettisoning some of the grain crossed his mind, but it was impossible to remove a single hatch in this weather.

It was obvious that they were in for a gale, and an easterly gale at that. The list was slowly but steadily increasing; the pumps were choked, and could not be cleared; there was now eighteen inches of water down below; and the seas were discovering the weakness in her decks. He must ease the burden, but how? There was a hope that the hand pumps might keep the rising water down. At six o'clock he sent for the mate, and told him to set all hands onto the two pumps. With difficulty these were rigged, for the ship was rising late to every sea, and the green water was tumbling on board, sweeping the men off their legs. Presently one pump was ready, and four hands set to work on it, but the thin trickle they produced was ludicrously inadequate. An hour later the second pump was going, and a fireman borrowed from the engine-room made up the gang of four. Hour succeeded hour, and the two parties worked laboriously, always up to their knees in water, and sometimes swept from head to foot. Christian perceived not only that their efforts were of no avail, but that if he left them there much longer the men themselves would be lost. The seas were rising, and mountainous combers assailed the ship. In fine weather something might be done to save her, but in this cruel hell of crashing seas he felt impotent.

He laid her off about four points from wind and sea, and ordered Jens to keep the engines turning slowly, at which the old man smiled bitterly. He would have difficulty in keeping them turning at all. He, the old man, and Christian, the young captain, looked into each other's eyes without speaking. Both knew, both

realised the impending danger, but they said no word of it to each other. The men were called from the pumps, and set to get out the sea-anchor. They lashed three spars together in the form of a triangle, and laced the sail over it. Then, with a mighty heave from all hands, the contrivance fell overside, and they paid out the line, eighty fathoms of it. As the line tautened to the strain, the *Groner* lay a little easier. She seemed to respond to the nursing, and the oil with which they attempted to still the fury of the seas was taking effect. But, like a tired woman, she lay deep and heavy, and Christian perceived, with a new fear in his heart, that the list was still increasing.

Thus far, the crew had treated the gale and the list with the equanimity of seamen. It was all a part of seafaring, and most of them had weathered gales as bad as this in the old tub.

But the rising water and the increasing list could not be concealed from them, and here and there among them Christian detected signs of anxiety reflecting his own. With the approach of nightfall troubles accumulated.

A huge sea came sweeping down on the ship.

'Look out!' roared Christian.

He caught a glimpse of the cook staring out of the galley porthole with terror-stricken eyes, and the next moment cook and galley disappeared in the avalanche of water which swept across the deck.

The iron house had gone overboard, tearing a large rent in the lee-bulwarks, through which the water surged. Christian shook his fist at the hungry seas, which appeared to be advancing from all directions to overwhelm them.

Would they give no respite?

The water poured down the rents in the deck where the iron house had stood, and he reflected bitterly that, even should he be able to bring the *Groner* staggering into Queenstown harbour, the greater portion of the grain must inevitably be ruined.

He could hardly bear to look at the weather bulwarks, which groaned and shuddered under the mighty hammer-strokes of the pounding seas.

A hundred times it seemed as if the labouring vessel would be engulfed. Wall after wall of blue-green water appeared in rapid succession, and, crashing down, swept across the decks, taking the lee bulwarks with them.

Wet, cold, hungry, and miserable, the crew had mustered up on the bridge deck. Rest there was none, for the fury of the gale made repose impossible. With the galley and the cook had gone their chances of warm food and drink, but the Primus stove had been brought up from the captain's cabin, and lighted in the chart-room. The hot cocoa revived them, but the night passed slowly, and the ship, settling deeper, took on the appearance of a submerged derelict.

III.

Some hours had passed when Christian espied old Jens climbing up the ladder. He knew what the chief engineer had come to tell him, and did not want the crew to overhear. Jens, divining his purpose, followed him into the chart-room. 'We can't stay below any longer,' he said. 'The water is up to the bed-plates, and soon——' He left the sentence unfinished.

Christian felt that the old man had come to the end of his tether. The responsibility for what was happening in the engine-room was now transferred to his shoulders. He was the captain, and he must maintain control until the end, and if they were destined not to reach port, he must still retain the control, the command, his first command. 'What is the situation down there, exactly?' he said calmly to Jens. He would betray no symptoms of weakness to the older man. After all, they were still afloat, and if matters came to the worst, there were the boats. He braced himself to hear Jens's report.

'The men can't keep their feet down there,' said the chief engineer. 'The water is coming over the bed-plates, and we can't get at the bunkers. Steam has fallen to twenty pounds, and the men are dead beat.'

'Do you mean——?' Christian began.

'I mean that we must draw fires, or the water'll put them out.'

So that was it! Well, things could not well be worse.

They must try to ride out the gale with the sea-anchor, and if that failed there was still the main trysail. In the meantime, if the water continued to rise in the ship, and she found——

He brushed the thought aside. She must not founder—he would not let her. 'Call the men up,' he said to Jens.

They came up slowly, and joined the rest of the hands clustered on the bridge deck. Christian surveyed them, as they clung to the rails, grouped around him. Now that the cook was gone, there were twenty-two all told, including himself, and he watched the despondent group with dismay in his heart.

IV.

Towards dawn the ship fell off into the trough of the sea. The painter had parted, the sea-anchor gone, and the vessel fell away to leeward rapidly. As a last hope there was the main trysail which, when hoisted, might keep her up to the sea. Slowly and painfully Christian led half-a-dozen of the men aft, past the funnel, until they reached the mainmast. Here, with infinite toil, they laboured unceasingly to cast the sail adrift, and presently the frozen men tailed on to the halliards and hoisted away. The rusty gear worked protestingly, but the sail held her up to the seas.

Christian frequently found the men gazing at

him, wondering, perchance, what was passing in his mind. He was a rough, untutored seaman like themselves, and withal suffered from the handicap of youth, but now, in the time of trouble, they looked to him to bring them through. He was the 'captain,' and in that magic word they found their consolation.

Slowly in his mind was born the bitter truth that they were doomed. The incessant and increasing weight of water that crashed down upon the decks and weather bulwarks almost submerged the ship. The fore and aft well decks were well-nigh invisible, and only the fo'c'sle head and bridge showed up like islands amid the weltering chaos of water.

It was time to leave her; the two lifeboats still hung undamaged in the davits, but until the gale abated it was idle to think of even attempting to lower them. Would the seas never cease their deadly attack? Christian gazed dully through the chart-room porthole. Suddenly a dark shadow enveloped the ship. He looked up in amazement. High above him towered the white crest of an enormous wave. His eye received the impression of a gigantic wall, a tremendous upheaval of the ocean, a horrible giant, which far outstripped the big white-capped seas that so relentlessly bore down to the attack. He yelled with all his might through the open port, 'Hold on, for your lives!'

A moment of suspense followed, and then the *Groner* was blotted out from view.

V.

Possibly the wall took ten seconds in its passage over them, but to Christian it seemed an eternity. In his mind was the thought 'This is the end;' but he was mistaken. It was not the end—yet. When some minutes had elapsed, and the seething chaos of tortured water passed, leaving the vessel shuddering under the blow, Christian collected his wits and counted the scattered hands. Fourteen remained, the others——. Among those left he failed to find old Jens.

With desperation in his soul, he looked for the two boats. Only the twisted arms of the davits remained, hanging their heads as if in shame at having lost their precious charges. Rage and mortification possessed him. These devilish seas, would they never cease? His men, his boats, his ship—did they want all—that he possessed? His thoughts wandered to Denmark and Copenhagen and Olga. 'Curse you!' he cried to the oncoming seas, whose white crests seemed to taunt him with fiendish glee. 'Look out!' he cried again, but the weary men were dazed and half-senseless, and the wave tore them from their lashings, and carried three more away.

He seized the broken lashings which had failed to hold one of the men, and knotted

the ends around his body. 'Lashed to a sinking ship,' he thought to himself; and as the realisation of the impending fate of his beloved *Groner* came to him, tears came into his eyes.

Besides himself, there were now only ten men left, and most of them were half-dead with fatigue and cold. He noted that the lashings of several of them were adrift, but the men were seemingly too lifeless to readjust them. Watching his chance, he loosened his own, and swiftly bound up the others. He had to hurry, and had barely time to make himself fast to the rail again before the next comber burst upon them. When it had passed he raised his weary eyes. Ohlsen, the mate, and three others had gone.

Lack of food and sleep, and the cold, were affecting those who remained. The heads of two of them hung forward, so that their chins rested upon their chests, and one had slipped from his lashings onto his knees.

Amid the incessant roar of the hurricane and crashing of the seas, Christian's ears caught the crying of the birds overhead. There were hundreds of them, maintaining their position with difficulty, and winging hard to stem the storm. He wondered what they had come for, and now and again one or other of the birds would swoop down to the surface of the sea, pecking eagerly at some floating tit-bit.

Lashed to the rails, half-standing, half-lying, he looked down the deck which sloped steeply away to leeward. Half the ship lay under the waves, and the one mast which was left, with the tattered remnants of the sail, lay almost parallel with the sea. In his heart Christian realised that the *Groner* was going, slipping away, down, from under his feet.

So he would not see Olga and the little babe again. He wondered what they were doing now. To-day—to-day, he had lost count of the days. His mind wandered, only to be brought back to incredible misery by successive walls of water which swept down, blotting out him, the *Groner*, the world.

Overhead the birds screamed and cried, as if to warn him of the danger, but Christian heard them no longer. Cold had numbed his senses, and consciousness was slipping from him.

Suddenly a dreadful noise rose above the roar of the gale. The water had reached the boilers, and white clouds of steam poured forth, frightening away the birds. The white-crested combers roared in a deep diapason of delight, and the gale, thinking its work done, began to abate.

VI.

One morning, some two months later, on-lookers in the lobby at Lloyd's watched with curiosity the white-headed beadle posting up a notice on the board whilst the *Lutine's* bell

tolled mournfully. They crowded around the notice, and read:

Missing Vessel.

The following vessel, which has previously been referred to as overdue, is now posted as missing, viz. the *Groner* of Copenhagen (Denmark), 2056 tons gross, which left the Plate for Copenhagen on 20th February with a cargo of grain, and has not since been heard of.

In a little house in Copenhagen, Olga with her babe waited for their ship to come home.

VII.

Captain Williams, of the barque *Scottish Falls*, sat at his cabin table writing a letter to his wife.

The barque was on a voyage from Cardiff to San Francisco, and in a few days the captain hoped to cast anchor in the Golden Gate, after a tedious voyage which had now lasted one hundred and forty days.

'We had a bad gale sixty days out from Cardiff,' he wrote. 'It blew from the east with hurricane force, and we had to run for it, with reefed topsails. I never thought the *Falls* would weather it, as it was too late for us to heave-to, but on the fourth day it abated somewhat. Judge of my surprise that afternoon, when the mate reported a water-logged derelict steamer on the port bow. The sea was still high, but it was subsiding all the time, and the mate swore that through his glasses he could see two or three men on the wreck.'

'I rounded to, and waited for daylight, as, if the mate's yarn was true (and two or three of the crew corroborated him), I could not very well proceed on the voyage without investigating further.'

'In the morning it was safe enough to lower a boat, and I sent the mate off to have a look at her. They were a long time away, and when they got back alongside, I saw they had three bodies in the boat.'

'It appears from the lifebuoys that she was a Danish steamer, the *Groner*, laden with grain, and the mate said she was on the point of foundering, as her hatches were blown off; so that she would not be a danger much longer. However, I waited and watched her safely go down before proceeding. Two of the bodies were quite dead, but there seemed to be a spark of life in the third, a youngish man of about twenty-eight or thirty. We got him into a bunk, and, later on, he showed signs of reviving, and by the evening he was wide awake, though still dazed and half-conscious. He was inclined to be delirious, and threw his arms about, and kept on shaking his fist and crying out in some foreign lingo.'

'After three or four days he was sufficiently

recovered to tell me his story. It appears that he is (or was) the captain of the *Groner*, which had struck the same gale as we had met. They had a bad time of it. The seas put the fires out, they lost both their boats, and all the crew were washed away except the three we picked up.

'He has certainly been through a terrible experience, and it was his first command, too! He was tremendously excited when he found we were eleven weeks out, and bound for 'Frisco. Begged me to put in at a South American port, so that he could cable home.

I couldn't do that, but promised I would signal the Falklands, or any ship we met. However, as luck would have it, we passed the islands in a blinding snowstorm, and the only vessel we spoke was another windjammer, off Cape Horn, and, like ourselves, outward bound.

'So the first news of the *Groner* will be known when we reach 'Frisco. He is going to see the Danish consul there, and will go home overland *via* New York. He tells me he has a young wife and babe in Copenhagen.

'Poor thing! She will have long given him up for lost!'

THE SCOTTISH BAR AND ITS PLACE IN SCOTTISH LIFE.

THE offer of their great library, which the Faculty of Advocates recently made to the Scottish people, as a national library, followed by the gift of £100,000 by an Edinburgh citizen to finance the project, has brought into an unusual prominence the small body whose bewigged and gowned activity lends a dry liveliness to the old Scots Parliament House that sequesters behind St Giles' Cathedral in the High Street of Edinburgh.

With their brethren, the Writers to the Signet, the Faculty of Advocates constitutes the College of Justice presided over and ruled by the judges, all of whom are members of the Faculty of Advocates, and are technically described as senators of the College of Justice.

There is a mediæval flavour about the conception that under the presidency and control of the senators this College of Justice is studying and applying the principles of justice handed down from past generations, and adapting them to the ever changing features of modern life, or else interpreting, with an exactitude of construction that leaves the layman aghast, the intricacies of modern legislation. No case can be presented in the Supreme Courts of Scotland except by an advocate, unless it be by the litigant himself.

In some of the newer countries, as, for instance, the United States of America, there is no rigid separation of the Bar from the solicitor's branch of the legal profession. The counsel is not so aloof from his client as with us in Scotland, and similarly in England, who retain the old division. In these countries the legal practitioner is more the agent of his client, whereas with us not only is he charged with the duty of attending to the interests of his client, but also in a very real sense, as a member of the College of Justice, he has the duty of helping the Court in the administration of justice. The strength of the forces maintaining this separation of functions may, however, indicate that a very real advantage, at any rate in an old and developed community, exists

by reason of this divorce. Certain it is that a Bar composed of men of sterling honesty of character and keenness of intellect is one of the most precious of institutions a country can have.

Discipline at the Bar is of the strictest in all that pertains to professional honour; and woe betide the counsel who is false to the code which centuries of practice have laid down for the Bar. It is one of the peculiarities of the Scottish Bar that not only has it a marked eminence in the purely legal field, as its long and illustrious history shows, but it has the proud position of touching Scottish life in all its secular developments, and so avoiding the narrowness that, since Burke's day, has been recognised as the special vice of the legal profession. The community of interest and outlook that the close corporate life begets, similar to that developed in the collegiate life of the old English Universities, has resulted in a very strong corporate sense, not only in matters of professional interest but in the wider aspects of life. The spirit of quiet, unassertive scholarship is still to be found there, the same eagerness of political activity that has made the Parliament House the home alike of reaction and reform, just because each element is vigorously present in the people of whom this Bar is a microcosm; and a truer conception of the Scots tradition in literature than is to be found in the Scots emigrants to Fleet Street. It is not without its significance that the Faculty of Advocates can boast of Sir Walter Scott and Robert Louis Stevenson among its members, and that David Hume was once its librarian.

Critical literature, so far as the English language is concerned, may almost be claimed as beginning at the Scots Bar, for the primary impulse of the *Edinburgh Review* was to be found in that small coterie, headed by Jeffrey and Brougham, who made the success and fame of the original *Edinburgh Review*.

The Faculty of Advocates dates back to the foundation of the Court of Session by an Act of the Scots Parliament in 1532 as the College

of Justice, though there are records of pleaders representing their friends and dependents, as in the old Roman practice, prior to this date. At first the numbers were limited to ten, and no special qualifications were required; but by 1619 the Faculty was open to all who satisfied certain requirements as to knowledge of the civil law of Rome, tested by examination and thesis.

The head of the Faculty is the Dean, who is chosen by the vote of his brethren from among those who by seniority and acumen are counted the leaders of the profession. The highest honour which can be conferred on any counsel by his brethren is his appointment as Dean of Faculty. By virtue of his office the Dean is the leader of the Bar, and as such takes precedence of the Lord Advocate. With his council he is the disciplinary head of the profession.

Before any one—and in these days the word has no limit of sex—can be called to the Scottish Bar, he must, besides paying the fees which are due, partly to the Government in Stamp duty, partly to the Faculty, have taken a degree of a recognised university in general scholarship, the usual cultural Arts course or its equivalent, and a similar qualification in Law; or else submit himself to examination by the Faculty, which, as a university in the mediæval sense, confers the degree of Advocate. The inrant, having been duly approved by ballot, and having taken the Oath of Allegiance before one of the judges in the Outer House, is admitted to membership of the College of Justice and the Scottish Bar.

Thereafter in his new and strange array of wig and gown the aspirant after legal fame starts, with youth's hopes still high, to pace the old Scots Parliament Hall, from the walls of which the portraits of the great dead, as the jurist counts them, look down on his endeavours.

Unless the influence and interest of solicitors ease his path, the young advocate is likely to walk these courts for many briefless years while the surging hopes of youth give place to the grim determination of maturity. But the knowledge that men have proved in time the worth and ability which were denied opportunity for even so long as ten or twelve years keeps steady the heart and head of the counsel whose only influence is the faith that everything comes to him who knows how to wait.

These years of waiting have their unconscious disciplinary power, which steels and moulds the temperament to that logical detachment of view which is the core of the judicial spirit.

The legal mind in its highest form is of late development. It is youthful at forty, and functions at its best in those years verging on the allotted span, when the ordinary mind has lost its elasticity, its decision, its courage. There is, perhaps, a quaint justice in this lasting maturity of the late flowering legal mind which recoups for the long weary years of waiting and training.

The art of the great counsel is not so much as is usually thought the sleuth-like cunning that senses a way between seemingly incongruous or hostile decisions that are held to be binding. Authority in Law, the decisions which past generations of judges have made, or great writers on Jurisprudence have expounded, are indeed of vital importance. The plain citizen wants to know what the Law is, so that, guided by it, he may avoid the costly pitfalls of disobedience. To secure the orderly application and development of legal principles free of any freakish decisions of emotion is the function of authority, and gives its weight to decision and precedent. But, as Law is a living and growing science dealing with and interpreting a multiplicity of ever varying human practices, the letter of past decision has rarely more than an illustrative value; and he is the soundest lawyer who remembers the saying which crystallises the Christian revolt against the trammels of Ecclesiastical authority—The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. Most of the legal systems of antiquity have gone to wreck on this rock of authority, and become a meaningless farrago of formalities without any touch with realities. It was thus, perhaps, a wise provision of the old Scots Law that required the judges to be chosen from men eminent in Literature no less than in Law. Of all the practical sciences Law requires most to be kept in touch with the growing spirit of a people, which is most usually expressed in its literature, if it is to escape the danger of being engulfed in its own rules and becoming a mere jumble of artificial regulations without savour of reason.

The English Bar in the main, by reason of the greater amount of litigation which comes before the English Courts, tends to become a corps of specialists, each supremely learned in his own speciality; but in Scotland, by reason of the smaller amount of work, specialism to such an extent is unknown, and in result a broader legal view is possible to the individual counsel. There is, in addition, this distinguishing fact, that the Scots legal system is based on the Civil Law of Rome, and is thus more a code of digested principles than the congeries of often arbitrary and conflicting decisions through which an English lawyer has to make his way.

At any rate, whatever the reasons may be, whether of temperament or circumstances, the Faculty of Advocates has kept closer touch with the Scottish people as a great national institution than the more highly specialised Bar south of the Tweed.

And if its Braxfields have demonstrated the strength of its reactionary elements, its Jeffreys and Cockburns have borne witness to the courage and self-sacrifice of its reformers. It was rage at the cruel victimising of an advocate, John Muir, by the opponents of reform, who feared that even the franchise modification, which

afterwards became the first Reform Act of 1832, meant red ruin and anarchy, that inspired Robert Burns to pen the lyric which, more than anything else he has written, voices the deepest feelings and instincts of the Scottish people—'A Man's a Man for a' That.'

Not only are the judges of the Court of Session, as well as the representatives of the Law of Scotland in the House of Lords and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, chosen from the Scottish Bar, but the sheriffs and sheriff-substitutes, who administer justice in the lower Courts in each county, and who are in the last resort responsible for the maintenance of law and order throughout the country, are drawn prevaillingly from the Faculty of Advocates.

The Lord Advocate, assisted by his four deutes as well as the Solicitor-General for Scotland, is the Crown Prosecutor, whose duty it is to bring to the determination of the Criminal Courts every breach of the criminal law of the country, save such as are left, as being only minor offences, to the determination of the local Procurators-Fiscal in the Police Courts, with only the formal supervision of the Crown Office; for in Scotland, as opposed to England, all criminal prosecution is the duty of the State. Public justice in criminal matters is dispensed without those seemingly interminable preliminary inquiries which in England fill the press before the trial. The inquiries in Scotland are conducted in private, under the direct supervision of the advocates-depute.

It is the etiquette of Crown prosecutions that a charge shall never be pressed. Our Law is that every one is innocent until he is proved guilty, in the plain sense that he is clearly proved so to the ordinary man in the street who is called upon as juror to decide. While all the arts of advocacy are open to the counsel for the defence, the prosecuting counsel wins or loses his case by the sheer strength or weakness of the facts proved, with perhaps that element of incongruity of luck represented by the unknown factor of the quality of the jury which the accident of the ballot has given. It is an excellent safeguard of the liberties which are the traditional right of our people, and follows logically from the principle that a man's liberty is not to be taken from him until his offence is established to the satisfaction of the ordinary citizen. Herein our Law differs from codes, like the French, under which guilt is assumed after a charge is taken until the accused clears himself.

But perhaps the most noteworthy service which the Bar discharges for the community—which is not normally to be found in the Law Courts—is the barrier which it raises against fraudulent litigation. The machinery of the Courts could be used to cause innocent people all the trouble, cost, and inconvenience of clear-

ing themselves of unfounded charges were it not for the peculiar relationship which exists between the Bench and the Bar, which makes the counsel responsible to the Court for the cases he brings before it. A case based on false information is not likely to escape his trained eye, but if it does, then his duty, once this is established, is to retire from it. In result the lieges are spared a large mass of malicious litigation which uses the processes of justice for the mean purposes of blackmail.

Time has strangely changed the character of the old Scots Parliament House since the days when it was the home of Scots government, but when the Union of 1707 sped the Parliamentary representatives of the Scots people to Westminster, and the pressure of economic circumstance, together with the development of a new industrial system, made the Scots and the English in all essential respects one people, it was of especial importance in the maintenance of historic continuity that the Parliament House became the home of the Scots legal system, which was retained as one of the terms of union, and which has been maintained by the Scots people with a proud vigour, as being so completely of the essence of their national outlook that it could not be sacrificed in the wider citizenship without forfeit of that which is of the core of a people's being.

The Scottish Bar has thus become the repository of the Scots secular tradition, which it seeks to preserve, not in that literal sense which is death, but in the larger and truer sense which, while preserving its spirit, is able to graft to it the new life of another, though related, tradition, so enriching it, without sacrifice of its peculiar quality.

The judgments of the English Courts are freely quoted in the Court of Session and, where they expound rules which our Scots system can absorb without peril to its essential principles, frequently adopted. But the peculiar outlook of the Scots Law, its basic principles and high logical practical sense, are jealously preserved, with just a touch occasionally of a half-malicious, half-pitying scorn for the cruder rules and outlook of the English system. Each country has its vanities and foibles, and Scots and English have their jokes at each other's expense.

The severe business-like tone of the modern world may make it more difficult to develop in the Parliament House to-day the breezy humour which characterised the eighteenth century. But to come to these later days, and to consider only the departed, the wit of a Charles Neaves, the lucid depths of an Inglis, the firm sagacity of a Kyllachy, and the strong vital humour of an Ardwall show a variety of high mental quality which seems to demonstrate the continued vitality of the Scottish spirit in its native abode, and not merely as rich, quaint blendings in an alien mentality.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

By OTTWELL BINNS, Author of *A Mating in the Wilds*, *A Hazard of the Snows*, *Clancy of the Mounted Police*, &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—LOST!

INSIDE the trading-post the terrific struggle still went forward, the three men fighting desperately for their lives without, as yet, recourse to any weapons except their naked hands. For the moment they were thrown back to the primitive, and as they rolled all over the floor, scattering such things as were in their way, they gasped and grunted, and made beast-like noises. Neither Carwyke nor Eskimo Billy was among the weaklings of the earth; but the big Russian had a giant's strength, and used it like a giant, clinging to them, keeping them on the ground as they rolled over and over, and preventing any effort to break free, whilst disregarding anything they did to him.

Then suddenly Nicholovitch gave a gasping bellow of triumph. His huge hand had found a sinewy throat, and closed on it like a vice. The throat belonged to Carwyke, who, as he felt the big hand, struggled desperately to release himself. The Russian, however, was not to be shaken off. Carwyke, with that constricting hand upon him, felt for his pistol, to find that in the struggle the belt to which the holster was attached had broken and fallen from him, leaving him weaponless. He tore at the Russian's hand, but might as well have torn at the trunk of a big pine. Black specks obscured his sight; he felt as if all the blood in his body had surged to his brain; he could not draw breath, and tried vainly to cry out.

Nicholovitch, now half-lying on his victim, looked in his blackening face and gave a ferocious laugh. Eskimo Billy, with the Russian's left arm encircling him and holding him down, heard that laugh, and divined something of what was happening. With a tremendous effort he broke free and rolled clear. For the moment the giant disregarded him, and his second hand went to Carwyke's throat.

Billy was on his feet in a second. A single glance told him the position of affairs, and assured him there was no time to lose if he was to save Carwyke's life. His eyes fell on the rifles, which had been placed in a corner when they entered the room. He leaped for the corner, picked up one of the weapons, and leaped back, with the weapon clubbed, for at such close quarters a bullet might have proved fatal to both friend and enemy. As he leaped the woman Marya entered the room and ran forward to intervene. He gave her a snarl of warning that checked her for the moment, and a second later brought the butt down on the Russian's great head. The trader gave a grunt

and turned half-over, but did not release his hold of Carwyke's throat. Ruthlessly the ex-whaler swung the rifle again, and clubbed the giant with as little compunction as he would have clubbed a seal. This time the Russian's whole form relaxed, his head fell down on Carwyke's empurpled face, he gave a groan, and then lay motionless.

In the same moment a burning pain struck through the victor's shoulder, and he swung round. The half-breed, knife in hand, was coming for him again. It was no time for niceties, and he struck her a blow which sent her reeling across the room, where she fell over one of the stools and lay still. In three seconds more he had dragged the Russian aside and was looking into his friend's face. What he saw there sent a clutch of fear to his throat, but he did not waste time. The vodka jar was on the shelf, and he half-filled a tin mug with the spirit and ran back to Carwyke.

There was bloody foam about the wanderer's mouth. Billy wiped it away with his hand, then tried to introduce a little of the potent spirit into the relaxed mouth. His first effort was not very successful. The spirit dribbled on either side, and ran down into the neck of the unconscious man's tunic. He looked hastily round for other means, and, hanging on the wall, saw a tin spoon used for cooking. In a trice he had secured it, and began to use it.

A drop at a time, he introduced something like a tablespoonful of the spirit into Carwyke's mouth; then he bathed his forehead and nostrils with the fluid. Having done that, he unfastened the senseless man's tunic and flannel shirt, and waited helplessly, uncertain what to do next.

He heard a movement behind him, and looked round. Marya had revived, and was crawling on her hands and knees towards the knife which she had dropped in her fall. She stopped as the ex-whaler rose sharply to his feet.

'So, yo' wild she-cat——' he began, broke off, and, stepping towards the knife, picked it up.

The woman, still on hands and knees, looked up at him in dumb resignation. She had intended a treacherous thing, and, in her bleak life having had no acquaintance with pity, anticipated none.

'Stand up!' said the ex-whaler sharply.

The woman obeyed him, rising shamblingly to her feet. He looked at her for a moment, saw the apathetic acceptance of tragic fate in her dark eyes, and then spoke, still with the sharp note in his voice. 'Thet man of yours

there would kill yo' if he stood in my socks jest now, wouldn't he?'

The woman's head gave assent; then Billy spoke again. 'Yep! He's thet sort, but I'm not. Yo've acted according to yo'r poor lights, as I'm goin' to act by mine. I can't trust yo', not one li'l bit, an' I haven't the heart to kill you, so I guess I'll hev to tie yo' up. Now don't move, or maybe I'll turn Russian myself.'

He looked round the room, and as he did so saw what he wanted—a long coiled thong of deer-hide hanging from a nail in the rafters. He jerked it down and swiftly bound the woman; then, having rendered her helpless, hurried back to his friend.

Carwyke still lay unconscious, but his face had a less congested look, and there was a little dilation of the nostrils which told that he breathed. With new hope surging within him, Billy picked up the tin mug and spoon, sparing a glance for Nicholovitch as he did so. The prone giant lay exactly as he had done, sprawling grotesquely on his face, arms and legs relaxed, dead or utterly unconscious—which, he could not tell, and he cared less, so long as the man remained powerless to intervene.

Billy gave his full attention to Carwyke, and again began to drop the vodka into the open mouth. Presently he saw a quiver of the bruised and swollen throat, as if there was an attempt to swallow; there came a sigh, and the eyelids trembled and lifted, and closed again.

The ex-whaler administered more vodka, and the eyes opened again, with intelligence gleaming in them. 'Lie still, Mista Carwyke! Take yo'r time. Yo'll be right in a jiffey, an' thet darned Russian is out of action.'

Carwyke turned his head slightly, and his eyes roamed round the room as though searching for something or some one, and then he strove to speak. That the effort was a painful one was clear to the watching Billy, who made haste to intervene.

'Cut ther talk out, Mista Carwyke. Thet throat of yo'r must be main sore, an' there's no need for words.'

But the other persisted, and at last achieved a weak, hoarse whisper. 'Nor—Norma?'

Billy started as if shot. 'God forgive me, I'd clean forgotten ther child!'

He jumped to his feet, and addressed a sharp question to the pinioned woman. 'Where is ther girl?'

There was a harsh menace in his voice and manner that had not been there when he addressed the woman after her attempt upon his life. Marya recognised it, and cowered a little; but in this matter she was blameless, and she spoke out. 'She go een—een canoe. Me send her away from Neek!'

'Um! Thet's all right. She went down the river, I guess!'

The woman nodded assent, and Billy turned to his companion.

'Yo' heard, Mista Carwyke. Thet poor creature there tumbled to ther Russian's game, an' sent Missy off whilst we were fightin', I s'pose. I guess we'll find her down-river as soon as we can get goin'. Better take a drop more o' this Russian physic to brace yo'.'

He lifted the other's shoulders and supported him whilst he painfully swallowed a little of the vodka; then he dragged forward a couple of sacks of flour, and arranged Carwyke against them in a reclining position. That done, he gave his attention to the prostrate Nicholovitch. He did not know whether the man lived or not, but it was as well to take no risks. The man's great frame, notwithstanding the severe clubbing he had suffered, might be capable of unusual recuperation; and if he were to revive, the trouble might begin again.

Using some of the hide-thong which had already proved useful, Billy bound the trader in such a fashion as would render him helpless if he should revive, the woman watching him with a fathomless look in her dark eyes. When he had finished he stepped to the door and looked up and down the river. But for the swirl of the water and the noise of the wind in the willows there was no sound, nor was there any one in sight. He looked towards the landing-place. One of the kayaks, he saw, was gone, but the other remained side by side with the canoes which had been there on their arrival at the post. He considered the canoes thoughtfully for a moment, then he returned indoors. Carwyke looked at him with questioning eyes.

'Ther kayak's gone,' he said, 'an' Missy couldn't hev taken it upstream. Ther current's too fast.' He paused for a moment ere he continued. 'Ther sooner we're travelling ther better. Ther chances are thet there's some other guys attached to this outfit, an' if they was to show up——' Again he paused, and after a moment added, 'Besides, there's Standifer an' his lot. I guess they'll be pushin' this way as fast as they know how, an' I ain't ready for any more scrappin'—not just now. Thet woman there jabbed me with a knife, an' while I reckon it ain't much, I'd best save what's left of me for real work. We've jest got to get to Missy as fast as the water'll take us.'

'What do you suggest, Billy?' asked Carwyke, in a voice that was little better than a hoarse whisper.

'Thet if yo' feel fit to do it yo' should tie up this shoulder of mine—there's sure to be some trade rags about; an' when thet's done we'll take one of ther canoes, an' clear out. Yo'll be able to lie about till yo'r feelin' better, Mista Carwyke. Anyway, we got to quit this

place one-time. Li'l Novgorod!' he snorted. 'Li'l 'Ell, more like!'

'Find the bandaging,' whispered Carwyke.

Billy hurried into the storeroom, and when he returned with a belt of calico his companion had raised himself onto one of the sacks, where he sat with a sick look on his face.

'You ain't feeling well, Mista Carwyka. But 'tis only what yo' might expect after lookin' over ther Divide as yo' did. Yo'll be better in a while.'

Whilst he talked he tore off a generous strip of the calico, then slipped off his outer garment, and knelt at the feet of Carwyke whilst the latter made a shift to dress it.

'It is a clean cut . . . not very deep!'

'Right-o! It ain't goin' to stop me none, anyway.' When Carwyke had finished the ex-whaler rose, gathered their rifles, and went down to the canoes. The valley still wore its deserted air, and, working quickly, he transferred their stores from the interior of the kayak to one of the canoes; then he returned to the store, helped himself to a few things that took his fancy, which he placed in the canoe, and, returning once more, found Carwyke standing at the door.

'Put yo'r arm round me, Mista Carwyke, an' I'll hold yo' up.'

Carwyke felt weaker than he had ever felt in his life. His legs shook under him and almost refused to function, while the arm that rested on the other's shoulder seemed utterly without strength; but stumblingly he made the canoe, and, with Billy's assistance, stepped into it. Then he spoke weakly. 'That woman—'

'I'm goin' to slip back an' attend to Marya. I'll loose ther strip of hide, so thet she can work herself free—after tryin' a bit; an' maybe she'll be able to doctor up her blasted Russian—if he ain't gone too far.'

For the last time he went back to the house; and when he came back to the landing-place, in one hand he carried the jar of vodka and Carwyke's broken belt, whilst with the other he stuffed something inside his Eskimo anorak—what, Carwyke could not see, and felt too sick to inquire about.

'Ther liquor may be useful,' said the ex-whaler with a laugh, as he placed it in the canoe, 'an' I guess ther Russ will hev more somewhere.'

Three minutes later the canoe was pushed out in the current and they were heading down-stream, Billy merely paddling to keep its nose straight, and to guide it from the places where broken water showed. So for a time they progressed, neither speaking; but at last the ex-whaler broke the silence. 'I hope Missy ain't run too far!'

Receiving no answer, he looked back over his shoulder, to find Carwyke was sleeping. 'Wore out,' he muttered, 'an' ain't got over thet chokin' bout yet!'

He did not waken Carwyke, but as they floated with the swift-running current he glanced from bank to bank, on the watch for any sign of the girl or her kayak. He found none, and after a time a look of anxiety came on his face and stayed there. Half-an-hour later he beached the canoe on a sand-bar, and wakened his companion to take counsel with him.

'I'm dead sure I ain't overrun ther kayak, not unless Miss Norma hev dragged it into ther bushes, an' in thet case she'd hev been on the look-out for us, sure. Where can she hev run to?'

'Farther down-stream, I expect,' answered Carwyke. 'Paddle on, Billy! We'll overtake her presently.'

'I sure hope so,' replied Billy earnestly, and pushed the canoe off the sand-bar.

Once more they swung forward in the swirl of the current, but now it was not alone the ex-whaler's face that wore a look of anxiety. There was an even deeper shadow on Roy Carwyke's, and, sick and shaken though he was, his growing apprehension began to obliterate the mere physical nausea.

'Where has the girl got to?' he asked himself, and with burning eyes he searched the river ahead without finding the answer he sought.

Mile by mile they drove on, and with every yard of the way Carwyke's fear mounted. Presently, though feeling weak as a babe, unable to remain idle under the weight of apprehension, he took a paddle and began to work. The narrow valley of Little Novgorod was well behind them now, and they were in a broader valley, bordered by fir-clad hills, in their own way as desolate as the tundra which had been the starting-point of this long journey. The banks were fairly high, and the twists and turns of the river's course hid anything of what lay ahead. As they swept round each bend, Carwyke with anxious eyes searched the new stretch of water revealed, but each time suffered bitter disappointment.

'You're sure we didn't pass her farther up, Billy?'

'Dead sure! Besides, Missy would hev hailed us if we'd run by.'

'Yes! If nothing had happened to—'

'Something's goin' to happen now,' snapped Billy sharply, as they sped round another bend. 'Look ahead, Mista Carwyke!'

Carwyke looked. The river, which had swept nearer the foothills, broke into two at the foot of a rocky bastion which clove it like a sword. Part of it swirled round the foot of the cliff and continued its way along the valley; the other, diverted by the great wedge of rock, swept into a gut of the hills.

'A forked way,' whispered Carwyke in hoarse distraction. 'In heaven's name, which way has the girl taken?'

'I reckon only Heaven knows,' said Billy

despairingly. 'Here's where ther dice are loaded against us.'

It seemed to Carwyke also as if it were so. As they made a landing and Billy went to reconnoitre, unable to remain inactive, spurred by anxiety in spite of his weakness, he stumbled to and fro upon the bank, searching the wilderness for any sign of Norma.

He found none. From somewhere down-river came the weird cry of a loon, the clack of innumerable waterfowl arose from a marsh in the low-lying land; but nowhere was there any indication of the presence of the girl, to see whom at that moment he would have given all that he possessed. His anxiety mounted to anguish. The sombre pines seemed to frown on him from the hills. The hills themselves had a grim aspect, as if they were hostile to his quest. The river swirling by, rippling in the morning sunlight, seemed to mock his apprehension; and suddenly he visioned the girl, lost and alone in this vast wilderness of the north, wandering along its intricate waterways, until, overcome by solitude, reason was unthroned; or perishing miserably of starvation in the shadowy woods.

'God!' he whispered in agony; 'God, be good to her!'

Billy appeared suddenly round the huddle of rocks at the point where the left branch of the river swung into the hills. Carwyke watched him anxiously, hopefully. But as the ex-whaler drew nearer, his face told him that he brought no good tidings.

'Never a glimpse of Missy,' announced Billy. 'Ther river thet way seems to run right into ther heart of ther hills, an' which way Missy took, Heaven knows. S'pose we try a rifle-shot or two? If she's anywhere down ther valley she may hear an' answer.'

'Yes, yes! Quick.'

The ex-whaler took one of the rifles from the canoe, and fired three shots in quick succession. As the sound of them split the stillness of the valley and echoed from the hills, a great flock of geese rose from the marsh and whirled honking into the air.

The two men listened eagerly, but heard no answering shots.

'Try again, Billy.'

Three more shots were fired, and as the reverberation of them died away, and the silence of the wilderness once more reigned, the ex-whaler spoke with a note of despair in his voice. 'No good! She ain't nowhere down there or she'd hev heard, Mista Carwyke. I reckon there's nothing for it but to explore ther way down there.'

He pointed to the narrower way between the hills, and Carwyke stared at it with hopeless eyes. Then a quick thought shot in his mind.

'You don't think that woman at the post was lying, Billy?'

'Nope! When we was there before ther trouble began I was watchin' her, an' I'll lay a dollar that she was'n't no way anxious to keep Missy hangin' around. She didn't trust ther Russian. Besides, ther kayak was gone.'

Carwyke remembered his own conviction of Marya's jealousy of Norma, and nodded gloomily.

'You're right, Billy. But where's the kayak now?'

'We've got to find thet out—an' dam soon! I reckon we'd best tackle thet arm of the river.' He pointed to the left fork as he spoke, and Carwyke gave assent by stumbling towards the canoe. They re-launched it, and drove it past the jutting bastion into the narrower stream. For some twenty minutes they swept on, then Billy cried a warning and directed the frail craft's nose inshore. Ahead lay a long rapid where the water boiled and leaped among impassable rocks. Landing again, they stumbled along the bank to investigate; and suddenly Billy, who was leading, turned and gripped his companion's arm, and gave a hoarse inarticulate cry.

'What——?'

Billy pointed silently towards a place where the water roared and foamed between rounded rocks. There a great pine, blown down by some wild storm, and drifting down the river, had become wedged, and now lifted its dead, bleached arms. On one of them something white gleamed in the sunlight. Carwyke stared at it for a moment without realising what it was. Then the ex-whaler cried in a shaking voice, 'It's ther kayak! God help poor Missy!'

Overwhelming in its impact, realisation came to Carwyke. That white thing, gleaming in the spray and sunshine, was indeed the kayak with a great rent torn in its side.

(Continued on page 174.)

'REFLECTED GLORY.'

DAD says I'm like his mother—
Her picture's on the wall;
Mum says I'm like her brother,
Which I don't see at all.
How could the little girl that's me
Be like a man as big as he?

Aunt Agnes says I am a Brown,
Because I have their features;
Aunt Mary casts her eyelids down
And murmurs, 'Like those creatures!
The child is not of common delf—
She's a De Berry, like myself.'

When mummy's visitors appear
They all at once exclaim:
'The child's your very image, dear;
Her colouring's the same,
But nurse's mirror on the shelf
Tells me I am most like myself.'

ANNE MACDONALD.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

HORSES, WHITE AND RED.

By W. A. ATKINSON.

UP and down the country, on the slopes of prominent hills and ridges, there are various figures of gigantic size cut in the turf, which form striking landmarks often visible for many miles across the lower levels. Most of these cuttings represent the forms of horses, and many of them occur in the chalk districts, where the removal of a few inches of soil lays bare the white rock, and gives a silhouette of gleaming white in sharp contrast to the surrounding green, brown, or dun. But in less favourable districts the mere removal of the turf does not produce this striking contrast, and the huge intaglio has to be coated with lime, or paved with white stones, in order to obtain the desired effect. In one instance, that of the horse on Edgehill, the exposed rock was red, and the figure acquired the name of the Red Horse.

The oldest and the most famous of these white horses is the one on the hill above Uffington, in Berkshire, which gives its name to the Vale of the White Horse, along which the line of the Great Western Railway runs to Bristol. Its age is unknown. Some writers associate it with the battle of Ashdown, fought between King Alfred and the Danes in the neighbourhood of Compton Beauchamp in 871. They base their arguments chiefly upon the association of King Alfred with the district, and upon the fact that a white horse seems to have been a favourite symbol of the Anglo-Saxons, and was probably depicted on their banners. The white horse at Uffington may, however, date from a time much earlier than the days of King Alfred. It bears some resemblance to the figures of a horse which are found upon the earliest coins of the British. These coins were remote and very imperfect copies of the gold stater of Philip II. of Macedon, and were first coined in Britain from 200 B.C. to 150 B.C. Moreover, in the vicinity of this white horse there are several interesting remains of very ancient date. Uffington 'Castle,' near at hand, is a fine, oval earthwork. Wayland Smith's Cave, familiar to readers of Scott's *Kenilworth*, is what remains of a long barrow of the Neolithic period. An old road, known by the names of Icknield Street and Ridge Way, winds round the slope

of the hills upon which the white horse is cut. This road is mentioned in a charter of a thousand years ago, and was probably in existence before the coming of the Romans.

Whether the Berkshire white horse may or may not claim an antiquity so great as that of the objects by which it is surrounded, it is certainly very old. It represents a galloping horse. The turf is cut away to a depth of 2 or 3 feet, and the chalk of the high downs is exposed. The figure is 374 feet long, and covers nearly an acre of ground. When well lighted by the declining sun, it is visible for a distance of 14 or 15 miles, the hill being the highest in the district, and about 850 feet above sea-level. From time to time the figure needs to be raked and cleared of weeds, and this operation was at one time performed at an annual festival known as the 'Scouring of the Horse.' Lysons states that there was a tradition that some of the neighbouring lands were held by the tenure of cleaning the horse.

The cleaning of the former red horse of Edgehill is said to have been secured by a similar tenure. This horse was cut upon the escarpment of Edgehill, above the village of Tysoe, a few miles south of Kington, and gave its name to the vale at the foot of the ridge, the rock or soil which was exposed being red. It is said to have been cut by the country-people to commemorate that Earl of Warwick who, before the battle of Towton in 1461, killed his horse, and risked his life on foot, determined to win or die with his men. The scouring of this horse, which was in every way inferior to the Uffington white horse, was usually carried out in bygone times on Palm Sunday, the festival upon which the battle was fought. The battle of Edgehill, the first in the Civil War, was fought within sight of the red horse in 1642.

II.

In the county of Wiltshire there are several white horses. Only one of them, however, that on Bratton Down, overlooking Westbury, is old, and even this has been re-cut. Like the one in Berkshire, it is believed to have associations with King Alfred, and to mark the site of his decisive victory over the Danes at Ethandun or Edington. A camp immediately above it, known

as Bratton Castle, has been thought to be Danish, and there are other ancient camps and similar remains in the vicinity. The horse is a very shapely one, standing in an easy, natural attitude, and bearing considerable resemblance to the white horse on the Hambleton Hills in Yorkshire. The figure is cut down to the chalk, and stands out well from its background.

At Marlborough is one of the modern white horses of Wiltshire. It was cut by school-boys in the grassy slopes above the town. At Cherhill, a mile or two east of Calne, there is another of these figures. This was cut towards the end of the eighteenth century at the expense of a resident of Calne, Dr Christopher Alsop. On the summit of the hill there is a camp known as Oldbury Castle. Other white horses in Wiltshire are at Pewsey, Broad Hinton, and Wootton Bassett.

The white horse of Kilburn, near Coxwold, in Yorkshire, stands on the western slopes of the Hambleton Hills, just under the flat edge of the tableland, which here falls rapidly to the great plain which stretches away to York. On a clear day the figure can be seen for nearly 20 miles. It was made so recently as November 1857 by a native of Kilburn, named Thomas Taylor, who is said to have made a fortune in London. It seems to have originated in the whim of its designer; though there is a tradition that it was made to commemorate a horse-trainer, who was supposed to have been carried over a precipice by the horse he was riding. This is probably the result of confusion with the White Mare Crag, or Whitestone Cliff, a mile or two away, where the accident is said to have happened. The figure measures 108 yards in length, 86 yards in height, and covers an area of 3 roods. If it were enclosed in an oblong fence, the enclosed area would be about 2 acres. The underlying soil or rock in this district is not chalk, and the figure had to be made white by means of lime, of which 6 tons were used. Thirty-three men were at work upon the horse upon the day when the finishing touches were applied. In 1896 the figure was nearly obliterated by a hailstorm, which washed out the lime.

In the north-eastern part of Aberdeenshire, near to Strichen, is Mormond Hill, an isolated ridge of no great length, rising to a height of about 800 feet. On the south-western slopes of this hill a white horse is cut, which covers half an acre of ground, and which, owing to the flatness of the surrounding district, may be seen for a great distance. The silhouette is filled in with white stones. The origin of this figure is unknown to the writer; but it probably belongs to the early years of last century, as it is mentioned seventy or eighty years ago. On the other side of Mormond Hill there is a larger figure of a stag made in a similar way. This, however, dates only from 1870.

On the downs at Osmington, near to Weymouth, there is a large figure of a man on horseback, which is visible for many miles at sea. This is a portrait of George III., who had a high opinion of Weymouth as a health-resort, and spent much of his time there. The figure was cut by a soldier, and he succeeded in hitting off the characteristic form and attitude of the monarch, even if he failed to produce a very artistic result. A bed of chalk, which breaks into the cliffs at this point, forms the base of the design.

In the same county, Dorset, on Trendle Hill, near Cerne Abbas, there is the gigantic figure of a man cut out of the turf in the same manner as the horses already referred to. The figure is 180 feet tall. Its arms are extended, and it holds a club in one hand. The foundation is chalk, and, like the various horses, the figure is scoured and trimmed from time to time. It appears to have considerable antiquity, since it is referred to a hundred years or more ago, and even at that time there seemed to be no certain information respecting its origin. A somewhat similar figure is the Long Man of Wilmington, cut in the chalk downs of Sussex not far from Eastbourne. The man is represented with outstretched arms, grasping in his hands the tops of two staves, as tall as himself, with which he seems to be walking. In this instance the figure, which is 230 feet long, is only an outline and not a silhouette. Nothing seems to be known about its origin; but it is surmised that it may possibly be prehistoric, and date from the Bronze Age. About 1870, being nearly obliterated, it was re-marked with white bricks, under the superintendence of the Rev. W. St Croix, vicar of Glynde.

III.

While the majority of these landscape sculptures represent the forms of animals and men, there are occasional instances of the representation of inanimate objects or geometrical designs. One of these is Whiteleaf or Whiteley Cross in Buckinghamshire, near to Monks Risborough. It is cut on the western side of a high chalk-hill of the Chilterns, and faces towards Oxfordshire. The cross itself is 80 feet in height and the same in breadth, but it is attached to a large triangular base, which makes it a much more conspicuous object at a distance. The cross-bar is about 12 feet in breadth or thickness, and the cutting through the superficial soil is 2 or 3 feet deep. The age of the cross is unknown, but it has been thought to commemorate a victory of the Saxons over the Danes. A writer who saw it about the year 1740 says that there were at that time some remains of a fortification at Princes Risborough, which, he thought, might be Saxon, and he assigned the cross to the time of Edward the Elder, son of King Alfred.

Some later antiquaries are disposed to put back its origin to still earlier times. Though the cross as a Christian symbol implies the previous introduction of Christianity, these writers consider that in this instance it is but the modification of an older pagan symbol cut by some pre-Roman occupiers of the land.

There is a similar cross, but without the triangular base, at Bledlow, a little to the south-west. This cross is about 70 feet in height and breadth. The Icknield Way or Street, already mentioned in connection with the Uffington horse, runs along the foot of the chalk escarpment upon which these crosses are cut. This particular Icknield Way—there are many bearing this name—is here in several respects unlike a Roman highway, and Dr Guest and other antiquaries regarded it as a British track-way.

These various cuttings on the hillsides, which rarely fail to excite the wonder or the interest of casual beholders, may have in many cases

something more than a popular interest. They divide themselves into two classes: those, like the horse at Kilburn and the stag on Mormond Hill, which are modern and freakish; and those, like Alfred's horse at Uffington and the Long Man of Wilmington, which are undoubtedly old, and may have a historic significance. The latter occur for the most part on the high downs of Wiltshire, Berkshire, Dorset, Sussex, and other southern counties, where prehistoric remains, testifying to large and flourishing settlements, are numerous. It may be said that these turf sculptures are numerous upon the downs because the underlying chalk affords the best foundation for the purpose; but this does not explain the frequent association of the landscape carvings with prehistoric remains of a totally different kind, nor does it explain the predominance of the horse, which may have some significance. Modern opinion, in spite of the lack of conclusive evidence, seems inclined to assign to some of these figures a very high antiquity.

THE WHITE HERD.

PART II.

V.

I TOOK my leave, and cycled back to the cottage on the hill. Kelly was waiting for me on the doorstep.

'He's still aslape, sor,' he announced in a mysterious whisper. 'He's been sore hurt. No fall from a harse iver made such a wale on the face of anny man, Misther Dean.'

'It didn't,' I confided. 'Do the people hereabouts say anything regarding—regarding this Mr Bolding?'

'They do that, sor, even although he hasn't been here above a week. They are sayin', sor, that he isn't Misther Rupert Bolding at all, at all. There's some as remembers Misther Rupert as a gossoon, and they say as he was brown, while this man's black as the side o' Partry Knock.'

'We must be circumspect,' I admonished. 'We may be doing him a grave injustice.'

'Misther Dean, sor,' he said, with the queer lighting up of the eye which I had come to regard as characteristic of the region, 'the Joyce's Country people are circumspect enough, but they've their own manner uv bein' so, if ye understand. The gentleman in there—he made a motion of his head towards the bedroom—'had better mind his pays and q's. There's a great warmth for the Bouldings here. It's manny a long year since they came to the castel, and now there's but Miss Helga left—a sthrappin' colleen, but a grim.'

'Indeed, she is,' I assented hastily.

'Sure ut'll be more than a clip wi' Miss Helga's whip he'll get ere he's done,' mused Kelly. 'There's a sore thrial waitin' him. If he's a true Bolding, he'll not be feart o' the White Herd. If he isn't, the thafe o' the world——'

'I don't grasp your meaning, Kelly.'

'It's like this, sor,' he explained, the light behind his sombre eyes growing in intensity. 'The tale runs, and has run for ginerations, that the bastes in the White Herd can tell a true Bolding, and will not harm him. Ould Misther Boulding, Miss Helga's father that was, would walk in among thim like a herd among ornary cattle; and it's Miss Helga as feeds thim out'n her own hand, when no man for twenty miles round dares go within as many yards o' thim.'

'Good gracious!' I exclaimed; 'do you really mean to say—to suggest that they'll expect that man in there, whoever he may be, to face—to go among those dreadful beasts?'

'There'll be murmurin' if he darsent,' he replied darkly. 'It's the way of Joyce's Country.'

'A nice way, too!' I hadn't quite realised that the man was talking seriously. 'Was any one ever unable to face this—this sore trial, as you call it?'

'Ould stories say so.' He groped about in his mind. 'Ginerations agone, they say, there came such a man as this might be to Boulding Castel.'

'There did?'

'Yes, indade, sor. The people misdoubted him. He was put to the thrial.'

'And—he failed?'

'Sure, yes, he failed. How did yer 'anner know?'

I shuddered. The shadow of Partry seemed very dark. The west wind came in from the sea with a wail in it. Clouds were massing over Castle Bolding. Above the wind I could hear the bellows of the White Herd. . . .

'So runs the tale,' said Kelly in a tone of grim satisfaction. 'Maybe it's an ould wife's tale. Who can say? Only the people in these parts believe it. That may make it bad for him—in there.' Once more he nodded in the direction of the house.

'I had better look at him,' I said, and went within.

VI.

He was awake and sitting up in bed. He greeted me with a sour look.

'I've been to Castle Bolding,' I said. 'I may as well tell you that reports of you there aren't very favourable.'

'Oh, indeed!' he jeered. 'My affectionate cousin, I suppose? Well, I'll see to it that she won't find a home for her petty dislikes under my roof much longer.'

'I should advise you to be careful. Suspicions of your *bona fides* have been aroused.'

'Suspicions, hey?' He laughed unpleasantly. 'What sort of suspicions, my good Dean?'

'That you are not the man you represent yourself to be.'

He threw back his head and roared with laughter. Then a spasm of pain crossed his face, and he sank upon the pillows. 'Well, I'm hanged!' he growled amusedly. 'Really, Dean, what have you done with your sense of humour—if you ever had any?'

'You'll require all you've got of your own if you stay long in these parts, my friend,' I retorted.

'Of course papers go for nothing—identity papers and such proofs,' he snarled.

'They will probably only deepen suspicion,' I said, watching him closely, 'since both of your ears—'

'Well, what about them? Don't be so devilish mysterious.'

'Are entire. One of Rupert Bolding's ears was hacked about by a dacoit knife.'

A gray shadow seemed to cross his face, but he pulled himself together with what, for his damaged condition, seemed marvellous address. 'Are you trying to live a shilling shocker, Dean?' he asked coolly. 'Really, you are the most remarkably credulous—'

'The shocking process won't be felt by me,' I assured him. 'You don't seem to know the people here as well as a Bolding should. In

vulgar parlance, they'll put you through it, my friend.'

'Oh, ease up,' he snapped. 'I'm feeling better now, and I'll rid you of my company.'

'If you ever took well-meant advice,' I said earnestly, 'you'll do it now, and leave Bolding—at once.'

'What's all this mystery?' There was no banter in his voice now. 'They're queer people here, that's evident. I haven't been here for eighteen years, and then only once. But—'

'I've done my best to warn you,' I said. 'My conscience is clear. You know best yourself whether you can afford to take risks.'

He made no reply, but jumped from the bed and began to make his toilet. He was whistling bravely, but I noticed that he swayed dangerously.

'You can't walk to Castle Bolding in that condition,' I protested.

'Can't I?' he retorted. 'If you'd staggered through miles of jungle as I've done with fever on you—'

I left the room. Ten minutes later I heard his footsteps on the flags, and saw him leave the cottage and swing down the hill. Apparently he was his own man again.

About ten o'clock Kelly knocked at the door of the sitting-room where I sat smoking. 'Mr Dean, sor,' he said in his grave, deliberate way, 'I should loike to say something.'

'By all means, Kelly. Fire away.'

'Sure the countryside's ringin' with it—that that—gentleman tried to keep Miss Helga from goin' to the 'torney's—tried to kiss her. The people are fair wild.'

'Well?'

'Their blood's up. It's slow blood, sor, but when it's on foire—'

'And what do you suggest?'

'Sure, I don't know rightly, yer 'anner. The keepers an' herds are talkin' down at the inn. I don't like their demaneour at all. There's black work on hand, as I'm a Christian man, Mr Dean.'

'I'm sure you are, Kelly. You did quite right to tell me.'

I looked out of the window. Late as it was, I noticed that more than one light burned in the tower of Castle Bolding. What was happening there? How did Helga Bolding fare? I will not deny that she attracted me as no woman had ever done before, but in some strange and unusual manner that I could not fathom. And the phrase of Kelly kept running in my head, 'a sthrappin' colleen, but a grim.' Grim—yes, if the word could possibly apply to a beautiful young woman, it certainly applied to her. Grim she was in spirit, if not in face. I had no fear that she would be unable to protect herself against the man who called himself Rupert Bolding.

VII.

I was awakened by a loud knocking at my door. I cannot explain it, but as I opened my eyes and leapt out of bed at the summons I experienced some such feeling of foreboding, of the nearness of doom, as, I have heard, is felt by those who are about to be present at an execution.

'Miss Helga, sor.' It was Kelly's voice. 'She's waitin' on ye outside.'

I scrambled into my clothes. She was standing at the door. The dawn was just breaking, and its first red glow struck full upon the masses of her bright, yellow hair and the foam-flecked muzzle of the black horse she had spurred up-hill. Blood and haste, I thought, and shrank from the sight of her rather than from the keen thrust of the morning wind.

'You must come,' she said. 'They have him.'

'They——?' I was dazed, incoherent.

'They have rounded up the White Herd. They are taking him——'

'Murderers!' I shouted, beside myself. 'D—d murderers! It is horrible. You acquiesce in their abominable superstitions, you——'

'Perhaps.' She smiled harshly. 'I would not be otherwise. I am a woman of my country-side. That man killed my cousin. I searched his effects last night and found his papers. His name is John Gregory. I came to tell you—to justify myself.'

'Justify yourself!' This diabolical corner of barbarism and its chieftainess! 'Ride on. I'll cycle down. I'll be there in a few minutes.'

As I passed through the great gates I saw that which turned my blood to water. The rising sun blazed scarlet on a great concourse of snow-white cattle, whose gleaming shapes rose and fell as they galloped in a wide circle like the waves of a wind-lashed sea. On the castle steps stood a knot of dark-faced men armed with guns—the herds and keepers on the estate—and in the midst of them was the man who called himself Rupert Bolding. I rode straight up to them and dismounted. As I did so I noticed that Helga Bolding stood on a higher step, looking down on the group beneath her as one might look on at a play. The men were silent. Some of them, I could see, were in liquor. They glowered at me like hounds at the huntsman when he stands between them and their quarry.

'So you've come?' Bolding asked in his bantering way. 'In time for the funeral, eh?'

'You're makin' your own funeral,' said one of the men soberly. 'If you're a Boulding, you've naught to fear. If you aren't, well, go while you've a whole skin.'

'Cursed if I repeat that I'm a Bolding,' he cried fiercely. 'Do you think I'm afraid of a park of skittish bulls? I've faced up a herd of wild elephants, I tell you, a band of howling dacoits, and you talk of—cows!'

'You're mad!' I cried. 'If you're what you represent yourself to be, go now, and you can substantiate it later. But go!'

'Go, be hanged!' he retorted savagely. 'Why on earth should I go? It's nothing to me that you're making a ridiculous mistake. You've got it into your silly heads, you and Helga, that I'm not Rupert Bolding, and, of course, by sticking to that on some flimsy pretext you place yourselves on a level with these dolts here.'

'But can't you see,' I implored—'can't you see that it's got past that? Even if you are Rupert Bolding, as you maintain, and we admitted it, these men here are determined——'

'That's just the part of it I relish.' He laughed recklessly. 'Oh, I know you regard me as a brute because I threatened dear Cousin Helga here. Well, perhaps I am. The wild, you see, caught me young, and I have become a man of the wild. You think this place primitive. Good Lord, had you been where I have been! It's farcical! As for this *canaille*, do you think I'm afraid of them, or of their silly test? Why, man, it's a bagatelle. A parcel of half-tame cattle!'

'Ye laugh at the Herd,' flashed out one of the men. 'There's scarce a man in the whole of Joyce's Country will go within a quarter of a mile of them.'

'So much the worse for you, then, as a pack of skunks. Come on, you fools! I'll show you what a real man's like.'

'Bolding!' I cried, my nerves strung to breaking pitch.

'Yes, Dean? I see you're calling me by my proper name now.'

'Gentlemen!' I appealed to the keepers. 'Miss Helga doesn't wish this to go on.'

She was silent—frozen.

'Miss Bolding,' I almost cringed before her, 'you must see——'

She was staring hard at the man who called himself her cousin.

'If he is what he claims to be,' she said, as evenly as though she were speaking of some one a thousand miles away, 'he is in no danger. If he is not—then he deserves all.'

'But you say that you have proofs that he is not.'

She made no reply.

'I won't stay here and see murder done.' My blood was up now. 'You are savages, barbarians, every one of you.—You, woman, are the worst of all.'

She looked past me with unseeing eyes. I turned away.

'Come, let's be going,' said the claimant

briskly. 'It looks like rain. That'll spoil the sport.'

'Bolding, you madman!' I stood in his way. He brushed past me. I was elbowed aside by a press of jostling, shouting men. They were all mad that morning, they by virtue of their insane superstition, he by virtue of his evil pride and scorn of danger.

'Watch he doesn't run for it, bhoys,' cried a keeper.

'Run!' sneered Bolding; 'I wouldn't run for the devil himself, you fool. Come along, fellow-savages; and you, Sir Civilised, you can watch us from the window if you've got cold feet.'

(Continued on page 184.)

CROCODILE SHOOTING IN INDIA.

By Major R. OAKDEN.

IN September of 1918 the regiment in which I was serving was sent out from Egypt to India. Our first station was at Fyzabad close to a large river, the Gogra, a tributary of the Ganges. There were several jeels in the neighbourhood where duck and snipe were plentiful, but the sport which appealed to most of us, as being of a character we were not likely to experience again, was shooting the crocodiles which abounded in the Gogra.

It would not have been a difficult matter to shoot these from a boat while they were swimming in the river, but there would have been little satisfaction in this, for a successful shot would only result in the corpse sinking to the bottom. The crocodiles had, however, a habit of crawling on to the shores of the river to sun themselves, and it was then that our opportunities occurred of shooting them, either from a boat or after stalking them from the banks.

This was not so easy as it would appear, for the crocodiles of the Gogra, though fearless enough in the water, had been taught by many generations of British officers to be very wary while out of their element. Moreover, though their bulk is large, the vital spot—the place where the head joins the body—is very small, and unless killed outright they manage to wriggle into the water and so put an end to the prospect of securing a trophy. A long-range shot gave little prospect of killing outright, while, both banks and river being destitute of cover, there was considerable difficulty in getting within reasonable range without being detected by the sharp eyes of the crocodile, which would quickly scurry into the friendly shelter of the water.

Their vitality is enormous. On one occasion I was out with a fellow-officer named Williams and two boatmen. After I had shot one small crocodile we decided to divide our forces, he going along the bank with one boatman, while I floated down the river with the other. Having discovered three large crocodiles lying up on a long flat island, I landed at the farthest end, and crawled towards them. When I had got within about a hundred yards of the party, one of them became suspicious and began to move. I knew

that it was useless to attempt to get nearer, so, taking careful aim, fired at the largest. He gave one convulsive movement and fell back, while the others, of course, quickly disappeared into the water.

I went to my victim and, having planted another shot into him at close quarters, measured him, and found him 15 feet 6 inches long. I signed to the boatman to assist me in turning him over so that we could remove the belly skin, which is the part used for making bags and other articles, the remainder being too thick and horny for any practical purpose.

The boatman took hold of one of the hind-legs gingerly, but immediately he did so the leg began to move, and he let it go as he would a hot poker. I planted two more shots into the crocodile, but on further attempts to turn him over the leg still continued its spasmodic movements. Doubtless he was really dead, but my boatman was clearly nervous of touching him, and even had I been quite free from the same feeling—which I was not—the bulk of the crocodile would have been too much for my unaided efforts.

I therefore sent the man away with the boat to fetch our comrades, and after a time he returned with Williams and the other boatman. In response to our directions, the two men approached and touched the hind-leg. The result was as before.

'Put a shot through his heart,' said Williams.

As neither Williams nor I had any idea where the beast kept his heart, this was not very helpful advice, but I put two more shots into his body with the vague idea of hitting the important member. Whether I succeeded or not it had no effect on the unruly leg.

I then refused to waste any more cartridges, and catching hold of the still moving leg, succeeded with the aid of the rest of the party in turning the brute over. We then commenced to remove the belly skin, starting at the throat, but when we got near the hind-leg he began to kick again. I had to stand on the offending limb until the operation was completed.

While this was going on the vultures began to arrive. First one, then three or four, then a whole crowd. How so many arrive out of the

due is extraordinary. I once counted seventy, and then gave it up as hopeless.

When the belly skin had been removed we threw it to the vultures, who pounced upon it, fighting and struggling, but effectually cleaning it of such scraps of meat as had adhered to it. When I had first seen this done I had thought that the birds would ruin the skin, but in reality it is too tough even for their sharp beaks.

On another occasion I went out with a shikari and two boatmen. After patrolling the river unsuccessfully we landed to investigate some pools where a *burra mugger* was reported. We saw nothing of him, but I managed to get a few duck and plover with my shot-gun. It was then April, and I had been out since 4.30 A.M. I decided to return before the heat of the day was at its worst, so about 10 A.M. we entered the boat to go to quarters.

We had not been long in the boat when the shikari called out to me, 'Look—big mugger—shoot.' I looked, and could just see the eyes and tip of the snout of a garyal, or long-nosed crocodile, lying close to an island. I was surprised that the shikari should have suggested shooting a crocodile in the water, but I had confidence in the man, and, taking aim at where I judged the vital portions to be, fired.

The result was utterly unlike anything I had ever seen before. The crocodile raised the whole length of his body out of the water, turned a complete somersault, and came back onto the water with a resounding splash. These wild gyrations continued. He had been lying in an area of shallows, and, being wounded, was trying to follow his natural instinct and dive into deep water. Had the boatmen kept still it is just possible I might have hit him with a second shot, but they rowed vigorously towards him, and, though I fired several times, to hit a revolving crocodile from a rocking boat would have taxed the skill of a Colonel Cody.

After a few minutes he managed to get into slightly deeper water and disappeared, but shortly afterwards got into the shallows again, and the wild gymnastics recommenced. At length he sank into the main stream, and I mentally bade him good-bye.

But I was mistaken, for he reappeared, swimming calmly. I was about to fire, but the shikari restrained me. Instead, the boat was rowed up to him, and to my surprise the shikari took a piece of rope, made a running noose, and slipped it round the jaws of the crocodile.

The result was a wild dive, and the rope, which was of crude native manufacture, broke in his hands. I thought the game was hopeless, but my companions seemed determined not to relinquish the chase, and waited patiently for his reappearance. After about ten minutes we again saw him swimming with the noose round his jaws.

We rowed up to him, and I seized the rope, but this time the noose itself broke. I handed it back to the shikari, signing to him that we should make it double thickness. He did, and we made another attempt, but the noose was too short and clumsy, and the crocodile dived again before he could get it fixed.

I saw that what we wanted was a long length of rope, so that we could play him as one would a fish. All we had was a length of twine which was sometimes used for towing the boat.

This we attached to the rope, and waited patiently for another opportunity. Again he appeared, and was successfully noosed. This time the shikari made no attempt to hold him, but allowed the twine to run through his fingers, while we rowed after him to prevent his taking out the full length of the twine. Of course, it was quite hopeless to think of pulling him ashore, even if we had had a rope strong enough to hold him, unless I could shoot and kill him while on the noose. Even then I doubted if the twine would be strong enough to hold his weight, and therefore waited patiently until we had drawn up to him, and the shikari had the rope in his hands. I had loaded my shot-gun with two 'lethal' cartridges. These were each fitted with a hollow spherical bullet, which I judged to be more effective at close quarters than a rifle bullet. I waited until the shikari had the rope in his hands, and was just on the point of firing, when he dived again and the rope broke.

'Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook?' we are asked in the Book of Job. Really we seemed to be attempting something equally hopeless. It was now about midday, and the heat was intense, but my companions showed no sign of tiring of the game, and I decided to make a final effort. Again the crocodile reappeared and was noosed. Again he was allowed to run, and we rowed after him, but this time we got the boat close up to him and I fired. He sank, an inert mass. Slowly, and with much trepidation, we towed him across the river, and drew him up the bank. The post-mortem showed that my first shot had blinded him, which doubtless explained a good deal of his behaviour.

THE CLAIMANT.

ON such a night, when infinitely vast

The skies unfold the earth's dark silhouette

And the moon's splendour over all is cast,

My soul cries out, caught in that silver net—

Imprisoned and innately human still,

Though listening to the message of a star

That shines, a beacon, o'er the distant hill

Beyond the valley where deep shadows are.

Dear God! on such a night, a night like this,

'Twere surely almost insolent to pray

For the fulfilment of some dream of bliss

Or for the puny, sordid needs of day;

Yet, conscious of its right divine to be,

The soul insistent claims its empery!

CONSTANCE FARMAR.

THE STRANGE LADY.

By ALAN SULLIVAN, Author of *Man's Work*, &c.

I.

THE canoe crept delicately upstream like a vagrant leaf, whose brown, impalpable weight only skimmed the flat surface of the foam-flecked water. Now stopping, now swerving questingly into untroubled pools, now thrusting out till the swift current thrilled against her bows, she worked steadfastly toward a cleft in the pine-topped ridge that lay directly athwart her course. From this cleft the hollow grumble of a rapid boomed incessantly. Presently, on rounding a point, the barricade of white water flashed in sunlit brilliance.

'If m'sieu will cast in front by the big rock,' said an amiable voice. At the same moment the canoe, poising for an instant, slid shoreward and fetched up in a patch of drifting foam. The paddle blade of Alphonse had not left the water, and now winnowed softly like the tail of a gigantic fish.

Past the great rock moved sluggishly a dark arm of the river. It was agitated with wayward whirlpools that rolled foamlessly out of sight, then swung to the surface and expanded into large, smooth wrinkles. The wrinkles twisted, overlapped, broke, reunited, and disappeared. Through their thin, reiterant hissing a sharp plunge sounded thirty feet ahead.

The brown wrist of Alphonse turned swiftly. The canoe shot ahead and lay inert just outside and abreast of the smooth rings that began to spread so rapidly. Then a yellow rod swayed in the bow like a streak of pale flame, a gossamer thread floated lightly outward, and two flies, hovering for an instant, dropped delicately in the centre of those watery circles.

In another second something stirred beneath the surface, then, flashing upward, broke into the air with a scattering of wine-like spray, and bored down again to the depths. The fisherman's rod had curved like a stalk of wheat, and bright diamond drops were racing along his taut and singing line.

The sun was low when the canoe slipped shoreward to a portage that opened as might a leafy tunnel leading straight into a slumbrous woodland heart. Beside it, the rapid growled interminably like a vast and shaggy watchdog. Alphonse, with a chuckle, balanced the great trout, laid it softly in the moss, and swung the canoe over his head. The quick pad-pad of his moccasined feet seemed at once to be obliterated in silence.

The fisherman lingered on a trail cushioned with the bronze rain of pine needles. Mounting irregularly, it wound between great boles, whose topmost branches were woven into a

canopy that stretched high, green and motionless. Beneath this canopy lay nooks, corners and caverns, windless places and spaces—glade and thicket. The fisherman passed on, blending like a shadow with this divine serenity. At the end of the portage gleamed a lake.

'M'sieu can see Jacques and Alcimore?' said Alphonse, leaning on his stroke when they had re-embarked.

'No, not yet!'

'So, over de bow.'

The canoe swerved ever so slightly, and, staring over the knife-like prow, the fisherman detected two tiny flashes that glimmered intermittently and far away.

'Dey travel fas,' went on the Frenchman. 'Two hundred mile in five day wit' many portage.'

But this time the fisherman did not answer. Alphonse, with his eyes wandering from the distant point to the figure which, even in the canoe, never entirely lost its erectness, fell to thinking once again of the strange chance that brought him and Jacques and Alcimore a hundred miles over the hills to live with this strange gentleman, who caught so many fish and said so little.

II.

He had arrived the summer before, quite unexpectedly, at Fond du Lac, which is, as every one knows, at the end of a narrow-gauge railway that runs north through the Laurentians not far from Quebec. And at Fond du Lac he had asked Pierre Lozeau, the postmaster, in the most perfect French possible, how he should get farther north. It seemed, on looking back at it, that that French had stirred something in the soul of Alphonse, who was lounging in the doorway. He had not dreamed that his own tongue could be so beautiful. So it was a very natural thing that, moved by the desire to hear more of it, and being a free man who had just come off the drive, he should offer to take m'sieu north—as far as m'sieu should wish to go.

That was the first time he had ever looked into the eyes of m'sieu. They were very remarkable—sometimes gray and sometimes green or blue—they seemed to be full of little hidden fires that either melted one's heart or scorched it. Then, again, they were the eyes of one who sees a very long way. Sometimes they were like ice in the early winter, and sometimes as tender as the April sunset. When Alphonse recovered himself, he heard m'sieu say that they would start at once. Then the stranger waved his hand at the station platform, on

which were piled six large leather trunks. When Alphonse had engaged Jacques and Alcimore for the trip, and they all went toward the canoes, it was discovered that from each trunk there had been scratched out a name.

And all this, reflected Alphonse, with his eyes fixed on m'sieu's back, was over a year old. There was that curious trip northward, the strangest trip he had ever made. They soon got into virgin country untouched by the lumberman's axe. Sometimes m'sieu would drive them on from morning till night, and the next day he might lie on his back and stare for hours at the heavens. But all the time Alphonse noted that the lines and wrinkles were leaving his face. In a month he had seemed ten years younger.

Then, too, had come that marvellous night when m'sieu had ordered Alphonse to open a long box, and took out his violin. For a time he gazed at it, turning often to peer into the woods with half-closed eyes. Suddenly he laid his cheek against it and began to play.

And as he played, Alphonse and Jacques and Alcimore began to shiver. Moved by uncontrollable impulse they drew closer together. The night turned blacker, and as the violin deepened its unearthly note, every wolf on the ridge yelped back its answer, and a carcajou, leaning by the river-bank, whined and cried. Wilder and more fearful came the music, till the shadows around seemed full of spirits who were moaning and wringing ghostly hands.

But, just as suddenly, the note changed. The violin ceased its wailing, and from its hollow throat floated a song. The song was so sweet that Alphonse thought at once of Philomèle, the girl he hoped to marry. From the woods there came a strange twittering as the song lifted through and roused drowsy birds to answer its magical message. In the middle of the most beautiful part m'sieu stopped abruptly. Instantly the three Frenchmen had frozen into rages. The whole thing might have been a dream.

The very next day, after portaging around a rapid, they had come to Lac Perdu, a barren sheet lifting flat to a horizon ringed with unruly hills. Thrusting down from the north was a long point, where great white pines stood in ordered ranks at the very water's edge. The stranger saw it and stared wistfully.

'What is it called?' he asked.

Alphonse shook his head in ignorance, but Alcimore spoke up from the other canoe. 'Pointe des Pins, m'sieu. She's all desert, dis lake. No mans live here.'

The stranger stared again, then nodded and smiled contentedly.

III.

And since then many things had happened. The cabin of M'sieu Brown—for thus were

addressed the letters that came to Fond du Lac—was finished, and another for the three voyageurs. That of m'sieu stood near the water, and the other a little way off. The route to Fond du Lac had been traversed many times by Jacques and Alcimore. Nothing now lacked in security and comfort. They looked very romantic, those two cabins, with the roof logs that overhung so far in front to make shade—just like bushy eyebrows. The fisherman surveyed them with satisfaction as he now approached.

'A good trout,' he said, and dangled the great, iridescent fish. 'Five pounds, I think.'

'Seex,' said Alphonse cheerfully. 'Observe his tail, how broad, how strong! M'sieu will go again to dat pool to-morrow.'

M'sieu smiled. 'To-morrow we commence the second year of your service. You are content for another twelve months?'

Very slowly Alphonse drew a beautiful curve in the white sand with the blade of his paddle. 'M'sieu,' he answered with a touch of emotion, 'dere is somedings all mens want—his woman. Lac Perdu, she's wan fine lake, but she don't take de place of Philomèle Doucette. I wait wan year more—dat's hall right; but after dat I guess Philomèle she's say somedings, too.'

Monsieur Brown's eyes took on a softened look. 'And if at the end of the year I should say to you, "Take my cabin, my friend Alphonse, and the canoe and tents and all, except what I brought to Fond du Lac, and live here with Philomèle"?''

Alphonse caught at the lean brown hand, then drew back in confusion. 'M'sieu, I do not know how,' he stammered, and added, 'but will m'sieu not live here any more?'

'No, not here—you see, Alphonse, I have discovered that I was not meant to live in one place. Twenty years from now you may follow me by a trail of cabins, all leading farther north. I shall be in the last one.'

'M'sieu, then, is not mar——?'

The words died on his tongue. The glance of M'sieu Brown had hardened into steel, and his lips were pressed tight. A dull flush had risen to his temples. He stood very still, and suddenly terrible and magnificent.

'But, m'sieu,' faltered Alphonse piteously; 'I—I——' Then again he stared.

The strange appearance had vanished and left his master as kindly as before. 'Alphonse,' he said evenly, 'it is quite right to ask. We wish each other to be happy. Is it not so?'

'Mais certainement, m'sieu.'

'I was married—but now—I have not a wife.'

The Frenchman felt something tugging at his heart-strings. Never had m'sieu seemed so noble. Just then the canoe of Alcimore ran swiftly ashore beside them.

Alphonse took the leather mail-bag and followed m'sieu to his cabin. There the contents were spilled on a table. On top of the heap lay a violet envelope from Philomèle.

'Ah,' smiled M'sieu Brown. He reached suddenly and plucked out another envelope. It was long and white. Alphonse noted that it bore no stamp, and had a great red seal that glowed like blood. M'sieu looked at it hard.

'Leave me,' he said presently. His voice had taken on the tone it had that first day in Fond du Lac.

At supper-time he shook his head and would not eat. Alphonse moved away puzzled and disconsolate. The sun went down, and night closed in, black and starless. Lac Perdu was blotted out, and only by the lispings along the shore could one tell where the water lay. M'sieu lit his lamp, and the three Frenchmen clustered together and stared across at the window, through which they could see the figure of m'sieu sitting with a square sheet of paper in his hand. Sometimes he leaned his head on his palm, but for hours there was nothing more than that.

At midnight they were wakened by what Jacques took to be a wendigo in the woods behind. It was the violin of m'sieu. The sound of it gripped and wrung their hearts. The lamp had long since been extinguished, and he was playing strange things to himself in the dark. At daybreak he looked ten years older.

IV.

It was not long after this that M'sieu Brown decided to go a day's journey down the river, and fish for a week in a certain pool. Alphonse nodded, and suggested that he go down a day early with the tent. He would prepare such a camp as befitted the dignity of his patron.

To this M'sieu Brown assented, so Alphonse paddled away with the middle thwart of his canoe gripped tight between a sinewy calf and a curving thigh.

That evening, the camp half made, he caught, far down the river, the flash of paddles. Presently a canoe, edging along the shore on the rim of the heavy water, thrust its bows around the nearest point. In the stern sat Pierre Lozeau. In the middle was a strange woman. Then Pierre nosed in to shore, and the woman spoke. 'How far are we from Lac Perdu?'

The pulse of Alphonse beat a shade quicker. She had spoken in French—the French of M'sieu Brown. 'One day, madame,' he said curiously.

She turned to Pierre, 'Then, do we camp here? I'm very tired.'

'If madame wishes—yes—dat's hall right.'

He pointed to the work of Alphonse. 'She's wan good place here.'

Alphonse stepped forward quickly and steadied the canoe while madame got out. She stood for a moment, walked stiffly to the little point and stared upstream. The livid sunlight poured over her, and Alphonse instantly decided that she was more beautiful even than Philomèle. There was something strangely familiar about those eyes, those delicate features, and the proud carriage of that head. Suddenly it flashed upon him that upon the log-hewn wall of his cabin on Lac Perdu the picture of this strange lady had been pasted. It was taken from an English magazine. He had found it crumpled in the sitting-room of M'sieu Brown. At the time he wondered why m'sieu should have done this—but now!

He strode into the bush, and staggered back under a mountain of cedar boughs. Half-an-hour later madame had eaten, and lay on a scented mattress staring into the fire.

It was not till an hour after, when she had drawn the doors of her tent, that Pierre Lozeau jerked his chin towards those white walls. 'She's look for M'sieu Brown.'

'What for she's do dat. M'sieu Brown she's not maree.'

Pierre pressed a tawny finger into the bowl of his pipe. 'Hall I know, she's come to my bureau on Fond du Lac an' ask if dere's wan Henglishman who's live on Lac Perdu. Den, by gar, she's mak me tak de canoe and go on voyage.'

Alphonse was sharply torn between a sense of the beauty of the strange lady and a curious throb of protection for his patron. M'sieu did not want the strange lady, or he would not have meant to destroy her picture. At the same instant the printed name flashed into his memory.

'She's de Comtesse de——' he stopped abruptly.

'What's dat?'

'She's look lak picture I see of wan Henglish Comtesse, an' I guess I look lak wan beeg fool for go wild-geese chase on Lac Perdu.' He stretched out on his back, feet to the fire, and instantly fell asleep.

V.

An hour after daybreak Alphonse had killed enough trout for breakfast, and came silently ashore, standing up in his canoe. When he looked up he saw the strange lady. She wore a great cloak, but was shivering in the gray of the morning.

'*Bonjour*, madame.' He kicked the camp fire embers into redness, and heaped on dry birch.

The strange lady smiled her thanks, and spread her long, white hands to the flame. 'Is M'sieu Brown well?' she said very distinctly.

Alphonse, already busy with his trout, started. 'Oui, madame, ver' well—now.'

'Has he been sick?' There was a sudden lift in her voice.

'*Mais non*, madame; but M'sieur Brown he's wan sick man when he strike Lac Perdu.'

She glanced up sharply. 'What was the matter?'

'Don't know, madame. Very strange *maladie*. Jus' same as somedings go wrong here an' here.' He touched head and heart. 'Never see dat kind *maladie* on Lac Perdu or Fond du Lac before.'

'But he is well now?'

'I guess yes. When he play de fiddle he feel pretty queer.'

'Why do you say that?'

'*Bien*, madame, sometimes I want to dance all de way from Lac Perdu to les Rochers Rouges—and the nex' minute he bre'k my heart wit dat fiddle.'

'Are you very fond of M'sieu Brown, Alphonse?' Madame looked up the river.

'*Oui*, madame. She's wan fine man—M'sieu Brown.'

'So am I, Alphonse, and'—she stooped forward, and her voice grew very tender—'I want you to take me to see him.'

The Frenchman examined his trout gravely. It had always seemed a strange thing that M'sieu Brown, such a man, should bury himself on Lac Perdu—and worse than that, talk of going farther north every year. He had said, too, that he was married, but had no wife. And here—he glanced at the strange lady with bright, curious eyes—here was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, also alone, also unhappy. Suddenly it appeared to him that in this delightful world there was misery enough. Why should it be increased by these two, between whom there was some link he did not understand? What harm could so wonderful a woman do to any one—even his own patron? The biggest trout quivered in his hand, and he felt on the edge of amazing things.

'Madame,' he said slowly, 'M'sieu Brown comes here to fish. *Voici* his *campement*. He come, I guess, 'bout seex o'clock. Suppose madame wait. I feex him up, *le campement*, *bien confortable*. Madame eat, rest—sleep. *Bien?*'

The strange lady glanced at him, turning her head with a quick, bird-like alertness. 'But is there any other reason why I should not go on?'

'None, madame,' countered Alphonse hastily. Then he paused, for romance had begun to flutter in his heart. He would make a *campement*—one worthy of this lady and M'sieu Brown. He had a restless consciousness that whatever he might offer would be infinitely less than this proud lady had been accustomed to

receive, but it would be the finest *campement* ever seen on Lost River. He looked at her with pleading eyes. 'Madame will stay? Is it not so? Pierre Lozeau, he shall return to the bureau at Fond du Lac.' He hesitated, and added swiftly, 'An' if madame, she does not stay on Lac Perdu, I shall tak her down the river—eh?' A flush mounted to his swarthy cheeks.

And into madame's face, as she met that beseeching gaze, there also crept a rising colour. 'Very well, Alphonse. If I do not stay, you shall take me back to Fond du Lac.'

She ate with a delicate hunger, and watched Pierre Lozeau, as in high content he slid downstream. Alphonse finished his breakfast, wiped his fingers in moss, and sprang to his feet. '*Madame, maintenant pour le campement.*'

By mid-afternoon it was finished. The tent was knee-deep in small cedar tops that cushioned it like a spring mattress. The space in front of the tent was floored with flat-split birch. Beyond this rose a royal fireplace, flanked with boulders and backed with great logs that would prison the heat and send it into the open tent. Steps cut in the bank were paved with flat stones, and a small floating dock thrust out from the shore into black water. On one side lifted a shelter roofed with bark, that housed a table and two small opposing benches. It was all sweet and odorous, with the scent of fresh-hewn timber and the sharp fragrance of cedar. At four o'clock Alphonse straightened his back. 'M'sieu Brown,' he said quickly; '*le void.*'

VI.

The strange lady looked up and saw a canoe in mid-stream. It moved swiftly in the centre of the ridge of saw-toothed swells that marked the toe of the rapid. In the stern crouched Alcidore, with his eyes glued to the surging line and feeling the weight of the water with his skilful paddle-blade. In the centre knelt M'sieu Brown. He was bent forward, and stared at a miniature whirlpool in the back-water, above which dangled a single fly. The tail fly had been snapped under. Presently the nose of the canoe edged into the back current, and the fight went on. To Alphonse all this was an old story. He glanced at madame.

Her face had become deadly pale. Her thin hands twisted nervously together, and her lips were moving. He could not hear the words, but they seemed to go out to M'sieu Brown, who turned so suddenly that but for the quick balance of the steersman the canoe would have upset. At the sight of the strange lady he motioned to Alcidore, and they began to come slowly across the stream, and all the time his face became colder and sterner. It was just as

though her eyes had flung out an irresistible cord that was drawing him to the shore. Presently he reached land.

Alphonse shot a swift glance at the face of his patron, and gesticulated wildly to Alcidore, who came, wondering. Instantly Alphonse pulled him down into a clump of ground hemlock. M'sieu Brown, who had taken not the slightest notice of this pantomime, went slowly up the new flagged steps, and forward to where the strange lady stood by the tent door. Two pairs of glittering eyes devoured them.

'Seems lak I know dat woman,' whispered Alcidore.

'Tch!' hissed Alphonse. 'You spik wan leetle word and I sack you, by gar.'

Alcidore grunted a protest, but just then the strange lady stretched out her hands. 'Arthur, Arthur, don't say you'll send me away again!' she implored.

M'sieu Brown trembled quite visibly. 'Why did you come here?'

'I can't live without you. I would have followed you anywhere. Let me stay now.' A royal colour rose to her cheeks. 'I was only dreaming before—I'm awake now.'

'And——'

'He's gone—gone for ever. I was crazy, a fool—but never what you thought—Arthur. Take me—keep me close to you—always.'

M'sieu Brown lifted his eyes and surveyed her petitionary beauty. 'I'm done with life—your way of living. I've lost the taste for it, and shall never go back.'

'You?' she whispered. Her hand fumbled at her throat. 'You—what will——' The rest dwindled into silence.

'There are worse fates than to be forgotten,' said M'sieu Brown slowly.

The strange lady looked at him for a moment, and swayed ever so slightly. 'Then let me be forgotten, too,' she implored. 'Arthur, don't you understand? I want nothing more than you can give me. I am content to stay here always; I should be proud to do that. I have learned to love it already, and,' she faltered, 'beloved—I love you.'

M'sieu Brown caught his breath sharply. 'To live here always—year after year—and to die in the north with me,' he said unsteadily. 'Are you ready for that? Can you forget the life that is behind?'

'My—life—is—just—beginning,' she whispered faintly.

And at that he stepped forward very swiftly.

Not long after the sun dropped behind a bank of cloud, and night came on fast. The flames were leaping in the big fireplace. M'sieu and madame, lying on the spruce branches, were gazing into them, when, quite unconsciously, m'sieu reached for his fiddle-case. Alphonse lay back and closed his eyes.

Presently, woven into the rumbling rapid, came the music, a lifting thing that picked up one's heart and moulded it into many shapes. There was silence when it ceased.

Next day they headed for Lac Perdu. Madame's lips parted in delight when she caught sight of the cabin. The canoes touched shore, and without a word Alphonse dashed toward his own log-house. Once inside, he stopped breathless before a picture pasted to the timbers. 'By gar,' he panted, 'Alcidore, she's wan beeg fool. Suppose Madame Brown she see dat.' Then he tore it from the wall.

THE ROMANCE OF COAL-TAR.

By JOHN HILL, M.B.

I.

THE huge development of the complex coal-tar industry forms one of the most romantic chapters in the history of applied science. Tar is well known as one of the most unsightly by-products in the manufacture of coal-gas. To the average mind it is simply a dirty, sticky mess, but to the experienced chemist coal-tar represents a veritable treasure-house of immensely useful and beautiful substances. The astonishing advances of the analytical chemist within the last fifty or sixty years have made a fascinating romance of what is usually regarded as a very prosaic subject.

For many years after the introduction of coal-gas, tar was looked upon as refuse. It became, in fact, a disagreeable nuisance, the

disposal of which caused the manufacturers a great deal of trouble and expense. Any demand that existed for it was far short of the amount constantly being produced at the gas-works. Eventually, coal-tar became such a drug in the market that when attempts were first made to obtain useful results from its distillation the by-product was willingly given away on condition that the distillers removed it at their own expense!

One of the first products resulting from these early experiments in tar-distillation was naphtha, which was employed by that far-famed Glaswegian, Mackintosh, as a solvent for rubber; it is still used in the preparation of the waterproof material that now bears his name. Further investigations proved its value in the manufacture of certain kinds of varnish;

and over seventy years ago a flare-lamp for the combustion of naphtha was patented. Precisely the same type of lamp is still to be seen on some costers' barrows, and is a favourite method of illuminating travelling shows.

Another discovery that provided a useful and welcome outlet for the gas-companies' refuse was the preparation of timber in such a way as to withstand the action of water. It was found that wood which was exposed to water or moist soil was much more durable if previously impregnated with heavy oil. The best oil for the purpose was found to be creosote, another by-product of the gas-works. Creosote is still largely used on railway sleepers, fences, telegraph poles, and on the wooden portions of piers and harbours, on which it has a most useful preservative action.

II.

But the fullest possibilities of coal-tar as an article of commercial value were not properly realised until scientific knowledge and resource had been brought to bear on the subject, its chemical constitution analysed, and its properties and reactions investigated and recorded. In this way it was found that coal-tar could be split up into about ten primary products, or 'crudes.' From these, some three hundred 'intermediates,' such as the well-known aniline, could be obtained, these in turn being the source of thousands of dyes of every conceivable hue and shade.

Some of the more important of these derivatives are benzene, xylene, toluene, naphthalene, anthracene, phenol, and cresol. Purified phenol is familiarly known as 'Carbolic Acid.' The other materials owe their importance to being the starting-point in the preparation of numerous aniline dyes and other synthetic products of great interest and value in commerce, medicine, and the arts.

The extraction of these substances from coal-tar is accomplished by a process technically known as 'fractional distillation.' Their separation from one another depends on the fact that each has a different boiling-point. The tar is heated in a special boiler, with which is connected an elaborate thermometer, very sensitive at high temperatures. As the temperature in the boiler is gradually raised, the more volatile substances distil over more or less pure, being followed one by one by those which are less volatile—that is, those with a higher boiling-point. Each distillate is collected separately, according to the indications of the thermometer.

Very clever, yet how childishly simple in its cleverness! Nevertheless, for many years after it was first discovered this process was regarded as an interesting curiosity, and nothing more. That the various components of coal-tar could be sifted out in this way was

intriguing enough certainly, but only in a scientific way. Commercial and business men, including even the gas-manufacturers themselves, scoffed at the idea of this laboratory experiment ever being put to any practical use. It is a commonplace (but a standing reproach withal) that we, as a nation, are slow to recognise the value of the research laboratory. We are apt, as a rule, to despise theoretical knowledge of discoveries of which we fail to see the immediate use.

Fortunately, however, for the credit of British genius and enterprise, it was an Englishman, the late Sir Wm. H. Perkin, who first drew the attention of the world to the almost infinite possibilities of coal-tar. While still a youth of eighteen, he made the remarkable discovery that aniline, when oxidised by potassium bichromate, produced a colouring matter of a beautiful shade of purple that had never been seen before. This colour all the world now knows as 'mauve.'

But mauve was only the first of an immensely long series of artificial dyes which skilful chemists were able to produce from the unlovely by-products of the gas-works. Before long, as the investigation of the subject progressed and was widely taken up throughout Europe and America, an astonishing variety of beautiful dyes of great commercial value was produced. Volumes (and extremely interesting ones, too) might be written on the subject of these dyes alone. Many of them, such as alizarin, indigo, Martius yellow and Victoria orange, have proved more successful commercially than the natural dyes which they imitated. Except for a limited field, natural dyes, such as cochineal, logwood, madder, turmeric, and catechu, have been largely ousted by the prodigious growth of the artificial colour industry, while certain mineral colouring matters, chiefly chrome yellow, manganese brown, and (to some extent) Prussian blue, have also been successfully imitated by the redoubtable chemist. Other colours, like magenta, Bismarck brown, malachite green, and methyl violet, have never yet been found in Nature at all, and are of purely laboratory origin. This is an indication of the huge development of the artificial dye industry.

III.

Although aniline, the raw material for so many dyes, is found only in traces at the gas-works, it is easily prepared from benzene, which occurs abundantly in coal-tar. It is interesting to note, in passing, as evidence of the ingenious utilisation of by-products, that in the preparation of aniline from benzene another useful substance is produced. This is nitro-benzene, a substance with an odour like that of bitter almonds. It is extensively used for scenting soap.

It is no exaggeration to state that the uses that science has discovered for coal-tar derivatives are almost legion. Other well-known artificial perfumes are Neroli oil, made from naphthalene, sweetly redolent with the fragrance of orange-flowers; and oil of jasmine, which is prepared from benzene. Equally familiar are artificial musk and oil of wintergreen, derived from phenol. Some of these have been built up synthetically in imitation of the chemical formulæ revealed by analysis. Others have a perfume resembling the natural odours, but are quite different in composition.

Benzene alone, from its elaborate chemical constitution, can be made to yield a host of useful drugs like phenacetin, antipyrin, aspirin, sulphonal, and veronal, besides numerous antiseptics and local anæsthetics. Benzene itself is an antiseptic, but its importance lies in its being the starting-point in the preparation of others that are of greater use to the surgeon, such as picric acid, and several aniline dyes, notably methyl violet, methylene blue, flavine, and brilliant green. Phenol, naphthol, and cresol are other tar-products of proven value as antiseptics and disinfectants.

Still another outlet for the utilisation of the refuse from the gas-works is in the manufacture of lyddite and tri-nitro-toluol (better known as 'T.N.T.'), explosives which play an invaluable part in blasting operations, as well as in the less useful sphere of war.

IV.

As a matter of fact, one can hardly count the uses of coal-tar. It provides the photographer with his developer, the microscopist with his stains, the dairyman with the yellow colour for his butter, and the up-to-date housewife with patent fuel, while in the days of war-time sugar-scarcity still another tribute to its usefulness was the ubiquitous saccharine tablet. By the development of the coal-tar industry a new world of discovery and invention has been opened up, and new substances, of astonishing utility and variety, have been revealed. The advances made in the utilisation of innumerable by-products form one of the greatest triumphs that chemistry has ever achieved. From being spurned as rubbish, coal-tar is now recognised as being of inestimable value, and has been truly described as 'one of the most useful substances in the world.'

The history of its evolution reads more like a fairy tale than an account of scientific progress. A famous humorist has thus neatly expressed it:

There's hardly a thing that a man can name
Of use or beauty in life's small game
But you can extract in alembic or jar
From the 'physical basis' of black coal-tar.
Oil and ointment, and wax and wine,
And the lovely colours called aniline;
You can make anything from a salve to a star,
If you only know how, from black coal-tar.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER IX.—A NEW HOPE.

SICK with despair, Carwyke stared at the wrecked kayak. Then the river, the shattered craft, the woods and hills faded from his view, and he saw only the face of a girl with an aureole of golden hair, and with blue eyes that met his own in level gaze. He had spoken no word of love when he might have done, and now that word must go unspoken for ever. As that conviction assailed him an inarticulate sound broke from his lips, and without a word, or so much as a glance at his companion, he began to stumble forward down-river.

Eskimo Billy followed him, and in silence they reached the tail of the rapids, where something caught the quick eye of the ex-whaler, who pointed silently.

'What is it?' asked Carwyke hoarsely, his vision blurred by fear.

'I reckon it's Missy's paddle caught in ther whirlpool.'

Carwyke's vision cleared a little, and for a moment, like a man hypnotised, he watched the paddle drift round the whirlpool at the foot of the broken water; then he looked down the river with its gloomy woods on either bank.

'Do you think there's any chance she came through, Billy?' he asked in a shaking voice.

The ex-whaler's face betrayed that he had no hope. 'If God worked a miracle——' he began; then broke off and added tonelessly, 'I guess we'll find her below somewhere.'

Carwyke knew that he meant they would find her body, and the thought was agony to him, intolerable. He clutched at a straw. 'Could Norma swim?'

'Like a seal,' answered Billy. 'But what good would that be to her in water like that?'

He jerked a thumb towards the rapids; and looking at the tattered water, racing between the boulders and foaming over rocky ledges, Roy Carwyke knew that no hopeful answer to the question was possible. The strongest swimmer would be tossed like a dead stick in that roaring flume, broken on the ledges, battered by the boulders. The straw at which he had clutched broke in his hands, and with despair in his eyes he looked down the river. Three hundred yards down there was a small sand-bar, about which had gathered a drift-pile of tree-trunks and other debris brought down in

the spring floods. As his eyes fell on it, Billy pointed. 'I guess thet's where we'll find poor Missy,' he said hoarsely.

Together they began to walk in the direction of the drift-pile. They had gone but a few yards, however, when the nature of the bank forced them to climb to the wood above, and make a detour towards the place for which they were making. The wood was very thick, many windfalls barred their way, and twice they were forced to climb high dead-falls where the fallen trunks were piled criss-cross in a most amazing fashion. Half-an-hour passed before they reached the place where they could descend to the drift-pile, and at that point Carwyke halted. 'Go down, Billy,' he said in a shaking voice; 'I—I can't.'

Without a word in reply the ex-whaler climbed down at the bank towards the heap of debris cast out by the surging stream. For a moment Carwyke watched him, then, dropping to the ground, sat with his face buried in his hands. Minutes passed without anything happening, when a sudden shout made him look up sharply—a shout that had a jubilant note; and a second later he saw the ex-whaler come round the drift-pile at a run. 'Mista Carwyke! Mista Carwyke!'

The man was waving an arm excitedly, and with a great surge of hope in his heart Carwyke began to scramble down the bank. For the moment weariness and weakness were forgotten. As he reached the sand-bar he started to run, drunkenly—but still to run. When he reached his companion he was gasping, but managed to cry, 'Have you—found—her, Billy?'

'Nope, thank God!' answered the other, gripping his arm and leading him round the debris. Then he stopped and pointed to the sand, crying excitedly, 'Look there, Mista Carwyke! Look there!'

Carwyke looked at the place indicated, and saw the impress of feet, which still showed moist in the sand. He stared incredulously. He knew what those marks meant. Some one had landed on the bar, wading from the river; and in this desolate land that some one could be no one but Norma Mannering. A great relief flooded his mind, and in a surge of gratitude the words broke from him, 'Thank God!'

'Yep!' said Billy. 'I reckon He worked ther miracle after all.'

For a moment they stood without further speech; then, looking round, Carwyke asked a sharp question, 'But where's Norma now?'

Billy nodded towards the woods above. 'Up there somewhere. Ther footsteps lead to ther bank. I guess Missy climbed up, an' started to go back to meet us, maybe at ther point where ther river forks.'

'Then we must get back quickly,' said Carwyke, turning towards the bank.

'One li'l minute, Mista Carwyke. I reckon

we can't both go. To begin with, yo' ain't fit; an' again, it's best thet one of us should watch ther river-bank in case Missy hev'n't gone so far back on ther trail. We don't want to miss her here.'

'No.' Carwyke looked up at the gloomy woods, and added in a husky whisper, 'That would be terrible.'

'Then I reckon yo'd best go back to ther canoe, as yo' ain't fit for travel in timber. Yo' can keep a look-out there; an' if yo' was to let off a rifle now an' then, I reckon it wouldn't do no harm. Mebbe Missy might hear it, an' work towards yo'.'

Carwyke's spirit rebelled at the inactive rôle assigned to him, but he knew that the other's decision was the right one. His head was aching intolerably; and as he stood there his legs shook under him with weakness and weariness, for the shock following the Russian's murderous activities was now asserting itself more strongly than at any moment since the actual flight from Little Novgorod. Reluctantly he was forced to agree.

'You're right, of course, Billy. I'll go back to the canoe.'

'An' I'll go on ther trail of Miss Norma. I reckon I won't hev to go so very far—for Missy ain't used to woods. I guess I'll be back wi' her inside an hour.'

'I pray God you may!' answered Carwyke fervently, and with a cheery wave of his hand the ex-whaler departed.

Carwyke watched him mount the bank on the trail of the girl so miraculously preserved from death, then he stumbled round the wood-pile, and laboriously climbed the bank on the farther side. It was three-quarters of an hour later when he reached the canoe; and though his head was reeling and his heart throbbing painfully, the first thing he did was to climb to the edge of the wood, to fire his rifle into the air twice. After the second discharge he listened hopefully, but no answering shout came from the recesses of the dim woods. A little disappointed, he seated himself at the top of the bank; and as he did so, a phrase spoken by the ex-whaler shot into his mind, 'For Missy ain't used to woods.'

New fears assailed him. That which Billy had regarded as being a hopeful element suddenly took on itself an aspect most sinister. It was true that Norma was unused to timber. The wide tundra—treeless, except for growths so stunted as scarcely to rank as bushes—had been her home. There, no doubt, she had moved at will and in safety, all the points of the compass readily discernible to her accustomed eyes; but in the woods she would be helpless as a babe. Even an expert woodsman might lose himself in their recesses, and for her their depths were fraught with peril. He remembered the great dead-falls he himself had

climbed. There would be others—many of them—in the virgin forest, which in all probability had never once rung to the sound of an axe. If she encountered any she might try to walk round them, and, in doing so, lose all sense of direction.

Beads of sweat broke on his forehead at the thought. He recalled stories of men who had so been lost in the great forests farther south; and remembered a man whom he and two other men had found, dead, with his rifle in his cold hands and a bullet in his brain. The man had left a message scrawled in a note-book, telling of his wanderings and his accumulating despair; and as he thought of that message, Carwyke shuddered as he had not done when he had read it aloud to his companions. In an agony of apprehension he sprang up, and advancing a hundred yards or more into the woods, fired his rifle thrice in rapid succession. At the point where he stood the roar of the river was scarcely noticeable, and the sound of the shots reverberated through the forest very clearly. He stood with straining ears waiting for a reply. None came. Silence settled on the dim woods as the reverberations died away—a silence that was absolutely unbroken. For a time he stared with hopeless eyes into the serried ranks of the trees; then with hopelessness once more settling on his heart, he stumbled back to the river-bank, looked down its roaring reach for any sign of the girl, and threw himself upon the rough grass with a gesture of despair.

How long he lay there he never knew. At some point overcome with weakness and exhaustion he must have slept, and scarcely had he opened his eyes when he saw Billy emerge from the wood—alone! He staggered to his feet, and, as the ex-whaler advanced, saw that his face was very grave.

'Well?' he asked, in the husky whisper that alone was possible to him. 'Well?'

Eskimo Billy shook his head. 'No luck, Mista Carwyke. I lost ther trail back there in ther wood, an' couldn't pick it up again. I ought to hev took a gun and some grub, an' then I might hev kept on, though I'm ther most doggeden tired man on ther continent. Guess I'll feed up, an' then hev another shot. I've blazed ther way, so thet I can find my road back.'

Without a word Carwyke turned away, despair once more at flood-tide. Norma was lost, and the great woods would be her grave. He tried to assist the other when he began to build a fire and cook a meal; but sheer weakness compelled him to desist and sit down, his head between his hands; and it was not until Billy spoke to him that he looked up. The ex-whaler held a tin mug in his hands.

'Drink thet, Mista Carwyke! Yo're needin' it. Good thing I remembered to bring it away from Little 'Ell.'

Roy took the mug, and began to sip the vodka that it held. It revived him a little; and when the meal was ready he swallowed as much soup as his swollen throat permitted, then watched the other stretch himself by the fire.

'An hour's sleep, and I'll start again. I guess I sha'n't lose no time thet way, for Missy'll hev to halt somewhere herself.'

Rather more than the hour passed before Eskimo Billy rose and stretched himself. Whether he had slept or not, Carwyke, who had been lost in gloomy thoughts, did not know. He himself rose as Billy began to make a pack of food.

'I'll go with you—Billy.'

The ex-whaler looked at him shrewdly, and answered quietly, 'I guess not, Mista Carwyke. Yo' jest ain't fit. Yo' couldn't make a quarter of a mile back there.' He jerked his head towards the forest, and added, 'It's a most almighty tangle!'

'But——'

'Yo' ain't feelin' good, an' yo' know it, Mista Carwyke. Yo'd jest peter out an' be a hindrance rather than a help. Better let me go on my lonesome; I'll go quicker, an' maybe hev Missy back in half ther time. One thing I'll swear, I won't come back without her.'

In his heart Carwyke knew the man was right, and was forced to admit it. 'I couldn't travel quick, that's true, Billy.'

'Then yo' jest stop here, Mista Carwyke. Maybe yo'll do a whole lot more good. Missy at ther point where I lost ther trail was makin' nor'-west, thet is towards ther water we came down before we turned at ther forks; an' if when yo're feeling a bit more good you could haul ther canoe with a tow-line up to ther main river, an' wait at ther dividing-point, yo'd be able to keep a look-out there, for it seems to me thet Miss Norma is working thet way, mebbe to watch out for us comin' down ther river.'

'I hope you're right, Billy!'

'I'm dead sure of it. What for is she makin' thet way, if she ain't?'

'Then I'll remain here, and do as you say.'

'Right, Mista Carwyke. Now, I guess I'll start.'

(Continued on page 178.)

DEATH.

BEWILDERED, lonely, anguished, full of fears,
Too spent for idle speech, too numb for tears;
Like a frail blossom kissed by icy breath
The soul sinks swooning in the arm of death.

Then breaks the song—the song sung by the stars;
Up leaps the soul and tears away its bars;
Enraptured, thrilled, and while they say, 'he dies,'
All gladsome to the Heart of Life he flies.

EDITH L. ELIAS.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

CURIOS AND MEMORIES.

By LAWRENCE G. GREEN.

ONE of the keenest joys of travel comes long after the journey's end ; for it is then, with a settled mind, that all the complexities of life abroad, the wonders of tropic coasts and islands, distant seas and teeming Eastern cities, can be recalled. There is none of the discomfort you experienced—the heat, mosquitoes, and aching legs—when you first stood thrilled at the sight of some queer contrast to your own land. Given imagination, and you may rove the world in your arm-chair at home. Nothing will stimulate more readily a living picture, full of colour and action, than a heap of worthless curios such as I have before me as I write.

A cigarette first ! I choose one from a gun-metal case, with a beaten-gold dragon belching fire at me from the lid. The wall-paper and heavy curtains of my room fade out, and sun-scorched Beira shimmers on a waste of sand : Beira, where muscular Shangaans launch their dug-out canoes in the mud creek ; where crocodiles sprawl in the sunshine up the Busi River, with venturesome little birds picking their teeth ; where Portuguese officials, with strained yellow faces, drink gin outside the Palm Square kiosks. I can hear again the 'Ping-ing-ing-zzz' of the malaria mosquito, beating viciously against the fine gauze netting on the veranda.

On the mantelpiece are two conch-shells. Wonderfully shaped, their shining brown and black curves recall the old jetty at Mozambique, and the pleading Swahili boy who sold them to me. That tiny coral island was Portugal's first stronghold in East Africa ; and as I hold a shell to each ear I listen once more to the deep booming of the surf as it breaks far below the grim ramparts of fort San Sebastian. The old conquistadores heard that melody of the sea as they gazed out beyond the palms for the fleet of dhows that would bring Arab foes. Strange that a pair of smooth shells can roll back the centuries to the days when the hardy navigators of Portugal came plunging into a tropical back-water with their crazy three-deckers.

A mother-of-pearl necklace, touched by the electric light, throws out rays of delicate pink and blue. There is Dar-es-Salaam in the tropic dawn, with the sun streaming yellow through the palms, picking out a minaret on the governor's palace. Rightly the natives named their

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'Harbour of Peace.' It is a bay of pure delight, ringed in by steep green banks, fringed with majestic palms. The brush of a master could not truthfully record the full beauty of a dozen fishing-boats, golden-sailed, beating out of that lagoon to open sea. What continual bustle there is down in the native village, where fat Hindoos loll spider-like outside their fantastic little shops, entreating the visitor to enter and see their wares. And those Swahili shops, too, with piles of light-brown kassava root baking in the sun, bowls of rice, and beans of many colours ! How fascinating it is to watch the Indian cigarette-makers ; a quick grab at the heap of tobacco, a lightning turn of the wrist, the flash of a red tongue, and a perfectly rolled cigarette lies on the fibre mat.

Romance in three syllables—Zanzibar. Some wizened Arab scribe, all the way from Muscat with the invaders, was the genius, I suppose. I possess carved ebony-wood elephants and a dozen other trinkets from that island of sultans and harems ; but the name is enough to bring back clear-cut memories of a coral city—the Paris of East Africa, they call it—where dark Africa and the mysterious Orient jostle in the narrow streets of Malindi bazaar.

Zanzibar ! Your call rings loud and clear in the ears of many a wanderer. I came at night, a purple star-filled night, when the sweet, lingering clove smell drifted out over the waters long before I stood under the betel-palms, listening to the sultan's orchestra playing 'La Paloma.' Who could forget the great mosque, and the marvellous throne of inlaid wood, covered with velvet cushions, littered with peacock fans, where only the Aga Khan may sit ? One wanderer, at least, will journey again to the equator to see the great yellow dome of that mosque rising from a jumble of many-coloured roofs ; to hear the chanting of the muezzin, calling the Faithful to prayer, while a blazing sun swings down and melts into deep ultramarine.

At my feet a rug glows with all the colours of the 'Arabian Nights.' Aden is on the screen now. I lounge under the punkas, gasping, clapping my hands for a whisky-and-soda that I know will be tepid. But what a rug, with its suggestions of yellow desert sand, the

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vivid blue of the Arabian sky, the red blood of a slaughtered caravan that never reached the tomb of the Prophet! Allaho Akobar! Farewell!

No post-cards from Port Said; only a tin of amber-scented cigarettes. Light one, watch the lazy smoke curling up from gray ash, and on the white spiral see the busy water-front of the 'wickedest city in the world,' with its open-air

cafés, boy conjurers, and frantic touts. Over all, the tall statue of De Lesseps, the man who linked East with West, his eyes fixed on the achievement of a dream.

These visions have stirred up the wanderlust. I must walk awhile in the streets before I can sleep. That is the penalty for being a rover; a few joyous glimpses of the past, and the present is dull indeed.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER IX.—*continued.*

WITH that for sole farewell, the ex-whaler turned, and once more entered the wood, soon to be lost in its recesses. Carwyke watched him until he disappeared, and then turned and stared, first at the fire, then at the water, and lastly at the sombre woods across the river. Condemned as he was to comparative inaction, it was almost impossible for him to keep down despairing thoughts. Weak though he felt, he had now no desire for sleep, and to smoke was impossible. The melancholy of the woods matched that of his thoughts. The great silence, broken only by the ripple of water, became an oppression to him. Inured to the wilderness as he was and accustomed to solitude, he had never felt so utterly lonely as he felt in that hour, and never had he been so aware of the menace that brooded in the wild.

Hitherto he had taken the chances of the wilderness with a certain carelessness that characterises the man who is the prey of the wanderlust. His life had been staked on a chance a score of times, he had taken great risks with a light heart, and many times had challenged the fate into the hands of which, as he feared, Norma Mannering had fallen; but never had any of these events moved him as he was moved by the thought of the girl's peril. Again he visioned her wandering in the vast woods, subsisting on berries and roots, travelling the fatal circle in which every tree seemed alike, every boggy place like every other boggy place, every little stream as like its fellow as two peas are alike—so, until either flesh or spirit or both yielded, and she sat down in bleak despair to wait for the slow coming of death. The vision wrung his heart, so that he cried out at his own helplessness, 'My God! and I can do nothing!'

Then a new thought came to him. Behind him, somewhere up the river that flowed by Little Novgorod, were Standifer and his crew. Even if Norma were found in the next few hours, this long delay would serve her enemies. Standifer was not a man to yield easily a prize that had been almost in his grasp, and that could still be pursued. As he reflected on the matter he was sure that the scoundrel would try to

follow, and if he had no available craft, he would build a raft of dry logs; and once he reached the Russian trader's post, he would be able to secure a canoe.

That meant that in a very few hours more he would come swinging out of the narrow valley of Little Novgorod into the broader valley which the river drained; and when he reached the Forks would no doubt make a careful search in order to discover which way the fugitives had taken. At the post he would, of course, wring from the woman Marya some account of what had happened there. He would doubtless learn that Norma had fled from the post alone in the kayak; and if he explored this gut of the hills he would find the wrecked kayak, and possibly jump to the conclusion which Billy and he himself had reached at the sight of it.

It seemed that to let Standifer do so would be a desirable thing. In that event, supposing Billy and himself were not to be found, Standifer might go his way in the conviction that Norma was dead. But if he sighted the canoe, or suspected that the girl had survived the wrecking of her kayak in the rapids, he would haunt the neighbourhood until he learned the truth. Or possibly, if Norma made the bank of the main river before Billy overtook her or he himself arrived there to watch for her, she might fall straight into Standifer's clutches.

Weak though he was, that consideration moved him to immediate action. Taking an axe, he entered the wood and cut a couple of poles. The effort made his head spin and ache intolerably; but he persevered, and launching the canoe, he began to pole it upstream. It was hard work and slow, and several times he was forced to beach the canoe and rest his throbbing head in his hands. But though driven to rest, he would not give up, and presently he reached a point where the tow-line promised better than the pole, and, fastening the canoe to a hide-rope which had been among the stores brought from Unapik, he slipped the line over his shoulders and began to drag the canoe behind him, walking along the uneven bank.

This toil tried him more than the poling had

done. His head ached as if it would split. The woods seemed to reel grotesquely in his eyes, and there were times when the rocky hills to the south appeared to skip like lambs, whilst his legs fairly shook, and his hands trembled like those of a man afflicted with palsy. But now he would not yield to his weakness. He fought it down, trod on it, and, living on his spirit, he dragged the canoe forward. He must pass the Forks before Standifer reached it, or the whole flight might end in disaster; for once the scoundrel learned the truth he would be certain to haunt the neighbourhood, and search every likely hiding-place until he had found Norma. In which case the girl might as well have remained in the encampment by the sea.

Urged by that thought, with many intervals for rest, he slaved on. There were times when all that he did was merely automatic, when his will seemed almost overborne, but still somehow drove his body forward, and with it dragged the canoe; stretches of time when the inanimate things that barred his way seemed to quicken to life and become active personal enemies, assuming a malignancy that tried his soul to the verge of madness. The throbbing of his head increased. Under the strain the swelling of his bruised throat appeared to be increasing; there were many minutes when his breathing was a mere succession of short gasping intakes; and there came a moment when, stumbling over a rock, he saw the world in which he moved spin and whirl before his eyes, and then suddenly vanish in darkness.

How long he lay in the unconsciousness that followed that fall he never knew. When next he became aware of his surroundings, it was to find himself lying in soft mud, with the canoe, anchored by his body, bobbing at the end of the tow-line. Painfully he picked himself up, and stood for a moment reeling like a drunken man, nothing but his dead weight holding the canoe in leash. His hand went to his head. There was something that he wanted to remember. What was it? For a time his brain withheld the information, and then quite suddenly thrust it on him. 'The vodka!'

That would brace him, would keep him going with its fictitious strength until he reached the Forks, where he could rest and wait for whatever was to follow. Weakly he began to haul in the tow-line, and when the canoe was beached helped himself to a liberal portion of the spirit.

Almost immediately it stimulated his flagging energies, and he moved forward once more, unconscious of everything except the urgency of reaching the main river at the earliest possible moment. There was an odd drumming in his ears; black specks danced before his eyes, and his heart seemed to be pounding like an engine. Yet he kept on hour after hour, with briefest spells of rest, feeling like a man

condemned to everlasting labour, from which there was no possible escape. Then a little cry of thankfulness escaped him. 'At last—thank God!'

Before him, like some fortress of the wilderness, was the great wedge of rock which divided the flowing waters. Ahead opened the wide valley along which ran the other fork of the river. Eagerly he surveyed the scene that opened to his gaze. In all the expanse nothing moved except a flock of birds circling above the marsh, and on the reaches of the river there showed nothing except a few gray geese. His head whirled as he stared on the empty land. He was utterly exhausted by his labours, and the need for rest was imperative. His shirt was soaked with the sweat of his endeavours. He was wet to the waist through splashing in the shallow places of the river when the bank gave no foothold for tracking; but he did not light a fire, since the smoke would indicate his presence to any one coming down the river, whether foe or friend. Before rolling himself in a blanket he fired his rifle twice, and listened eagerly, hopefully, for response. None came; and, with a little gesture of disappointment, he lay down among the bushes where he had cached the canoe. Scarcely had he done so when the sleep of utter exhaustion fell upon him.

(Continued on page 197.)

THE EBB-TIDE.

SING to me softly, here in the twilight, here as
the dusk falls low;
Sing me the songs of those far-off places, lands
that I used to know.
Sing me a song of the sea-wind whining,
And a song of the foam,
For the ceaseless beat of the surf is calling,
Calling me home.

Let your song be of southern palm-trees, under
a tropic moon;
Of starlit sands and a coral reef that borders
some far lagoon.
For the years I have lived are many
(And good years they!)

In the South Pacific, that knew me well
In yesterday.

Then sing of the East and the sunrise, aglow on
the China Sea,
Of the years that are lost in the shadow, and the
youth that is gone from me;
And sing of the tide in Fundy,
Where the west wind sways;
And sing of the cold north icefields
Of other days.

And then, as the twilight changes to night, let
your singing die,
And leave me alone with my fancies, alone while
I bid them good-bye.
One by one they are fading softly
With twilight's glow,
Fading into the silent shadows
Of long ago.

CONSTANCE M. TROY.

FALCONRY: A DAY WITH THE HAWKS.

By N. M. GUNN.

I.

IN name at least, history and, more particularly, historical romance have made the duller of readers familiar with the sport of hawking. Back into obscure antiquity it has been the relaxation of the privileged great, the true 'royal and ancient' sport. To international contests of skill in the field, royal recognition was given by James I. of England and VI. of Scotland when he invited French nobles (then past-masters in the art of hawking) to compete in friendly rivalry in hunting and hawking with his own subjects. Richard of the Lion Heart, while in the Holy Land, amused himself, we are told, by hawking on the plain of Sharon with hawks brought all the way from England. Even Archbishop Ælfric in his *Colloquy*, written in the tenth century, makes mention of the sport. It is perhaps more than a comment on the evolution of our civilisation that the descriptive epithet, 'royal and ancient,' when applied to Scotland's great pastime of to-day, draws the mind, not to the hooded falcon, perched on lordly gauntlet, but to the greensward of S'n' Andrews and the inoffensive flight of the wee ba'!

Although I knew hawking had been pursued in comparatively recent times in Scotland, I was under the impression that to-day the sport was altogether dead. It was, therefore, not without a certain amount of excited interest that I learnt of its keen pursuit on a Caithness moor, and learnt also that the gentleman who was thus discarding the deadly, hammerless, ejector mechanism for the lordly peregrine followed in direct descent of courtesy the ancient sportsmen.

My luck was in. It was a beautiful early October morning with a breath of sou'-west wind when I reached the lodge, an unusually fine day in a somewhat stormy season. Caithness moors are notoriously wind-swept, and a high wind, for many reasons, is little use for hawking.

'Would you like to see the hawks?'

I followed the falconer to a small clearing amongst some shrubs, and in a moment was aware of pairs of round, unwinking eyes fixed on me, of curved beaks, firmly planted legs, greeny-yellow scales above wide-spreading talons, and, more than all else, a magnificent immobility. Nothing here of fear or of truculence; only an impression of sheer nobility that defies definition, an unwinking deadliness of regard that may not be outstared. And we had surprised them after their baths, too! Their feathers were still wet.

The sudden spell of silence was broken by what was obviously the small bird of the lot jumping off its wooden *block* and flapping and struggling against the leather leash that I now perceived was used in each case as a sort of tether from the legs to the block. Each bird had its rounded block, a foot or more in height, set far enough from its neighbours to prevent mutual interference. But what struck me immediately, and now remains as one of the pleasantest memories, was the music of the bells, two spherical brass bells attached to legs and leash, that rang with every movement of the falcon.

This comparatively small bird, I was told, was the 'tiercel,' that is, the male falcon. All the others were females, much larger birds and of an altogether finer dignity. In front of their lord's clatter they remained absolutely unmoved and unheeding. It is a noteworthy fact that in all birds of prey the male is smaller and less powerful than the female.

II.

The weather was considered, the direction of the wind with regard to the slope of a hill, and, generally, all that weather and moor lore means to expert hawking. At last a particular beat was decided upon, but just as we were getting ready for the road a rabbit rushed squealing across the lawn, with a stoat stuck in its throat and floating as a dead, reddish-brown streak along its side. In an instant the spaniel was on the scene. The stoat relinquished its game to the spaniel and made off, but no sooner had the rabbit redoubled its squealing than back rushed the stoat to within a few feet of the scene, stood up stiff as a poker on its hind-legs, and shot its angry nose forward. A shout was given for a gun, and, as though divining the intention, the stoat made reluctantly again for the ditch.

The falcons now appeared, perched on the padded edge of a rectangular frame which fitted exactly into the boxed rear-end of a car. But now there was no longer the unwinking stare, for each falcon was hooded. It was an arresting change, and I presently gathered how all-important. At the moment, the hoods themselves claimed attention. Made of leather, and cunningly shaped to fit the big skull of the bird so as to exclude light without pressing on or hurting any particular spot, they were tied round the neck by a very ingenious arrangement of short leather thongs or *braces*, one pair for opening the slit in the back of the hood and the other for closing it. This hood, with its mediæval air and gay upstanding

feather plume of brilliant red body, seemed certainly to gather to itself not a little of romantic glamour; and always, protruding from a slot in the head-piece, the hooked beak as ineffaceable sign of nobility!

Our destination reached, the falcons were unhitched, one by one, and lifted onto the edge of a lighter framework, or *cadge*, that could be carried easily by one man stepping into the middle of it and lifting the whole up, birds and all. And now I began to appreciate the real significance of the hood, for so long as each bird is hooded there is not the slightest attempt made by it to leave its perch. Needless to say hawks are never lifted as one would lift a hen or any such feathered plebeian! Over the left hand is drawn a leather gauntlet, and on this the hawk is perched, the leather protecting the hand and wrist from the claws. In this way the hawk may be carried quietly for any distance. The hood, it seems, is the key to all hawk training, and its proper use, from the moment the wild bird is caught, is very important.

Leaving the road we got on to the moor, and presently, half-turning, moved directly up-wind.

The sport was about to start. The usual practice is first to get a point from the dog, and then to put up the hawk. As the season wears into October, however, and the grouse begin to get a bit wild, it is often advisable to send the hawk up first, especially if it is almost certain there is game within no great distance, for whenever the hawk is up feathered creatures crouch close, trusting in their gods of immobility and protective colouring.

'I think,' concluded my host, 'I'll put up Lady Jane.'

Lady Jane was accordingly unleashed and transferred to his gauntlet. He walked on a little way, looking around to see that the dogs were in their proper place. Then, bending his head, he caught in his teeth one end of the opening pair of braces, in the fingers of the right hand the other end, and pulled; the slit on the back of the hood opened, the hood itself was slipped off the falcon's head with a deft movement, and with a sweeping, forward motion of the left wrist, Lady Jane was gracefully *cast off*.

A flap or two, and she flattened out her long wings and volplaned the arc of a circle, recalling instantly to mind the taking-off of a monoplane. The likeness was increased when, floating from her folded legs like wireless feelers, were seen the six inches or so of two soft leather thongs (the *jesses*—for fixing to the leash), and for drone of engine was heard, every time the powerful wings beat, the faery tinkling of the bells.

III.

A short reconnoitring flight over our heads, and Lady Jane stood out across the gentle down-

slope of the moor. Farther and farther she went, till I felt certain she was off for good. Why not? Was not the wild instinct there in the curved beak and bold eyes; there, too, the love of great spaces, of great flights? It is not as though these hawks were the heirs of a long domestication; they were true wild birds, *passage-hawks*, caught in Holland when travelling southward from, it might have been, Northern Russia, it might have been this very moor—the true cosmopolitan peregrine. But Lady Jane, now very far out, suddenly wheeled to the left and began beating up again in a great circling sweep.

'She's coming back!' I vouchsafed.

My host smiled.

'I like to see them standing well away; generally means they will climb all the higher, and the higher the better.'

The music of the bells became louder, and in a little while Lady Jane was once more overhead.

A sudden whistle brought my eyes to the moor, and for the first time I became really conscious of the existence of the dogs—a half-dozen of perfectly trained setters. One had been unleashed and was covering ground up and down in front of the keeper, nose to heather, in fine style. It was when he had gone too far to the left that the keeper's whistle had brought him back. Down he came, but not too far, and presently he was reaching out to the left once more.

'Let him go!'—when the whistle again threatened.

And at that instant the dog stiffened, head slightly lowered and pointing dead up-wind, tail standing straight out in a line with the taut spine—a thrilling masterpiece of canine statuary.

The faery bells again beat round in a circle. One could feel doom creeping in on the crouching quarry. But in actual life things rarely rise to the perfect climax.

Suddenly a somewhat disappointed voice: 'She's not climbing very high to-day.'

It was indeed as though Lady Jane, on such a perfect day, felt she could dispense with the power that height gives. Though at a fair height, she circled round our party without noticeably climbing. It was decided to give her her chance.

The keeper had now hold of the dog. When the hawk circled up into the wind once more, he got a shout to flush the game. Forward he went with the dog, having almost to pull the beast by the collar, as though it had become hypnotised by its own concentration. It took a second or two more than was anticipated to rouse the game, and in that second or two the falcon had wheeled round on the off course. With a flurry of wings the grouse was up. A sudden shout from my host, and Lady Jane cut

round in a flash and was *stooping* at the quarry with incredible speed. The race did not last long; there was an impact, some feathers in the air, and the grouse dropped.

'Not badly hit, and there's cover in that ditch!'

It was even so. Some whin bushes and old heather made excellent cover. When we came up, Lady Jane was very awkwardly hopping about, looking for her lost quarry.

IV.

I was now introduced to another of the mysteries of hawking—the *dead lure*. It was necessary to call the falcon off in order that the little spaniel—all this time kicking up a great fuss and straining chokingly at the leash—might be sent into the cover to get the grouse up again.

The *dead lure* consists of an arrangement of feathers and flesh tied to the end of a piece of string. In the earlier stages of its training the hawk has been taught to come to the lure—always with some profit in the way of a juicy morsel to itself. Deftly the falconer whips the lure out of his pocket, gives it a whirl round, and ere he has quite concealed it again the falcon is circling round him. Up and up goes Lady Jane, but now in narrow, watchful spirals, climbing steadily. Presently the spaniel is unleashed, the grouse put up, and this time there is no mistake. It is cleverly done, too, and not a matter of sheer strength and wing superiority, for the falcon, flattening out from her nose-dive, cuts across the chord of a circular swerve and intercepts her quarry in its very attempt to dodge. This time the grouse does not drop. The powerful talons have been driven home, and for a matter of about three hundred yards Lady Jane, pinions outstretched, carries her kill, though its weight is not far short of her own, before she drops with it to a spot whither the falconer, with hood and gauntlet, proceeds to recover her.

My first kill, and I found myself not a little excited. There was nothing here of the deadly blazing away of the guns, with birds falling right and left; nothing but quietude—except for the pleasant tinkle-tinkle at each wing-beat. It seemed, too, a game staged for wild life with man placing the players cunningly, but always with a view to his own profit, as the primal hunter had had to do. For, after all, man's brains are older than high-explosives.

But as life is more incalculable than mechanism, so every flight of a hawk has a new and uncertain element about it. We discovered this on the very next flight.

V.

A young falcon was chosen, with back feathers still of the dove-brown colour of its first year. (The feathers on the back of Lady Jane's wings

were bluish, indicating that she was a trifle beyond the *débutante* stage.) A fresh setter was unleashed, and got a point almost immediately. The young falcon was unhooded and put up. The sport was going to be plentiful and swift. Entered the incalculable element.

The young falcon (I forget her name) flapped, volplaned, climbed, and then headed directly away down the moor. Immediately my host became unsettled. He whipped out his glasses and got on the bird. In a moment she would turn as the first had turned, I thought.

'She is bearing straight away; fly the lure!'

The *dead lure* flashed round on its string.

'The *live lure*! The *live lure*!'

And now I was introduced to the second lure, for there are two. From a receptacle slung to his side the falconer produced a live pigeon, and threw it into the air. It did not fly very far, for attached to its legs was a long piece of string, the end of which the falconer held. When the string was run out the pigeon fluttered to the ground. Usually the white pigeon attracts the falcon unerringly, and the use of the live lure has to be resorted to on many varied occasions, for the study of how a falcon, out to kill, may behave on a moor in the presence of life of any sort—even shooting parties putting up grouse miles away—is a complicated one.

Meanwhile the aristocratic *débutante* pays not the slightest attention, but heads steadily for a small farm, that has been recovered from the moor, about a mile away. Occasionally she swerves and dips, as though some small birds were mobbing her. I lose sight of her.

'She is over the farm! She is down!'

There is not a little exasperation, but there is a greater fear, I can see, of losing the falcon altogether, for this occasionally does happen. Anyway, there's nothing for it now but to set out and recover her. My host and the falconer get back to the car, and are soon heading for the farm. A cryptic remark from some one at my back raises a reflective smile. 'I hope it's not another duck!'

With a pair of glasses I get on to the farm. I notice some gulls flying lazily. Corn is being cut with a reaper. Golden stooks stand in sunny rows. Life is moving about the place unhurriedly. Something ideal about the whole scene strikes me, and I drop the glasses. What a magnificent, far-stretching prospect! Away to the south lie the long-backed Scarabens, and to the right of them the peak of Morven, the highest mountain in Caithness; farther west, through a diaphanous cloudy veil, comes dimly the noble outline of famous Ben Loyal; while to the north, looming out of the horizon's mists like the outlines of gigantic battleships, are the Orkneys. This I consider the finest stretch of moorland scenery in Scotland—and that though I have seen a great harvest moon play 'hide-

and seek' amongst the peaks of Ben Doran when tramping the Moor of Rannoch in the dead of night.

I am recalled from reverie by the keeper, who at this time has been on his back with his long telescope on the farm.

'They've got her,' he said, with all the quiet air of certainty of a gamekeeper.

VI.

We are soon all ready again. A fresh falcon is unhooded and put up, and now I see the finest flight of the day. It was really a splendid piece of work by a falcon that was obviously as conscious of what was toward as the eager setter, his five restless companions in a perfect fever of excitement, and the quivering little spaniel, still painfully anxious to show that he could do the whole job himself. After standing well out, she heeled over and came back climbing steadily; sweep after sweep, spiral after spiral, ever watchful and ever climbing; at each wing-beat the music of the bells, at each wide-winged sweep to wind, silence. And the higher up, the narrower the spirals. Directly overhead, up and up, slowly but steadily. On a wave of excitement came the fervent desire that nothing now would interfere to attract the falcon's attention elsewhere. And nothing did.

At last it could be seen the hawk was *waiting*. The order was given to flush the quarry. I kept my eyes on the hawk, now of insignificant dimensions against the blue. Then I found myself shouting in sheer excitement, 'Hoi!' in concert with my host, as the grouse was put up—a rousing cry that I now tentatively try to render phonetically, for I very much misdoubt my ears at such moments of visual stress. Only that the cry, like the hoods, had its air of mediævalism.

I don't know that I have ever seen anything more thrilling than the rush of the falcon to earth. She came, wings closed, like a bomb, a lateral bolt from the blue, with a whizzing in the air that sent a shiver down the spine. I held my breath before prospect of certain catastrophe. But with all the perfect mastery of this crowning genus in the family Falconidæ she flattened out behind the grouse, and shooting forward with terrific velocity on outstretched wings, struck the quarry and dropped it like a stone to earth. Instantly she banked, looped the loop sideways, and dived to her kill.

I knew now that I had seen a sample of the finest hawking as it has been practised from time immemorial, and I was beginning to understand a little the art of falconry. The incalculable element in it, the intervention of intelligent life-force, made it unquestionably fascinating, apart from any considerations historical or otherwise. Whether I was in luck's way in that I was destined this day for a variety of

incidents I cannot say, but certainly there was no flight that was in any way a duplicate of any of the preceding ones. The very next, though not so compact of sheer thrill, was yet very exciting, for the quarry was an old cock-grouse, and no more need be said to those who understand the surpassing cunning of these old tyrants of the moor.

The old cock, with characteristic wisdom, had got up of his own accord whilst the young falcon (the *débutante* on second trial), beginning to climb in very wide spirals, was at that part of her circle most remote from him. She at once stooped in a magnificent long slant right over our heads. The cock had a long start, and the falcon's wings were brought into play. As it is stated these peregrines have got across Europe at an average speed of over 100 miles per hour, it may be understood that the old cock had not much chance. He was soon overtaken, and though he dodged, seemed to be struck, however slightly, and certainly dropped into a second ditch where there was plenty of long heather. Then began the hunt; for the whole point of the sport is that the hawk must kill, not merely that the grouse be caught. A falcon is of little use in pursuit unless on the wing, but a grouse is very nimble on foot. The old cock knew his advantage. Frequently, I understand, under natural conditions, these wily cocks fly and drop, fly and drop, taking advantage of all cover, till at last they reach a spot where, by lying perfectly still, they are safe from further pursuit. This old cock was ultimately got to the wing, however, and an exciting hunt ended in victory for the *débutante*.

VII.

At lunch-time I was introduced to an outline of the history of falconry (anterior to the Christian era) and to the interesting and human art of training these passage-hawks by a sportsman who, as I had observed, knew the practical exercise of the sport itself to its minutest detail. These sportsmen not only know the idiosyncrasies of every falcon they possess, but can tell at long distances each falcon by name merely by observing its flight, just as fisher-folk can distinguish sailing-boats at sea by the cut of their sails. Indeed, in falconry the wings of a hawk are termed *sails*. This sympathy between a sportsman and his hawks is very real, and not without its appeal even to the case-hardened modern.

I have heard it said hawking is a cruel sport. Such a dictum merely leaves one cold, especially in face of fox-hunting, hare-coursing, otter-hunting, pheasant-driving, and so on. All hunting, all killing, may be looked upon as cruel. Not a day passes but dishes come to table that, if you like, might give pause to merciful humanity. But until such pause, hawking may be regarded as a game that, without any inter-

ference from man, is being carried on under natural conditions of wild life every day the sun rises on the whole problem of the balance of power in Nature. Witness the incident of the stoat and the rabbit. Whether hawking as a sport will revive in these islands is another matter. In view of the increasing greatness of scientific knowledge and of mechanical skill, it is not considered likely. And yet is it not

conceivable, if man will go on eating flesh and refusing to inherit the utopias from More to Wells, will, indeed, give ear to the philosophers who unwind their mediæval horns on the heights of Notting Hill and drink nutty beer at strange inns, that he may, in the years, swing back from the tyranny of mechanism—if not in his work, then in his sports at least? After all, it is the incalculable that thrills.

THE WHITE HERD.

PART III.

VIII.

I GLANCED in the direction of the herd.

It was now gathered in a compact mass not a couple of hundred yards from the fence which divided pasture from pathway. Chill with dread as I was, I could not refrain from admiration of their glossy, snow-white coats, their tossing, horn-crowned heads, their dark and flashing eyes. There they stood, snorting and pawing the turf, and as they saw us approach, one of the old bulls raised a bellow which was caught up by half the herd like a fanfare of trumpets.

With the careless whistle that I remembered from the night before, Rupert Bolding vaulted the fence and began to walk in the direction of the herd, as a drover might advance towards domestic cattle. As he did so I saw the crowd of great beasts, agitated as by a single impulse, break and fly madly away from him. He laughed triumphantly, and turned to the knot of keepers with a leer.

'He thinks they're runnin',' said one of them. 'But let my gintleman wait a minute. Look, see!'

As he spoke the herd turned, and came sweeping backward in a great curve. It is a peculiarity of the ancient breed of wild cattle of these islands that they invariably approach an enemy in circles, and I now saw that they were making a moving ring round Ralph Bolding, the radius of their wheeling gradually lessening. But he stood motionless, with set, white lips and folded arms, although I could see that the first hint of his real danger had come to him.

'By the powers, but he's a rale man, Boulding or no Boulding,' said one of the keepers. 'Sure, bhoys, it's murder. Cannot we get him out of it?'

'For God's sake do, men!' I implored. 'Use your guns. Pick off the leader, and the herd will come to a standstill. Then he'll be able to slip out of that devil's ring they're making round him.'

Helga Bolding flashed a dark glance at me. The men saw it and murmured.

'And is it shoot the white bastes, ye would?'

said a man at my elbow angrily. 'Do ye not know that when a man in Joyce's Country dies his soul——'

'Miss Bolding,' I cried, 'this is horrible!'

'It is vengeance,' she said in tones of ice. 'He deserves death. I told you—of the papers I found.'

The circle had now narrowed so much that the leading bulls were close upon their quarry. They moved with the swiftness of wild things. All at once Bolding was galvanised into action. I saw him strip off his jacket, and, as the nearest beast charged him, flourish the garment in its face as a toreador might at a bull in the ring. Nimbly and with surprising dexterity he avoided the clumsy rushes of the now maddened brutes, flaunting the red-brown tweed before their eyes. It was the last flash of a proud, reckless spirit, dying as it had lived, in bragadocio. At last, eluding the charge of one of the white monsters, he essayed a cowboy trick which drew an involuntary cry from those who stood watching him with strained eyes and shaking limbs; for, even as he avoided the beast, he placed a hand on its withers and made to vault upon its back as if it had been a mustang. But the trampled and treacherous footing on the turf failed him, and he went down among a sea of heaving backs and tossing heads.

I closed my eyes. There was a bellowing as of primeval monsters, and I will swear that I heard a laugh ring out—mocking, almost triumphant—a scornful laugh from a wicked, reckless heart. Then the herd swept on.

IX.

Some days later, as I was preparing to leave Joyce's Country, a strange man came to the cottage.

'I am Inspector Devon of Scotland Yard,' he announced without preamble. 'I am afraid I come on unpleasant business, Mr Dean. I have here a warrant for the arrest of one Rupert Bolding for the murder—the very cold-blooded murder—of John Gregory in Burma, but I have just learned in the village that Bolding has been killed as the result of an accident. I don't

care, in the circumstances, to go to the castle, and they tell me you know all about the business.'

'They referred you to me?'

'Yes, sir. Of course, I know your name well. Fond of music myself. Your word will suffice—'

'Yes, there was an—accident,' I told him. 'He murdered a man, you say!'

'They quarrelled over the loot they made as ivory poachers, and Bolding shot him in his tracks up-country. This is our man, is it not?'

He held out a photograph.

'It is,' I said. 'I may tell you we all thought him an impostor. It was even hinted that he was a man who had murdered Rupert Bolding. Neither of his ears was maimed, as one of Bolding's was supposed to be.'

'His ear maimed?'

'Yes. It seems that he wrote home to some one and mentioned a maimed ear.'

'That's queer,' said the inspector. 'My advices are a bit muddled, like most of those colonial police communications, but they state that the man he killed was so marked. Perhaps Gregory found out that Bolding was heir to Castle Bolding, that no one here knew what he was like, and made up his mind to return and impersonate him. Bolding may have penetrated his purpose, and killed him. They are described as a wild couple—a pair of desperados, in fact. Well, we'll never know now. How did he come to be killed?'

'He—he recklessly ventured out among the wild cattle in the park down there. He was trampled—gored to death.'

'Indeed!' The man was eyeing me hard. 'The people in this neighbourhood are a tough lot, I understand. Mark my words, we'll have trouble in these parts, Mr Dean, and that before

very long. I can take it from you, then, that my man is beyond the reach of justice?'

X.

It was a March afternoon some months later, and I had just retired to an anteroom after conducting my 'Tartarus' symphony. The concert was still in progress, and the crowd of my congratulatory friends had not yet swept in upon me. But as I was packing up my scores I heard a step in the corridor outside, and some one entered. Helga Bolding stood before me.

'I must congratulate you,' she said, with outstretched hand. 'It was splendid. It was—Joyce's Country.'

'Yes, Tartarus,' I agreed.

'Oh, I felt it was my own land,' she cried passionately. Her voice had taken on a quality strangely soft, and her cold, blue eyes were moist and dreamy with longing. 'I heard the wind crossing Partry, and saw the black heads of the hills,' she crooned. 'I am going back there—soon.'

She moved me strangely, this fair, cold woman. I felt the resurgence of a passion I had thought conquered. 'You return to Joyce's Country?' I said, retaining her hand, which rested in mine like a lover's.

'Yes. Will you not be coming there too?'

There was a wooing note in the stern, deep voice. But the phrases of doom from my own symphony were still in my ears. Something suave, Latin if you like, awoke in me, something deep as the springs of civilisation, of order. And I remembered the words of Kelly, 'A sthrappin' colleen, but a grim.'

My grasp on her hand relaxed. 'No,' I said, almost harshly, 'I shall not be coming to Joyce's Country any more.'

THE END.

THE ISLANDS OF FLOWERS.

By W. SLATER.

ACRES and acres of beautiful flowers growing at Christmas—that is a spectacle none would think to find in any portion of Great Britain, yet it is a scene which regularly greets the eye of those who care to seek it. While the people of the United Kingdom, generally, are nursing colds or doctoring chilblains, and wishing that the fog and sleet would cease, one small section of the people—the residents of the Scilly Isles—are busy with their flower-farms, picking and preparing blooms for the London and Scottish markets.

Though only twenty-five miles west-south-west of Land's End, the Scilly Isles know nothing of our English winters. Their climate is mild and equable, and the soil is admirably adapted to the cultivation of flowers, especially

of the early varieties. Flower-farming is, in fact, the only industry of the residents. All kinds of blooms are grown—narcissi, daffodils, geraniums, marguerites, lilies, wall-flowers and anemones, and from Christmas until the end of April, or even into May, a hundred tons of flowers are shipped each week to the mainland, to be distributed amongst the inland markets.

The flower industry of the Scilly Islands is perhaps the largest in the world, yet it had a very small beginning. Forty years ago it was unknown. The residents were poor and workless; fishing had failed, shipbuilding, which was once a feature of the islands, had been killed by the introduction of steam navigation, and potato growing, which had seemed to offer possibilities, was crushed by the

competition of the Channel Islands. The one thing the islands could grow, apparently, was flowers. Hundreds of thousands of narcissi, the common Scilly whites, bloomed each year, and were allowed to die unnoticed. Nobody suspected their value; then, Mr W. H. Trevellick, of Rocky Hill, St Mary's, sent a few bunches, by way of experiment, to Covent Garden. The result was astonishing. A high price was paid him, and an order sent for more. His success stimulated others. The wild flowers were all sold, and the cultivation of the blooms, to increase their productivity, was taken up by all classes. New varieties were introduced, and to-day something like 200 distinct varieties of flowers are grown by the Scillonians, and the islands supply the markets of London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, as well as many other towns, with flowers all through the winter.

The bulbs are planted in specially prepared beds, in rows from six to nine inches apart, and the beds are renewed every third year. Bulbs allowed to remain too long without being lifted would send up feeble and barren shoots, but the frequent renewal of the beds retains the full vigour of the plants. The plants really require little attention, beyond being kept free from weeds, sheltered from the winds, and the application of an occasional top-dressing of stable litter or freshly gathered seaweed, the latter being plentiful about the coast. The beds are sheltered by wattle-fences, or dwarf hedges of escallonia or veronica. The flower-gardens crown each slope and ledge, and every coign of vantage is appropriated for them. When the season is in full swing, millions of flowers of every shape and shade almost cover the land. Pepper-and-white narcissi, golden daffodils, and a sprinkling of other blooms give one, at a distance, the impression of looking on a carpet of white and gold.

The flower-harvest begins at Christmas, or directly after, according as the season has been favourable or otherwise, and from the start practically all the inhabitants are busy in the fields. The picking is done by women and girls, who each carry large baskets slung from the shoulder, and move about amongst the beds selecting blooms most suited for the market. The flowers are plucked just as the buds are opening, and the blooms are tied in bunches of twelve, and then dipped into shallow trays of tepid water. The object of this treatment is to develop them and keep them fresh until they are packed. The bunches are then carefully packed in rough wooden boxes and hurried off to the quay for shipment to Penzance, whence special trains carry them to London in time for Covent Garden market. The steamboats sail on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and on these days everybody in the islands is in a state of almost breathless hurry, seeking to get off as many blooms as possible. Last year

a hundred tons a week were sent for many weeks, and the income from their sale must have totalled many thousands of pounds.

The Scillonians have the great advantage that flowers bloom in their islands even before they do in the Channel Islands or the south of France, and they are always first in the market. That explains in a large measure the rapid growth of the industry. In 1887, the earliest year for which reliable figures are available, the total export of flowers for the season was just 100 tons. Twenty years later it exceeded 1000 tons, and last year the output must have been close upon 1500 tons. Think what that means! One flower, daffodil or narcissus, will weigh perhaps one ounce. Suppose twelve blooms are required to weigh one pound; then, to export 1500 tons, between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000 flowers must be grown.

While narcissi are the speciality of the Scilly Isles other blooms are equally popular as the season advances, and one of the great features of the Scillonian flower-farms is the beautiful arum lilies which are grown. These pretty flowers are grown in the open, in narrow trenches to shelter them from the wind. When picked, each bloom is wrapped in cotton-wool and carefully packed for its long journey. The flowers are in great demand early in the year for Church decoration, and when Easter happens to fall early, and only Scillonian lilies are available, some astonishingly high prices are attained.

Nowhere else is the flower industry carried on on such a scale; every inhabitant of the islands is practically dependent upon it for a livelihood; and it is the flowers which have saved Scilly from poverty and ruin, and made its people a prosperous community.

PENSIONED.

OUT of the stinging, stifling heat,
And the raucous shriek of wheel,
Grindstone and file and the deafening beat
Of hammer on clangorous steel;

Away from the toil in the dust and smoke
And steam and the acrid smell
Of sulphurous furnace-fumes that choke
The lungs, I have come to dwell

In the hamely clachan once again,
Where the Bervie skirts the corn—
To watch from my window the falling rain
Glisten on birch and thorn;

To walk, when the winds from the fields blow
sweet,

Under the smokeless skies,
Feeling lush grass beneath my feet,
Its comfort in my eyes;

To hear the songs that the breezes sing,
And brook and bird and bee,
Breathing the incense of nectarous spring
From flower and furze and tree.

God, be it mine my path to vend
In woodland ways to my journey's end!

WILLIAM DOUGLAS.

ATAHUALLPA'S EMERALDS.

By E. CHARLES VIVIAN.

I.

SHAW and Kennett landed at Guayaquil, because there is no such expensive traveling in the world as that down the west coast of South America, and they hoped to add to their funds by some means in the equatorial state. Anyhow, they judged, it would be better to land and take a chance while some small means of looking about remained to them, than to book on to Iquique and arrive penniless. They knew that the chances for an Englishman in a nitrate port are small, while Guayaquil might yield up anything, from yellow fever to fortune. They were young, and therefore hopeful; Colón had been good to them, Guayaquil might be better.

It was hotter, and more moist. It yielded up (at the office of the American consul, a day after they landed) a skinny man from Virginia, who carried quinine loose in his vest pocket, and took pinches, licking the stuff off his fingers with relish, in intervals between smoking maize-leaf-wrapped cigarettes. He said his name was Bates; he called a mule a 'mewel,' a revolver a 'gun,' and a man a 'guy'—over this last Shaw nearly quarrelled with him, for the humid heat made tempers short.

'I've got a tolerable proposition—soot guys like you, right slick,' Bates announced. 'It's emeralds.'

'From here to Bogotá you can pick up an emerald yarn every other mile,' Kennett remarked: he had made that journey, and knew.

'My proposition is as different from the average yarn as a mewel is from a flea,' Bates said calmly.

'Yes,' Kennett drawled, 'they all are.'

'Say,' Bates remarked, after he had licked a pinch of quinine off his fingers, 'ef you two guys are jest jokin' me, say so, an' I'll waste no more wind.'

Shaw subsided into a cane rocker. 'Mister Bates,' he said, with weary irritation, 'I'm not a guy, and my friend is not a guy. If you're looking for financiers or dead-beats, we don't fit in either case; and if you've got a good thing to make up a party on, state it. I'm all ears.'

'You don't look it,' Bates answered. He signed to a small boy and gave an order; three glasses appeared, and in them ice tinkled pleasantly. Bates took a rocker beside Shaw.

'Way up back'—he jerked a thumb inland—'there's a little ranch in a pocket in the hills, cattle an' corn an' mewel pack for supplies. Run by old man Hackett—a little bit cracked, that Hackett; one of the Hacketts out of Mobile, an' they're all more or less woolly under

the lid. Came out here prospectin' near on thirty year ago—an' there he is, settled down an' fixed.'

'Well?' Kennett asked.

'Emeralds,' Bates answered, and left it at that.

'I don't see the connection,' Shaw remarked, after a pause.

'I been up there,' Bates said. 'Hackett's got a daughter, an' she wears 'em. She's got a necklace that would drive Cartier's crazy, an' a pendant—emeralds—that would buy half Guayaquil. Hackett don't know they're worth a tenth as much, an' he don't care anyway—satisfied to live up there away from folks—gets books up by pack mewel with his stores. It's the maddest thing outside fairy tales. But there's some lots of emeralds somewhere round there.'

'Cut stones?' Shaw asked, with obvious incredulity.

'You kin search me,' Bates answered imperturbably. 'I might go up alone again ef it amused me, but it don't—the trail's no picnic path. I've got an option on mewels, an' outfits are easy—my pigeon. Come an' find where Hackett picks up his emeralds, fifty-fifty, me an' you two guy—gentlemen.'

'And supposing we don't find?' Kennett asked.

Bates considered it. 'You land back here, three months—six months,' he answered. 'Not a cent worse off, an' what's left of your outfits to the good.'

'We might get some shooting,' Shaw mused aloud.

'Rock snakes an' vizcacha,' Bates said carelessly; 'nuthin' worth skinnin'. But I'd been wonderin' where I'd find one good man to see the trip through with me—I could have bought dead-beats by the dozen ef I'd wanted them. But, you see, I knew some Mobile Hacketts, way back in God's country, an' I'd only take somebody up to this one so's I could say—"Hackett, here's a *man* I fetched along with me." An' I guess you two guys answer to that tally—I judge right off when I see.'

Shaw mopped the perspiration from his face. 'Game?' he asked Kennett.

'I could do with a three months' holiday, even if it does include a survey of the Hackett family heirlooms,' Kennett answered.

'Gentlemen,' Bates said solemnly, 'don't you mistake yourselves. Old man Hackett never brought stones like them outer Mobile—he found 'em or stole 'em up in the hills way back, round his ranch. Ef there's more, we win, an' ef there's no more, I guess I kin afford the trip, an' then some, though I'm no dollar king.'

'What are you?' Kennett asked suddenly.

'Me?' Bates said. 'I'm Bates from Virginia.' His thin lips shut like a trap on the last word, and he looked at Kennett in a way that proved the question an indiscretion.

'Well, Mr Bates from Virginia,' Shaw said, 'I'll chase your wild goose as soon as any other, and so will Kennett, I think. That is, if you want two companion adventurers.'

'Sooner have only one,' Bates said.

'Sorry,' Kennett answered, 'but it can't be done. We mess together, Shaw and I.'

'Then,' Bates drawled, 'I guess I'll haf to take two. Let's refresh.'

And the glasses were accordingly refilled.

II.

They remembered the heat of Guayaquil as a thing incredible, up in the Andine defiles beyond Alausi, almost under the shadow of Sangai's smoking crest. Here Bates left the main track which traverses Ecuador, and took them northward into the wilds, where, as Shaw put it, they had plenty of wood for fires, but precious little to cook.

There was a day when they panted above the snow-line, nearly on the equator, and Bates shot one of the four mules, which had broken its leg in scrambling over boulders. Then a second mule sickened and died of its own accord, and they lost a quantity of stores in crossing one of the snow-fed mountain torrents. After these happenings both Shaw and Kennett understood that Bates had cause for his reluctance to undertake such a journey alone; it was, as he had said, no picnic path. Bates himself turned greenish-yellow, and announced that his liver had gone back on him, but he'd see the gold-darned trip through or bust; and thus they came to the last evil, a glacier which ran transversely to their line of march, toward which they climbed wearily for two days.

'Say, boys,' Bates remarked, as they crouched together for warmth in the lee of a boulder, the night before crossing the glacier, 'I don't wonder old man Hackett sticks to his ranch. Guess I could do with a smell of Guayaquil now, to tone up my cussed liver.'

'I could do with a long whisky,' Kennett said, 'and a good hot bath, and a spring mattress with plenty of blankets.'

'I'll wake you up when you're through,' Bates offered dryly.

They tackled the glacier the next day. The crossing was not difficult, but from the farther edge the going was treacherous—the packed ice came down a ground-out gully of the mountains, and the channel was banked north and south by snow that was barely hard enough to give support. They came at last, some miles beyond the glacier, to a region of reeking mist, through which a little mountain torrent hurried, and the water was warm.

'Now I'm sure on the trail,' Bates announced. 'This hot creek makes us little more'n a day to go.'

He headed for a sugar-loaf peak, beside which a flat-topped spike of rock cut the northern horizon—the summits of both these landmarks were below the snow-line. As they came near a defile showed between the two heights, and they scrambled over and between ice-eroded boulders, often as big as the mules, to look at last on an Eden fairer for its contrast with the wastes through which they had travelled.

It was, as Bates had told them, a pocket in the hills, a circular level that might have been a vast, ancient crater of the Andine range, fully twenty miles from lip to lip. Down beneath them in the level of the sheltered, fertile valley was a squat and rambling dwelling of stone, evidently built—as are most houses in Ecuador—with a view to the possibility of earthquakes.

'Old man Hackett built it,' Bates announced. 'The near-by huts are for his Mapoche Indians—they date back to Huayna Capac, an' then some.'

'And his daughter?' Kennett asked.

'Sure, she's there, poor thing.'

'Why the adjective?' Shaw inquired.

Bates stuck two fingers in his quinine pocket. 'Some life—one cracked parent an' a handful of Mapoches,' he said. 'An' that with emeralds that would buy a city.'

He would say no more, but his two companions wondered. It was not the words, but the manner of the man, that convinced them of his knowing more than he told. So far, they had the bare outline he had given them in Guayaquil; in all the weeks of their journey he had not elaborated or added to that statement. Shaw had questioned him, but—

'Guess we'll see when we get through,' had been his response.

III.

By the corner of the rambling homestead sat an Indian woman grinding corn in a little hand-mill; in the doorway, leaning against the lintel, was a man thinner and scrawnier and taller than Bates, one whose straggling beard fell white-streaked for inches below his chin, while his bald head shone in the sun. He took a cob-pipe from between his teeth.

'Is that the same mule, Bates?' he asked, as if Bates had been just round the corner of the homestead and had returned.

'Not by a darned sight, Hackett,' Bates answered imperturbably.

The man in the doorway stood up away from the lintel. 'Guess you and your friends will want some sort of looking after,' he remarked. 'Come in and feed.'

He stood aside to usher them in. 'Lucy!' he called, and pointed to the mules. The woman by the corner stopped her grinding to take the

animals in charge, and Bates and his companions entered the house. In a room literally lined with books Bates introduced Kennett and Shaw to their host.

'Glad to see you, gentlemen,' Hackett assured them, in a way that told he meant it. 'I don't see a stranger every year, and so my tongue gets rusty. Hope you'll make a long stay.'

'How's Miss Hackett?' Bates asked.

'As well as ever,' Hackett answered. 'I'll fetch her and let her speak for herself.'

He left them, and returned with a tall girl—or woman—of such beauty that Shaw, young and impressionable, drew a long breath of astonishment at sight of her. She was dark as a Creole of New Orleans in the old days, with eyes that had in their depths a tragic sadness, and when she spoke her voice was music. She leaned on her father's arm as she entered, and even as she shook hands with the three she kept that touch on her father, as if shy, or afraid. Round her throat was a necklace of roughly fashioned links of gold, and in each link was set a great emerald. By that, Shaw and Kennett knew that Bates had spoken truly. Beyond this, she was simply enough dressed in gray linen, which seemed poor by contrast with the necklace.

She smiled at Shaw and talked with him—he was in his Saxon type a handsome man. Kennett, who was little and dark, she passed over with bare notice, and Bates she seemed to regard as an old acquaintance, little valued. Shaw talked to her until food was laid for the three of them, and then Hackett took her away again.

'What's the mystery—why are those two hidden away in a place like this?' Shaw asked Bates when Hackett and his daughter had gone.

'It ain't my story,' Bates answered. 'Mebbe old man Hackett'll tell, an' mebbe he won't. I sha'n't, anyhow. It's emeralds that I took this trail for.'

But already Shaw felt that emeralds were not the only prize the world held.

That night he discussed things with Kennett, apart from Bates, and came to no conclusion regarding the obvious anomaly.

'It's certainly a little paradise of a place,' Kennett said, 'but——'

'But,' Shaw continued for him, 'here's a man of obvious refinement, with all the wealth any man can possibly want, judging by those emeralds——'

'Shutting himself away from civilisation like a Crusoe,' Kennett concluded.

'And condemning a most charming girl to absolute solitude,' Shaw said. 'It's criminal.'

'Maybe—we don't know,' Kennett dissented thoughtfully. 'Supposing—I'm only supposing—Hackett had committed some big crime, and hid away like this to save his daughter from disgrace?'

'Suppose anything you like—he's no right to imprison her in a place like this,' Shaw snapped.

'We don't know—we don't know anything about it,' Kennett said.

'Why does he do it?' Shaw asked—not because he hoped for an answer, but to voice the question that had been in his mind since he had spoken with Joan Hackett.

'Why?' Kennett echoed sombrely.

In a week, waiting for Bates to broach the subject of the emeralds, they learned little. There was, Hackett informed them, an easier but much longer route than the one by which they had come, one which came out on the upper waters of the Magdalena in Colombia. That way came all his stores, and that way had come the piano which he kept in tune and Joan played. His fields grew most of the things he required, and the Mapoches were good workmen when one knew how to govern them. He told these and other obvious things readily enough, talked of the outer world as one who had travelled much and knew more than themselves, but he gave no hint of finding his solitude irksome.

'And your daughter, Miss Joan?' Shaw asked him one evening. 'Doesn't she miss society of her own age and class?'

'She'll never go out of this valley of her own will while I live,' Hackett told him; 'and she's not likely to miss what she has never known.'

'But she knows, through books,' Shaw urged.

'Guess you've read what the bottom of the sea is like,' Hackett answered; 'but you don't want to drown yourself, do you?'

Shaw gave it up then, and went on wondering. Also he spent an increasing amount of time with Joan each day—Hackett did not notice how youth called to youth, nor dream that those two were treading an old path to which there is but one end. Joan, as Shaw knew her, was infinitely attractive, the more so for the shadow that seemed always to brood over her, and that expressed itself in the sadness of her eyes. And, considering that he was the first white man near her own age she had ever seen, it was scarcely strange that he should win her interest and regard. Kennett, a harder and colder type, kept the possibility of emeralds in his mind; Bates, for whom both Shaw and Kennett had conceived a real liking by this time, seemed waiting his opportunity, and so far said no word of the object of their adventure.

IV.

The second week of their stay with Hackett was growing old when Shaw made two discoveries by means of his intimacy with Joan. They had been out together, and were returning through a field of maize that was taller than themselves, when he questioned: 'Where do you find such wonderful emeralds as those you wear?'

'I don't think them wonderful,' she answered. 'An old Mapoche got them for my father, years ago; they belonged to what the Mapoches call Atahualpa's treasure.'

Now the legend of Atahualpa's treasure is the great story of the Andine regions, from Lima to Cartagena, and Shaw paused, dizzy with the thought that the fabled millions snatched from the grasp of the conquistadores were proved real at last—for that necklace was ultimate proof.

'Where is that?' he asked.

She turned and pointed to the northern sector of the encircling hills. 'There,' she said, 'through the fields of sleep.'

'The fields of sleep?' he echoed.

'It is a shrub that grows in the fields,' she answered, 'and its scent is poison—so the Mapoches say. Atahualpa's treasure is laid in a great cave under the hills, and the people who laid it there planted all the fields round with this shrub, so that nobody can go near the cave.'

'But how did the Indian who got your necklace reach the cave?' Shaw asked.

She shook her head. 'My father could tell you,' she said. 'I only know that if you follow the main track through the cultivated lands to the north, you come at last to the fields of sleep—nobody ever goes to the end of the track, though. And if you know the way you might get to the cave, if it were not for the poison shrub. The Mapoches say that some day the Incas will come again, and then the shrub will be rooted out and the treasure taken back to Quito by its real owners.'

'I'd like to see you wearing that necklace in a London ballroom,' Shaw reflected aloud. 'There'd be some sensation.'

'I wonder what it would be like,' she said.

'Come and find out,' he suggested.

'You mean——?' she looked at him, frankly questioning, serious.

He lost consciousness of all things except that her sad and wonderful eyes were so near his own. She did not resist as he drew her close to him. 'You wonderful Joan!' he said. 'If I could make you understand how I love you, you'd come with me—Joan.'

'My dear,' she whispered, as they realised how time had slipped past them, 'I used to dream of what love might mean, but the dreams were never so sweet as this.'

But, when Shaw spoke of telling Hackett—this as preface to taking her out from the valley to the world as he knew it—she bade him say nothing yet. She had been as one transfigured in that hour of love's awakening, but now it seemed to Shaw that the shadow which brooded over her had come back.

'Let us keep our secret,' she asked. 'I want nobody to know yet—they will learn quite soon enough.'

And, since she seemed so earnest over it,

Shaw consented. It was Bates who, later that day, entered the house without warning or noise, and found her lying face downward on a settee, sobbing her heart out. Bates stole out as quietly as he had entered. 'Poor little gal,' he murmured to himself compassionately. For he had seen the drift of things, and understood.

V.

Bates, Kennett, and Shaw held a council over the story of Atahualpa's treasure cave, and it was decided between them that Bates should tackle Hackett over it; they felt that it would hardly be playing the game with Hackett if they made any attempt at finding the cave without his knowledge. And Bates, having tackled Hackett, returned to his fellow-adventurers with a sort of saturnine pleasure expressed on his lean face.

'It's as Shaw said,' he told them. 'There's a river that runs east, under the face of the hills—the far bank of the river is three hundred feet of sheer cliff, an' it's overhung. This side the river there's four miles of the poison shrub, an' no man can go half a mile in the shrub belt an' come back alive.'

'How did the Mapoche do it, then?' Kennett asked. 'How did he get those emeralds Miss Hackett wears?'

Bates shook his head. 'You kin search me,' he said. 'Ef you get at the back of a Mapoche mind, you'll know. Hackett don't tell, an' the Mapoches don't tell.'

'Then we're as far off as ever?' Shaw asked.

Bates shook his head. 'There's not a problem on this airth that ain't got a solution, ef you look far enough an' hard enough,' he said.

'Good medicine, Bates,' said Hackett from the doorway, 'but it don't always cure.'

The three turned to see him standing, shaking his head slowly as if to dissent. He came forward into the room. 'It's about time to put all the cards on the table,' he said. 'I knew why Bates came back here, an' I knew why he brought you two. He's come on what brought me, an' if I don't put all the cards out he'll be as I am, prisoner here.'

The three stood silent until Bates remarked, 'It's your deal, Hackett.'

Hackett sat down. 'I was a young man, rubbing down on the border, when I first heard of this valley,' he said. 'I went to Cartagena, got an outfit, an' came prospectin'. But up in Cartagena I met Dolores Escobar, an' married her. She took the trip here with me. They'll tell you yarns of Atahualpa's treasure anywhere down the west coast, but I believe I was the first white man to hear this yarn—the true one. I had proofs it was true, an' that treasure was to be my wedding present to Dolores. So we planned it, an' she came up the Magdalena—the happiest time I'd ever known. She was all any man could ask, was my wife.'

He paused, and the three held silence. He looked up from musing over his best days. 'We came, an' camped. There was Mapoches here, just as now, an' I got them into shape—shot one to show 'em I meant being master, an' after that I had no more trouble with them. Their head man confirmed the tale I'd had, an' he told me that if I liked I could find a way through the fields of sleep—it's easy, that problem. But it brings another. When you first go near the fields, the scent of the flowers on the shrub is poison, this way—he leaned forward on the table to explain. 'There's a gland in the throat of every man without which he can't live: it secretes some sort of fluid that's necessary to life, an' yet that fluid, if there's too much, is poison, just as too little of it's death. Breathing the scent from the fields of sleep doubles the secretion—it's a sort of gland in itself, that plant, an' if you go near it by degrees, an' breathe a little more an' a little more of the scent, till at last you can live with it, then you can get through the fields. But all the time you're killing the gland in your throat, an' that I didn't know.'

'So I went, an' Dolores went, up to the edge of the fields. We had a tent, an' we moved a little nearer, an' a little nearer, till in the end we could go in the fields an' through them, an' we both went through to the far side. There's Mapoches here that can go through the fields and bring back—what couldn't they bring back? I've seen what was hidden away, an' it's such wealth as no man has ever looked on, millions an' millions. My price of admission is that I stop for ever within reach of that cursed shrub, for if I leave this valley I die.'

'But——' Bates said, in an awestruck way. Hackett held up his hand.

'I wouldn't believe it, though one of the Mapoches told me,' he said. 'We'd spent months there by the shrub, Dolores an' I, an' then Joan was born—it was my mother's name, Joan. She was born up on the edge of the shrub, an' when Dolores was fit to travel with her we set to leave the valley. We travelled easy, to go out back by the Magdalena route, an' she sickened. Before we could get back within reach of the shrub she was dead, an' Joan an' I were near dead, too. I'll never forget what it was like first to smell that cursed scent an' draw back new life into my veins—for it was that.'

He looked round on the three, on whom—and especially on Shaw—the full meaning of all that he had said was dawning. He was prisoner for ever in his valley, and Shaw knew that Joan was prisoner too.

'That's why I say there is a problem that you can't solve,' he said. 'If you like, you three, you can go an' look at the treasure, an' the price you pay is that you never get out to the world again. If you stay here with me another month, though you're far from the

fields of sleep here, you'll be injured men for life: that gland in the throat of each of you will be dwarfed, half spoilt.'

'I aim to drop down from the cliff on the far side,' Bates said, 'an' so get at the cave without touchin' on the poison tract.'

Hackett shook his head. 'No,' he said; 'no man can drop down the cliff an' get back alive. It's in the heart of the scent, an' there is but the one way, imprisonment for life.'

Bates looked at his two companions. 'Well, boys, what say?' he asked them.

Kennett shook his head, and Shaw, who sat leaning forward on his folded arms, made no response.

'You could——' Bates said to Hackett, and paused.

Hackett shook his head. 'I shall never go near the cave again,' he said. 'If you don't know why, I sha'n't tell you.'

'Not for me, Hackett?' Bates pleaded.

'Not for you, Bates,' he answered. 'You can offer me nothing, for nothing in the world is any use to me—or to Joan.'

Shaw sprang to his feet as if he would protest, but instead of speaking paced up and down the room restlessly.

'We must think, boys,' Bates said. 'Maybe the Mapoches——'

'They're prisoners here, just as I am,' Hackett told them. 'Nothing you could offer is any use to them. An'—he leaned forward again, speaking with an angry note in his voice—'they're guardians of the treasure, planted here by the people who planted the shrub, to breed an' last an' go on guarding, but never to leave the valley. There was more wisdom in the old Incas than the conquistadores knew, an' they built a trap here such as has never been built in the world before. An' I believe, some way, there's more in it than the shrub—there's the influence of the old rulers in the valley, an' none of the treasure will ever go out till its real owners come to fetch it, as the legend tells.'

'A child's tale,' Bates said. 'I'm not superstitious, anyhow.'

Suddenly he gripped at the table, and Hackett stood up. There was a creaking noise in the walls of the room, and the floor trembled.

'Make for the open!' Hackett commanded. 'It's earthquake.'

He led the way out, and the three followed—as they went a violent shock flung them momentarily against the swaying wall, but they gained the open to see, far south-westward, a torrent of smoke pouring skyward, high above restless Sangai. The troubled earth shook them and sickened them, and Bates lay down on the ground, his face chalk-white.

'Joan!' Hackett shouted. 'Joan!'

Shaw clutched his arm. 'Where is she?' he asked.

Hackett pointed at the doorway of the house, and Shaw broke forward instantly in search of her. The three whom he left saw him enter the building as the earth seemed to heave itself up in waves, with such a noise as shall be on the last day. A portion of the building facing them collapsed before their eyes, and Kennett gripped Hackett's arm to prevent him from following Shaw.

'Two lives are enough,' Kennett said, explaining.

It may have been minutes or hours that they watched and waited, for in the terror of the earthquake time was forgotten. From north of them came a great crash as of the falling of rocks, and in the end the earth stilled, while up toward the smoke-cloud above Sangai shot a vast tongue of flame. To Bates and Kennett, it was as if the earth were dissolving, but Hackett viewed it more normally: Ecuador knows many such days as that one, and if it had not been for Joan he would have taken it calmly enough. Now, all his thought was with her, and there was agony in his twitching face as Kennett gripped his arm and held him back from the swaying, tottering house.

When stillness had come again, the three went forward to search for Joan and Shaw. They found the two of them together, quite dead, clasped in each other's arms. And Joan's eyes were no longer sad, for death had given her what life could never have made perfect.

'There is a solution to every problem,' Bates

said, reverently removing his hat, 'an' she's found hers, I guess.'

VI.

Two days later Kennett and Bates adjusted the burdens on their mules, and Hackett stood by.

'You two,' said Hackett, 'have been nearest to Atahualpa's treasure—nearest of any that's got away, that is. An' if ever you hear other yarns, tell this one—tell how there's millions of tons of rock fallen over the entrance to the cave, an' half the fields of sleep are under water from the damming of the river. Tell it so that nobody else may ever come near the cursed fields, an'—you've got the emeralds.'

They went back the way they had come, for the way out to the north was blocked by another fall of rock from the shaken hills. At the entrance to the defile that would take them out from the valley they paused to look back, and from the half-ruined house down in the plain a tiny figure waved to them.

'Was there such a treasure?' Kennett asked, 'and are the fields of sleep real? We've never seen.'

'I've seen enough, an' we've got the emeralds to share between us,' Bates answered. 'But, on the whole, I think Shaw came off best of the three of us. He'd never have left her again, an' she—'

He waved back at the figure down on the plain, and turned to go on. 'Poor little gal!' he said.

GEORGE MEREDITH AND FRANCE.

GEOERGE MEREDITH, like that other great Victorian novelist-poet, Thomas Hardy, made his first public appearance in the pages of *Chambers's Journal*. It was in our issue for 7th July 1849 that his verses 'Chillianwallah' were printed. At the time Meredith was but twenty-one years of age—and the *Journal* was four years younger. A month later Meredith married. His wife, daughter of Thomas Love Peacock the novelist, and widow of a naval lieutenant, was eight years his senior. Having married in haste, Meredith had occasion—if not leisure—to repent, until his wife's death in 1861. Soon (1864) he found a new and more suitable mate in Marie Vulliamy, a young lady of Swiss extraction and French upbringing, who confirmed her husband's lifelong love of France—such a love as was bound, sooner or later, to be reciprocated.

In recent years there have been unmistakable signs of an extending Meredith cult across the Channel, and this is sure to be stimulated by a masterly monograph on Meredith by M. René Galland, Docteur-ès-Lettres. Meredith was a

passionate admirer of the Alps and of Dauphiné, and it is fitting that a professor of Grenoble University should undertake the task of presenting to his fellow-countrymen a full-length portrait of this English writer. It is to be hoped that a translation of this discerning and sympathetic study will soon be available for such as cannot read it in the French edition, so excellently printed by Les Presses Françaises of Paris. In a volume of over 400 pages M. Galland covers only the first fifty years (1828–78) of Meredith's life—his youth, we may say, for Meredith was remarkably slow to age—and every reader of this valuable biographical and critical work will eagerly await a further volume from the same source dealing with the last thirty years of a master, the centenary of whose birth is fast approaching.

M. Galland's study is a notable addition to the ever-growing gallery of English portraits from French pens which we owe to the inspiration and teaching of Professor Émile Legouis and his colleagues at the Sorbonne and the other universities of France.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

SICILY is happy in a name that sounds sweetly, a magic name it seems, for the visions it conjures in the minds of those who by power of circumstance are compelled to drive their existence through the sternest parts of a British winter. To be thinking enviously, perhaps, by the fireside, and imagining to the best of one's discontented fancy the loveliness of Sicily, and just to murmur the very name of her—Sicily! Sicily!—is, perhaps, to reach farthest in fancied transportation of mind and pleasure from dull, cold earth to Elysian delights. Ere I first went to Sicily I tested myself in these affairs, and found that while the thoughts of the French Riviera, for example, were highly pleasant, and such as the south of Spain, Egypt, India, parts of North Africa, and the other places to which fortunate people wander in the winter, exerted a peculiar disturbance of one's tranquillity for a few moments, Sicily had always most effect. Others have the same experience. The fact that Sicily is an island, and not easy to reach, may serve a little in the reckoning, but the pretty name does most, while the classic history of Sicily, coveted and fought for by so many nations of the past, with the gods intervening often, is a point as well. But there it is—Sicily! And she is wonderful, magnificent, and in many ways the most delightful of holiday grounds, because of her variety and the way she coaxes interest and investigation and then delighted absorption into the classic past, and for many other reasons; but yet not one in many of those fireside fancies of a Sicily still unknown is right. All the imaginings are scrapped and a new system of delight set up when the reality is presented. Thus in the depth of winter at home, it is not all sunshine and warmth in Sicily, which, after all, is an island, and much exposed. Until near the end of March I found the winter weather in Sicily most difficult; it was, as I knew from reports, worse than what was served in England; and behold the seekers of sunshine in days of February and March huddling round radiators in hotel apartments—miserable, soulless radiators, and not the big fires of supreme comfort that make it often

cheerful to stay at home in Britain. Storms and sleet, dripping scud flying past the windows, chills down the back and into boots—O Sicily! But that is not her fault; for, like other places at such times, she is miscalculated and misjudged. January and February, also March, are the months when most travellers pass through Sicily, and after March the so-called season droops; but it is then that Sicily begins to be herself. If there is a country that is above all else a lover of the spring it is Sicily, and that is a valuable point for remembrance. Linger on the south coast of this island when April starts, and there need be no sighs for England. In this we discover one common misapprehension about Sicily. There are some others. We who have explored the island agree that its most fascinating parts are not those most frequented. So the firesider imagines Palermo, the capital, and itself possessing a beautiful name, as being a city of colouring and other delights, while Girgente (with two soft *g*'s) somehow suggests giants, monsters, and an unpleasant roughness, yet Girgente is queen of Sicily, and save for friends to be seen again, I should not grieve were I not to see Palermo more. But it has fine interests. Here, at their best, are the quaintly decorated Sicilian carts, with scenes of history painted on the panels of all of them, stirring curiosity and then admiration upon the rare exploits of Roger, the northern raider. There are two glorious Byzantine interiors, and decayed palaces of princes in the slums awake us to a sense of the past pomp and dignity of this island, which was a kingdom of great account and a jewel of the Mediterranean for which the conquering races vied. One could look and think for long, and be the better for it, in Palermo, but yet in general aspect and in the emotions it imparts it is often a disappointment. There has been what we may call a Palermo vogue in the past; it has enjoyed the prestige of being a capital. The approach to it by sea from Naples has been a theme for ecstasies by poets, but I know of finer. Nearly a century and a half ago Goethe went to Sicily, and I have examined his statements of impressions. He was four days and three hours on the voyage from Naples to Palermo, and I know at least one

reason why the appearance of the harbour as he reached it delighted him. For me, I went aboard at Naples in time for dinner, slept well, and landed for breakfast in the morning, not believing that this was a grander approach than that to Gibraltar, with the Pillars of Hercules, from the western side at sunrise, or more than one harbour on the North African coast. Goethe, no great traveller, and easily given to enthusiasms, declared that Monte Pellegrino, overlooking Palermo, is the most beautiful headland in the world, and many others have said the same since then, but strangers of to-day have scarce an eye for it. However, Palermo is a sizeable city, has something faintly of the atmosphere of a capital, and it is nobody's business to speak ill of it, but, as is customary, to pass on at good opportunity. There are Taormina and Syracuse, and then Girgente, and other places for deep enjoyment, and then Palermo, after them, has better attractions than before. I feel that Palermo should be taken last in a Sicilian journey, instead of (as commonly) first.

* * *

Taormina is an enticing name, and it has been justified by the place. Long ago, before Taormina was half-spoiled, it must have been a pleasant thing to stay from the beginning to the end of spring at this curious little town, or big village—perched six hundred feet up on the ledge of a mountain rising with a fair steepness from the sea. If you arrive at Giardini, the station down below on sea-level, after dark, you see the lights of Taormina shining high aloft like a new constellation in the sky of night. Its name and beauty have led to that half-spoiling, for in recent years it has been so intensely exploited by tourists of all classes, and especially and disastrously by the Americans, that it has lost its pristine freshness and naturalness. The one long, winding little street, the Corso Umberto, must have been delightful to the stranger when it was, so to say, real and true, for there is still some evidence of its olden charms. But now this street, still picturesque and interesting, contains almost entirely shops that serve the tourists only, with an undue proportion where 'antiques'—when they are 'antiques'—are sold. Also a remarkable number of little cobblers' shops, where, some time ago, the natives invented an industry for themselves—the manufacture of hand-made shoes to the order of the visitors, the colonists, and others. They made them in full view in the shops of this curious street. It is regarded as a good and proper thing to buy a pair of shoes in Taormina; they are neatly, nicely, and even fashionably made of good materials, they fit well, and are cheap. It is the surest way of obtaining value for money in material things—as apart from spiritual exaltation and general interest to the mind, for which the money for

travelling is mainly spent—in the whole of Sicily or Italy. The main street has been transformed through renovation. The purlieus, the narrow byways gained by steep stone stairs, were highly picturesque in other times, and even now, like other parts of Taormina, they hold the artists, but in places below the Corso one comes upon dull houses that were better placed in the suburbs of a manufacturing town. Yet these things must be. I have seen no place in Europe where the American travelling element is so dominant and controlling. One comes by a fancy that these busy, intelligent, and most intensive travellers could, as a party, really win an election at Taormina, but qualification would need to be short and voting quick, for the disposition towards rapid movement is strongly indicated by those who flash through here, and the entire American population changes every few days. When I was there a large Atlantic-liner load of Americans from New York was landed at Syracuse, some way south of Taormina, and along they came, five or six hundred of them all at once. It is at such times and by such sights as these that one is led again to reflect upon the American miracle and the certain future of the world. These people make one think of delicious Taormina as a kind of pump. Nothing is farther from the spirit of this place than machinery of any kind, and a few motor-cars, by which it is almost solely represented, sometimes jar upon the nerves of tranquil British visitors disposed to linger on for a little while; but yet one feels that the circumstances of Taormina for three or four months do palpably suggest the action of some supermundane Anglo-American pump. For these months, the term of which, fortunately, seems to end as the spring comes on and Sicily ascends to her loveliest and best, a big, swollen stream of travellers is pumped north through Taormina, having mostly come from Palermo, at the other end of the island, one day's journey distant, and moving on to Naples and the north of Italy; while at the same time, like the return action of the piston, another stream is pumped south from Naples, not usually to Palermo direct, but rather round the island by Syracuse and Girgente. Two days—perhaps three, or even four—is the time the Americans usually stay at Taormina; British travellers a little longer, since to them Sicily is not merely an incident in a European rush, but still seldom long. Yet it would be a pleasant place in which to linger, were it not for the conscious pressure of this pump upon one's personal disposition.

* * *

Some twenty years ago an American artist came to Taormina, thinking to bide there about three days, but he is still there, and having a home and being well settled, he knows the way to contentment and happiness. For Taormina is unlike other places that travellers know, even places of

the kind through which tourists are pumped ; it has special points of its very own. The mentioned railway-station is almost hidden away far below at the bottom of a precipice. From the top of the height where is Taormina, one looks down, not upon the railway-station, but upon a sea mainly coloured in brilliant purple, for which some Sicilian seas are famous, with a sparkling turquoise border. Though real, it somehow looks unreal, which might be thought a fault in such a sea. For a mark there is a point on the shore where the Greeks first landed and made a city—Nascos—of which no trace remains, and up in the town for its chief historic and scenic attraction there are the splendid ruins of one of the finest ancient theatres, first Greek and then Roman. As you rest on the grass of the amphitheatre, looking towards the stage of old, the view passes through marble columns and broken walls to one of the loveliest scenes of Sicily distantly beyond, the white and vapour-tufted peak of Etna high in the blue, the purple and turquoise sea edging up to Giardini, these framed by one of the ruined windows of the theatre, and the coast-line, leading onto Catania and then to Syracuse, deep below. They say this is the most beautiful view in all Sicily or Italy, where there are so many that entrance us ; and though standards and comparisons are æsthetically impossible, one does not doubt that this would be chosen on a popular vote, for its fame would assist it much. Goethe came wandering through Sicily in 1787, and declared himself thankful it had already been described, since, therefore, he need not attempt the task. The red-gold tints of the old ancient stones of the theatre glow warmly in the sunlight, and the pearly shades of Etna, ranging from gentlest madders by the snow to thin indigo below, assist in marvellous effects of colour. Such as stay in Taormina for more than two or three days fall into a pleasant way of spending mornings in reading or sketching on the grassy banks of the sloping auditorium. It would be difficult to prepare a finer tranquillity. Breathing beauty of the world, one falls to a pleasant pensiveness, while such as like to be concerned with the business of others whom they know not may be continually and most seriously interested, for the acoustic properties of this theatre which the Greeks prepared are still most marvellous. Almost the lowest tones murmured down below by passers-through can be heard high above and long away by others walking round the gallery or sitting on the grass. It is in this way that many of the different States of America become acquainted with each other's business, most intimate gossip, and political prognostications. And it was thus that I came to understand better than before the middle-west attitude in regard to certain great railway problems, as it was lucidly expounded at the far end of the theatre in an undertone to two companions by a gentleman who, I gathered, came from some-

where in Ohio, and the knowledge was improved and made the more valuable for the comments and criticisms of a keen business man from New York, who was sitting some yards away and chattering to his wife. In the time of its glory this wonderful theatre would contain seven thousand people. The Romans changed it much when they came this way, and it changed again as the Romans held it. An eminent English architect, enjoying an effort in reconstruction plans, took me along with him and explained many things. 'It seems clear to me,' he said, 'that, tiring of stage-plays, the Romans had their gladiators here, and that they fought in the arena with wild beasts. See, here are the passages by which they came and went ;' and he explained. 'Yes, evidently they tired of stage-plays,' he murmured, 'just as at home in England they seem to tire of stage-plays now, and need other and cruder things.' This was another of the disagreeable jolts that matters of antiquity make upon the conscience. The analogy was uncomfortable ; the good stage-plays in London as I had left it were so very few ; the people, and those who ministered to their desires, were more interested in prize-fights. This is a place of tranquillity. Time in general is a thing of less than usual account to those who bide a month at Taormina ; it may even be a nuisance. Clocks and watches have their separate tales to tell. The Post Office clock is known to be perpetually wrong, but this is no ordinary Post Office, for it happens at times that it has no stamps to sell, the last supply having been acquired by people for money purposes, or the national distributors may have forgotten Taormina. Letters then may have to be posted stampless. There is a Teatro Margherita in a rare old square in Taormina, but seldom is there any kind of a performance there. Rather does this establishment fall weakly to modernity, for it advertises on the walls in the English language with Sicilian modifications, 'The only place in which is allowed to dance all night.' But better than to witness the fox-trotting, you may see the tarantella danced by agile Sicilian boys, making all manner of fast movements and spinning round like tops ; you may hear the 'Pastorale' played on wooden flutes, short and thick—strange, haunting music in which some say all the spirit of Sicily is held. For this, as we know, is after all the 'Marechiaro' of which Robert Hichens wrote in his famous novel of Sicily ; and on mornings I have walked high up into the hills behind to the Casa del Prete, which was the middle of the scene of the romance. It is in ruins now, but there it is, exactly according to description, with old Norman arch and everything, the broken columns before the door—where the blood calls no more.

* * *

Storms of winter having swept away, the scents of spring lading the Sicilian air came on.

The flowers were wonderful in colour and variety, and the greens more softly, luxuriously brilliant than I have known them anywhere save in our own islands. Evidently, and for a simple reason, greens are for islands. I was sleeping in the small, whitewashed cell of what had been an old Dominican monastery; next door to me was the chapel thereof. So on these spring mornings, uplifting as morns of spring at home, I threw open the little window opposite the foot of the bed, returning to sheets with good excuse for contemplation of a marvellous scene, for just outside the window, almost brushing it, were bushes laden with golden balls of mandarins; beyond were cliffs and banks of green, and, if I held to the dreamy contemplation long enough, an old fellow at a corner up there used constantly to start a matutinal playing of the 'Pastorale.' But the soul of this scene was infinitely the majestic background, which was Etna herself at her proudest and her best. Head on pillow, just where head of holy friar rested in other times, I could see this terrible mountain from a little beyond its base sloping evenly, graciously, grandly on each side to its sharp summit, from which a tuft of vapour commonly exuded. In the morning light the tints on the slope, half snow-covered, are beautiful in their delicate richnesses, rose and violet seeming often to predominate. There are two best views of Etna: this one from my room in the old monastery, and the other from the country on the far side beyond Catania, when travelling thence by railway in the westerly direction towards Girgente, this showing the mountain in another shape, and with a flood of whiter light upon it most times. Yet there is another vision of Etna, who has been adding more chapters lately to her terrible history of flame and destruction, that, to be lightly paradoxical, is presented in the night and is not seen. The stranger's first introduction to this lady of terrors (by one of those curious inversions of feeling, as of the dog that licks the hand that has beaten it, is venerated by the natives round about, and often called in affection 'Mother Etna') is commonly made at night, for darkness has fallen ere the one and only train has brought him in from Palermo when the days are short. Having settled and fed, he may meander into the little street, or a garden if the night is fine, and then, if the air is clear, at intervals of five or ten minutes, out there in the distance and sky-high in the blackness, he will probably see two or three big awful bursts of the most lurid flame, a small extension of it to the right, and then, after a few seconds, a lapse to the deep dark again. There is no sound, as there is at Vesuvius for those who stand on the crater's edge and listen to that weird thunderous roar, which so attracted an American lady who stood beside me listening that she said she had stayed in Naples three weeks longer than intended, in

order to come up the mountain two or three days in each week to listen to it and see it in all its horrors, so fearfully like our ideas of Dante's Inferno. In the daytime these fire-scenes on Etna are not visible, but occasionally a faint murmur of distant sound is heard.

* * *

The psychology of the people who live on the slopes of Etna, and at the foot of it, and within range of its outbursts, is curious and quite unreasonable. Fatality is mixed up with it. History, circumstance, and prudence may tell them of the overwhelming folly of making their homes and depending for their livelihood on the soil of these parts, but none other attracts them, and though hot destructive lava may drive them away to-day, they will seek to return to-morrow, and will be admiring, praising, and even loving Etna on the return. When in these parts I was continually told in a casual way by natives, men and women, that they somehow felt that Etna's time was due, and that she would be in great eruption very soon. They had no reason for thinking it, but felt it. It was only about four months later that the great eruption occurred. Here one might mention, as by special information of an official kind, that, as is the way with all great disasters, the damage of eruptions of Etna is greatly exaggerated at the time, and the last one was a strong example of this tendency to make things seem worse than they really are. Stories were sent to me of cinders falling on the roof of the old monastery where I slept, which was many miles away, and I imagined a scene of widest desolation; but now I am told on the highest authority that not a single person was killed by the eruption, and that only four hundred were rendered homeless, the total damage at most amounting to some seventy million lire, which is less than one million pounds. No other than Mussolini enormously reduces even these figures, saying that only a hundred and fifty people became refugees, and that the damage was not more than two million lire. Seen every day, Etna seems to become part of our existence when at this end of Sicily, and one begins even faintly to appreciate something of the native feeling, fortified as it is by their religious associations, their faith in the preventive effects of staying the advancing lava by certain observances, while the apparent obedience of the 'Mother Etna' to these heavenly demands is laid well to her credit. A geographer of long ago, after seeing the mountain for the first time, wrote: 'It is impossible to contemplate the volcano without regarding it as a being gifted with an individual life, enjoying the consciousness of its strength; the lines of Etna, so regular and noble in their repose, exhibit something of the figure of a sleeping god. It is not, as the ancient legend had it, the mountain that weighs

on the body of Enceladus; it is Titan himself, the ancient protecting divinity of the Siculos. Enceladus was the son of Tartarus and Ge (Earth) and one of the giants of the hundred arms who warred against the gods. He was, by the story, struck by lightning when making flight through Sicily, and Jupiter buried him underneath Etna. They who know much say it is the fiery breath of this Enceladus that Etna gives forth as smoke from the top, and that when the mountain, shaking, is convulsed by eruption, it is a sign that poor Enceladus is once more turning round uneasily below. Pindar and Virgil, and some others who had seen and contemplated, wrote in fine phrases upon various fancies. Virgil suggested that on the flanks of Etna were the forges in which Cyclops and Vulcan

concocted Jupiter's lightning. There is respect and veneration everywhere, and affection, as it seems, from those from whom it might least be expected. I recall the stupid feeling of sentimentalism that possessed myself and two others as, when making journey from east to west of Sicily, through the middle of it, the time came when, by distance and geographical intervention, Etna—unless we returned to her—was about to be shut out for ever from our view. She had dominated us, our views and many thoughts, for several weeks, and now for farewell she presented herself on a clear morning at her loveliest, shining white and gold with delicate inflections of rosy pink. A longing look, and she was gone, and for a while was our Sicily much the emptier for her going.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER X.—IN PERIL BY WATER.

OUT of his profound slumber Roy Carwyke awoke with the sound of a rifle-shot in his ears. Starting up, he looked round with a thought that he must have been dreaming, but even whilst the thought was in his mind it was dispelled by another crashing shot awakening the echoes. The sound came from the river, and, rising to his feet, he moved stiffly to the edge of the bank, where he would have an uninterrupted view. As he did so a chorus of laughter greeted him, and, looking down, he saw a couple of canoes being held against the current. In each canoe there were two men, and in the one nearest to him, sitting in a huddled position with the sun shining on her golden head, was Norma Mannering. A hoarse cry broke from him as he recognised her, and then Standifer's mocking voice sounded across the water.

'You're some sleeper, Carwyke, and it's a pity to have wakened you. But I did not want to seem ungrateful; I owe you many thanks. You pulled the nuts out of the fire for me very neatly. I am infinitely obliged to you. Au revoir!'

Standifer spoke a sharp word. The paddles ceased to break water, and the canoes began to shoot forward. A spasm of despairing wrath shook the watching man. His stiffness forgotten, he ran back to his sleeping-place to secure his rifle. A single glance told him that the canoe had been rendered useless, great holes having been cut in the bottom with a sharp knife. The only weapons that remained to him were an axe, a knife, and his revolver, which, still attached to the broken belt, had been lying among the stones. Seizing it, he ran hurriedly back to the bank.

The canoes were now too far away for the weapon to be of any use, and as he stood there watching the recession of his enemies and of the

girl he loved, his lean face was a picture of utter despair. A burst of mocking laughter sounded across the water; then a rifle cracked, and a bullet whizzed over his head. He did not even move. He was indifferent to anything that Standifer and his crew might do to him, and in the bitterness of the moment death would have been a welcome relief. The shot, however, was not repeated, and with despair in his eyes he watched the canoes moving towards a bend of the river. Till they disappeared he remained an immobile figure; but as they swept out of sight his immobility fell from him like a garment, and as his arm half-lifted hoarse words broke from him.

'If Standifer hurts a hair of her head I will kill him like a dog.'

There was in the words nothing of the despairing wrath which had sent him hurrying from the bank for his rifle. They were the utterance of a resolve which had suddenly crystallised in his heart, and from which nothing would move him. Having spoken his vow, he wasted no more time staring at the empty reaches of the river. Going back to the canoe, he submitted it to a thorough inspection. The framework was intact, but the bark covering was practically destroyed, for, besides the holes in the bottom, the sides had been woefully slashed. It would take two or three days to repair it, and there was not so much time to spare. In the intricate waterways of the north it would be easy to lose track of the canoes altogether, and in that case Norma might pass beyond his aid for ever. That thought shook him with fear and quickened his decision. He would not wait for Billy. He would make a raft and follow in the wake of the canoes, leaving a note for his companion, informing him what had happened and telling him what he proposed to do. That way he

might keep in touch with the Standifer crew until the ex-whaler could come to his assistance; for now they believed themselves beyond pursuit, Norma's captors would probably not hurry over-much.

The sound sleep he had enjoyed had refreshed him considerably. He was stiff after his heavy toil at the tow-line, and his throat was still very painful; but his head was clear, and his legs no longer shook as he walked, and he was conscious of hunger.

After thinking out his plans he built a fire, set a pan of beans to cook, and then, taking the axe, moved up-river until he found what he wanted—a couple of wind-felled trees, which with their sap dried out of them were still sound. Cutting four equal lengths, he levered them to a little sand-bar, lashed them together with the tracking-line which he had used on his journey from the rapids, and fastened across them smaller pieces of timber, split roughly with the axe, to form a platform.

He worked rapidly, and in a remarkably short space of time he had constructed an efficient little raft which, whilst its speed would not be very much above the drift of the current, would bear him safely down the river. After fashioning a rough sweep he returned to the fire, made a selection of stores, ate the meal which he had prepared, scrawled the note for Billy, and, fastening it in the wrecked canoe, lifted the craft to a spot where the ex-whaler was bound to see it if he came down the bank. Then he heaped green wood and leaves upon the fire to cause a smoke and so attract the other's attention; and that done, carried his stores to the raft and set himself adrift in the current.

At first the raft drifted slowly round in the current; but when he got the sweep to work he found that he could keep it head on, and that using the sweep screw wise, he could move a little faster than the water. Then he settled himself to long and steady endeavour.

As he worked the sweep he wondered how Norma had fallen into Standifer's clutches. That the scoundrel had somehow reached Little Novgorod and there obtained the canoes which he now possessed was not difficult to guess. And Norma's presence in the canoe with Standifer was scarcely more difficult of explanation. Probably she had made her way through the woods to the river-bank much farther up, and, utterly worn out, had been observed by Standifer, and had fallen an easy prey. That seemed the likely sequence of events, and that Norma was a prisoner and not a willing passenger in the canoe he was assured; for her detestation of Standifer was so pronounced that she would scarcely have accompanied him voluntarily even to save her life.

Then the problem before him began to exercise his mind. On the slow-moving raft he

could scarcely hope to overtake the canoes ahead—but for one thing. Standifer and his crew would feel that the game was in their hands, and probably would not press the journey over-much. They would make camp somewhere and sleep, and in those hours he would gain on them; and if the river should prove to be free from rapids, in a little time he might even overtake them. He prayed fervently that he might. If he did not, there was no hope for Norma, for somehow the scoundrel would compel her to fall in with his designs.

Again he found himself wondering about the nature of those designs. That Standifer proposed to marry the girl, he knew; but, like Billy, he was convinced that it was not under the compulsion of the ordinary human motive that the scoundrel sought the union with an unwilling maid. There was something else behind. What was it?

He reviewed the circumstances of the girl's life without finding the clue he sought. There was so little there that afforded room for speculation, unless Billy's conviction that some treacherous action on the part of Standifer was the cause of her father's disappearance from the scene of his labours was justified. He himself shared that conviction, and realised that, if it were correct, it pointed to a motive for Standifer's actions that lay beyond the girl herself, that had to do in some way with the lost missionary. What could it be?

Quite suddenly he recalled the big Russian's evident familiarity with Mr Mannering's name, and his excitement on learning that Norma was the missionary's daughter; and in the same moment he visioned the giant laying his filthy hand on Norma's shoulder, and heard again his bellowing laughter as, answering Billy's question about the gold, he had cried, 'No! It is yet far away, but it is under my hand—so!'

Again the suspicion occurred to him that the Russian and Standifer held knowledge of Norma that was denied to Billy and himself, and this time it stayed; and the more he considered it, the more did it deepen towards conviction. The Russian had spoken of himself as a potential millionaire, and had looked at Norma as he had uttered his conviction; and a little time after had made his mad attack on Billy and himself, with the evident intention of securing possession of the girl. Gold! Was that the explanation? Was the late Mr Mannering a richer man than ever he had seemed to be whilst he laboured among the Eskimos? Did Standifer know that, and was the fact that Norma was her father's heiress the explanation of his actions in regard to the girl?

It seemed likely. Men would do anything for gold—some men, at any rate, and Standifer was plainly of the predatory breed. But how had the Russian come to know the fact, assum-

ing it was such? Little Novgorod was too far from Unapik for the natives ever to trade there; and it lay on the wrong side of the Height of Land. The Eskimos would go to the coast stations to do their bartering, and would not make the far more arduous journey across the Height. Yet the Russian had known. There was no doubt of that at all. His half-cryptic words in the light of this thought were a very revelation. But how had he come to know a thing of which even Billy, who had lived in close association with Mr Manning for some years, had remained ignorant?

He found no answer to that question, no certain solution to the other problems that centred around Norma; and, wearied by the reiteration of them, he strove to put them aside, and to consider what lay ahead. His own task was simple somehow, and at no matter what risk to himself, he must get Norma out of Standifer's hands.

That the undertaking was a difficult one he could not disguise from himself; that it could be accomplished without grave risks he did not believe. Standifer now imagined the game was in his hands, and that he was safe from all pursuit; but if he discovered that he was being followed he would be ruthless, and next time he or one of his ruffians would shoot to kill.

Roy Carwyke had no doubt of that. The man was utterly unscrupulous, and would not hesitate to rid himself of one who threatened to become an embarrassment to him. He recognised that when the moment for action came he would have to exercise cunning rather than courage, since apart from the disparity of numbers, armed as he was only with a pistol and an axe, it would be impossible for him to venture upon an open attack. And assuming that his slow pursuit was successful, and that he came within measurable distance of the canoe ahead, the endless summer daylight would make a nearer approach difficult. He would have to wait until the others were in camp, and then try to approach by land. Assured as they would be of their safety from pursuit, the abductors would be careless, and it might prove to be possible to get into touch with Norma, and escape with her into the great woods. Such a course would itself mean a plunge into new dangers, but they were preferable to the fate that awaited the girl if she remained in Standifer's hands.

The raft gave a heavy swerve that brought him from his reflections to the realities of the moment. The pace of the current, as he saw, was quickening, and the low swampy valley was narrowing between the hills, which ahead, instead of being clothed in green pine, lifted gaunt and blackened trunks, showing that some great fire had swept the narrowing valley. An anxious look came in his eyes. If there were rapids ahead, as was likely, the raft was no

craft on which to venture them. In rough water or among the rocks it must inevitably go to pieces and leave him at the mercy of the waters.

Yet he kept on. To land and reconnoitre would be a waste of precious time. His sole chance of overtaking Standifer lay in steady unhalting progress, and whatever risks the narrowing valley held must be faced and taken as they came. The mountains on his left hand were growing higher. On one, which lifted a strange pinnacled top to the skies, he caught the gleam of snow, and the bank on that side was now barren rock, worn smooth by the rush of water or the friction of ice.

Still the valley closed, and soon he was flanked by hills on either hand, hills which marched so close together that they shut out the sun; and as it surged down the gorge the water had a dark, glassy look. He considered it carefully. The glassy quality of it troubled him. With scarce a break in its smooth surface it raced forward. The only sounds in the gorge were made by the screaming of a pair of eagles high among the crags, and the ripple of the river against the rocky sides. He lifted his eyes from the water to the ramparts which hemmed it, and made the discovery that the black water was hurling him forward at a quite terrific pace. The dark rocks on either hand were sliding by. At a point ahead he caught sight of a huge rock, which at some time had fallen from the heights above. It was at least four hundred yards away, and with his eyes upon it he began to count aloud slowly, 'One, two . . .'

At fourteen he was whirled by it like a feather in a great wind; and a second later, as the gorge turned a little, under its tan his face went suddenly gray, and his heart almost stopped beating. Up the gorge came a booming sound, the sound of falling water. He stared about him desperately. Those smooth rocky sides offered no escape. They hemmed him in precipitously, and the water hurled him forward to destruction.

Ahead he caught a gleam of sunlight playing on a cloud of spray and flashing into rainbows, whilst the roar of crashing waters filled the narrow place. He released his hold on the sweep. It was now no further use. Destruction lay before him, and in a minute he would take the plunge that would be the end. In that short space he found time to wonder if Standifer's canoes had also been swept to destruction. It was more than possible, for, like so many rivers of the Alaskan wilderness, this river was uncharted. Standifer might, however, have landed farther up, and portaged over the hills, in which case he would have been saved from—

A wind up the gorge brought a cold mist of spray against his face. The shaft of sunlight grew suddenly more bright, and as the raft hung for a moment on the very edge of the fall,

as if hesitating to take the leap, he visioned the greenness of a sunlit valley, and the next moment shot into space and plunged through the cascade to the depth below.

Hope, fear, all emotions and all feeling were lost in the single, supreme, sickening sensation of falling. He felt himself plunged deep into water, where darkness that he conceived to be the preliminary of death overtook him; then he was shot upward to the light of day, bruised and gasping, but alive. A second later he was caught in a whirlpool, carried round once or twice, and finally cast out on the outer edge, and whirled forward anew.

Finding himself alive, he deliberately surrendered himself to the current, striking out with it, and trying to recover his breath. More than once, however, he was in danger of drowning. The river was full of eddies and whirlpools. Once he was sucked down and came up breathless, almost black in the face and helpless, then again he was hurtled forward. But soon the current began to slacken, and as his mind recovered from the shock of the fall, his will began to assert itself and to search for deliverance.

Ten minutes later this offered itself. Below him a 'sweeper,' a great pine which had fallen in the river, but was still anchored to the crumbling bank by its roots, offered itself. It stretched a third of the way across the swirling water, bobbing up and down in the stream, and if he could reach it, salvation was assured.

Summoning his waning strength, he tried to strike athwart the current. It was but a little deflection of his course that he was able to make, but it was sufficient. A minute later he was swept among the feathery boughs, and clutched them desperately.

The hurrying water pulled at him as if to break his hold; but he clung on, and when his breath came back he began to drag himself inshore, shifting his hold from branch to branch until, dropping his feet, he found himself able to wade. Dripping wet, utterly weary, chilled to the bone and shaking like an aspen, he climbed to the bank, and then collapsed upon the dry pine-needles that were strewn everywhere.

Motionless he lay there like a dead man, a numbness on his mind that made even thought impossible. He was in the condition of collapse that will sometimes follow great exertion—when nothing matters, and when life itself seems to be on the verge of ebbing. Ten minutes passed, and still he lay on his face among the brown scatterings of the pines; then he gave a sudden start, rolled over, and sat up with an incredulous look upon his face, his eyes staring down the valley, up which the wind was blowing.

His attitude now was one of tense alertness. He looked like a man who was listening for something. A moment later, through the swirl and rush of water, he caught that for which he was listening—a man's voice shouting.

'Is it real?' he muttered, as he staggered to his feet and turned his face down-stream.

As he did so, the odour of burning pine was borne to him on the breeze; and, exhausted though he was, he began to stumble through the trees, working his way down the valley. The nature of the land caused him to make a diversion. He stumbled into muskeg, but forced his way across to firmer land, a bemuddled, dragged figure. Thickets of willow hid from him what lay ahead, but he stumbled through them, waded a small stream to the bushes on the farther side, heard a man laugh, caught anew the pungent odour of resinous wood burning; and then broke from the willows almost on the encampment he was seeking.

Two men were standing by the fire, their backs towards him, staring away from the river up a valley which ran almost at right angles from that which the river followed. On the rough grass lay a canoe, beside which stood Norma, a pensive look on her beautiful face. As her eyes fell on his dragged figure she cried out in surprise, and as she did so one of the men turned sharply on his heel. It was Standifer. For a moment he stared incredulously at the other as if he had been some ghostly apparition; then he cried out sharply, 'Carwyke, by Jove!'

(Continued on page 221.)

THE MASSACRE OF MONZIEVAIRD.

By HENRY HILTON BROWN.

I.

THE old kirkyard of Monzievaired lies close to the avenue of Ochertyre, about two miles from Crieff. The country here swells into hills, which are at first grass-grown, varied by patches of wood and lines of trees; then heather hills succeed grass hills, rising bare and rugged, until they culminate in the 3000-foot peak of Ben-y-Hone, where snow lingers till

midsummer, and the peregrine falcon builds its nest.

We see to-day a perfectly peaceful scene. We might fancy that bloodshed and strife had never invaded this happy glen, until we remember that the kirkyard of Monzievaired witnessed the most horrible atrocity recorded in the grim annals of mediæval Scotland. It was a tragedy which roused much anger at the time, and which brought consequences that fulfilled

the saying: 'There is no great evil but brings other evils in its train.'

George Murray, Abbot of Inchaffray, in the beginning of 1490, resolved to assess the teind payable for lands in the parish of Monzievaired possessed by the Clan Drummond. It were vain to ask whether this was a deliberately provocative measure; it was assuredly a most unwise one. There had been feud between Murrays and Drummonds for many years, and fresh fuel ought not to have been cast upon the fire, especially by a churchman. The Abbot granted warrant to the Murrays of Ochtertyre to collect the assessment, and the Murrays collected it no doubt for their own satisfaction, but also as a duty which they owed to the Church, and which they dared not decline.

The aggression roused bitter indignation among the Drummonds. A number of clansmen, assisted by M'Robbies, assembled under the leadership of David Drummond, second surviving son of Lord Drummond. They met the Murrays on Knockmary, a small hill across the Earn opposite Ochtertyre. Both sides fought well, but the Murrays were worsted, and fell back across the river. The Drummonds had suffered severely, and also withdrew. Unfortunately they encountered a party of Campbells, who were at feud with the Murrays. The Campbell leader upbraided David Drummond with leaving half-done work, and urged him to join forces, return, and make an end of his foes. David's clan ferocity flashed up at the proposal. The battle had been inconclusive; he would now fight to a finish. Drummonds and Campbells crossed the Earn, probably by the old bridge of Strowan, and advanced upon Ochtertyre.

The Murrays, seeing the enemy strongly reinforced, prudently declined a combat. According to recognised right, they took sanctuary in the church of Monzievaired. Six score—some say eight score—men, women, and children shut themselves up in the sacred building. David Drummond must have known the extreme danger of violating sanctuary. He proposed to abandon the attack, but at that moment a Murray foolishly shot an arrow from the church and killed a Drummond. Prudence was now scattered to the winds. The Drummonds gathered furze, brushwood and small trees, and piled the combustibles against the building. They then set fire to the heap and to the heather thatch, and burned alive all the miserable inmates. None escaped except a boy, who was saved by a Drummond of milder mien.

It is curious to note the upshot of this act of mercy. The unfortunate Drummond was so execrated by his clansmen for his weakness in saving the boy, that he fled to Ireland. Finding there that he had exchanged one tribe of savages for another still more savage, he returned to Perthshire, became a vassal of the Murrays, and was given a grant of lands. To this day

these lands bear his name, Drummondernoch, Irish Drummond.

II.

If the Massacre of Monzievaired had occurred in a private house, it is probable that vengeance would have been left to the Murrays. Such horrors were not infrequent in Scottish private wars. But this outrage was sacrilege. The Murrays when attacked had been executing an ecclesiastical warrant, and they were burnt in a consecrated building. The crime was an insult to the Church of Rome, which well knows how to resent such affronts. Pressure was put upon the king, James IV. The pressure must have been irresistibly heavy, because the criminal was a son of Lord Drummond, who was not only Justiciary General and probably the greatest man in Scotland at that date, but was also a dear friend of the king, and one whom he delighted to honour. It was a strong step to behead the son of such a man, but pressure prevailed, and the leader of the Drummonds was executed at Stirling.

There is some uncertainty as to the name of that leader. It has been assumed in this article that David Drummond, second surviving son of the first Lord Drummond, was in command of the Drummonds at Monzievaired, and on the whole this is the more probable theory. Local tradition at all events asserts that he was leader, and that not only was he put to death, but his name was blotted from the list of his father's sons. The reader can verify for himself part of this tradition. If he consults *Burke's Peerage* under the record of the noble family of Perth, he will find it stated that the first Lord Drummond had nine children. Their names were Malcolm (who predeceased his father), William, John, Margaret, Elizabeth, Beatrix, Annabella, Eupheme, and Sibylla. If there had been a David Drummond, his name must have been expunged from the list, as tradition relates. But the family tradition, as given in the *Peerage*, accepts the view that William, Master of Drummond, Lord Drummond's oldest surviving son, paid the penalty of the crime. Against the family view it has to be observed that Lord Drummond himself, in a bond of redress for the outrage, declared that the culprit was his second son. The Master of Drummond was in fact his second son, Malcolm, his first-born having died, but if Lord Drummond had meant his eldest son and heir we should have expected him to use his son's lawful title, Master of Drummond. The old historian Lindsay of Pitcottie, who, though often inaccurate as to dates, is usually trustworthy as to names, is perfectly definite in his statement. He says that Lord Drummond's son David led the Drummonds at the Massacre of Monzievaired. The point is both curious and instructive, but we must not here pursue it farther.

III.

'There is no great evil but brings other evils in its train.' Three brasses in the choir of Dunblane Cathedral bear silent witness to this truth, and to the train of evils which followed the Massacre of Monzievaird.

It might have been thought that after the massacre James would have had enough of the Drummonds. We should have expected that the intimacy between royalty and Lord Drummond would have been checked. It had been better for His Majesty had he kept the old friendship under restraint, but no Stuart brooked interference with his private loves and hates. Partly because the hunting in Glenartney was first-rate, and partly to soften any feeling which his old friend might retain in consequence of his son's execution, the king continued frequently to visit Drummond Castle, and to remain there for considerable periods. There was another attraction.

Margaret, Lord Drummond's eldest daughter, was a beautiful and charming girl. James IV. could not withstand female beauty. Sir Walter Scott, thinking of Lady Heron of Ford and the Battle of Flodden, uses of James grave and serious language :

And thus, for France's Queen, he drest
His manly limbs in mailed vest;
And thus admitted English fair
His inmost counsels still to share;
And thus, for both, he madly planned
The ruin of himself and land!
(*Marmion*, canto v. 10.)

At this earlier date, with equal madness, James was prepared, for the sake of Margaret Drummond, to reject the advice and undo the labours of his wisest counsellors, and to sacrifice the future peace and prosperity of his kingdom. He fell madly in love with her. It is said that he secretly married her, but whether married or unmarried she bore him a daughter in 1497. This fact disposes of the absurd fable that he married her when he was Duke of Rothesay. He ceased to be Duke of Rothesay at his accession to the throne in 1488, and if he had been then the husband of Margaret Drummond, his child must have been born many years after the marriage. The truth probably is that James never married Margaret Drummond, but intended to marry her so soon as he obtained the consent of his nobles and clergy. But it was not to be.

It is necessary to remind the reader that a marriage between the king and Margaret Drummond would have been repugnant to a powerful party in Scotland. Some were mindful of past acts of aggression and violence on the part of the Drummonds, and did not forget that Margaret Drummond was sister of the leader in the Massacre of Monzievaird. Others disliked the family, and would not willingly see

another daughter of the house raised to the throne, as had been done in the case of Anna-bella Drummond, Queen of Robert III. A third and larger party was intriguing to bring about a marriage between James and Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry VII. of England. An entanglement with Margaret Drummond would have formed a fatal bar to that scheme, and to all the benefits which Scotland was to derive from it.

We can easily imagine the end of those combined influences. In 1501-2, when the poor girl was at breakfast in Drummond Castle with her sisters Eupheme and Sibylla, a miscreant placed poison in their food. The three died. High rank and power must have been behind the murder, otherwise it is inconceivable that the ladies could have been poisoned in their father's house and no one brought to justice. The murderer would have been reached had he been within reach. The Dean of Dunblane, uncle of the ladies, buried them in the choir of Dunblane Cathedral, where the brasses now lie, and the romance of Drummond was ended.

IV.

Margaret Drummond slept with her fathers. Next year (1503) James IV. married Margaret of England, and, as a result, in 1603 his great-grandson James VI. united the crowns of England and Scotland. Yet the passion of James for Margaret Drummond was sincere, and we are not left in doubt that if she had lived there would have been no marriage with Margaret Tudor. In that case there would have been no Union of the Crowns in 1603; no Stuart kings in England; no Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector; no Civil War or Stuart Wars. British history, as we know it, would not have been, and no man can say what other line it might have taken.

The murder of the Ladies Drummond was a dreadful and cruel crime, but, like all such tragedies, it had some consequences that were not evil. It cleared the way for the marriage with Margaret Tudor, which ultimately brought about the Union of the Crowns. It was an important factor in British history, yet it might not have happened but for the antecedent crime at Monzievaird. The massacre changed the course of events. In the first place, it led to James IV. cultivating the society of Lord Drummond even more assiduously than he had done in the past, and to his being thus brought more frequently into the presence of Margaret Drummond. In the second place, it raised a strong and justifiable opposition to a union between the king and the sister of the leader in the ghastly crime. It contributed its mite towards the attainment of the English marriage and the Union of the Crowns, and in that way promoted the welfare of the two nations.

A TRAVELLING BEACH.

By OSWALD WILDRIDGE, Author of *The Luck Penny*.

I.

BY the experts who revel in the technical terminology of their craft this description of one of the phenomena of the Solway Firth as 'a travelling beach' will probably be regarded as an offence. Rather would they deal with the wonder as a case of 'accretion' on an extreme scale, and cite it as one of Nature's compensatory operations, an endeavour to restore on our western coast the havoc wrought by erosive action on the east. Fortified, however, by memories of that seaside kingdom as it was formed in the adventurous days of boyhood, when all its curves and wrinkles were as familiar as the nooks and crannies of home, I adhere resolutely to the text; this is no ordinary case of accretion, there is no extravagant stretching of words in depicting as 'a travelling beach' that enormous mass, a veritable ocean of stone which has swept with incredible speed along the English shore of the firth and overwhelmed the John Pier at Workington, burying the greater portion of its bulk from sight.

Not that the obliteration of the quaintly-named pier is the only revolutionary deed to be laid to its account. It has entirely changed the contour of a length of our maritime border; at one period it threatened the destruction of an ancient port; it has compelled the building of a giant breakwater at a point where, ten years ago, such an enterprise would have ranked as a colossal folly; it has reshaped the estuary of the Cumberland Derwent, driven the river to seek a new outlet to the sea, altered the location of its bar; and, to crown all, has left to myself the mere memory of a cherished playground. To-day the exile returning to his native haunt finds most of the old things passed away; the land has lifted—to name the number of feet is to risk one's credit for veracity—and but for the background of the Shore Hills and the loftier hills of Galloway across the gulf, he might fancy himself in a strange land.

All this, of course, and that other devastating work yet to be described, offer convincing proof of the Solway's peculiar majesty, that power to which Sir Walter Scott pays eloquent tribute in the pages of *Redgauntlet*, wherein he proclaims that 'he who dreams on the bed of the Solway may wake in the next world,' refers to a blast that brings in the 'waves three feet abreast,' and sets forth that 'the tide advances with such rapidity upon these fatal sands that well-mounted horsemen lay aside hopes of safety if they see the white surge

advancing while they are yet at a distance from the bank.'

To strangers who have never had the good fortune to look upon that water-flood which cuts like a huge spear-head deep into the heart of the land this picture of its power may easily have the ring of exaggeration, but those who dwell by the foot of the Galloway hills or the sea-washed border of the English Lake Country can faithfully bear witness that when he penned it the Laird of Abbotsford was free of all indulgence in literary license. Rather does his three-feet wave belittle the tidal bore. Impelled by a stiff sou'-wester, the sea races into the upper reaches of the firth in fearsome form, and along the shore there are old inhabitants whose tales of traditional storms give a measure of twice three feet to the wave.

But whatever pre-eminence the tidal bore as symbolising the Solway's power may have had in the days of *Redgauntlet*, it no longer holds pride of place. For that we must turn to the strip of progressive beach whose fantastic movement becomes dominant about ten or twelve miles to the north-north-east of St Bees Head, and maintains its influence right up to the mouth of the Derwent, a mile and a half farther on. The movement may indeed be observed in varying degree at other points on the English shore of the firth, but it is here that it ranks as one of the phenomena. Its accentuation at Workington is largely accounted for by the fact that the town in the course of its industrial activities has made a heavy contribution to its own sea-shore material. It has, so to speak, manufactured its own beach.

As its iron and steel trades have developed, so has its output of blast-furnace slag; for this the shore has offered an admirable dumping-ground. Great capes of the refuse have been flung out seaward; from these huge masses have been torn by wind and tide, and ground into sand, shingle and boulders; and from this source the army on the march has been enormously recruited, and employed to terrific purpose. Advancing as the waves of the firth, this torrent of stone has swept athwart the land, and up the land, until now the outer works erected for the protection of craft entering the port have shared the fate of Egypt's treasures, the only difference being that whereas the antiquities of the dead empire are lost in the sands, the modern products are tucked away under a more solid coverlet.

II.

Coming to the coast by that projecting spur where the Derwent, reputed to be the swiftest

of all English rivers, pours the waters of half-a-dozen of the Cumberland lakes into the sea, you will find a short length of stone parapet rising out of the beach—real beach this, not a blend of slag and shingle—and this with a patch of pavement is all now left for the eye to behold of the first breakwater built in the days of the famous Cumberland brigs. The rest is submerged in the rocky flood.

To preserve the port from the disaster which so plainly menaced it a number of stout wooden groynes were laid out along the sea-board, and a lengthy arm was added to the vanishing breakwater, this consisting of a deep concrete base surmounted by a timber deck, and rounded off by a lofty lighthouse tower. Around that tower memory has spun a web of glowing recollections. With the world in tumult, roar of the wind overhead and thunder-crash of the Solway below, I have watched the sea beat against its massive front, sheets of foam and tongues of solid water sweep clean over its pillared lantern; on days of sunshine have played pirates and built castles of sand by its friendly feet. But the bairns of to-day must seek their sands elsewhere, and they who frisk upon the melancholy lantern tower may leap without risk of hurt from its protective wall on to the crown of that wandering beach. As for the groynes, they have been partly swamped and partly battered to pieces.

Once more, then, the engineers were called upon, and John Pier was carried for the third time still farther out towards low-water mark, and again the lighthouse lantern was given a new lodging whence to fling abroad its guiding gleam. But now the Solway was greedily nibbling at those banks of slag, and the travelling beach moved on in greater volume and with accelerated speed. So swift and so mighty, indeed, was the advance that the generation that watched the construction of that last segment of pier has also witnessed its subjugation. For the concrete base, like the one to which it is attached, you search in vain; it is there, but tucked away beneath a massive pall. And when, after long absence, I sought it, the encirclement of the tower was also well advanced.

This phase of the attack was, indeed, positively startling, alike in the rapidity of its development and its product. Every high tide and every storm left a definite mark on the face of the land. That beach became a devouring host, irresistible; overleaping the solid barrier built to break the waves of the sea, it plunged down into the estuary; it turned the waters into dry land; drove the Derwent out of its course; compelled it to bore a new channel through the northern sand-banks; and in all things proved itself the master. As its supreme triumph it created Spion Kop, a mountain in miniature, on its newly-conquered territory beyond the pier,

a lofty eminence of boulders big and little, pebbles, shell, and sand, to which the natives gave the name of the battle-scarred hill on the banks of the Tugela.

In the choice of this title one can detect a suggestion of sinister import. Spion Kop, in so many of its memories, is associated with defeat, and this was the most devastating blow which the malignant operations of natural force had hitherto dealt the ambitions of the port. Its fairway entrance was not only diverted, but it was blocked to all ships of deeper draught than an ordinary schooner. And yet, like so many of the evils, this one proved to be, if not a blessing in disguise, at least one of the calamities accompanied by compensation. By the time that a powerful dredger and the Derwent's tremendous scour had cleared the way, the peculiar compost of Spion Kop was discovered to have a commercial value, and a railway line being laid from the harbour, much of it was shipped away and employed, I believe, in the manufacture of concrete.

Confronted by a foe so powerful and so persistent, the men of this Solway town might have been pardoned had they long ago surrendered, permitted Nature to work her ravishing will, and abandoned their long-cherished dream of establishing a first-class deep-water port in the jaws of the firch. But audacity has ever been their watchword. Not even Spion Kop or the blocking of their fairway was sufficient to crush their purpose. All through the years, so far as the limited amount of money at their command would allow, they have given battle to the advancing monster; again and again they have forced the Derwent into an orderly course, and compelled it to help in sweeping its own channel, so that ships might enter with their Spanish ore for the steelworks, and others depart with steel-rails for transhipment at the bigger ports where the ocean tramps congregate. And now audacity and unflagging perseverance are to meet with their reward.

The port having passed into the possession of the United Steel Company, that great corporation has secured a Government grant of half a million pounds, and is now engaged on the construction of a spacious dock, the completion of which will exalt Workington in 1925 to a place among the great west coast ports. As an essential part of the scheme the company has also undertaken the completion of a giant concrete breakwater—commenced ever so long ago, but suspended because of the war—several hundred yards to the north of the channel down which the Derwent at one time flowed; and now that the slag-banks are being trained parallel to the sea instead of being thrust out towards its depths, the travelling beach has lost its principal feeder and its power to harm. Already, moreover, the breakwater and certain other works have so concentrated the Derwent's mighty scour that

the deep-water channel has been more than restored, and those 12,000-ton cargo-carriers for which accommodation is being prepared are assured of an easy access to their haven.

But it has been touch and go. The top stones of old John Pier stranded in that bouldered waste stand in monumental testimony to the desolating power of that terrible traveller.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A CLEAN, SAFE, AND SILENT LAMP.

EVERY one who uses them will agree that paraffin lamps have their drawbacks. They always smell slightly, and often strongly; while the trimming of them is one of the most unpleasant of domestic duties. Petrol lamps are cleaner, but, being of the pressure type, they make a slight buzzing noise, to which many people object. Both paraffin and petrol lamps occasionally smoke, and with petrol there is always the risk of fire. A new incandescent lamp, which burns methylated spirit, is free from all these drawbacks, but, of course, the light from it costs more than from paraffin or petrol. The burner consists of an outer tube, provided with air-holes, which screws into the container, and carries at its upper end the chimney and the shade. An inner tube is divided horizontally into two parts by a partition across the middle. Into the lower part is pushed a bundle of loose cotton wicks with a perforated brass ferule over their upper ends. The wicks are not in contact with the flame; in fact, they are entirely shut off from the burner. Their function is to raise the spirit into the lower part of the inner tube. Here it is heated by the burner above and gives off vapour, which flows through a tiny pipe to a jet that delivers it into the upper part of the inner tube, this forming the burner. The burner is open at the top, and contains a gauze cylinder, closed at the upper end by a brass disc. The hot gas issues from an angular space between the edge of this disc and the inner tube. A vertical rod with a forked top carries the mantle, of which the skirt hangs over the burner. It is worth noting that air is drawn in at the jet and mixes with the spirit vapour. The efficiency of the burner is therefore higher than that of the ordinary spirit flame. So far it has been assumed that the inner tube is hot enough to vaporise the spirit; but this would not be the case before the lamp was lit. To heat the burner and so start the vaporising process, a few drops of spirit are burned in an annular tray between the inner and the outer tubes. Spirit is pumped into this tray by a tiny plunger pump at the bottom of the container, mounted on an extension of the inner tube. The pump rod, really a piece of wire attached to the plunger, is brought up to the lower part of the burner, where the end is turned over at a right angle and projects through a slot. A spring pushes

the plunger up after it has been depressed. Two or three strokes pump enough spirit through a small pipe into the tray, where it is lit with a match, and heats the burner sufficiently in a few seconds to generate gas. The amount of gas passed to the burner, and, therefore, the light of the lamp, are regulated by a spindle with a knurled head. Attached to this regulator is a device that puts out the lamp instantly if it is knocked over or even canted to an angle of 45 degrees. These lamps are made in three sizes, entirely of brass and polished; but alternative finishes are oxidised copper or silver, bronze, antique brass, or wood. They are perfectly clean, do not smell, require no attention other than filling, and are safe. The cost for spirit varies from $\frac{1}{4}$ d. to $\frac{3}{4}$ d. an hour, according to the size of the lamp.

UTILISING DUST-BIN REFUSE.

Although it is unlikely that future generations will overhaul our refuse-dumps to extract the valuable materials they contain, recent developments have shown that the contents of dust-bins, as collected in towns and cities, can be completely utilised. It does not follow that the process actually yields profits in relief of the rates, but it certainly reduces the cost of disposing of this undesirable matter. At Sheffield a particularly effective scheme for the disposal of the city's refuse is in operation. Electric dust-carts deliver the contents of the dust-bins at the disposal works, where electric cranes and grabs empty them into rotary screens. In these the refuse is separated into dust, fine cinders, coarse cinders, and tailings. The dust has a considerable fertilising value; the fine cinders can be made into briquettes; the coarse cinders, after being passed through washers to free them from incombustible material, are used for raising steam on the works, and are also supplied as a cheap fuel to other steam users. The tailings pass slowly along on a picking belt, during which process paper, rags, tins, and bones are picked off by hand. Papermakers take the paper and rags; the tins are sent to steel works; and the bones are made into manure. The steam raised from the coarse cinders is used for generating electricity, and so much is available that there is enough to drive all the machinery and to charge the batteries of the electric dust-carts. To some extent, therefore, the scheme is self-supporting.

AN IDEAL SINK.

Of late years great improvements have been made in kitchen equipments for the washing-up of crockery and pots and pans. An important item in this progress is what may be termed a triplex sink. Made of white-enamelled stoneware, with supports of the same material, this device has three compartments. The two outer ones are used for washing and rinsing respectively, while the middle compartment, which is comparatively narrow, serves as a drain to the other two. Between each outer compartment and the middle one is a division which does not come quite to the top; this forms an overflow weir, over which the grease runs away. The water is drained from the outer compartments, when required, by lifting brass flap-valves at the bottom, thus allowing communication with the middle compartment, where the water drains away through a large grating over a bell-mouthed drain-pipe. A teak capping is screwed down all round the top edge of the sink, making a watertight joint, while at the front it forms a splash-rail. Screwed to the capping, and surrounding the back and sides of the sink, is a teak draining-board, which may be supplemented by racks under the sides. Nickel-plated hot and cold water taps, with long swivelling arms, which will deliver into either compartment, are arranged at the back of the sink.

THE EVER-ENCROACHING DESERT.

That certain large sections of Central Asia which once 'blossomed as the rose' are now almost sterile deserts is a fact well known to geographers. This striking change has been brought about by gradual but long-continued drying-up of their waters, an apparently permanent change in climatic conditions being thus produced. Dr Livingstone's prophecy, based on his personal observations, that the country around Lake Ngami, in the northern part of Bechuanaland, would suffer a similar fate appears to be amply borne out by a recent article in the *Geographical Journal*. The author, Captain A. G. Stigand, declares that Ngami has ceased to be a lake in the ordinary acceptation of the word, for it is only occasionally that it contains any water at all, while the area submerged even during a flood is trifling in comparison with the extent of the lake only a few years ago. As Captain Stigand viewed the lake in April 1922, 'So far as one could see with glasses from the eastern end, the whole lake bed had been transformed into a level and smooth golf-course-like flat, covered with short quick-grass.' The desiccation already so apparent in the Lake Ngami district is a danger that threatens a large part of South Africa, and that demands the serious attention of the Africander. That it has not escaped the notice of

scientific men was shown by the publication some years ago of a book entitled *Thirstland Redemption*, in which the author, Professor Schwarz, of the Rhodes University College, suggested that the series of inland lakes, of which Ngami is now the moribund survivor, should once more be called into being by the damming of certain rivers to the north, especially the Chobe or Linyanti River, a tributary of the Zambesi. The creation of a large inland water-surface, he suggested, would so moisten the surrounding atmosphere as to lead to the precipitation as rain of any moisture borne in from the sea, instead of its being, as at present, dissipated by the dry winds. The cost of the scheme would, of course, be very great; but some such plan may have to be adopted if this portion of South Africa is to be saved from the fate of a large part of Central Asia.

A TENNIS-BALL WASHER.

Tennis-balls usually require washing from time to time, and several contrivances have been devised for this purpose. Scrubbing with soap and water is effective, but too slow where large numbers are involved. Among recent machines for washing tennis-balls is one which will treat six at a time. It comprises a circular wood box inside of which is a ball-race of a size to fit the balls, and deep enough to take about one-third of their diameter. The boss in the middle of the race is raised, and carries a steel spindle. A wooden lid to the box contains an inverted ball-race which fits the upper sides of the balls. The lid has a hole in the middle for the spindle, and a handle by which it can be turned. The lid is not so big in diameter as the box, and when in position its lower edge goes down into a groove between the ball-race and the edge of the box, while a thumb-nut on the top of the spindle not only holds the lid down, but imposes a pressure on the balls, so that the covers are squeezed at every turn. The action of turning the lid clockwise screws up the thumb-nut until the correct pressure is reached. In a like manner the reversal of the rotation unscrews the nut and facilitates opening the machine. At each side of the box is a spigot for rubber hose, one side being connected to a water tap, the other to a drain, the entering water issuing through holes round the base of the spindle. A special soap solution is supplied for use with the machine. When a number of tennis-balls require washing the thumbscrew is removed from the spindle, the lid is taken off, and six balls are placed in the ball-race, with a small dab of soap solution on each. The lid having been replaced, it is rotated in one direction, while the water is turned on so as to run slowly. When a good lather appears round the edge of the lid the water is turned on full until it shows clear at the waste-pipe outlet, when the balls are removed, squeezed

in a towel, and left to dry in the open. It is claimed that the rolling and squeezing action of this machine actually improves the covers, whereas devices which scrub tend to wear them out

A NEW INDUSTRY.

The rapid rise in the cost of coal-tar pitch, the binding material used in the manufacture of coal briquettes, has seriously affected that industry, and so created the demand for a substitute, which has fortunately now been discovered. Mr F. C. Thornley, a Briton by birth and parentage, whilst carrying on certain research work on the Pacific Coast of North America, was struck by the enormous gelatinous content of the seaweed there cast up, and foresaw the possibility of its industrial development. Painstaking research, chemical experiment, and practical test have now evolved a binder more effective and less costly than coal-tar pitch. An all-British private company has been formed to finance the project; and a factory has been built at Stromness, Orkney, where both material and labour are available for the new industry. The basis of the binder is seaweed, and the three natural orders, *Chlorospermæ* (green), *Rhodosperræ* (red), and *Melanospermæ* (olive) can be utilised. *Melanospermæ* is, however, richest in the necessary gelatinous product; and of that order the species *Laminaria*, popularly known as oar-weed, curvy-tangle, sea colander, or devil's apron, gives a better return than the *Fucus* or rock weed species. *Laminaria saccharina*, *L. chorda filum* (sea rope), and *L. ataria esculenta* (the badderlocks of Scotland, or murlins of Ireland) are especially rich in gelatine. These seaweeds are cast up on our shores to the amount of some 3½ million tons annually, and, except for small quantities used as manure, winter fodder, and in the manufacture of kelp and iodine, are allowed to go to waste. Special apparatus has been designed for the recovery of these products, and special arrangements made for collection and storage. In manufacturing the binder the fronds of the *Laminaria* are separated from the stems, which are stacked and dried for other purposes. The fronds are then reduced to a pulp, the excess liquid resulting from the process being collected for distillates. The resultant pulp residue, naturally absorbent of water, is then emulsified by treatment with oleaginous waste, so as to render it non-absorbent. The binder is now ready for transport to the coal or lignite briquetting works, where it is mixed with the fines and slacks of coal. The result is a briquette not readily pulverised, clean to handle, economical, and of high calorific value. So satisfactory is the 'Thornley Binder' considered that the demand exceeds the present maximum output of the factory; and that is by no means small.

AN EFFICIENT SUBSTITUTE FOR DOOR BOLTS.

Whenever doors first came into use there is little doubt that bolts for fastening them were invented soon after, and, except that they are now made in metal, the bolts may be said to have retained their original form to the present day. A different type of door fastener, which combines great strength with simplicity and a neat appearance, has lately made its advent. The fixed part of this device consists of a triangular piece of brass, three-sixteenths of an inch thick, the truncated apex of which terminates in the central member of a hinge. This piece of brass is let in flush into the door-post, so as to be opposite the edge of the door, with the hinge projecting, and is firmly secured by a screw in the middle. A brass tumbler with a forked end is hinged to the truncated apex of the triangle, and this can be turned over on to the door when closed. As described so far, this device would not fasten the door, which would push the tumbler round on its hinge. To prevent this, a brass disc, with a small handle at one side and a segment cut off to form a flat at the other, is pivoted to the outside of the tumbler. When the handle is horizontal, the flat just clears the hinge on the triangular piece of brass; but, if it is desired to lock the tumbler, the handle is turned down, and the circular part of the disc enters a slot cut in the hinge, when the tumbler cannot be turned back to open the door. The same device serves to lock the tumbler back when it is not in use as a bolt. It is impossible to pick this device without cutting through the door, and it cannot be forced without actually breaking the metal. It will be noted that no attachment is fixed to the door. The device is made entirely of brass.

AUTOMATIC CAR SIGNALS.

Hand signals by the driver of a car to indicate imminent movements to following vehicles are liable to be misunderstood even in daylight; at night they are indistinct or well-nigh invisible. A device to show what a car-driver means to do next by means of words and arrows big enough to be easily read by day and readily illuminated by night has been recently introduced, and seems exactly to meet the requirements. Moreover, it is partly automatic, the signals 'slow' and 'stop' being operated by the foot-brake pedal and the side-brake lever respectively. Again, no extra lamp is needed for illuminating the signals at night, the device being a tail lamp and traffic warner combined carried on the rear lamp bracket. The signals are shown in a curved glass window in a brass cylinder. Inside is an aluminium cylinder, in which are cut the words 'slow' and 'stop,' and two arrows, one pointing to the right, and the other to the left. The outside of the cylinder

is enamelled red, while fitting the inside closely is an opalescent cylinder of celluloid. The results are, that white signals on a red ground are shown in the daytime and illuminated white signals at night, the lamp in the device shining through the opalescent celluloid. The inner cylinder is rotated by a toothed rack which gears with a toothed pinion on the spindle, the rack being pulled along against the tension of a spring which tends to rotate the cylinder in the opposite direction. A wire is attached to one end of the rack, by pulling which the cylinder is rotated to the desired signal. Comparatively small movements suffice, because the rack and pinion magnify the motion. The window, of course, faces to the rear, and by the side of it is a red window which acts as a tail light, while a lens in the end of the device projects a beam of light on to the number plate. The way in which this signalling device is worked shows great ingenuity. About half-way between the device and the dash-board is fixed a shallow rectangular box, in which is a flat sliding block. The rear end of this block is attached to the wire from the rack of the signal device, and it has just enough movement to rotate the cylinder through all the signals. Pushing a lever on the steering-column one way moves the block forward exactly the right distance to show the arrow signal to the left; pushing it the other way brings the arrow pointing to the right under the window. In each side of the block is a sliding plunger with a collar at the rear end which is normally up against the rear end of the block. At its forward end, each plunger comes against a stop after it has moved the correct distance to expose the signal 'slow' or 'stop' respectively. These plungers are attached by wires to the foot-brake pedal and the side-brake lever. Each control can act independently. If the lever on the steering-column is moved, the block slides forward along the plungers. If one of the plungers is moved, it draws the block forward, while the arrow control-pin slides in its slot. In fact, even if 'slow' or 'stop' is showing, the steering-lever can be worked and will turn the cylinder to a right or left arrow. Bowden controls are not used, but stout piano wires in tubes. The signal-box and other exposed parts are weather-proof, and are finished in black enamel or nickel plate. Finally, the device can be fixed on any car by a chauffeur mechanic, no drilling of the chassis frame being required. Means for adjustment and other refinements are fitted, but their description would take up more space than can be afforded in this note.

PAMPHLETS ON RURAL INDUSTRIES.

Anything that will be helpful to our rural population deserves a hearty welcome, and the Rural Industries Intelligence Bureau, 258/262 Westminster Bridge Road, London S.E.1, is

to be highly commended for issuing a series of pamphlets capable of being of great service to this section of the community. Copies of the pamphlets may be obtained from the Secretary at the above address, small numbers being available free, but a small charge being made where considerable numbers are asked for, especially when the pamphlets are of some length, and are fully illustrated. The pamphlets already issued are as follows. (1) 'Village Life and Country Industries' deals with some of the problems of rural industries, and indicates possible lines of development. (2) 'Straw Rope and Straw Envelopes' should be of interest to farmers as showing industrial uses for straw, and describing a profitable employment for country workers. (3) 'Peat Firelighters,' as its name indicates, shows how clean and effective firelighters may be made from peat. (4) 'The Village Blacksmith and His Outlook' indicates some ways in which the blacksmith may develop his trade along modern lines, giving details of equipment, and many other valuable practical hints. (5) 'Walking Sticks' deals with the manufacture of these customary aids to the pedestrian. (6) 'Suggestions and Opportunities for the Rural Woodworker' gives full directions, supplemented by working drawings, as to how simple household and domestic articles, outdoor and garden appliances, and even works of art may be constructed at home. (7) 'Hand Weaving and Spinning' treats of the practical problems which confront those who are taking up these crafts for a living. (8) 'Mat Making,' which is also illustrated, shows how simple coir and woollen mats may be made. (9) 'Compressed and Composition Firelighters' deals with the making of these useful domestic aids. (10) 'Rabbit Keeping for Fur' contains not only valuable hints, but also a list of suitable books and publications giving fuller information on the subject.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (a) a reply post-card, or (b) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

For its return in case of ineligibility, a stamped and directed envelope (or postage-stamps) should accompany every manuscript.

To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE YELLOW STREAK.

By JOCELYN HARCOURT.

CHAPTER I.

NOTHING displeased Jasper Leighton more than to discover he had erred in his estimation of a man's character, and apparently such an error now confronted him.

He stood in the manager's office of the El Chaco Railway Company, which overlooked the quiet, green circle of Finsbury Circus, a stalwart, well-groomed man in the early forties, and gazed with questioning eyes at his companion seated by the table. 'And that is your last word on the subject, Kent?' he asked at length.

'I think so, Jasper,' replied Kent Hume with a scarcely audible sigh of regret. 'Much as I should like to accept your offer, I fear it is entirely out of the question.'

As manager of the El Chaco Railway Company, Leighton had many opportunities of studying his fellow-men. In appraising their worth he seemed to possess an almost unerring instinct for singling out the right man for his needs, and it was this aptitude, combined with a sound, sympathetic knowledge of human nature, which had built up his reputation as a born leader of men.

'But why is it out of the question?' he persisted, after some moments' silence. 'You are a trained engineer, a keen disciplinarian, and, I firmly believe, just the very man to straighten out this tangle. The moment I was requested to engage a first-class engineer as superintendent of the line, I immediately thought of you; in fact, I half promised to get you. Mind you, the job's no sinecure; Mexican peons and the other flotsam and jetsam of the world that find a hiding-place in South America are certainly not the best types from which to turn out highly-efficient railway men; but you will have an entirely free hand—once you have removed the chaotic result of years of bungling, things should go smoothly enough. Why, old fellow,' he continued, his eyes sparkling with almost boyish enthusiasm, 'it's a man's job. Doesn't the rough-and-tumble of the struggle entice you? Can't you feel the blood rushing through your veins and your nerves all a-tingle when you think of the fight? Don't you positively itch to pit your highly-trained skill against the sloth and ignorance that you are up against?'

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Gad! what a chance you're missing—wish I had it!'

'Yes, it is a man's job,' replied Hume quietly, 'and that is precisely the reason why I cannot accept it. You and I, Jasper, have been real good pals ever since I was so high,' with his hand just above the table top, 'yet you appear to be entirely ignorant of my lifelong failing.'

'Oh, indeed,' remarked Leighton dryly; 'and that is—modesty?'

'No, *cowardice*! Deep down in my being there is a yellow streak somewhere, a bad streak, too, the realisation of which has permeated the whole of my life with its demoralising influence. As a tiny boy, when left in a darkened bedroom, I would lie shivering with terror until sleep mercifully came to my release; at school I suffered the petty persecutions of boys much younger than myself, because I lacked the necessary physical courage to resent them; and all through my life I have taken the line of least resistance, have avoided trouble—not a very difficult matter in these civilised days. Now, do you wonder that I shrink from an encounter with a gang of such lawless ruffians as you describe? Baiting a coward would be a very enjoyable pastime for them.'

Leighton studied Hume's five feet six inches of lithe, lean manhood with a frown of perplexity on his usually pleasant face. This man, with whom he had been intimate for many years, and for whose courage and resolution he would have unhesitatingly vouched, was now exhibiting unpleasant traits diametrically opposed to all preconceived ideas of his character. With a gesture of irritation he switched on the electric lights, and the shadows of the waning winter afternoon fled before their brilliance.

'No,' he remarked finally, 'you are about the last man in the world that I should have suspected of cowardice; in fact, I still find it difficult to believe, from what I know of you. Why, if I remember rightly, you were more courageous as a boy than any other fellow of our set. At swimming, for instance, you were out in the middle of the stream long before I dare leave the side, and I don't think that I was a funk even in those far-away days.'

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MARCH 1, 1924.

'Bluff, old fellow; sheer bluff! I had one foot on the bottom all the time, and was in a state of sore trepidation lest I slipped.'

'H'm,' observed Leighton, non-committally; 'if you have always avoided strife, how do you know that the white feather would appear in a crisis?'

'How do I know—shall I ever be able to forget? Once the need for physical courage *did* arise, and . . .' Hume's voice trailed off miserably into silence.

'Well, what happened?'

'Only what you could expect. I followed out the habits of a lifetime, and gave the sorriest exhibition of funk that ever a man could give.'

'Come, let's have the yarn. Perhaps you are not the best judge of that;' and Leighton, a cigar well alight, settled himself comfortably in his swing-chair, and fixed his keen, deep-set eyes upon his friend's face.

For a little while Hume remained silent, as if collecting his thoughts, then with an effort he plunged into his story.

'You will remember that I went from school to Cambridge, where I took up the study of engineering at the pater's request. It was not my choice at all. My inclinations lay rather in the direction of art and literature, combined with an almost insane desire to travel; but the old man was so insistent on my taking up, as he termed it, a good, sound profession, that no alternative remained except to suppress my own desires and work hard. He died soon after my graduation, leaving me a considerable fortune, and when all was settled I left England for an indefinite period, my hopes realised at last. After three years of wandering up and down the world I visited the famous American seaside resort Palm Beach, in Florida, where I made the acquaintance of two English ladies, a mother and daughter, for whom I performed some trifling service.—Sure this is not boring you, old fellow?'

'Not at all,' replied Leighton. 'Go on.'

'Well,' continued Hume, 'with N . . . with the young lady and myself it was a case of mutual attraction, which speedily deepened into love; well, soon afterwards we became engaged. Then for some months we were deliriously happy, each day bringing us some new joy; days in which we talked of our ideals, our aspirations, our plans for the glorious future, and the dear, silly little topics of engaged couples all the world over, little dreaming that our airy castles were soon to be shattered. One morning we left with my future mother-in-law to visit some South American mines in which she held a big interest, and having some little knowledge of the country, I slipped a loaded automatic into my pocket as a provision for eventualities. The last few miles of our journey, which lay through rough, thickly wooded country, were performed

by coach, and whilst changing horses I amused my fiancée with a little shooting—you will remember, perhaps, that I am a fair shot with a revolver—and finally astonished her by hitting an ace at twenty yards.

"Now," she said, highly pleased with my success, "I am sorry for anybody that should attempt to molest us."

"So am I," was my vainglorious retort; for you must understand, old man, that braggadocio is one of the phases of this disease. Well, it came, just half-an-hour later, a regular penny-dreadful hold-up; one masked ruffian, with a pair of wicked-looking Service revolvers in the speaking part, and half-a-dozen rifle-barrels poking out of the undergrowth for the rest of the gang. He lined us up beside the coach, and though I had many opportunities, I could not for the life of me whip out that automatic and drop him in his tracks, but allowed the dirty old rascal to despoil us of every valuable we possessed.'

'That feeling I can quite appreciate,' interpolated Leighton quietly. 'To our highly civilised natures there is something very repugnant about the taking of human life in cold blood; but proceed—sorry I interrupted.'

'Going through my pockets,' continued Hume, 'he discovered that I was armed, and after unloading the automatic, handed it back to me with a sarcastic grin. "Say, bo," he said, "you didn't oughta pack a loaded gun; it mought go off some time—then it's trouble for yours."

'The remainder of that journey was marked by a strained silence, and on reaching their hotel the ladies bade me "good-bye" with an unmistakable air of finality. For two long, miserable days I wandered listlessly about, not daring to go near them, and when I finally plucked up sufficient courage to call, they had departed. The hotel clerk handed me a packet which contained the engagement-ring—my fiancée had contrived somehow to hide it from the old ruffian—some other presents, and a short note requesting me to release her from our engagement. And—that's all,' he ended lamely.

'What happened then?' queried Leighton, who had listened to this recital with keen interest.

'Nothing,' replied Hume dully.

'Nothing! Do you mean to tell me that you left it at that—all up in the air?'

'Well, what else could I do?'

Two straight, vertical lines appeared above the manager's nose, and his jaw set in a firm, hard line. 'See here, Kent,' he said crisply, 'that settles it. Ten minutes ago I did not give a tinker's cuss whether you took the job or not; now you've simply got to take it, if only for the sake of your own self-respect.'

'All right, I'll take it,' said Hume, after some consideration. 'If the men are as bad as you report, they will soon clear me out; but perhaps

I shall be able to set a few stakes for a better man to drive.'

'Good man,' replied Leighton delightedly, patting him on the back. 'I think you will need some shifting this time;' and immediately he plunged into a comprehensive survey of the details.

CHAPTER II.

THE El Chaco Railway Company, whose three thousand odd miles of shining steel rails serve every town of note in the major part of Northern Brazil, is perhaps the largest and finest railway system in South America. Every single rail of its almost endless track was laid under the personal supervision of Derek Walton, one of the most able railway engineers that England ever produced, a stupendous undertaking which brought him both fame and fortune.

From Para the main track runs in a gentle curve westwards for some thirteen hundred miles or more, almost to the borderland of Colombia, where it turns south for about a hundred miles, and then goes due east in another gentle curve, which finishes up at Para. Indeed, the whole system has the appearance of a huge ellipse portioned off by many branch lines which run across the depth of the ellipse.

Five hundred miles due west of Para, on the northern curve, at the junction of the Amazon with its tributary, the Tapahoz, lie the headquarters of the system, around which had rapidly sprung up the town of El Chaco. The shops, yards, round-houses, and cleaning-sheds covered an area of about two square miles; and high up on the hill-side, overlooking them all, was perched the superintendent's house, a well-built, commodious dwelling, named 'Eagle's Nest.'

The personnel of the staff was chiefly composed of Mexican peons, leavened by a few white men of doubtful character, who remained in the semi-seclusion of South America for reasons best known to themselves; and under the influence of the chief draughtsman, an unscrupulous American named Herman Dicksee, they ran the line more as a private venture of their own than as a well-conducted public railway system. Fortunately, most of the executive work was done by the London Board, which, having placed a resident engineer in charge, left the details of administration to his care, under the guidance of a local committee.

Culver Vane, Walton's right-hand man during the construction, was the first engineer to hold this post. He was a wide-awake young American, whose sterling qualities and incomparable ability in his profession had roused the interest of his chief, and paved the way to his promotion, a promotion he fully justified until stricken down by an accident, which for two years confined him to his bed, and finally led to his death.

During this illness the control of the system was virtually in the hands of Ezra Malcolm, the assistant superintendent, a tall, raw-boned Scotsman, who, though an excellent engineer, lacked initiative, and had no organising powers whatever. Thus, when deprived of Vane's guiding brain, he became merely a tool in the hands of the stronger-minded and more keenly-witted Dicksee. Malcolm's blustering manner strongly impressed the indolent committee of local shareholders, who, mistaking this bluster for ability, gave him *carte blanche* in all matters concerning the working of the line; and he was fast becoming a rich man, since much of the company's revenue found its way into the capacious pockets of himself and Dicksee.

Since the death of Vane he had confidently expected to be appointed superintendent of the line; in fact, he had already assumed full authority in anticipation, and with the American had concocted a nefarious scheme which would enrich them both still more rapidly.

One morning, during his tour of the shops, Malcolm was cursing fluently an insubordinate engine-driver, when a cablegram was brought to him.

'Expect this'll be the confirmation of my appointment as super,' he growled, tearing open the envelope. 'Well, of all the —— cheek!' and, turning on his heel, he stamped into the office, and slammed the door with a crash that shivered the glass panels to atoms.

'Say, Ez, my boy, you're some rattled,' drawled Dicksee, a sarcastic smile flitting over his beetle-browed, heavily-jowled face as he looked up from his drawing-board. 'What's bit you?'

'Here, read that,' said the Scot, throwing the cablegram on the desk.

Smoothing out the crumpled paper, the draughtsman read:

'Mr Kent Hume is appointed superintendent of the line. He leaves for El Chaco immediately with full powers. Writing.

'LEIGHTON.'

'Gee!' murmured Dicksee, with a whistle of surprise, 'that's got us beat all the way up; not much hot air in that proposition, brother. Who is this Hume fellow, anyway? Is he a member of the caboose?'

'Must be a new importation,' replied Malcolm. 'I don't know anybody of that name on the staff.'

'Waal, he's hiking so fast for this spot that you cayn't see his heels for dust, an' there's goin' to be a nice brotherly party when he does get here. What are you figurin' to do with that bunch of gold-ore which we lifted from the Sprite Mine, an' have got cached up in the storeroom? We cayn't move it before he hits the show, an' if he freezes on to it he'll can the whole shebang.'

'No, he won't,' retorted Malcolm grimly;

'not while I'm here. I've got this place under my thumb—the men will stand for me, I think—and what I've gone through to get this super's job nobody knows. Another thing, we haven't got enough out of that mine yet to pay for the breaking into it; we must rake

something more in, or we'll be out of pocket. If he makes any trouble, it's "good-bye" for him quick.'

'Say, that's the stuff to give 'em,' replied the American admiringly, as they went out to lunch.

(Continued on page 234.)

THE CHAPEL WITHIN THE TOWER.

By Major-General Sir GEORGE YOUNGHUSBAND, K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., C.B.

PART I.

'There is no sadder place on earth.'—MACAULAY.

I.

ON Tower Green, within the inner defences of the Tower of London, stands a very ancient chapel, that of St Peter ad Vincula, which being interpreted means St Peter in chains.

The original chapel on this site was probably built by Henry I. (1100–1135). It was certainly in existence in the reign of King John, and Henry III., in 1241, gave instructions for certain repairs and adornments to it. Ten years later, bells for the chapel were ordered by the same king. But this earlier building evidently became unsafe, or not worth repairing, so that Edward I., in 1305, ordered a complete reconstruction. This is the chapel which now stands on Tower Green.

If there were no other record, the age of this chapel might be gauged by the fact that one has to descend four steps from the level of Tower Green to the floor of the chapel. An architect does not build the ground-floor of a church, or of any other building, below the level of the surrounding site. He either builds it above or, at least, level with it. From this it is apparent that the ground outside, in the course of centuries, has been raised several feet.

This is not difficult of explanation, for in old days people were not very particular about removing debris; so that if earth was dug out for foundations or for graves, or if buildings fell into disuse and decay, to save cartage and trouble such excrescences as lay about would, from time to time, just be spread about and smoothed over, thus again and again, by inches, during the centuries, raising the ground-level.

Architecturally, St Peter's ad Vincula has no great claims to distinction, but in human and historic interest it surpasses possibly any other place of devotion in the world. Its most historic period, viewed from the tragic aspect, lies between 1534 and 1747, some two hundred years, and it is this period which most attracts the visitor.

Just inside the entrance, on the left-hand side, is a brass tablet on which are briefly recorded the names of thirty-four historic personages. These are only a very small percentage

of those who reached their quiet rest in the old chapel, after passing through the bitter portals of the scaffold. Besides these greater dead, if so they may be called, hundreds of quiet citizens who died peacefully in their beds lie buried here. For after its tragic period the chapel of St Peter ad Vincula was used for several hundred years as an ordinary parish church, where those who lived within the Tower Liberties were baptised, married, and buried.

II.

The chief centre of interest lies within the altar-rails. Here were originally buried fifteen men and women—some queens, some dukes, some peers and peeresses, and some knights, but all of historic fame: Queen Anne Boleyn, Queen Katherine Howard, Lady Jane Grey, the queen of nine days; the Dukes of Somerset, Northumberland, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Monmouth; Countess of Salisbury, Viscount and Viscountess Rochford, Lord Guildford Dudley, the Earl of Arundel, the Earl of Essex, and Sir Thomas Overbury. These interments ranged from that of Queen Anne Boleyn in 1536, to that of the Duke of Monmouth in 1685.

But so obscured were these burials, perhaps intentionally, that the exact sites were often completely forgotten. Indeed, to obscurity were added misleading statements of a very pronounced nature. For instance, it is recorded that Queen Anne Boleyn was 'buried in the crypt.' Now the crypt of St Peter ad Vincula is outside the northern wall, and beneath the site of the older chapel before mentioned, and, needless to say, very far removed from the true burial spot.

It was not till 1876, under the orders of Queen Victoria, that a strong committee of experts was appointed to inquire into the whole matter, and definitely locate the true positions of these ancient sepulchres. The matter was indeed forced into prominence by the subsidence of graves about the floor of the chapel, as well as in the chancel, which made devotion not only unsafe but somewhat insanitary for the worshippers.

At a meeting of the committee, Mr A. B. Mitford, later Lord Redesdale, produced a plan prepared after careful historic research by Mr

Doyme C. Bell, showing the supposed places of burial of those who had been first laid to rest within the altar-rails.

According to this plan, the Duke of Monmouth, executed in 1685, lay lengthways underneath the altar. In the front row, and close to the altar, from left to right, were shown Lord Rochford, 1536; Queen Anne Boleyn, 1536; Duke of Somerset, 1551; Duke of Northumberland, 1553; Queen Katherine Howard, 1542; Lady Rochford, 1542; Countess of Salisbury, 1541. In the second row were shown Lord Guildford Dudley, 1554; Lady Jane Grey, 1554; Duke of Suffolk, 1554; Duke of Norfolk, 1572; Earl of Arundel, 1595; Earl of Essex, 1601; Sir T. Overbury, 1613.

The committee, opening up the flooring and examining the remains found, decided that this was a very accurate plan. But they also found that several later burials had been superimposed in this same narrow spot. For instance, Sir Allen Apsley, a Lieutenant of the Tower, and an ancestor of the present Earl Bathurst, had in 1630 been buried at the spot where Queen Katherine Howard lay. Mrs Hannah Beresford, who died in 1750, was found buried through and beneath Queen Anne Boleyn. Field-Marshal Sir John Fox Burgoyne, as late as 1870, had been buried at the spot where the Duke of Suffolk lay.

These later sepultures had not intentionally entrenched on hallowed ground; they were made in pure ignorance of the fact that the sites had been used before.

III.

It may be wondered how the committee, after a lapse of so many hundred years, was able to locate these ancient burials. The case of Queen Anne Boleyn may serve as an instance of the careful research and examination made by the committee. On opening up the pavement, and digging carefully down at the spot where Queen Anne Boleyn was held to be buried, two feet below the surface were found some human bones, neatly piled together. On digging farther down the lead coffin of Hannah Beresford came to view.

Those who had dug the grave of Hannah Beresford in 1750, finding older bones, had neatly piled these together, not in the least knowing to whom they belonged. These bones were sent by the committee to Dr Mouat, an expert in such matters. From his report it was manifest to the committee that these were, indeed, the bones of Henry VIII.'s second wife. They were, therefore, soldered up in a thick leaden coffer, which was placed in an oak box and fastened down with copper screws. On the box was placed a leaden escutcheon, on which was engraved the name of Queen Anne Boleyn, the date of her death, and the year (1877) of her reinterment. The casket was then buried four inches below

the surface at the spot where the remains had been found, and immediately cemented over.

The same procedure was followed in the case of the remains of six other bodies which had been exhumed and identified. It was, however, decided not to disturb the ground where Lord Guildford Dudley and Lady Jane Grey were buried, for fear of weakening the foundations of the heavy monument to Sir Richard and Sir Michael Blount, which stands against the north wall of the chancel at this spot.

The committee expressly recommended that the remains found should be reburied in the same positions they originally occupied. Yet the tablets now to be seen before the altar do not confirm this. It is, for instance, recorded that between the two queens—Queen Anne Boleyn and Queen Katherine Howard—the two dukes—that is to say, the Dukes of Somerset and Northumberland—lie buried. Yet the tablets show these two queens lying side by side, whilst the two dukes lie behind them, and separated from each other by a much later sepulture, that of Sir John Fox Burgoyne, in 1870.

It is perhaps now too late to correct this error, but if not, then assuredly the plan accepted by the committee of 1876 should be followed, and the fifteen original occupiers of these sites be recorded quite simply and plainly thereon.

A point which will be manifest to the least observant is that the original site before the altar must have been much broader than it is now; for from the foot of the altar to the first step down is only seven feet, whereas it is clear that to bury two rows of bodies, one behind the other, with their heads towards the altar, the space must have been at least fourteen feet, perhaps more.

IV.

Just inside the entrance-door, on the left-hand side, is the brass tablet before mentioned, on which are recorded the names of thirty-four famous or prominent persons who have died prisoners or have been executed, and are buried in the chapel. This list includes the fifteen persons already enumerated, buried before the altar.

The first name recorded on the brass tablet is that of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, A.D. 1534. He was, even so long ago, the ninth earl of the title, which is now merged into that of the Duke of Leinster. Gerald Fitzgerald himself escaped the scaffold, dying as a prisoner in the Tower pending trial. But his son and his five brothers were all executed for indulging in that strange but perennial Irish pastime, 'rebellion in Ireland.'

The second name on the tablet is that of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, 1535; and next to him comes Sir Thomas More, the Chancellor. Both of these fell before the axe of

Henry VIII., who sanguinarily objected to prominent persons who would not acknowledge his spiritual as well as temporal supremacy.

Sir Thomas More's head, when severed, became almost as famous as himself, for it is still preserved in the vault of the Roper family in St Dunstan's church at Canterbury. It will be remembered that his daughter, Margaret Roper, bribed some one to tip the head off a spike of the gate on London Bridge, on which it was exposed, into the river, where she, in a boat, was ready to rescue it. The head is preserved in a helmet somewhat like those worn by knights of old, with an open grating in front.

Next we find George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, and his sister Queen Anne Boleyn, both of whom suffered in 1536. Henry VIII., though a great king, was a savage fellow, and George Boleyn died chiefly because he was the brother of the queen, though to be sure the execution was justified by a monstrous charge.

Queen Anne Boleyn, whatever her faults, went to the scaffold to make room for another lady, on whom the large-hearted king had set his affections temporarily. Many strange things went with Queen Anne Boleyn, and followed her to her resting-place before the altar. As a special privilege, Henry VIII. allowed his queen to be executed with a sword instead of with the axe, as was usual. There being no skilled executioners with the sword in England, the services of a Frenchman from Calais were obtained. The execution duly took place, but, perhaps because every one firmly believed in a reprieve, no coffin had been provided. Thus when the spectators had dispersed in horror, the queen's ladies were left standing on the scaffold, bitterly weeping by the decapitated body of their mistress, and wildly wondering what next to do.

Seeing their distress and dilemma, a yeoman warder ran across to the armoury close by, and thence obtained a long elm-wood chest, usually employed for storing arrows. Carrying this across to the scaffold, he helped the weeping ladies to place the queen, with her head beside her, in this arrow-chest. And thus was she buried, as we have seen, to the north-west corner of the altar, and so hastily that only two feet of earth were removed.

Next on the list is Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, 1540, who, only four years before, had assisted in bringing about, and sat as a witness at, the execution of Queen Anne Boleyn.

Then comes Margaret of Clarence, Countess of Salisbury, 1541, whose perhaps gravest offence was that she was the last of the Plantagenets, and thus just as well removed out of the way. But it must be allowed that she was a somewhat turbulent old lady, and, as we say nowadays, was perpetually asking for trouble.

It was an understood agreement between the executioner and the person about to suffer that

the latter should be excused the indignity of being bound, on condition that he did not obstruct the executioner in his duty, or place any difficulties in his way. The Countess of Salisbury was seventy-one years of age, and evidently at the last moment lost her nerve, for instead of placing her head on the block and keeping it there, she jumped up and declared that she had done nothing to deserve this fate. According to the historians, a horrid scene ensued on the scaffold before the executioner succeeded in fulfilling his duty.

Queen Katherine Howard, who comes next, was another of Henry VIII.'s wives who made room, by way of the scaffold, for yet another queen, and lies, as we have seen, before the altar. Her lady-in-waiting, Viscountess Rochford, a sister of Anne and George Boleyn, was executed at the same time, and lies near her.

Next we find inscribed Thomas, Lord Seymour of Sudeley, the Lord High Admiral, and his brother Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, the Lord Protector; the former executed in 1549, the latter in 1551.

V.

Sir Thomas Arundel and Sir Ralph Vane, both executed for treason, come next. According to Machyn's 'Diary,' 'The xxvj day of February (1552), the wyche was the morow after Saynt Mathewe day, was heddyd [beheaded] on the Towre hyll, Sir Thomas Arundell, and incontinent was hangyd the seylf same tyme Sir Raff A. Vane, Knyght, after, ther bodyes wher putt into dyvers nuw coffens to be bered, and heds, into the Towre in cases, and ther bered.'

Next on the tablet comes a regular family holocaust. John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland; his son, Lord Guildford Dudley; his daughter-in-law, Lady Jane Grey; and Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane Grey. These all in 1553-54.

Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk, 1572; Sir John Perrott, 1592; and Philip, Earl of Arundel, 1595, follow. Then Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, 1601, on whom Queen Elizabeth lavished much motherly affection, and whom at length, with many tears, she sent to the scaffold.

Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, is the only man who was executed on Tower Green, in what was known as the comparative seclusion of the Tower. In all, only six persons are recorded as having been granted this privilege—Queen Anne Boleyn, Queen Katherine Howard, Lady Jane Grey, the Countess of Salisbury, Viscountess Rochford, and Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

Sir Thomas Overbury was one of those who were murdered in the Bloody Tower, and helped by his death to give that sinister title to this ancient building. It is said that twenty-three poisons, including powdered spiders, were

tried on him without killing him, and that then a violent dose of corrosive sublimate was administered. To drown his groans, as well as to hasten his end, a pillow was pressed over his face to suffocation.

Thomas, Lord Grey of Wilton, 1614, was taken out to be executed at Winchester, there being smallpox in the Tower, but was reprieved on the scaffold, and ordered to be imprisoned for life in the Tower of London, 'in the small chamber over the gate.' This small chamber still exists over the Traitor's Gate, and is included in the quarters of the Keeper of the Jewel House.

Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, 1683, was either murdered or committed suicide in the same house on Tower Green where Lady Jane Grey was imprisoned. The evidence would point to the former conclusion, for the earl's throat was cut with a razor, and the razor was thrown from the window out onto Tower Green. A man who had cut his own throat would hardly be in a condition to do this.

It is striking how many Earls of Essex, all of different families, have had tragic connection with the Tower of London:—

Geoffry de Mandeville, Earl of Essex, Constable of the Tower, who was killed by King Stephen's troops about the year 1143-44, whilst 'engaged in the more lucrative profession of highway robbery.'

Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, who, after rising to the highest power in the reign of Henry VIII., came to the block on Tower Hill.

Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the spoilt

child of Queen Elizabeth, who outbore his sovereign's patience, and ended his days on the scaffold on Tower Green.

And, lastly, Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, who was murdered in the gaoler-warders' quarters in the Tower of London in 1683. The present Earl of Essex, who spells his name Capell, is a descendant of this last.

Amongst others on the brass tablet may be seen the name of George, Lord Jeffreys, 1689. This was the notorious Judge Jeffreys of the 'Bloody Assizes,' which followed on the Monmouth rebellion. Judge Jeffreys was captured when on the point of making his escape to France, and was imprisoned in the Bloody Tower awaiting trial. There, however, he escaped both trial and the scaffold by drinking himself to death. He was first buried before the altar, but three years later it was thought more seemly to remove the body, and place it amidst less dignified surroundings in St Mary's, Aldermansbury.

The last four names on the brass tablet are those of the Scottish lords who took a leading part in the rebellion of 1745. Of these, the Marquis of Tullibardine, who was very ill and exhausted when captured, died after being a prisoner in the Tower for three weeks. The other three lords were executed on Tower Hill, and buried, as later mentioned, at the foot of the brass tablet. In all, it may be repeated, there are thirty-four names on the brass tablet, ranging from the Earl of Kildare, 1534, to Simon, Lord Fraser of Lovat, 1747.

(Continued on page 229.)

SAILING-DAY INCIDENTS.

By IAIN MUNRO.

IT has been said that people must be seen or met in their own homes, preferably before breakfast, ere an estimate can be made of some of their good or bad qualities. The taking of such a step is not always possible, nor at times desirable; but, from what I have observed, I find that the conduct of passengers on a sailing-day is a fairly accurate index to their characters, in so far as they are likely to affect a ship's staff during the voyage.

I meet so many people in the course of my duties that it would serve no useful purpose if I were to try and remember them all. Nevertheless, I have inaugurated a private recording system or memorial chart, whereupon I plot, graph-wise, in units of desirability or the reverse, the position of some of those with whom I come in contact, together with an account of the action which entitled them to such notice.

I take a random glance at my chart, and memory bestirs itself.

Our ship lay in New York one Saturday last

summer, and was due to sail at noon. About nine o'clock the various officials began to assemble at their stations on the dock, preparing for the embarkation of passengers. The winches rattled as the baggage and remnants of cargo were being slung hurriedly on board; orders from some of the shore staff reverberated convincingly; the air was tense with excitement and suspicion; but the sun shone brightly, and, apart from the chilling effect of officialdom, the morning gave promise of going merrily past.

Most of the passengers had arrived on the dock by half-past nine, some accompanied by friends, others alone. Those of them who had travelled before looked around with a critical, self-possessed air, and disposed themselves conveniently near the gangway, wherefrom they commented upon the methods of embarkation employed on other and larger ships. Others showed evidence of having come from far off the beaten tracks, and kept deploying hither

and thither, partly from excitement, but mostly through the importunity of well-meaning friends.

There was weeping when adieus were being said; but I noticed with regret that a good deal of it was camouflage. Real sorrow, expressed by the shedding of tears, is very touching; but on a sailing-day there is so much make-believe that I am ill-disposed to become enthusiastic about any one under fifty who goes to such an extremity without reasonable provocation. I once saw a Turk weeping profusely whilst fumbling for a dagger; and not infrequently have I met people who shed tears of pity for themselves after having reached a certain stage of intoxication. The sympathies of the latter are inexplicably conservative, and are not usually shared, I imagine, except by those who are a little daft.

My attention was diverted from those who wept by a woman of large proportions, who kept elbowing her way among the crowd, as if looking for some one. She glared fiercely at those against whom she bumped, but most of the others showed their good judgment by making room for her when possible. For a time she threatened to monopolise the dock, but Nemesis was not to be thwarted. In her path stood a small boy with a teddy-bear and two rubber balloons. Somehow or other the balloons became entangled about the lady's ankles, and in trying to shake herself free she trod on one of them, which exploded with a loud report. There was a titter of amusement from the crowd, but the shock proved too much for the lady, and she swooned luxuriantly into the arms of a policeman, who propped himself and his load against a stanchion, awaiting developments. Some one quickly produced a glass of brandy, and a few drops of it sufficed to restore the lady's animation. She opened her eyes, and, beaming on the good-looking policeman, asked him, banteringly, if he remembered ever having had such an armful before. With modest, but uncompromising, gallantry he replied, 'Not upon so short a notice, madam.' It was sailing-day, however. There might be amity, but certainly no equivocation so close to the gangway, and a timely recollection of the words of an old song caused him to murmur, 'But it's all over now, dear; it's all over now'; upon hearing which, the lady almost fainted a second time.

What a rollicking prelude to any embarkation!

Before passengers are allowed on board, they must produce evidence of having been considered fit and proper persons to travel; and the documents most necessary in this respect are a steamer ticket and a passport which has been viséd by the recognised consular officer. An elementary understanding of the laws of contract and sale is generally enough to convince people that the money paid for their tickets shall, with reservations, entitle them to transportation from one port to the other, that they shall have

allotted to them so many cubic feet of space, and that they shall eat and drink within certain hours. On their part, there shall be expected a general conformity to the necessary ship-board rules, from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, and whether in the glare of the electric light, or in a shaded corner with agreeable company.

The passport discloses to view what some people like to consider as secret. Among other particulars, it specifies, dispassionately, a person's age and general appearance, which information is supplemented by an attached photograph. It also gives some indication of immediate perambulatory intentions, but does not stipulate as to how often the mind may be changed. The system has its advantages and drawbacks, but, however reluctant people may be in revealing this much of their private history, it can hardly be denied that such a revelation helps them to become better acquainted with themselves; and in the end, they may even discover that they are really more interesting than at first they thought they were. Some, of course, are disagreeably surprised, like the man who mistook a rattlesnake for a mongoose.

The embarkation proceeded briskly, however, and by eleven o'clock most of the passengers had come on board with their bags and band-boxes, favourite cats and canaries, baskets of flowers, and flagons of 'apple-jack.' They represented many grades of society from different nations, but the majority could not adapt themselves to their new environment without expressing wonder as to what kind of ship they had boarded.

Elderly people sauntered around the deck, while the younger and more restless ones wrote whimsical letters in the writing-room. A group of spectacled, noisy college girls romped from one end of the deck to the other, followed by some male admirers in coloured sweaters. They swept haughtily past the deck-steward, and kept repeating verses in Latin. While the ship was moored alongside the dock, they were cheerful enough in their own way; but how different they looked three days later, when the vessel rolled in a nor'-west swell! The flowers began to lose their bloom, and, with drooping petals, lay limp on the deck-chairs. How refreshingly impartial is a touch of sea-sickness!

I walked once round the deck before going downstairs, and, looking over the rail onto the dock, witnessed an interesting piece of acting. A young lady had been weeping bitterly while saying good-bye to her husband, but about the end of every fifth second she raised her head from his shoulder and cast her eyes around the dock. This was repeated until eventually a young man edged forward behind the husband's back, and held out to the lady a gold-mounted fountain-pen. Her sobbing became more violent as, unobserved by her spouse, she reached out

her hand and grasped the souvenir from her peripatetic admirer. Then, no sooner had the husband gone to look after his lady's baggage than she and the venturesome new-comer became locked in each other's arms. I viewed the scene with mixed feelings, and wondered when the husband would return. They had scarcely become disentangled when he arrived; but, apart from giving a readjustment to his spectacles and a keen glance at his wife and her friend, he showed no other signs of disapproval. On the voyage across the Atlantic, the lady explained to me that such was her method of testing her husband's good-nature. I hinted at the potentialities of even a slight anachronism where such tender feelings were concerned. She inclined to agree with what I said, but was modern enough not to waste many elegant words in expressing her appreciation of my argument. If 'my lady' does not take heed, she may find out, like the 'Persian kitty of pedigreed fame,' that her 'primrose path' winds closer to a precipice than she thinks.

I went downstairs, and had scarcely been seated when a man dressed as a cleric stalked into my room without knocking, and fixed a threatening eye on me. His baggage could not be found, and he was obviously in a bad humour — 'there was a knot on his galluses!' The garb he wore certainly betokened peace and good-will, but his attitude was strikingly militant. What he wanted was immediate satisfaction, and in order to be emphatic he banged his fist on the desk with so much energy that the 'Baby Ben' clock and an ink-bottle leapt into the air like a pair of frightened roes on Mount Lebanon. A thump on the pulpit may startle a drowsy congregation into a show of attentiveness, and perhaps disturb the little bats a-slumbering in the belfry; but such evidences of lack of restraint shocked some of my old-time notions of propriety, and I began to wonder if it were a case of 'the broken bridge is falling down, my fair lady.' However, the wrath of my visitor died away very suddenly. There was a suspension of warlike activities, and, before the trip was over, we had read a portion of Virgil together.

Sailing-hour had almost arrived ere the disputatious 'lad in black' took his departure, and I had begun receiving farewell visits from some of the various landward officials. With few exceptions they were men who respected law and order, although they felt indisposed to allow the dispensations of some forensic mind to interfere with their partaking of a surreptitious refreshment 'on ship's account' in the purser's room. The various brands were admirable, and suitably commented upon; but there was no time for palavering, as the bugle had sounded 'All visitors ashore.' Courtesies were exchanged with a crisp sincerity, and in a few minutes I was left alone among empty bottles and clouds of tobacco smoke. The gangway was shortly afterwards

hauled ashore. A flutter of handkerchiefs on the quayside was answered from the railings around the deck, as the siren roared a farewell to the great city and friends who were being left behind.

To a ship's crew, one sailing-day is, in most respects, similar to any other, and the one at issue differed from the penultimate one only in that there was no discovery of stowaways. They, of course, are a people apart, and, like a flock of wild geese or a fancy waistcoat, attract a good deal of notice. As a rule they appear singly from time to time, although multiples of four have become fashionable of late. Those ill-advised men must surely have decided upon having a pitch-and-toss with Fortune before having heard of the frog that jumped into a well and could not get out. If they had been like some of their non-stowaway contemporaries and studied the more genteel forms of deportment which are so depressingly noticeable on sailing-day, they might at least have aroused the same amount of interest without putting themselves and others to so much inconvenience.

After all, the stowaway instinct is in the most of us, whether we care to admit it or not. Some people like to stow away their wealth in a bank or a purser's safe; others are content to stow themselves amongst the branches on 'the tree of the knowledge of good or evil,' wherefrom they send out, tentatively, their clarion calls to saint and sinner.

But enough! Sailing-days shall doubtless continue to be arranged; some people shall frown or smile as occasion requires, whether they believe in ultra-violet rays or 'multiply visions and use similitudes'; yet, for all that, the earth shall swing none the less merrily on its axis although they and we are no longer available to witness the hoisting of the 'Blue Peter.'

FATIGUE.

I AM too tired, too tired to-night,
To join in all the birds' delight,
Or homing vespers of the bees:
May God accept my litanies!

For I am tired by day's long stress
Of duty—yet no bitterness
Shall soil my silent ecstasies,
Who watch the gold moon through the trees.

The rising moon, whose veil divine
Is spread o'er tired souls like mine—
She swings her censers through the night
To keep the earth's dark altar bright.

The scented silence of the flowers
Distils sweet peace, renews the powers
Of toiling, tired humanity—
The breeze chants 'Benedicite!'

CONSTANCE FARMAR.

HUNTING THE HUNTER.

I.

WITHOUT intending to belittle, in any way, the tiger-shooting exploits of our Royalty in India, it is well at the same time to remind the average reader that expeditions 'made to order' on such an extensive scale lack much—if not all—of that real thrill of adventure which is the heritage of the pioneer and the lone camper in the wilds. 'Tiger-stunting,' as the Americans call it, has little to recommend it to the true sportsman. Two or three hundred native beaters encircling the quarry—shouting, yelling, and beating tom-toms—suddenly turn the silence of the shadowed jungle into a howling pandemonium, forcing a badly-scared frantic tiger to face the open, there to be met by a barrage of death from the most modern lethal weapons, handled by the best shots in India. The 'hunters,' too, are invariably mounted on well-trained elephants, any one of which is capable of treading 'Stripes' underfoot and crushing him to death.

Vastly different are the conditions under which the average pioneer meets the wild denizens of the forest; and it is in the experiences of those solitary souls, who blaze their lonely trails through virgin forests and along the untrodden mountain-side, that we must seek if we would understand truly the attitude of savage Nature, 'red in tooth and claw,' toward mankind in general and the hunter in particular, when she encounters them face to face on the threshold of her realm. The proud 'Monarch of Creation,' as he styles himself, pays fearful tribute to his indiscriminate 'subjects,' and the toll of human life exacted annually by snakes, lions, tigers, and wolves alone affords staggering statistics.

The 'surprise attack' is undoubtedly the most efficient weapon of the animal world. It is not always, however, an essential to victory; as has been proved again and again when the roused jungle-dweller, wounded or at bay, has turned on his pursuers and launched an attack so irresistibly furious that the hunter has become the 'hunted,' and often the erstwhile prospective victor, the victim. Doubtless, in the majority of cases man emerges triumphant from such a conflict; but the forest glooms, the sun-baked llanos, the reeking swamp and silent sierra, hold the grim secret of a thousand combats, whose culmination of horror leaves only a rusting rifle or a broken spear to tell the tale. In the eternal war between man and 'the armies of the wild,' the element of the 'unexpected' is a most potent factor. A momentary hesitation—one single error of judgment—has often sent the proud possessor of the deadliest weapons scurrying to the tree-tops for safety, or in vain flight from an inevitable death.

II.

Mr Frederick Hand, an ex-official of the Beira Railway Company, tells of such an experience. 'We had stalked our quarry—a lion and a lioness—for nearly three hours, and the "going" had become difficult. Our trail had led us into a maze of boulder-strewn kopjes and fallen rocks, and, as the sun had already set, I decided to abandon the chase and pitch camp for the night. We called up the carriers, and proceeded to unpack. Jorami, my chief native hunter, who had been standing near me, moved off a few paces, presumably to reconnoitre, and what happened in the next few moments survives in my memory as a kind of hideous nightmare.

'From the grass, almost at my side, a snarling roar rent the drowsy silence of the forest, and the next instant two great tawny bulks, hurtling past me through the air, appeared to launch themselves upon the back of the unsuspecting Jorami, and disappeared, all three, headlong into a patch of tall "elephant grass."

'I ran forward and, risking the shooting of my hunter in that desperate moment, fired point-blank into a whirling mass of dust and leaves, not twenty yards away. The effect was instantaneous. Like a flash the lioness was upon us! So sudden was her attack, and so lightning swift were her movements, that three of my "boys" went down like ninepins—one killed outright, his skull crushed like an egg-shell, while two others lay torn and bleeding—before, with a well-placed shot, I succeeded in stopping that murderous onslaught.

'Leaving my carriers to do what they could for their unfortunate comrades I called my "second" hunter, and rushed to where I had seen Jorami and the lion but a moment before—both were gone! We scouted frantically around in the gathering darkness, shouting aloud in the hope of receiving some sign of his whereabouts, but in vain; and as it was now too dark for "tracking," we returned and camped for the night on that ill-omened spot. And such a night! The low, wailing, death-croon of the Mashonas, the groans of my suffering carriers—for whom I could do little—the howling of the jackals in the darkness close by, and the hideous "huh-hoo-hoo" of the circling hyenas, made in the inky blackness of the tropic night a perfect hell!

'But worse was yet to come. Toward midnight came a lull in that dreadful chorus; and my "second" boy, springing to his feet, seized me by the arm, whispering excitedly, "*Mfumu! Mfumu! Uumva?*" ("Master! Master! Do you hear?") I listened, and, sure enough, from somewhere out in the darkness beyond came the muffled snarl of a lion. Followed a moment of

silence; then all at once on the night air rang out such a scream as froze the blood in my veins and sent a cold shudder of horror through me from head to foot. The scream of a man! One long wild shriek of fear and agony, suddenly throttled into silence, and all was still.

'Through that long night I watched and waited beside the dead and dying, and at the first streaks of dawn picked up the trail. We followed the tracks easily through the long grass and found, not two hundred yards from where we had camped, ample evidence of Jorami's awful fate.'

III.

Even in the 'safer' methods of big game shooting, such as trapping, baiting, &c., the unexpected and unforeseen often turn what looked like an easy 'kill' into an adventure brimful of peril and possible tragedy. In 'baiting' for lions or tigers, the usual method is to fix some tempting morsel within twenty or thirty feet of a suitable tree, from the branches of which the 'baiter,' safely ensconced, kills his unsuspecting quarry.

While it is true that the hunter may spend night after night in fruitless and uneventful vigil, it is also possible that his first 'bait' may bring the watcher one crowded hour that will satisfy his thirst for excitement for some considerable time.

M. Oscar Roland, a traveller and hunter well known along the Congo, had an experience which I think few would care to emulate. Finding some fresh lion tracks on the margin of a pool in the jungle, he set his 'bait'—a mangy native cur—in a likely spot within point-blank range; and, mounted in the fork of the tree about twenty feet from the ground, awaited results. It was bright moonlight, and several hours passed with no sign of any ravening carnivora appearing to silence the howling bait, when a sudden rustling in the undergrowth near the foot of the tree caught his ear. Peering cautiously through the foliage, he saw the brushwood parted, and out into the open, one after the other, shambled three huge gorillas, appearing to the startled eyes of the beholder even more monstrous and abhorrent in the moonlight.

His position was one of imminent peril; his lofty perch was no safeguard against the simians—rather the reverse—and his Martini rifle an altogether inadequate weapon for an encounter with three such adversaries. The fates, however, had worse in store for him. Drawing back silently and cautiously into the thick foliage his foot slipped, and as he clutched at a bough to save a fall, his rifle dropped from his grasp and clattered noisily to the ground!

On the instant, startled by the sound, the largest of the creatures wheeled and charged! The unfortunate dog lashed to the stake was the object of his wrath, and the next moment

the watcher, from his screen of leaves, gazed in mute horror as he saw his 'bait' being torn in pieces and scattered to the winds like so much cotton-wool! This accomplished, but evidently still suspicious of the proximity of an enemy, the great brute sniffed the air and peered slowly and carefully round, searching the shadows with wicked, twinkling eyes, then, apparently satisfied, shuffled off into the darkness, leaving M. Roland breathing a prayer of heart-felt relief.

IV.

In June of 1901, while stationed at Mtoche, I had an experience which twenty years have not effaced from memory. A great troop of baboons, some of them the biggest I have seen in Africa, appeared close to our camp, among the trees in a dry river-course, in the late afternoon. I called together half-a-dozen 'boys,' armed with axes and choppers, and, taking my Lee-Metford, sallied forth, picking our way carefully down into the valley, to get as near to our objective as possible. On reaching the trees, however, we found the baboons had beaten a retreat, and were scurrying into the shelter of a great cane-brake on the other side of the river. We were soon in hot pursuit. The undergrowth between the bamboo clumps being easy to negotiate, we quickly overhauled their rear-guard—a dozen big surly dog-baboons—past-masters in the art of woodcraft, and adepts in covering a retreat with that elusive cunning that always seemed to keep them just out of range. It made little difference whether we advanced slowly and cautiously or on the run; always the tawny creatures seemed to be just disappearing round the boll of a tree or vanishing into the bamboos as I raised my rifle.

It was an eerily silent chase! Only at odd intervals a warning bark from some big-voiced baboon told us we were still on their trail—otherwise that host of two or three hundred simians was speeding through the valley with a noiseless haste that had to be witnessed to be believed. We followed them for close on an hour without so much as even a chance shot. Then suddenly the scene changed! From straight ahead of us, and on our flanks to right and left, broke out a fierce barking chorus that took us completely by surprise. A great crashing in the bamboos that momentarily grew louder and nearer, and next moment my two 'boys' who had been pushing on ahead burst through the brushwood, their eyes bulging from their sockets, and terror writ large across their faces as they rushed past us, yelling as they ran, '*Nyalugwi! Nyalugwi!*' ('Leopards! Leopards!'), and vanished in the direction from which we had come.

In a flash I understood. We had chased our baboons slap into a family of three or four leopards, and these, attacking at sight, were driving the simians right back upon us, the

latter evidently concluding that of the two foes we were the less formidable.

My 'boys' were already well on the run, and as I started after them I must confess to a sensation as nearly approaching panic as ever I felt in all my experience of bush life. As I ran and stumbled through the undergrowth, the gray and tawny brutes plunged past me to right and left, and time and again some fierce dog-faced old warrior would halt—only a few feet away—every hair on his body bristling with rage and fear as he glared at me, then, evidently puzzled and uncertain, would give vent to a savage bark and hurry on.

I knew that at such moments my life hung in the balance, as it only required one more daring than the others to lead the attack, and short shrift would be mine! The few rounds in the magazine of my rifle would have been little use against the host of frantic creatures that were now streaming past me on all sides. Fortunately for me, my 'water boy,' with more consideration than his companions, kept pacing on just ahead of me, and piloted me to the crossing at the river, and safety.

Being a Scotsman, I suppose it is only natural that it took me some time to see the humour of the situation; but I often smile when I think of the picture we must have made, tearing hot-foot in retreat (not 'according to plan') before the chattering troop we had been so valiantly chasing through the bamboos but an hour before.

v.

This unexpected 'butting in' of a third party into the hunt is a common source of trouble to the hunter, and may even lead to disaster. Mr Philip Pretorius, traveller, trader, and hunter, and one of the best shots in Africa, can vouch for this from more than one experience.

Once, while camped on the Mazoe River, south of Marimas, he discovered a small island separated from the shore by some two hundred yards of shallow water. The grass on this little oasis, being always fresh and green, made it a favourite feeding-place for all kinds of game, especially after nightfall.

His 'head boy,' Safari, having been instructed to do some shooting for the 'pot,' set out, accompanied by two cattle 'boys'—just before moonrise—and crossing the shallows in a canoe, lay concealed in the rushes waiting the arrival of the 'game.' In a short time the sound of some creature entering the water reached their ears, and, as the splashing slowly grew nearer, Safari gripped his rifle and stood erect in readiness to shoot. Here, however, our hunters received a shock when from out of the darkness—not fifty yards away, and evidently drawing nearer—came a deep rolling growl that suddenly swelled into the full-voiced roaring of not one, but two or three lions.

In an instant the rowers were paddling frantically for the deeper water on the other side of the island. But again the inexorable fates took a hand in the game! From the black waters—so close as almost to overset the canoe—rose the gigantic head and shoulders of a hippopotamus, and before the rocking craft could be swept clear, or its occupants leap to safety, the great dripping jaws had opened and clashed, and the mangled body of Safari—torn almost in two—was floating away into the darkness. The two remaining 'boys,' half crazy with terror, plunged into the river, and eventually reached camp in safety with the news of Safari's fate.

vi.

Another well-known danger, one which the 'bushman' never forgets, is the fact that all the while he is tracking down his quarry or stealing cautiously upon his unsuspecting victim he, too, is being trailed and stalked by wild things whose ancestors were masters of that art countless years ago.

One incident as related to me by Mr F. C. Selous, when I met him at Karonga some twenty years ago, may serve to illustrate this point. He had strolled out from camp in the cool of the evening, taking with him for companionship a young brindled bull-dog—a present from a Livingstonia missionary. He was unarmed, and on coming upon some freshly-made 'spoor' or hoof-prints, evidently of big game, it was inexcusable in a hunter of his experience to attempt to track them any distance; but, as he himself averred, his action in doing so was prompted by sheer force of habit.

The trail lay through a small *dambo* or sun-baked swamp, and Selous had not gone far before he observed an unaccountable anxiety on the part of his dog to return to camp—or so at least it seemed. Wonderingly—for the dog was of good pedigree and an indomitable 'fighter'—he undid the leash, and with a plunge the animal disappeared into the 'scrub.' Next moment, from a swirl of grass and flying dust not twenty feet away, came the deep-throated growl of the dog, mingled with the fierce guttural snarling of a leopard, and the astonished hunter caught glimpses of 'Spots' as he spun round in circles, biting and clawing at lightning speed, frantically endeavouring to shake loose the iron jaws that held his throat. But bull-dog courage was of little use against those thews of steel and terrible claws! By the time Selous had raced back to camp and returned with his gun that battle-royal was over, and a single shot at close range brought down a badly shaken leopard, to whose throat still clung a dead and almost disembowelled bull-dog.

It must be evident, then, that mere 'killing' on a grand scale is not 'hunting.' The cushioned

'howdah' is an entirely different proposition from the fork of a moss-covered tree, every crevice of which is teeming with insect life, noxious or otherwise, and up the trunk of which at any moment may swarm an army of 'fighting' ants, whose advance nothing can stay, and whose bite is unendurable. The trailer dangling from the branch above you may be the tendril of some giant creeper, or it may be a pendent green 'mamba'—the deadliest snake in Africa! I have witnessed the somewhat incongruous

spectacle of an elephant hunter, carrying a '450' Express rifle, 'beating it' at top speed before the onslaught of a score of giant bees!

The foregoing are, of course, only a few of the innumerable and unforeseeable surprises that await the hunter whose way lies through those lonely fastnesses of the 'Wild' where intellect is pitted against instinct; mechanism against muscle; where the far-flung outposts of civilisation advance rough-shod, foot by foot, in their age-long campaign of death and extermination.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

By OTTWELL BINNS, Author of *A Mating in the Wilds*, *A Hazard of the Snows*, *Clancy of the Mounted Police*, &c.

CHAPTER XI.—AN ATTACK IN THE NIGHT.

AS Standifer gave vent to his cry of amazement Norma Mannering started forward, and then as suddenly checked, shot the newcomer a strange look that might have been one of loathing, and, turning aside, walked deliberately away from him. Standifer noted her action, laughed, and turned on the bedraggled Carwyke. 'How did you get here?' he demanded harshly, surveying the other with keen eyes.

'On a raft,' answered Carwyke. 'Over the falls.'

'Over the falls?' cried Standifer in amazement.

'Yes,' replied Carwyke simply, his eyes on the girl, who with her back to him was looking down the river, as if utterly indifferent to his presence.

The amazement Standifer felt was revealed in his face as well as in his voice. For a second or two he stared incredulously at Carwyke, then he gave a sharp laugh, and half-turned to the man with whom he had been talking at the moment of Carwyke's unexpected appearance. 'You heard that, Mardock?'

'Yes,' answered the other, staring at Carwyke curiously. 'Another illustration of the time-worn adage, "A man who is born to be hanged will never be drowned," I suppose.'

Standifer looked up the river. 'I wouldn't have believed that any man could have come through that,' he said wonderingly.

'May be lying, you know,' commented Mardock carelessly.

'The question is, What are we going to do with him?'

'What can you do, Standifer?' asked the other quietly. 'You can't shoot him in cold blood, or leave him to die of starvation in the wilderness.' He broke off and looked up the valley in the direction of which they had been staring at the moment of Carwyke's advent; then he added in a half-whisper, 'Better take

him along with us. He'll even things up against those treacherous dogs.'

Carwyke, exhausted though he was, and almost indifferent as to what might happen to himself, caught the half-whispered words, and of the suddenest grew intensely interested, though he masked the interest behind a face that was full of weary unconcern.

'Who knows?' said Standifer doubtfully. 'He might take sides with them.'

Mardock shook his head. 'Not he. Carwyke's not the man to play procurer to a pair of filthy blackguards, by whose company even I am disgraced. You've got to make terms with him or let those rascals shoot him, Standifer; and if you do the latter the girl will be a witness against you.'

'But—'

'If there's any shooting I drop out of the game,' interrupted Mardock truculently. 'My neck's not worth very much, but I have still a use for it; and I am taking no risk of forfeiting it for a whim. Bring Carwyke along with us. I imagine he can do no particular harm; and, remember, you can shed him any moment that you like.'

Standifer considered the matter carefully for a moment, then he nodded his head. 'Perhaps you're right, Jim. If it comes to a show-down with those beggars up there he would be useful.' He turned to Carwyke. 'You hear, Carwyke; I am inclined to take you along, as you'll be useful. Those fellows of mine have got some whimsy in their heads that it might be worth their while to take Miss Mannering out of my care. We heard them talking last night, and whilst I don't pretend to know what their game is, I gather that it has to do with something that was told them by that Russian whom you mauled so badly.' He broke off, and his keen dark eyes searched Carwyke's haggard face. 'The Slav didn't tell you anything, I suppose?'

Carwyke shook his head. 'No; he wanted to get hold of Miss Maunering, and attacked us. Nearly choked me out of life, and that half-breed woman stuck a knife in Billy.'

'That's the man who was with you, I suppose? Where is he?'

'Looking for Miss Maunering back along in the woods where you found me.'

'That so?' Standifer laughed. 'Then he'll search for some time! But you've gathered what the position is. There may be trouble with that pair of beauties whom you can see coming down the hillside there. The question is, Will you join forces with me?'

'Against the girl? No!'

'For the girl, fool!' snapped Standifer. 'You don't want her to fall into the hands of those brutes, do you? I assure you there is real danger of that.'

Carwyke's half-numbed brain reviewed the situation slowly, whilst the other watched him keenly, as if striving to read his thoughts. Standifer's word carried no assurance of the truth, but his offer did. There must be something in what he said, some powerful motive to induce him to offer terms to one whom he knew would seek to defeat his object, and the conversation to which he had listened was scarcely one to be improvised in a moment of surprise. Further, it would be a great advantage to be near Norma, for this would place him in a position to act on her behalf, not merely against the villainous pair who were now approaching the camp, but against Standifer himself. There was something in Norma's attitude which he could not understand, and which—

'Quick, Carwyke! Those fellows will be here in a jiffy. Will you stand in with us?'

'For the present, yes! But I reserve my freedom of—'

Standifer laughed harshly. 'You can reserve what you like, Carwyke. The girl is reserved for me. Better get to the fire. I'll find you some dry clothing in a minute or two, after I've explained your presence to that brace of scoundrels.'

He marched off to meet the pair now coming between the willows carrying a canoe between them. Carwyke himself moved stumbingly towards the fire, his eyes on Norma, who resolutely kept her face averted. He watched her wonderingly. That in the moment of his emergence from the willows she had been glad to see him he was convinced, and her present attitude disturbed him. She studiously ignored his presence, which was to him inexplicable, unless it was an attitude assumed to mislead her captors. At that moment the girl turned, and a second later as her eyes met his all doubts as to her attitude being an assumed one were dispelled, for the blue eyes were contemptuous. That she no longer trusted him that glance made clear, and he was wondering what lying tale

Standifer had told her, when Mardock's voice broke in on his thoughts. 'Did you really come over the falls, Carwyke?'

'Yes,' he answered shortly.

A thoughtful look came on Mardock's thin face. 'If I were a superstitious man——' he began, and then interrupted himself. 'You don't trust Standifer, of course?'

'Would you, if you were in my shoes?'

'No! But it's true what he says about Bull and the other scoundrel. It was I who overheard them talking.' He was silent for a moment, his eyes fixed on Norma, who was staring absently at the river. 'I'm sorry for that girl, Carwyke,' he said, with a swift glance round towards Standifer. 'I'd do a goodish bit to help her, and I'm glad you've joined forces with us.'

'Um!' Carwyke looked at the mosquito-bitten face in undisguised hostility.

Mardock laughed a little bitterly. 'Naturally you don't trust me any more than you trust Kit Standifer. I can't blame you for that. But it might be worth your while to think that I am disposed to be friendly with you. Kit's methods are a little too crude for me.'

Still the man whom he addressed made no response, and whilst the two stood silent Standifer and the other men advanced into the camp. Bull's repulsive face wrinkled in a grin as he moved towards the fire.

'Glad ter see yo' back again, Mister Carwyke,' he said with loud geniality. 'I guess that now we've got the girl it's all O.K., and yo' won't be quittin' us again.'

As the man spoke, Carwyke saw Norma turn half-way round and flash a look of indignation at himself. Standifer caught the look also, and a laugh broke from him; then he interposed. 'Bring the bags, Bull. Carwyke took a plunge over the falls up there, and needs dry clothing. Slippery now.'

'Ay, ay, Mr Standifer,' said Bull, and walked with careless slowness to his cross-eyed companion, who was busy with the canoe.

Standifer watched the man with gleaming eyes; and as Bull reached the canoe and said something to the other man, who broke into a laugh, a frown of wrath came on the watcher's dark face. Looking first at the two men and then at their employer, Carwyke realised that in one thing at any rate Standifer had not lied. The unprepossessing pair were openly mutinous. Three or four minutes passed without any move on the part of the man Bull, and then Standifer cried sharply, 'Those bags, Bull! Do you want Carwyke to get pneumonia?'

'Don't care a cent if he do!' growled the man in return; but nevertheless he brought the bags and flung them at Standifer's feet.

The frown deepened on Standifer's face, and his dark eyes flamed. He looked as if he were

about to spring upon the man, but visibly checked himself, and with a grin on his battered face Bull went back to his friend. Carwyke was amazed. Standifer was scarcely the man to suffer such flouting by an employee without some urgent reason for doing so, and he was still wondering what the explanation was when Mardock offered it in a whisper.

'Those beggars have cornered the ammunition! We're fairly in their hands.'

Carwyke whistled softly to himself. The situation was indeed serious if the two scoundrels were to break out and attempt to follow the scheme at which Standifer had hinted. After speaking Mardock moved away, and Roy Carwyke looked at Norma, still standing by the river, a most pensive figure. He wondered what she was thinking about himself, and if she knew that she was a cause of mutinous dissension between Standifer and his subordinates. Then he glanced at Standifer himself, who was stooping over the bags which Bull had thrown at his feet, and as Carwyke thought of his imperious nature, held in check by a pair of dull scoundrels with less than a tithe of his brains, but for the seriousness of the situation he could have laughed aloud. He wondered what the Russian had told that precious pair to so set them in opposition to Standifer. Had he offered them big money to take the girl back to Little Novgorod; or had he let something slip of which the pair had been unaware, and which had changed their whole outlook on the enterprise in which they were engaged, and which was moving them to get possession of Norma for themselves? Either alternative was possible, and which was the more probable he could not decide; but his heart went out to the girl, who stood in such solitude of spirit in this camp in which, as it must appear to her, every man's hand was against her. Impulsively he took a step from the fire with the intention of speaking to her; but at that moment Standifer intervened.

'Here is some clothing, Carwyke. The willows will make a dressing-room for you.'

He checked the impulse which would have taken him to Norma's side, and gathering up the clothing offered, walked to the screening willows, where he rapidly changed his wet clothes. But when that was done he did not hurry to return to the camp, where the cross-eyed one was already engaged in cooking a meal. Since the moment when, lying on the pine-needles, he had heard the shout, events had developed so rapidly that he needed time to assimilate the present situation; and he took it, whilst from the screen of the willows he watched the four men in camp.

Mardock had seated himself on the fallen tree a little away from the fire and was smoking, whilst with an enigmatic smile upon his face he watched Standifer. The latter was now by

the girl's side, evidently urging something upon her, Norma keeping her face averted and her eyes fixed on the hurrying water. Once Standifer stretched a hand and rested it on the girl's arm. It was instantly thrown off with a gesture that could have left the man in no doubt of the fact that such attentions from him were unwelcome. Carwyke rejoiced at the incident, which proved to him that whatever change had taken place in Norma's attitude to himself, her hostility to Standifer had suffered no softening. The latter, rebuffed, still continued to talk to the girl, receiving, so far as the watcher could observe, no answer at all. A moment later Carwyke's attention was diverted by a movement on the part of the cross-eyed man, who left the fire and approached his companion by the canoe.

'Watcher think of the job, Bull?' asked Tick in a hoarse whisper, which easily carried to Carwyke in the screening willows.

'Same as before,' answered Bull, who was plainly the master-mind in the partnership. 'This Carwyke pup ain't going ter make no difference.'

'But there's three of 'em——'

'An' we hold the guns an' shells, which is trumps an' aces together.'

'I ain't so easy in my mind as I was,' confessed his companion. 'It's one more to get rid of.'

'Oh, thet!' Bull spat to show his contempt. 'Ye make me tired, Tick! It's as easy ter get rid of three as of two.'

'But how?' persisted the other.

'Easy as wiukin'. To-morrow or whenever we starts this girl travels with us; an' when it suits us we leave Standifer an' thet fool Mardock to get their own way—that is, we make 'em go some way different to ourn.'

'But when's it goin' ter suit us?'

'When we know jest where this blamed river runs ter. I ain't going ter do no Robinson Crusoeing up here, an' when winter comes get froze ter a blasted icicle.'

'We'll have ter watch Standifer pretty close,' said the cross-eyed one. 'He's quiet now—too quiet ter my thinkin'; an' when he breaks out he'll be like forked lightnin'.'

'Well,' laughed Bull, 'he ain't goin' ter break out yet awhile. He won't call our hand till he can't help; an' by that time I reckon we'll ha' got the lie of this blame wilderness, an' know where we're goin' to. Don't ye worry, Tick. Trust yo'r ole pal; an' hop along an' get the gentlemen's supper as perlite as ye knows how.'

The cross-eyed man moved back to the fire, and Bull himself lit a pipe, and ostentatiously seated himself on a wind-fall, the whilst he considered Standifer with eyes that had in them a glint of amusement.

To Carwyke it was plain that the man though

he held his employer in the hollow of his hand. He watched the scoundrel for a moment or two, then, picking up his wet clothes, he moved quietly away, emerging from the willows at some distance from the spot where he had been standing. Standifer had given up his attempt to talk with Norma, and was seated by Mardock, whilst now Norma had moved a little way up-river nearer the willows. As he emerged the girl glanced at him once, and then turned aside; but, following a sudden impulse, Carwyke walked straight up to her. 'Miss Norma,' he said, 'are you not going to speak to me?'

'Yes, Judas!' she answered in a quivering voice. 'What have you done with Billy?'

His haggard face flushed at the greeting, and though his first impulse was to protest, he checked it, and quietly answered her question. 'I hope Billy is following us. I left him in the woods, looking for you at the point where the river forks.'

'You deserted him, you mean?'

'No,' he answered patiently. 'I left a note telling him that I had seen you in Standifer's hands, and that I was following you to keep in touch with you.'

'To join up with Standifer again, you should say.'

'No! You are mistaken. I have never been in league with Standifer.'

'That is not the truth!' replied the girl heatedly. 'You arranged with him to enter our camp at Unapik, and to persuade me to leave. You were to wait for him at some point, but did not do so, having, I suppose, evolved some wicked scheme of your own, as that man says.'

Her golden head inclined slightly in the direction of Standifer, and had it not been for the anguish in her face and the distrust in her eyes, Carwyke would have laughed aloud. The story which Standifer had used to discredit him in her estimation was so simple, but a moment's reflection told him that in its very simplicity lay its strength. All the circumstances, as the girl knew them, might be so interpreted; and once the possibility was accepted, gave to Standifer's lie the aspect of truth. He looked at the girl without reproach for her want of trust, understanding that in the situation in which she found herself it was easy for her to conceive that she had been betrayed, and for the moment he made no serious attempt to undermine her conviction. 'So that is the story!' he said lightly. 'Well, I hope that time and my service may discredit it, Miss Norma, and that I shall yet be able to prove my loyalty.'

'Loyalty?' she cried.

'Yes, loyalty!'

'It will require more proof than you can give,' answered the girl, with a quiet decision which proved how deep was her conviction of his treachery.

'I hope not,' he answered quietly. 'And I shall prove it even if I die in doing so.'

The girl made no reply. Turning away from him, she took a few steps along the bank as if to signify that she had no wish to discuss the matter further; and Carwyke, looking round, found Standifer regarding him with smiling maliciousness. A heat of anger surged in him, and it was only with difficulty that he refrained from walking across to the villain and striking him in the face. But prudence told him that there was nothing to be gained by such a course at this juncture, and, repressing his anger, he carried his clothes to the fire and arranged them where the heat would dry them. Then, with his temper in rein, he walked towards Standifer and his friend. The former laughed as he drew near. 'We were just discussing the signs of the weather, Carwyke,' he said, with an upward glance. 'It appears to be "set fair," don't you think?'

Carwyke knew that Standifer had been observing his interview with Norma closely, and easily guessed that the words were intended for a gibe; but he did not allow them to move him out of the composure he had reached.

'Then you don't know Alaska very well, Standifer, if that is your opinion,' he answered easily. 'Up here the weather is given to sudden storms.'

'That so?' laughed the other. 'Well, I'm no expert. Sit down and let us talk over things.'

(Continued on page 228.)

JEAN.

O THE sun is blinkin' bonnie on the scaur o'
Avich Mohr,
And the wind is soughin' softly owre the lea;
The burn is purlin' briskly as it lickers down the
glen,
And the yorlin's singin' blithely on the auld
rodden tree.
But tho' the world's sae bonnie, and it's braw wi'
simmer's pride,
I canna bide its beauty, for ma hert fair stounds
wi' pain;
I canna thole the thrillin' o' the lavrock's triumph
sang,
For ma ain dear Jean's been ta'en awa', and
now I'm a' ma lane.

O mony and mony a year has gane since first she
gripped ma hert,
But I've ne'er forgot the love-glint o' that day,
Sin syne for me her lovin' care has lichtened
mony a load;
Sin syne for me her cheery sang has shortened
mony a brae.
And noo I'll need to trauchle down the dark,
dreich road mase!,
Nae mair on earth I'll see her face—tho' see it
I wad fain;
But I'll lippen to His guidness Wha gied me sic
a boon,
That He'll tak me hame to see her, and I'll
walk nae mair ma lane.

D. C. T. MEKIE.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

A HAUNT OF PEACE: LICHTENSTEIN.

By 'SNAFFLE,' Author of *The Image of War*, &c.

I.

IT seems strange in these days to come across a state—in Central Europe, too, where even Switzerland has unveiled (at Zürich) a monument to commemorate the toils and sufferings of its army—which passed entirely unscathed through the late war, and was even considerably enriched thereby. Such a country, however, is the Duchy of Lichtenstein.* Politically also it has, to a certain extent, gained, for although always quite independent, it was subjected to the Austrian customs and postal control, if only by treaties to which it was a party itself. Now it stands absolutely free from any tie, except that it has made certain arrangements, for mutual convenience, with the Swiss postal authorities.

I cannot say with absolute certainty that Lichtenstein is the smallest state in Europe, not having the figures relating to San Marino at hand; but it is certainly the smallest sovereign state, San Marino and Andorra being republics, and Monaco being, in foreign affairs at any rate, under French control.

Be this as it may, Lichtenstein can assuredly contest the palm for beauty, relatively to area, with any country in Europe. Roughly, it may be said to consist of a chain of mountains and a level plain—no doubt at one time a lake-bed—extending to the Rhine, which forms its western frontier. This plain nowhere exceeds two miles in width and shrinks at Vaduz to an eighth of this extent. So the bulk of the country can be called mountainous, the hills running always steeply, often precipitously, down to the Rhine level. Behind this first chain lies a smaller valley, that of the Samina, which stream runs north and down into Austrian territory, and joins the Ill. The range of hills forming the eastern side of this valley marks the other frontier.

It will therefore be readily understood that a large proportion of the country is not very profitable to its inhabitants. It is true that the limestone peaks are fringed with noble forests, and that the mountain slopes form

excellent summer pastures for stock; but there is obviously a large extent of ground which serves no useful purpose—except, indeed, to mountaineers and sportsmen. When we consider that the total area of the country amounts only to 38,900 acres, it is clear that not much is left for agriculture; and it is also plain that the maintenance of some 6000 cattle, with other stock in proportion (except sheep, of which there are only a few), involves hard and incessant labour on the part of the natives.

II.

The Sovereign Duke of Lichtenstein, John II., is one of the most interesting figures in Europe, if only in that he bids fair to break all records for length of reign, which, in his case, will have lasted sixty-seven years in November. Nor is it unnatural to contrast his personal territorial possessions with the area of his kingdom. They are more than ten times as great.

Before the war they were, with the exception of a couple of estates in Prussia and Saxony, all within the Austrian Empire, but now he finds himself a landowner in Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Poland as well.

In another respect he also holds a record as a sovereign, for not only does he derive no income from his state, but is a most munificent contributor to all its needs. The fine Government building at Vaduz, the handsome new churches in several places, the elaborate works which have been constructed to prevent the disastrous inundations formerly frequently arising from the flooded Rhine, even the tourist paths over the mountains, owe their existence to his liberality. This is only to quote a few instances thereof, for it has been well said that no worthy object in the duchy has ever appealed in vain to the head of the state.

Nevertheless, it is a fact, though it may be believed with difficulty, that on the fall of the Austrian Empire there was a republican movement in this little country too, which was only suppressed by the determined attitude of the men of the *Unterland* (of which more hereafter). The force of ingratitude can hardly be carried further. It is true the duke may be called an absentee ruler, his visits to his kingdom being few and far between. Allowances must be made

* I follow the English spelling throughout. Locally the name is spelt *Liechtenstein*.

for the far greater importance of his other interests (the Lichtenstein Gallery and Library are familiar to most visitors to Vienna), his love for his palace of Eisgrub, and his racial eyrie of Lichtenstein itself, and the enormous labour involved in the superintendence of his great estates, works, and, not least, large real estate in Vienna itself. In his younger days the duke was an ardent sportsman; and this taste he had better opportunities of satisfying in his vast Austrian woodlands than in his own state. Moreover, there is no residence (to use the word in its continental sense) in the duchy. The old castle of Vaduz is a museum, restored and equipped by the duke himself; and his only abode here is his shooting-box, which is obviously unfitted for more than flying visits. (I may here remark that this house served as a refuge to the ex-Empress of Austria on her expulsion from Switzerland.)

The duke's last visit to his state took place four or five years ago; and it is possible, considering his advanced age, that he may never see it again. Unfortunately he has no children, and it is a little difficult to forecast the future of the country when it loses him. His brother, and heir, is himself a septuagenarian now, and will probably renounce the succession, which would then devolve on his son. But what will then be the position of a great landowner in all these new states; and will it enable him to indulge in such a luxury as that of a private kingdom, if I may so style it? The severance of the ruling house from the little state after two centuries would be a misfortune, even though it commenced in no more romantic way than that of purchase.

To conclude my brief remarks on the politics of the place, so as to enable me to return to subjects more congenial to my pen, I will add that Lichtenstein is governed by a single chamber, five members being elected by the *Oberland*, or hill villages; seven by the *Unterland*, or those of the plain; and three nominated by the duke.

III.

The *Unterland* represents the old Barony of Schellenberg, which was purchased by the House of Lichtenstein in 1699, thirteen years before the county of Vaduz was acquired by them. These two form the present state.

The parliament, however, does not often have matters of international importance before it. It was certainly an act of very great wisdom on its part to break away from the Austrian connection and its monetary system when it did, and to adopt the Swiss franc. But when the present Government proposed to go further, and join in a customs union with Switzerland, popular objection broke out, and the project is, at the worst, shelved for the present. Certainly

it is difficult to see what Lichtenstein could gain by such a change.

In this connection it is amusing to note that the Government were taunted with being 'foreigners,' the reason being that the leading spirits came from Triesenberg (in the *Oberland*). Now this district was undeniably settled in the beginning of the fourteenth century by the *Walliser*, who probably came from the Furka Pass district, rather than from Italy, as their name would import. It was, however, somewhat of an old story to rake up against them, though they are said to retain certain peculiarities of dialect and various customs. As the *Walliser* were Celts, we have here another instance of the political adaptability of the race, which at the same time furnished prime ministers to Britain, France, and—Lichtenstein! Only the name does not obtain here.

Lichtenstein is an intensely religious country, and all education is in the hands of the clergy. In this matter alone the state is not self-contained, the Church being under the headship of a Swiss bishop.

It may be called a country of one class—the peasant proprietor. Those of its citizens who take a more *bourgeois* position are those whose parents have provided them with the means of obtaining higher education, generally in Austria, and acquiring the title of Doctor, either in medicine, law, or philosophy. This is practically the only title known in the country. The army ceased to exist after the war of 1866, during which it served on the Italian frontier. The duke then disbanded it, and abolished military service. There is now no armed force of any kind—in fact, I had been over a month in the country before I saw a policeman. I imagine these men have rarely anything to do except to examine passports at the frontier, but their bright blue shakos are calculated to strike terror into the heart of any evil-doer, even though the effect is somewhat mitigated by the rest of their costume—a suit of 'dittoes.'

Is there any other country where life is so simple and patriarchal? The affairs of the great world are unheeded; the crops and the weather are the only subjects of interest. Poverty does not exist; still less so unemployment. Generally speaking, most of the people made money by the Great War, when, amongst other things, the novelty of sheep in large numbers was introduced to the duchy, these being found to produce a ready profit by their sale to Austria. As a proof of prosperity may be noted the new houses, built or building, to be seen everywhere. There are said to be 800 of these—in a country of twelve to thirteen thousand inhabitants, an obvious exaggeration.

IV.

Let us take a look at the country, arriving, as one naturally does, at Schaan, the only rail-

way station of any importance. We are here on the border of the *Ober* and *Unter-land*. The latter lies to the north, a great fen formerly, but now mostly reclaimed to pasture or arable. At the farther side of this rise the low hills of Schellenberg, crowned with the ruins of two old castles. There is not much to detain one in this district, though there are some pretty walks through the orchards and vineyards, and still more attractive ones through the fine woods on the lower slopes of the mountains.

Taking the main road through the duchy—and, except after fine weather, it will be dirty, I warrant you—less than an hour's walk brings us to the capital, Vaduz, nestling under the wall of rock which is crowned by its ancient castle. Vaduz is but a village—nevertheless it contains some handsome buildings and pretty villas.

The hill-road bears to the left here, passing the castle and shooting-box of the duke, and entering a fine forest. The traveller must be prepared for a 'stey bræ' now, whether he confront it, as most people do here, relying on his own legs, with the *rucksack* on his back, or whether he elect to invest a sovereign in the hire of a carriage and a pair of strong horses, which will take him up very little more rapidly, for the gradient throughout is too steep to allow of trotting.

An hour and a half brings one to the open country in the pretty orchards and pastures of Rotenboden. From here a multiplicity of routes is available, straight on to the picturesque district of Triesenberg and the range of mountains which forms the southern frontier, upwards on the road which crosses into the Samina Valley by a tunnel, or more left-handed to the dominating group of the Three Sisters, and the fine mountain path constructed by the ruler of the country, and known as the 'Duke's Road.' In each case one goes through a succession of Alp meadows, closely mown in summer and continuously thereafter, giving the effect of a walk in a vast park, as these grassy slopes are everywhere studded with fine trees.

The visitor need not fear being stranded for the night, for he is within a short walk of several *Kurhaiser*—practically hotel-pensions—of greater or less pretensions, at one of which a stay of some length may prove delightful in a good summer, and will be found decidedly inexpensive, as, indeed, life is everywhere in the duchy. Of these, far the largest is that of Gaflei, which can accommodate a hundred visitors, and is some 4900 feet above sea-level.

The Duke's Road practically starts there, and winds up to the limestone peaks. It is perfectly safe, though it passes some sensational points—to inexperienced Alpinists—and skirting the highest points of the range, it eventually descends to Feldkirch in the Vorarlberg—that is, for those whose passports bear the Austrian

visa. During the walk chamois are often to be seen from the path—in fact, I have seen them within a furlong of the *Kurhaus*.

Animal life is, however, not much in evidence, at any rate at this season of the year. The place is too disturbed for that.

Peasants are continually mowing (I had almost written shaving) their Alp meadows; the grazing cattle are attended by shouting children; and the local tourist is unable to walk far without expressing his delight in the beauties of nature by blood-curdling war-whoops. So it is no wonder that the deer, both red and roe, are found farther down at this season. A few years ago the duchy was rather rich in the larger game. The Austrian foresters (always fairly correct in such matters) estimated the head of red deer at a hundred, and that of chamois at four times that number. Now there are a good many less. I am told 'there was much poaching during the War'; but the reason for this seems obscure. At all events, the casual visitor is not very likely to see any four-footed animals other than the above-mentioned chamois and the black squirrels, unless it be a roe about sunset.

Bird life is also not much in evidence. Eagles breed in the duchy, and are not infrequently to be seen soaring above the hills. Except these, hawks, ravens, and crows, and the commoner woodland birds, such as woodpeckers and jays, even a trained observer will not note much, though these hills hold no fewer than four varieties of grouse (capercailzie, black game, hazel grouse, and ptarmigan), and one of partridge—the stone-hen (*Caccabis saxatilis*). I hasten to add that there is no free shooting in the duchy; it is all let.

v.

Space, unfortunately, compels me to leave much of interest in the duchy unmentioned. Indeed, I feel I have hardly been able to bring its charms home to the reader, whom I can assure that a visit thither will not be regretted. It is true he will not find the palatial hotels of Switzerland, its English chaplains, or its golf courses. But if he can put up with simple fare and unpretentious hostelries for the sake of great natural beauties, delightful rambles, and even Alpine ascents suited to moderate ambitions, and, above all, a climate of exceeding healthiness, he will not fail to find all of these.

If proof were wanting, it will be found in the fact that, before the War, the Germans had 'discovered' Lichtenstein. They packed its hotels and pensions, and they even built villas in some of its beauty spots. Now the state of the mark has compelled them to abandon a country with a gold currency, and the way—not long, barely twenty-four hours from London—is open to a new invasion, like all things here, a peaceful one.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER XI.—*continued.*

WELL knowing that to do so would confirm Norma in her opinion of him, Carwyke accepted Standifer's invitation. It was necessary, he thought, for the present to maintain an outward show of falling in with the scoundrel's plans, so that, when opportunity arose, he might carry Norma outside the scope of them; and, seated on the log, he looked at Standifer expectantly.

'We're in a mess, as you know, Carwyke,' said Standifer with lowered voice. 'The question is, How are we to get out of it? These rascals have the ammunition, as Mardock has explained; and the only weapons we have are an empty rifle and an axe.'

'Can't you rush them?' asked Carwyke.

'No! They have our pistols—and Bull is a dead shot.'

'How did they get them?'

'Oh, we'd discarded our belts for comfort during one of the halts, suspecting nothing, and Bull quietly transferred them to the other canoe. It wasn't until Mardock had heard them discussing their plan to seize the girl that we discovered the loss.'

'But why should they want to get Norma away from you?' asked Carwyke, giving no indication of what he had so recently learned.

'Better ask Bull!' said Standifer with a short laugh. 'Jim here overheard him refer to something that the Russian said about the girl, but exactly what the game is we don't know.'

'What can the Russian know about Miss Mannering?' inquired Roy, moved by something more than curiosity.

Standifer shrugged his shoulders. 'Search me,' he said. 'I'd give a thousand dollars to know. What happened before you beat the fellow up? Did he get the girl's name?'

'Yes,' replied Carwyke, 'and it appeared to excite him.'

'It would—if he knew,' commented Standifer absently; and then, suddenly realising that he had let slip something that he had not intended, looked sharply at Carwyke.

The latter gave no sign of having marked the other's implied admission of secret knowledge, and continued his account carelessly.

'Fellow attacked us as suddenly as a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. It was the toughest rough-and-tumble I was ever in, and my throat is sore now from the throttling he gave it.'

'You laid him out, though. He won't be fit for much for a month, which is maybe a good thing. I've no hankering to be trailed across Alaska by Goliath.'

'Do you reckon we're going to get across Alaska, Kit?' asked Mardock quietly.

'Yes! And take the girl with us.'

'But how are you going to get away from Bull and that cross-eyed partner of his? His programme isn't yours, remember.'

'I've been thinking over things,' said Standifer slowly. 'We've got to take some risks, and I propose that when the camp is quiet to-night we cut away with the canoes.'

'If it were dark, that might be possible,' replied Mardock quietly. 'But it is light at midnight, and Bull's shooting is classy, as you know.'

'That's true, but we must watch for the opportunity. If they should both sleep—'

'They won't!' said Mardock with conviction.

'Well, there's another way. This country is full of rivers and lakes. If we can get Bull in front we may be able to turn up some creek—'

'Thank you, no, Standifer. I'm not going to wander off into this wilderness without ammunition. I've starved once, and I'd rather have a bullet from Bull than do it again. That scheme's off!'

Standifer frowned a little at this opposition to his will, then laughed. 'There's one thing you've forgotten, Mardock.'

'What's that?'

'It can't be very far to the Russian mission which the trader up at Novgorod spoke of; and once there—' He broke off and laughed again. Mardock's face grew suddenly tense.

'You mean to go right through with it, Kit?'

'Yes! You didn't think I was weakening, did you?'

Mardock made no reply; but with half-shut eyes stared at the river, whilst Standifer addressed himself to Carwyke.

'You're thinking we are in a tight corner, Carwyke; but things aren't quite so bad as they look. Somewhere down this river there's a mission-station—Russian. If we can reach it before those blackguards shoot us, their game, whatever it is, is blocked. If the worst comes to the worst, we can make a run for it to-morrow.'

'You'll run without the girl then!' said Carwyke, and explained what he had overheard of Bull's plans for the morrow.

Standifer whistled. 'That means we're under sentence! We shall have to keep watch to-night. Those rascals may shoot us while we sleep.'

'I don't think so,' replied Carwyke. 'Bull doesn't know the country, and I gather he has no intention of being lost in the wilderness. Till he gets a notion where the river leads, you are safe enough.'

Standifer gave a sudden laugh. 'Then we're still insurable lives; for I haven't a notion where it leads myself. I guess we'll sleep sound to-night after all.'

But the guess, as it chanced, was a mistaken one, for when five of the party were asleep, the stillness of the rosy midnight was shattered by the sound of rifle-fire close to the camp; and rolling over and sitting up, Carwyke saw Bull behind a tree, rifle in hand, staring across the willows.

'What is it?' asked Standifer.

'That d——d Russian with a gun, I guess. He shot——'

Somewhere among the pines on the hillside a rifle cracked again, and the cross-eyed Tick gave a yell and dropped the rifle he was carrying. In a second Standifer leaped for it; but, quick as he was, Bull was quicker. Disregarding the marksman in the pines, he covered Standifer.

'Get away from that gun!'

Standifer hesitated, but in a savage voice Bull cried, 'Get away or——'

Standifer got away; and Tick picked up the rifle and dodged towards the trees, as again the rifle in the pine-wood spoke.

'Get the canoes out,' roared Bull. 'Keep back in the trees, girl, if ye don't want ter be plugged.'

He sighted for the thick of the trees a moment

later and fired—evidently without result, for a second later a bullet plugged the tree behind which he sheltered.

'Durn the Russian!' he growled, and then addressed himself to his companion. 'Keep yer eye on 'em, Tick. Don't let 'em slip off with the girl.'

And Tick, with a forearm that dripped blood, did it faithfully. The chagrin in Standifer's face showed that Bull's foresight had balked him of a chance, and as the canoes slipped into the current, with Norma between the two ruffians and Carwyke with Mardock and Standifer in the leading canoe, the last-mentioned cursed audibly to himself. Then, as they came into the shelter of trees, he turned his head sharply.

'Do you think it was the Russian?' he asked.

'Who else could it be?'

'I was thinking of that squaw-man who——'

Carwyke laughed sceptically as he answered, 'The Russian, more like.'

But in his heart he was sure that it was Eskimo Billy who had found them, and rejoiced to think that at all costs he would follow them, across all Alaska if need be.

(Continued on page 246.)

THE CHAPEL WITHIN THE TOWER.

PART II.

VI.

IN the Jewel House are kept a very handsome gold altar dish and flagon. On the former, in high relief, is a presentment of the Last Supper, whilst both bear the cypher of William and Mary, King and Queen of England, 1689–1694. These pieces of ecclesiastical plate, three times in each year, take the place, by order, on the altar of the chapel of St Peter ad Vincula of a much older and perfectly plain gold set, dating from Charles I. The three occasions are Easter Sunday, Whitsunday, and Christmas Day. The origin of this order was probably purely political. It was intended thus delicately to indicate that the Stuarts were no more, and that a new dynasty had arisen. Though the reason for this tri-annual displacement has long since disappeared, the tradition is adhered to, so that to this day, on three Sundays in the year, William and Mary's altar plate is substituted for that of the Stuarts.

It may often have been a source of wonder to visitors that historic families, whose ancestors were great and commanding personalities, holding the highest offices in the state, who met their fate in the Tower, and are buried in the chapel, are but slenderly commemorated. The dukes of Norfolk, Suffolk, Northumberland, Somerset, and Monmouth might well be more prominently connected with the ancient chapel in which

they lie at rest. There lie also beneath the stones many others who were lesser than dukes, but who are of considerable historical standing.

It would be out of place, these centuries later, to branch forth into massive memorials or monuments, but a simple and effective means of commemoration seems open to all. Round the chapel are great clear-light windows, almost challenging in their severe simplicity. It would appreciably add to the interest of the chapel, as well as produce a delicate decorative effect, if small escutcheons in stained glass were placed in each of the lights, simply portraying the armorial bearings of the great families whose connection with the Tower is so intimate. A very small effort would suffice to raise the moderate sum required to put this suggestion into effect, and this might be done in a very simple way. Thousands of visitors pass through the chapel in the course of the year, and might be glad to drop a small silver piece into a box to provide the sum required to instal these historic memorials.

The magnificent Blount memorial is a signal example of the great advisability of putting up a highly decorative and expensive memorial to oneself, however modest may have been one's claims to distinction, in the assurance that it will last for ever, or at any rate for many centuries. The Blounts, Sir Richard and Sir Michael, father and son, were quite moderate persons, and both

in turn were Lieutenants of the Tower, as have been scores of excellent officers before and since. But they, unlike less ambitious lieutenants, spent very large sums of money on the marble and alabaster monument erected to their memory. In Westminster Abbey such a monument might be lost to view and notice amongst hundreds of others, but in the isolated seclusion of St Peter's ad Vincula it is, and has been for centuries, practically alone in its glory. Queen Anne Boleyn, Queen Katherine Howard, the Duke of Monmouth lay beneath simple and unmarked stones for centuries, but the Blounts reigned above in alabaster and marble.

In truth, it is a very fine monument, with groups of almost life-size figures kneeling in prayer, these figures being those of the Blounts and their wives and sons and daughters. One of the ladies is shown with her cap-string thrown forward over her head, thus denoting that she was a widow; whilst another is carrying a skull, denoting that she also belonged to the same sad—or perhaps gay—category. In small, round niches in the face of the monument are two skulls, one presumably that of Sir Richard Blount, whilst the other is a plaster cast, possibly taking the place of the true skull of Sir Michael, purloined by some nefarious souvenir-seeker in bygone ages. This monument for long stood between two of the pillars in the body of the chapel, but now is affixed to the north wall of the chancel and close to the altar.

The sarcophagus which should contain the bones of Sir Richard and Lady Cholmondeley is the only serious rival to the Blount memorial. It represents a full-sized knight and his lady, carved in alabaster, lying at rest on what was intended to be the future encasement of their bones. This sarcophagus was erected by Sir Richard Cholmondeley in his lifetime, when Lieutenant of the Tower, about 1515. It originally stood in the centre of the nave in front of the altar, and no doubt Sir Richard, from his neighbouring pew, weekly regarded it with much interest during divine service. He was, however, never buried in it, for he did not die till 1544, long after his intimate connection with the Tower had ceased, and was buried at Cholmondeley, in Cheshire. Nor was his wife here buried, for she rests at Corsham, in Wiltshire.

That the knight and his lady were not lying beneath their effigies was discovered when the monument came to be moved from its first site to its present one. Inside were no human bones, but only a dismantled font, dating from Edward I. This gray stone font was put together again, and now stands just inside the chapel door, on the south side.

VII.

At the foot of the brass tablet, and a few feet from the west wall, is to be seen a stone

slab, on which is cut a barely distinguishable sign: two small circles, each about the size of a half-crown, one above the other, and above both a diamond-shaped device about the same size. Through the three runs an arrow. By tradition the stone thus marked covered the resting-place of the three lords who were executed for their part in the Scottish rebellion of 1745. The three lords were the Earl of Kilmarnock, Lord Balmerino, and Simon, Lord Lovat, the last three of the long list of those who have been executed on Tower Hill.

During the operations undertaken by the committee of 1876, it was decided to raise this stone and verify the tradition. Beneath it were found human bones, much intermingled, owing apparently to adjacent later burials. The coffins had crumbled away, but happily the coffin plates were in fairly good preservation and easily decipherable. These are now to be seen in a glass case attached to the west wall of the chapel. From left to right they read: *Willienus, Comes de Kilmarnock; decollatus 18 die Augusti 1746; ætatis suæ 42. Arthurus, Dominus de Balmerino; decollatus 18 die Augusti 1746; ætatis suæ 58. Simon, Dominus Fraser de Lovat; decollat. Apr. 9, 1747; ætat. suæ 80.* The bones of the three lords were reburied in the crypt, and the stone replaced in its original position. Owing to the passing of thousands of feet, the ancient marks on the stone have become very faint. It has therefore been decided to accentuate these, and to fill them in with lead, so that all danger of this record being obliterated may be removed.

Against the west wall of the chapel is to be seen a marble tablet to the memory of Colonel John Gurwood, C.B., K.T.S., 1845, a Deputy Lieutenant of the Tower. This tablet might escape notice but for the fact that, in the emblematic fashion of his day, a sword and a volume of the Wellington Despatches in marble form part of the memorial; but it was quite recently brought into notice by a curious occurrence. A party of people interested in spiritualism were using a planchette, which at the moment was in the hands of a Mrs R. Upside down to Mrs R. the planchette wrote: 'I am John Gurwood I killed myself in the Tower of London.'

Neither the monument itself nor the chapel register gives any hint that Colonel Gurwood died any but a natural death. On consulting, however, the *Annual Register* for 1846, which is in the Record Office, it was found that the planchette had spoken true. It appears that Colonel Gurwood, a most gallant soldier, had been severely wounded in the head during the Peninsular War, and that, being entrusted by the Duke of Wellington with the compiling of the Wellington Despatches, he so over-worked himself that his brain gave way, and

in a fit of temporary insanity he took his own life.

The roof of the chapel, which is of chestnut-wood, was put in by Henry VIII. (1509-1547). During its post-historic period, when the chapel became a most uninspiring example of a smug parish church, this fine roof was covered over with lath and plaster, as being presumably more decorous. The committee of 1876 happily swept this monstrosity away, and the old beams now again stand revealed, in perfect preservation.

VIII.

Outside the chapel, and close to the south-west corner, may be seen, let into the pavement, a large slate-gray stone which has a curious record. In 1743 Lord Semphill's Highlanders, now known as the 1st Battalion Black Watch, were ordered down from Scotland, with a view to being sent to take part in the campaign in Flanders. The Highlanders had never been out of Scotland before, and when they arrived in London, much to the terror of the Londoners, who spread fearful stories about these bare-legged and ferocious warriors, the story got put about in the regiment that their destination was not Flanders, but the West India Islands, then a penal station.

One hundred of the Highlanders therefore decided to leave the colours and to march back to Scotland. When this desertion was reported, cavalry were sent after the fugitives, and, rounding them up near Northampton, marched them back to London. Here they were tried by court-martial, and three of the ringleaders were sentenced to death. These three were

two corporals M'Pherson, and piper Shaw. They were placed with their backs against the chapel wall, and there shot by a party of the Guards, whilst their comrades were paraded to see the execution. These three men are buried under the plain gray stone.

Three times a year—on Easter Sunday, on Whitsunday, and on Christmas Day—the yeoman warders parade in the uniform they have worn since the days of Henry VIII., and, armed with their halberds, march into the chapel, making a curious and historic contrast with the modern uniform of the Guards. On these three Sundays, as before mentioned, is also to be seen on the altar the massive and very handsome gold plate bearing the cypher of William and Mary.

Few, perhaps, know that the chapel of St Peter ad Vincula is open to the public, without passes or tickets, every Sunday at the hour of morning service, which is 11 A.M. In connection with this service there is a quaint survival of ancient days. During service the great entrance-gate at the Byward Tower is closed, and a yeoman warder stands on guard over it. In days of old this gate was thus closed and guarded, and the portcullis dropped, so that the garrison should not be taken unawares whilst engaged in their devotions.

Though, naturally, no such danger now exists, the ancient custom still holds good. This morning service is the church parade of the garrison, and the battalion of Guards at the time stationed at the Tower attends it in full uniform.

THE END.

BRITISH WILD SWANS.

By A. R. HORWOOD, F.L.S.

I.

IT is a joy to the sportsman if he can bag our largest sporting bird, the swan, of any of the three types that are to be met with in this country. The chance of doing so is not to be secured just at any time, and it is the difficulty of getting near a herd that adds to the charm of this class of sport. Only now and then, and here and there, are swans to be heard or seen. Even then, to get within range is quite another matter. A combination of circumstances must arise, or be made, to secure success in this field.

It is not always easy at a distance to distinguish the different species, for all are white when mature, and the distinctive characters are not visible unless you have field-glasses at hand, or are within very close range. There are three swans, or four if the Polish Swan is considered distinct—but it is regarded as a variety of the Mute Swan. This swan, too, is seldom met with

in a wild state in this country, and many so-called wild swans of this type are merely domesticated birds that have escaped from their confinement.

The Whooper Swan is perhaps more usually met with in this country than the other species of wild swan. It is common at suitable times—that is, in severe weather—on the islands off the coast of Scotland. It is less numerous off the coasts of Ireland, where Bewick's Swan is more in evidence.

At certain times the size of the herds may amount to a hundred or even a thousand. On other parts of the coast Whoopers do not occur so generally or in such numbers. But off the Norfolk coast, and other parts of the east coast, the watchful sportsman or wild-fowler may observe flocks or herds of ten to twenty. Nor do they appear so abundantly off the south or west coasts. The Whooper occurs here and there off the Welsh coasts in some numbers. Inland,

herds are seen passing over, and they will settle in suitable districts in severe weather.

This is our largest swan, reaching a length of five feet, and an expanse of seven feet in the wings. Its normal weight is eighteen to twenty-four pounds. The chief means of distinguishing this swan is by the beak, which is black; at the base the skin is yellow, and part is depressed, not (as in the Mute Swan) raised. In the first year the cygnets are dull-fawn colour, in the second year white. The legs, toes, and feet are black. The Mute Swan has orange where the Whooper and Bewick's Swan have black on the bill.

The Whooper delays its arrival here until the weather is severe. For it is cold in the Far North that closes its haunts to it, and the search for food drives it southward. It usually arrives in November, and other herds wait till December. If the weather be mild, herds will even come later still. Though they normally remain till February, their departure is sometimes delayed till May, or even June. This happens in the case of those birds that come to inland haunts, and even take up their quarters with domesticated birds, such as Mute Swans.

There is hardly the gracefulness of carriage of the Mute Swan in the demeanour of either the Whooper or Bewick's Swan. Indeed, they carry the neck like wild geese, straight, and the head at right angles. Much of their food consists of water-weeds and water-snails and mussels. Swans are thus great pond-clearers, and it is therefore seldom that one finds them in company with other wild fowl on a prolonged visit to the same haunt.

One name for the Whooper is Whistling Swan. The note is really a trumpet-like note, as a rule 'hoop-hoop,' though it is no doubt variable. Its flight is powerful and fast; but owing to the expanse of wing and large size of the bird, it is deceptive. In a way it can be likened to that of the heron rather than that of the wild goose. The neck is held out straight in flight, and Whoopers fly in herds in wedge formation, like wild geese.

II.

Bewick's Swan comes to us from farther north than the Whooper. It is not so long or so big, being about four feet seven inches. It comes to the same parts of Scotland as the Whistling Swan, and Ireland is probably the best winter resort it has. Perhaps the surest means of distinguishing the Whooper and Bewick's Swan is the orange mark of the bill, which in the latter is rounded in front, and does not extend to the nostril. It is also noticeable that the black extends to the forehead in Bewick's Swan, so making two patches, and in the case of the Whooper it stops short.

Sometimes one may hear of Bewick's Swan reaching us in October, and rarely I have had

reports on the east coast of arrivals at the end of September. On the whole, however, it is seldom that herds are seen in any number or of any size till much later. Their more northerly breeding-haunts bring the earlier birds to our shores before the main body, which will linger in North Europe till the severe weather comes. These swans do not remain so late as the Whoopers, March usually marking their departure. This swan is sometimes to be seen on Irish loughs in very large numbers. As many as a thousand have been noted. The herds are large, and the species is somewhat more gregarious than other swans. It is more addicted to coastal resorts, though in severe weather it comes annually to Midland and other inland resorts. Once swans find a resort to their liking, they will come again. Indeed, were this not so, it would be far less easy to get some swan-shooting. That, however, owing to the recurrence of rough weather each season and the wandering of herds periodically, is rendered generally possible in most districts.

Most of those who have heard the note of Bewick's Swan have likened it to a sort of bark. It is a loud and sharp note, but musical, and it has also a note which is worthy of the name of song. The young of the Bewick's Swan reach maturity in two seasons, and are pure white. This species was first distinguished by Yarrell, and is named after Bewick, the naturalist and animal artist. Bewick's Swan is perhaps more fond of sea-wracks and marine molluscs and crustaceans. This is not so wily a swan as the Whooper; it is more readily approached. On the water it floats with a buoyancy which is natural in a much lighter species, for it weighs only half as much as the Whooper.

It should not be necessary to describe here the Mute Swan, which is so familiar a sight on many ornamental waters, as well as on rivers and canals, or even small ponds and streams, where they have been introduced. But some remarks on the species will be found below in connection with the swannery in Dorsetshire, and the various swan-marks.

III.

There are times and seasons when wild swans afford better sport than at others. Thus the best time is when they are just arriving on our shores, when the shore-shooter and punt-gunner can get some sport. Then, while they make their way across country, there are opportunities to be seized as they spend a short time on the way at a haunt they have frequented on a previous occasion. When they first arrive they are less wary, and one can get nearer them. This also is always the rule in severe weather. So seldom do swans appear in some districts that it is necessary to be on the *qui vive* when the occasion presents itself. To stalk them one may perhaps get better results in a

squall or when snow lies on the ground. It is not often that chances occur away from their main haunts in calm or mild weather. If the weather is not rough they pass overhead at a great speed, and high up; so they are out of range, their pace being as fast as that of mallard or widgeon, though it does not appear so on account of their great size.

To track or stalk a herd of swans it is necessary to practise much woodcraft or fieldcraft. They are not easy to approach when feeding on the open coast or on large inland pools. Advantage must be taken of every available bit of natural cover. In common practice the time for shooting them is flight time. Presenting so large a mark, swans can be shot with a rifle at long range, up to two hundred yards. It is rendered easier to know when swans are coming to a suitable resort, because their note is loud and resounding. If one is within reach of a herd on the coast there is usually enough cover to enable one to creep up, and there are excellent stands along the flat parts of the coast in the form of long sea walls, more or less at right angles to the beach. Inland, where a herd is of some size, the marginal vegetation will offer, as a rule, sufficient cover. It may be necessary, however, in the absence of this, to use a stalking-horse, or to requisition the creeping carriage. It is naturally easier to approach swans at night when punt-shooting.

Perhaps the most satisfactory means of shooting swans is at flight time. This is, of course, when they have been duly located and are known to have regular habits and times of flying. Then it is a question either of stalking them and getting within range, or, better, of lying in wait for them to come over on the lines of their flight. In doing so, it is advisable to take particular notice of the wind. When wild swans are disturbed they will often use the same route. This being observed, it is a good plan to post a second gun on this line and put the herd up from the same point again. It is useless approaching swans against the wind; for they rise against the wind, and go away from one.

Sometimes quite an easy shot with a 12-bore shoulder-gun can be had, and mould shot should be used. The parts to try to hit are the head and the neck. To score a hit the only plan is to aim well forward. The best chances come when birds are flying across one's vision. If a herd is unapproachable by stalking or flight-shooting, some advantage may accrue from driving, as with wild geese.

On the coast, so long as the right methods are adopted—and swans are amenable to this form of approaching them—good sport can be had in a punt. The swivel-gun used should be loaded with No. BBB shot. Swans rise slowly against the wind, and usually fly along the surface for a hundred yards or so before rising.

They have more difficulty in rising in calm weather, for it is by using the wind under their wings that they can rise and obtain the necessary leverage. It is possible in a sea-going fast punt to go in the direction of a herd and to get within easy reach of them, even so near as thirty or forty yards.

IV.

Sometimes a few Mute Swans will be found to have adopted a feral existence, flying to the coasts from their ordinary haunts. They may come from private waters, where a few are kept, but some, no doubt, come from the great swannery at Abbotsbury, which is on a large piece of water enclosed by the Chesil Beach. Here quite a thousand swans are kept. In former years there have been still more. The swannery is a very ancient one, having been in existence when the abbey of St Peter was still flourishing. The head of the fleet is a jungle of pampas and reeds, and there are several hundred nests a year scattered over an area of not more than two acres. To keep their place the swans do not leave the nest-site, and are given materials from the reed-stacks by the swanherd in order to build up the nest.

When the cygnets are fit to rear they are placed in feeding pens, and some are fattened for the table, the rest being kept to maintain the herd.

Formerly swans were regarded as royal, or the king's property, and it was illegal for others to keep swans unless they were freemen and had a grant to keep them. Such freemen, too, had to rent land bringing a rental of five marks. All swans had marks, and in Elizabeth's time there were 900 corporations or individuals who kept swans. The Crown and the Vintners' and Dyers' Companies have swans, which are marked on the first Monday in August. That of the Crown is five diamonds; the University of Oxford has an arrangement of crosses; that of Cambridge is three buckles; and that of the Vintners' Company is a double chevron. The theft of a swan in Henry VII.'s time was punished with a year's imprisonment, that of a royal swan far more severely.

Quite generally formerly young swans or cygnets formed a royal dish, as they do in a sense to-day. The king has a swanherd at Hampton Court, and thirty-six cygnets are fattened from the Thames supply. The Thames swans are owned by the king, and by the Vintners' and Dyers' Companies, being kept for a time in a wired-in enclosure on the Thames, and specially fed. Otherwise the swan is coarse in flavour. Presents are sent to other courts.

Formerly swan's-down was much in request for stuffing pillows, &c., and other purposes, but the decay of swanneries and the substitution of eider-down and other substances have rendered

swan's-down no longer so important an article of commerce as once.

Much harm may be done by keeping swans on a sheet of water where there are water-lilies or other aquatic plants which it is desired to

maintain. A pool where swans thrive is usually destitute of the food that wildfowl require, and wildfowl will not take up their abode there, save moor-hens and coots, which are much more stationary.

THE YELLOW STREAK.

CHAPTER III.

STANDING by the open French window, Leighton thought that never before had he seen so delightful a picture of English womanhood as that revealed by the flickering light of a log-fire burning cheerily on the hearth. For some days he had been staying at Walton's charming country residence, some thirty miles from London, and returning from a long, solitary tramp, he was about to enter the house by that very window, when the sight of a beautifully-dressed lady already in occupation brought him to a standstill. On the short grass of the well-kept lawn his approach had been noiseless, and he was thus able to admire the dainty tableau she made without her knowledge. Her identity he had already guessed; she was Norma Walton, the chairman's only daughter, who had been a slim, long-legged hoyden of fifteen when they had last met.

In moving away he attracted her attention, then hastened to apologise for having disturbed her: 'I am so sorry, Miss Walton; I was not aware that you had returned, otherwise I should not have blundered round here and disturbed you. As a matter of fact, I must confess that I was about to take a short cut to my room.'

'Why—it's Mr Leighton. How very nice of you to remember me all this time. It must be ages since we last met.'

'About nine or ten years, I believe.'

'What a dreadful long time. But do sit down. I am expecting father any minute. Yes, here he comes.'

'Bless my soul,' said Walton, returning his daughter's caresses fondly, 'where have you sprung from? I didn't expect you for weeks yet, so I invited Jasper up.'

'Well, surely there is no reason why Mr Leighton should be turned out because we have unexpectedly returned,' said a pleasant voice from the door, Mrs Walton having entered just in time to hear her husband's remark.

'Good-evening, Mr Leighton; I do hope you have not been dreadfully uncomfortable.'

'Not at all, Mrs Walton. I have spent a very pleasant time, I assure you.'

'Come on, Jasper,' interpolated Walton ruefully; 'dinner's in half-an-hour, and we've got to dress. No more free-and-easy bachelor dinners now, my boy!'

It was one of the most delightful meals that Leighton ever remembered. Never a ladies'

man, he considered himself at forty a confirmed misogynist; yet there was some latent power in the elusive charm and beauty of this new-old friend of his which completely fascinated him, and he found himself unconsciously admiring the long, fine lines of her graceful figure, and the full, rounded contour of her throat and bosom. Nor could he help responding to the flash of two of the bluest eyes he had ever seen, or noting with approving glance the two bewitching dimples which frequently appeared at the corners of her well-cut mouth.

Afterwards, in the drawing-room, the time sped quickly by in reminiscences of past travels, and Leighton felt a slight tinge of regret when Walton lit a cigar and commenced his usual business chat.

'About this El Chaco business, Jasper. Have you engaged a new superintendent yet?'

'Yes; and I believe that I have found out the one man in England who will be able to handle it. He is a first-class engineer, exceptionally clever, and, incidentally, is an old friend of mine.'

'H'm, sounds all right. Who is he?'

'His name is Hume—Kent Hume. We were at school together, but he was always well ahead of me. He is an "honours" man: Cambridge.'

At the sound of Hume's name Norma Walton looked up from the book of views she was glancing through, with an enigmatical expression on her face. Leighton thought she was about to question him, but with an effort she restrained herself.

'Hume! Hume!' mused Walton questioningly; 'seem to know the name somehow, but can't remember why just now. However, is he able to handle a very ticklish piece of business without making a hash of it? We need some new leases on that El Oro property; the old ones expire soon, and they are queerish people to deal with. I would go over myself, but our holidays commence next week; just a minute, I'll get the papers.'

Norma laid down her book as her father left the room, and with an air of feigned indifference asked, 'What is the name of your new superintendent, Mr Leighton?'

'Kent Hume,' he replied easily. 'Is the name familiar to you?'

'Yes, it is. I was—I once knew somebody

of that name a long time ago, in America. What is he like?

A glint of amusement flickered for a moment in Leighton's eyes. 'Now you have given me a task,' he said; 'I've known Kent for the last sixteen years or more, yet I doubt very much if I could describe him successfully.'

'But is he tall or short; dark or fair; bachelor or benedict?'

'Well, he is of medium height, about five feet five or six, slimly built, but for all his slinness he is extraordinarily strong. His face you might dub at first sight ordinary; but, after studying it for a moment, you would probably change your first impression. He has a broad open brow, topped by a mass of dark, curly hair, which no amount of brushing could straighten; two dark eyes—I could not tell you the colour to save my life—which ever look you straight in the face; and the finely-formed, sensitive mouth of the artist. Although he is graded as one of the finest engineers in the country, I know that his heart is not in the work, but when Kent goes in for a thing he goes the whole hog. Finally, he is unmarried, has sufficient means to enable him to follow his heart's desire, and is one of the truest friends and whitest men I have ever met.'

'Thank you, Mr Leighton,' said Norma, with a smile. 'Your description is quite unlike the person I used to know. However, your superintendent certainly possesses a firm champion in you.'

'Here they are,' broke in Walton, as he returned with the papers, and for half-an-hour the two men were buried in the maze of technicalities connected with the leasing of land in foreign countries.

'I say, daddy, have you decided where we are going for our holidays?' queried Norma later on, when the business was settled.

'Not yet, kitten. I had thought of Norway, tentatively, if mother is agreeable.'

'Suit yourself, dear,' replied Mrs Walton. 'I have no choice.'

'Not Norway, daddy,' objected Norma. 'Why, we were there only last year.'

'Well, where then? Paris—Venice—Naples—Rome?'

'No,' shaking her head playfully; 'none of these. We might go—I know. Suppose we go to South America.'

Walton shook an admonishing finger at his daughter. 'Now, kitten, what sort of a holiday do you expect to get in South America?'

'But you promised to take me round the line in your private car, and I have so longed to go. Besides,' she continued archly, 'you could attend to that tiresome business yourself, then.'

'By Jove, a good idea!' said her father quickly. 'Then South America it shall be. There's a boat sails Thursday week; we'll get that. By the way, Jasper, you had better come with us.'

'I, sir——?' gasped out Leighton.

'Yes; I'll need somebody at hand to help the deal through. Also, we shall be able to see what progress your new superintendent has made. Put Greaves in charge until we return, and cable the El Oro people that I am coming over in person to negotiate.'

CHAPTER IV.

IN due course Hume arrived at Para; and, after resting overnight, took the early morning train for the last five hundred miles of his journey. His first impressions of the company's methods were not reassuring. The inquiry-clerk had been uncivil, the booking-clerk negligent, and the porters very truculent; but after much shouting and blowing of whistles they started, nearly two hours late.

As it moved out of the station a young man sprinted down the platform, and, opening the door of Hume's carriage, scrambled quickly in.

'Phew!' he panted, mopping his brow; 'that was a narrow shave.'

'It was,' remarked Hume pleasantly. 'How did you manage to cut it so fine?'

'It's the fault of this old rattle-trap of a railway. I've been staying at San Uro, about ten miles inland, and after waiting an hour for my connection was calmly informed that the train had been taken off; so I hired a horse and rode down.'

'Taken off?' questioned Hume. 'But why?'

'Oh, the usual excuse; driver drunk, or hadn't turned up, or something of that sort. Still, I'm jolly glad that I caught this train. I particularly want to arrive in El Chaco by Thursday.'

'My dear sir,' said Hume, with a good-humoured smile, 'you will be able to get there and back before Thursday. It is only Tuesday to-day.'

'Not on this line, sir. I've been to El Chaco three times this month, and have not been able to do the double journey in less than five days. But here comes the conductor—as they call him in this enlightened country; ask him.'

'When are we due in El Chaco?' asked Hume, as the man examined his ticket.

'According to schedule we are supposed to arrive there by nine-thirty to-night,' replied the man, with a grin, 'but we'll get there the day after to-morrow if we're lucky, and if the driver doesn't get too drunk to read his signals.'

'Hello, Moore,' said Hume's companion, 'what's the fare to El Chaco? I've got no ticket.'

'Twenty-five milreis to you, Mr Jackson.'

'Only twenty-five?' queried Jackson amazedly. 'Why, the booking-clerk always charges me thirty.'

'Then you must pay the other five for the benefit of his health, for I'm darned sure that

the company don't get it,' replied Moore, still grinning as he disappeared down the corridor.

'What did I tell you, sir?' queried Jackson.

'But this is preposterous,' rapped out Hume. 'So long to travel five hundred miles! By George, this will have to be altered.'

'It ought to be, but it never will. You know, sir, Brazil is the country of to-morrow; things never get better, only worse.'

'I say it shall be altered, and quickly, too,' replied Hume, shaken out of his usual reserve by the trend of events, 'if I have to discharge every man on the system.'

Jackson looked at him with an air of surprise.

'Excuse me, sir, but would you mind telling me your name?'

'My name is Hume.'

'Not Mr Kent Hume?'

'The same.'

'Thunder, what a bit of luck!' said Jackson enthusiastically. 'I have a letter for you, sir.'

Hume broke the seal, and read:

'DEAR KENT,—The bearer, Cyril Jackson, is a family connection of mine, and I understand that he wishes to take up a position on the line.

'If you can make use of him I shall be greatly indebted to you.

'With best wishes for your success and all kindest regards.—Your old pal, JASPER.'

'Glad to meet you, Mr Jackson,' said Hume, shaking hands cordially with the youngster. 'I hear that you wish to take up a post with the company.'

'Yes, sir, if there is one vacant.'

'I fancy that there is going to be more than one vacant before long, so I think you may safely count on an appointment.'

'Thank you, sir; I'll do my best to deserve your confidence.'

'I am sure you will,' replied Hume evenly, as he turned the subject deftly, and the matter was left in abeyance until their arrival.

Before their destination was reached the new superintendent received a very liberal education in the methods of Brazilian railway officials, and as delay succeeded delay his orderly mind seethed with indignation at the entire absence of organisation and discipline.

After spending two very uncomfortable nights in the train they arrived at El Chaco during the early afternoon of Thursday, utterly tired out. Barely waiting to remove the traces of his journey, Hume went straight to the office, where he was obsequiously received by Malcolm, and introduced to the office staff.

'Guess we'll soon fix this funny little runt if he gets fresh,' whispered Dicksee into the ear of the assistant-superintendent.

'I'd say so,' replied his fellow-conspirator, with a wink.

A comprehensive survey of the shops, round-houses, and yard over, the three men returned to the office, where Hume amazed the two plotters by his keen, quick grasp of the figures. Now that the time for action had arrived, his diffidence had entirely disappeared, and the many shrewd, penetrating inquiries he fired at them not only showed his thorough knowledge of the details of administration, but also proved very disconcerting to his two subordinates—a fact that he was quick to observe.

Accompanied by Malcolm and Jackson, he started out a few days later, and in the week that followed toured the whole of the system in his private car, noting with the trained eye of the engineer the many miles of well-laid track, which showed but slight traces of the neglect that was elsewhere apparent even to the most inexperienced eye. And the whole of this journey only confirmed his first impressions: the line was in a state of chaos. Time-tables certainly were issued, but they were a fiasco. Never by any chance did the trains run to them; or, if they started off to time, they were run hap-hazardly, or were cut off on the slightest of pretexts at the whim of the drivers. Wayside stations he found closed down altogether in the middle of the day whilst the stationmaster slept off his carouse or decided to take a holiday. Appropriation and waste of the company's stores were rife, and, at one junction, they even had to wake up the signalman in order to get the points changed so that they might continue their journey. Finally, at Yecco, the most dangerous crossing on the whole system, some three hundred miles east of El Chaco, Hume's growing indignation burst out as the driver of the west-bound passenger train disregarded his signals and came thundering down almost on the top of the private car, which was saved from complete destruction only by the prompt action of its driver.

'Who is the driver of that train?' he snapped.

'David Wells,' replied Malcolm. 'He is one of our best men, but is difficult to handle, especially when he is drinking.'

'Get him here at once.'

Malcolm returned a few minutes later, and in his wake lurched the driver, a broad-backed, burly man in the late thirties, with a face that was lined with the traces of hard and steady drinking. He glared round the car belligerently, and after a few moments' silence burst out, 'Say, Ez, where's this guy that wants me, an' what the hell does he want?'

'That will do, thank you,' snapped Hume curtly. 'Just moderate your language; also you might remove your cap. Now,' as the man snatched off the offending headgear, 'what do you mean by being drunk whilst in charge of a passenger train?'

'Drunk, am I?' snarled Wells. 'Look here,

mister, I don't know who you are, or what the h— what you mean by fetching me from my work; anyway, here's where I beat it to my engine. I've no time to answer dam fool questions.'

'You will never mount an engine of ours again—at least not until you have learned to keep sober whilst on duty,' retorted Hume. 'Five minutes ago you risked the lives of two hundred passengers by the criminal carelessness of your driving. That mistake you will not be allowed to repeat. For the present you are suspended; report to me at headquarters, Friday noon.'

'Suspended, am I?' jeered the man, with a tipsy laugh. 'Why, mister, you must be completely batty: you haven't got another driver that can take the old west-bound through the round trip as fast as I can, and bring her home in one piece.'

'Oh,' remarked Hume dryly, 'we shall see.—Here, Snow,' to the driver of the light engine attached to his private car, 'take this man's trick, will you, and do your best to make up for lost time; it's two hours behind now.—Mr Jackson, will you take Snow's place for the moment?'

(Continued on page 254.)

ETHNOLOGICAL TRACES IN SCOTTISH FOLKLORE.

By J. W. BRODIE-INNES.

PART I.

I.

IS it possible by means of folklore to solve any of the problems of the various races that have swept over Scotland, whose blend now forms the bulk of the inhabitants of this country? The problem is so intricate and difficult that surely any light from any source, any clue, no matter what, deserves attention and investigation. In the course of a short paper I cannot hope to do more than indicate one or two out of very many directions in which research might be expected to yield useful results.

A word of caution is necessary to start with. We must not assume, because we find the same folk-tale in two distinct countries, that either of them came from the other, or that both came from the same source. It may have been so; but, on the other hand, they may, quite as probably, have arisen independently in two widely different places; and this is especially the case with respect to so-called nature-myths. Primitive peoples trying to personify the sun, or the wind, or the weather, will do so much in the same way, and make very similar stories. Another caution, which seems to me much needed by one class of folklorists, is not to try to force every folk-tale into a weather-myth.

But, all due allowance being made for these cautions, there seems no doubt that the folk-tales of various races have characteristics of their own; and when we know from other evidence that certain races have lived here in this land, and we find folk-tales bearing the characteristic marks of the folklore of each race either actually current in Scotland, or recorded as having been current within memory, it seems we have a clue, at least as important and worth investigating as the shape of the skull, the flattened shin-bone, or other physical points.

Not positive proof, it is true, but what a lawyer might call *adminicules* of evidence.

The earliest races are lost in the dim mists of antiquity. There were Neolithic men, cave-dwellers, river-drift men. They have left their flint weapons, occasionally their rough and spirited drawings on bones and horns, but probably no tales that we have now go back to an antiquity so remote.

Then we have the rearers of the serpent mounds, the builders of the stone circles, all those who are classed together and called 'Druids'; and also the makers of those subterranean structures often called 'Picts' houses' (be they houses, or storerooms, or places of defence, or places of burial), whom Mr MacRitchie considers to have been a primitive race of Mongolian pygmies, and the origin of the traditional fairies. All of these have left material traces which we can investigate; and there are, besides, traditions of Picts, Fomors (whoever they may have been), and others before the coming of the Celt. Now if we appeal to folklore here, we do find here and there stories utterly unlike the usual character of the stories of this country, dim legends of remote and inaccessible places, where in caverns underground there still are said to dwell the last remnants of a savage and diminutive race, ugly, cruel, and blood-thirsty, desiring always to catch and sacrifice a lonely wayfarer with loathsome rites. It is very difficult to find these traditions now, partly because there remain very few unexplored and inaccessible places in Scotland, and partly because, for some reason or other, there is always a considerable reticence about recounting the very old tales. Still, here and there one may yet find old shepherds or gillies who will recall that some grandfather, or remoter ancestor, in their youth used to tell of a traveller being caught, and perhaps rescued with difficulty; and

perhaps, if one has rare luck, some ceremony of sacrifice may be described, or hinted. These ceremonies seem to have a remarkable similarity to what is told in Russian folk-tales, such as those collected by the late Mr Ralston and others; and herein may possibly lie some confirmation of Mr MacRitchie's theories, for the stories are not Scottish. In every characteristic they are utterly alien, and they are Mongolian. Some memory may be here of that primitive pygmy race; but, on the other hand, nothing can possibly be more remote from the Scottish or Celtic fairy faith, so well expounded by Mr Wentz, which is eminently kindly, graceful, and friendly to humanity (if somewhat tricky and mischievous), than these cruel, savage, half-human, half-beastial creatures, who are yet entirely material and physical.

II.

With the Celts, who came later, are inseparably associated the Iberi, and these possibly became a mixed race in Spain, the Celt-Iberian Peninsula. These Iberi the late Dr Phenè traced from Asia Minor, through Greece, Southern Italy, Etruria, Spain, the Basque Country, Brittany, the south and west of England, Wales, the west coast of Scotland, and Ireland, bearing with them everywhere their skill in gold and enamel work, and the cult of the serpent. There seems a strong probability that the serpent mounds, of which a few may be found in Scotland very similar to those in the track I have mentioned, may be due to the Iberi, and the circles to the Celts. If, as Dr Phenè thought, the name Iberi is the same as Ibri, and so connected with Hebrews—the Beni Israel, the Ibay-Erri, men of the river, or Crossers Over—we may take the curious occurrence of biblical myths in Celtic folk-tales as evidence, when conjoined with more positive proof, of this theory of origin. Many of these tales have been modernised and retold with great effect by Fiona MacLeod, Lady Cromartie, and others. As recounted at the fireside by old Highlanders, they have a simplicity and humour which is quaint and rugged, but with little of the poetry or the reverence these two writers have put into them.

Also if, as some have supposed, the Tuatha de Danann be the same as the Danai of Homer, this may perhaps be the source of the Greek element in Celtic tales which so impressed Professor Blackie.

Folk-tales are apt to cluster about the serpent mounds and the stone circles, but in the case of the former usually they are obscure and difficult to get at. The mounds are avoided; the traditions are of buried treasure, but also of terrible supernatural guardians. In the stone circles, on the other hand, there are formulæ and ceremonies that may yet be performed, and whoever can successfully invoke the presiding god of the

circle may have whatever he desires. It is natural that these stories also should be told with bated breath, and only to those who are sympathetic and able to keep counsel, for the ministers frown on such beliefs and customs. Nevertheless they are held far more commonly than is generally supposed. An elder of the Free Kirk, and a most God-fearing man, has been known to go at the full of the moon to a stone circle, and do circumambulations and sing old fairy tunes when his wife was dying. I was told the wife got well. Also it is not uncommon in some places for the girls to go on a midsummer midnight and deposit their little trinkets—tiny brooches or what not—on the central stone, and pray for their lovers, or pray that lovers may be sent to them. This belief is akin to the offerings dropped in wishing-wells or hung on wishing-trees. Of course all this is in strict secrecy.

Another relic of this old faith I have seen myself in the shape of 'cursing stones.' A circle of black stones set up by a crofter over a hundred years ago, one at the dark of every moon, between the old and the new; twelve stones in all there were, and they took a year to set up, each one with walking widdershiins, prayers said backwards, and solemn calling on the Devil. The purpose was to curse the man who had stolen his sweetheart. The grandson of the crofter showed me the stones, and told me the story; he said the man cursed took to drink, fell from a roof, broke his back, and died a lingering death in great agony. Of course the evil magician should have come to some terrible end, but I was told he married and lived prosperously to a green old age. So this pagan faith still flourishes; not so markedly as it does in Brittany, but yet quite notably if one knows where to look for it, and how to coax the stories out of the people, which is not easy.

III.

The principal admixture of pure Celtic folklore comes from the Scandinavian immigrations, and to disentangle this we need to compare the stories as told in the West Highlands and the Islands with similar stories told in the extreme west of Ireland. For, by history and tradition, where the Gael of Scotland absorbed the Norse invaders, a section of the Irish retreated before them into the wild west, and preserved the purity of their race and their legends, but lost the strength and vigour that the Scottish Gael gained from the blend.

Pure Gaelic mythology covers a wide field, ranging from the Ossianic epic, through romantic and chivalric stories, such as those belonging to Finvara and the Riders of the Sidh, the semi-religious legends of a future life in Tir nan Oge, the Celtic Paradise; the stories of Elementals, particularly the Elementals of the Waters, including all the tales of seal-men and

seal-women, those curious half-human creatures who sometimes take wholly human form and intermarry with the children of men; and again, to the pure nature-myths and weather-myths, of which there are plenty.

Most of these stories are current also in Norway, but there is a notable variation which runs through them all. Among the pure Celts the Elementals are gentle, kindly creatures, very friendly to the race of Adam's breed. But with the Scandinavians they are fierce, cruel, and revengeful. In Irish bardic tradition we find the pure Celtic spirit, as shown in the stories of the Daughters of Lir, and of Mananaan Mac Lir, the old gray wizard of the sea, who advised and befriended the swans. But in Norway woe betide him who meets the Kelpie of the Waters, the fierce and terrible sea-horse, with whom may be instructively compared the white horse of O'Donnoghue, Prince of Breffni! Both these types, often blended, may be found among the local traditions of the Isle of Skye, where also the blend of races is very marked. The relation of the Ash Yggdrasil of Scandinavian mythology, whose boughs stretched out into heaven, its highest point overshadowing Walhalla, and its roots reaching down to dark hell, with the rowan or mountain-ash has yet to be worked out; but there is no doubt that there is a remarkable similarity in some of the legends, and a great store of folk-tales cluster round the rowan-tree, as also they do around the *Sambucus racemosa* or red-berried alder.

The story of the Forsaken Merman, so beautifully told by Matthew Arnold, is common in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. In the Isle of Skye, formerly colonised by Norsemen, there are three ballads on the subject. Rhythmically they are akin to the Danish ballad of 'Agnes and the Merman,' but it is noticeable that in the Norse legend the merman is the water-horse, the Rosmar, a huge, uncouth creature of the arctic waters, fierce, savage, and cruel, though he could assume any form, and, in the likeness of a man, married Morag. But in the Celtic form of the story he is gentle and lovable. There are exhaustive notes on this legend in 'Hind Etin,' Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (large edition); also R. C. Prior's *Ancient Danish Ballads* (vol. iii.), under the title 'Agnes and the Merman.'

The Celtic folklore of the Western Highlands seems to have a genius for absorbing and assimilating the stories of other races, and that not only the Scandinavian; even as the Celts themselves have absorbed the races that came to conquer. A notable example of this is in the famous fairy flag of Dunvegan. It is said this flag was given to a MacLeod by a mermaid whom he loved, and who loved him, and promised to come to his help, or that of any of his race, whenever the flag was waved; but, alas! MacLeod proved false to the sea-fairy, and the

power was restricted to three waves only. The association of a flag, which distinctly belongs to air or fire spirits, with a water Elemental, is in itself curious, and the story itself has somehow an exotic flavour about it. And when we look at the flag itself closely, there is little doubt that it is a piece of Saracen embroidery. With this clue, we study the Moorish, Saracen, and Arab traditions, and we find many similar tales of enchanted flags whose waving brought the help of Elementals. There seems, then, great probability that this flag was in fact brought home by some crusading MacLeod, possibly with an Eastern bride, whom he deserted, and that the people of Skye adopted and adapted the tale, fitting it on to a mermaid, as being to them the most likely source of a fairy gift. The battle of Mille-garaidh, in Waternish, is said to have been the last occasion when the fairy flag was unfurled, with an unfortunate result for the invaders from Clan Ranald, who, falling under the spell of the flag, thought they saw a vast concourse of armed men, whereas in reality there were but a handful, so that they fled in terror to their galleys, and were almost cut down before they reached the shore. This was in 1570.

IV.

There is another class of stories which are found in some form or other very widely distributed: those, namely, of mortals who are carried away by the fairies or some kind of supernatural beings, to reveal for a period that appears to them like a single night, but which, in fact, varied from seven years to three hundred in the case of Ossian. These tales are found among the Arab folk-stories. The American Rip van Winkle has certainly a Teutonic origin. But it is claimed that similar traditions were current among the North American Indians. And there are legends of the same nature among the Maoris, whose folklore is among the most interesting and instructive that exists. It is impossible to say that any of these are derived from any other, and we must almost needs conclude that they rose independently. But in the Celtic variants there is a distinctly individual type, and in these stories we find a much nearer approach to the fairy-tales of our childhood than in most of the folk-stories. A noticeable legend belonging to this type is associated with the well-known Gaelic tune—*Croth Chailein*, or *Colin's Cattle*. There are several variants of the story. In its main lines the betrothed of Colin, a wealthy young farmer, was carried off by Finvara and the Riders of the Sidh; Colin was a favourite of the Fairy Queen, and went to ask the return of his sweetheart. Now, by fairy law she must remain for a year and a day (perhaps reminiscent of the custom of handfasting); but it was allowed that she might milk his cattle every evening, and though he could not

see her, he might hear her milking-song. At the end of the time she was restored to him. Here we find Finvara and the Fairy Queen at variance, and a glimpse of the laws of fairyland, which in Celtic mythology was a very definite place. Moreover, we have the association of the legend with a certain tune, which is classed by Dr Keith Norman Macdonald as one of the fairy-tunes.

In these fairy-tunes, again, there is material for careful and systematic investigation. According to tradition they were heard by pipers when sleeping on the fairy-knolls, and played over when they woke. For the most part they were never scored, but passed on by ear from one piper to another, and may be of very remote antiquity. Dr Macdonald finds in the fairy-tunes special qualities which are not found in the Gaelic folk-tunes, and these very qualities have by other musicians been thought to be similar to Egyptian music. There is an old legend telling of the Egyptian immigration of a band of refugees under Galecthus, an Achaian, and Scodra, the daughter of Pharaoh, with a following of Egyptians. Possibly the folk-music, as exemplified in the fairy-tunes, might form one clue to this ethnological problem.

Another may be found perhaps in folk-dances. These have hitherto been too little studied in connection with folklore. There is no doubt that they open a very wide field for research. In all countries there have been two leading classes of folk-dances—the war-dance and the temple or religious dance. The primitive dances of North American Indians, Maoris, and others may well be taken as examples, for the special character is strongly marked and the purpose of the dance unmistakable. They will not perform a war-dance for social amusement. A broad distinction seems to emerge from the accounts of all these dances. A couple dancing opposite to each other, as in the Irish jig or the contra-dance—miscalled country-dance—is a social amusement usually symbolic of courtship; the crossing figures, combined with setting movements, recall the charge in battle, stir the warlike passions, and are characteristic of the war-dance. The circular dances, in which the performers either move in a circle or wind in and out in circles going opposite ways, are distinctly religious, belonging to the circle temples, and probably connected with serpentine movements and the serpent cult. With this clue we may, with some probability, conjecture that of the characteristic Celtic dances the reel was a war-dance; the Skye eightsome a religious dance, in which possibly the number eight had a special significance; and the so-called *schottische* merely a social amusement. The sword-dance is a display of skill, and has, with some probability, been ascribed to the triumphant dance of the victor after a fight, when his foeman's captured claymore was

crossed with his own on the turf. The study and comparison of the dances of those races which have combined in our Celtic population might yield valuable hints.

V.

When we come to the eastern side of Scotland, and the so-called Lowland peoples, the character of the folklore is entirely changed. In the Lowlands it is Teutonic. The folk-tales are mainly concerned with ghosts and hauntings. If we meet with Elementals at all, they are neither the gentle, kindly folk of the Celt, nor the fierce and revengeful type of the Scandinavian, but rather gruesome and horrible. Also on this side of Scotland, and among the Teutonic races, we get the witch legends very prominent; and in some districts the cult of the witch persists to the present day. The hauntings generally deal with crime or are entirely unexplained, possibly unexplainable, as in the well-known case of Glamis. The Banshee bears a Celtic name, but as a death-warning spirit I have personally known very many more Banshee traditions attached to certain families and properties in the Lowlands than among Celts.

All these stories follow much the same lines. We hear of ghosts that haunt certain places, and are seen by animals. Horses shy at particular places for no obvious cause; dogs are terrified, though nothing can be physically seen or heard; men occasionally see dim figures. Ghosts are seen about certain houses; tragedies are continually re-enacted. Usually these are revenants of murderers or murdered persons. There is a striking similarity between these tales and the native folklore legends of Germany, which point to their Teutonic origin. I say advisedly 'native,' for the graceful fairy-stories of Germany nearly always, on investigation, prove to be either French or Celtic in their inception.

(Continued on page 253.)

SUNSET OVER YOUR HOME.

THE Lord of the Day came riding late
O'er the pearl and golden plain.
He tied his horse to your woodland gate
With a loop of his crimson rein,
And took the path through your tasselled firs
With a splash of flame on his jewelled spurs.

He crossed your lawn with a silent tread,
He struck his glove on your mansion door;
The gray walls gathered his banner red
And the rose that his helmet bore.

And I wondered long as I watched him pass
Through the amethyst-opal ford,
And gallop away on the purple grass
With a star on the hilt of his sword—
If he knew that you were the fairies' friend
With your fancies quaint and wild,
With your house of dreams at the rainbow-end
And your heart of a little child.

WILL H. OGILVIE.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

SOME INTERESTING SPOTS IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA.

By J. PATERSON.

I.

OVER a decade ago there was a considerable influx of visitors to Rhodesia annually from Great Britain, America, and other countries; and since the close of the Great War the flow has recommenced, with the intending settler more in evidence, however, than the tourist. Additional interest is lent at the present time to the coming of these seekers after new homes, because of the probability of changes occurring in the fiscal and other conditions of Rhodesia through the *régime* of the old Chartered Company giving place to a system of responsible government.

A few days may be spent profitably in Cape Town before the traveller from overseas entrains for the far north. The tram ride to Camps Bay affords a magnificent view of Table Mountain and the Atlantic Ocean. At the other end of the city, Groote Schuur—the handsome residence set apart with prophetic insight by Cecil Rhodes for the Prime Minister of united South Africa—will be found full of interest. A visit should also be paid to the municipal gardens, where, among rare examples of subtropical trees, plants, and flowers, a statue of Rhodes stands, one hand uplifted and pointing northwards to 'Your Hinterland,' to suit the inscription chiselled on the stone.

For the first 130 miles of its journey the Zambesi express passes through the rich fruit-growing districts of the Cape Western Province, where upwards of 150,000 tons of grapes and stone fruits are produced annually. After a view of the mighty Matroosberg (7434 feet high), the train commences its ascent of the Hex River Mountains, and during the subsequent 16 miles an altitude of 1566 feet is exchanged for that of 3195 feet, the ruling gradient being 1 in 40, and the location of the track a veritable triumph of engineering skill.

The Great Karoo commences at the top of the mountains and extends to De Aar, a distance of 350 miles. It is said that this was once an inland sea with rich vegetation adorning its edges, but it is an arid expanse nowadays, suitable only for the grazing of sheep and goats. A marvellous transformation, however, follows the occasional rainfalls, when, as if by magic,

the parched-up plain becomes a vast carpet of verdure and exquisite wild flowers. There is practically no twilight on the Karoo. At De Aar a line branches eastwards to Naaupoort—whence tracks double back to the coast at Port Elizabeth and East London, and another line (the original route to the Transvaal) runs northwards through the Orange Free State to Johannesburg and Pretoria. But the Zambesi express proceeds on its northward way, passing the battlefields of Belmont, Graspan and Enslin, Modder River, and Magersfontein, and travelling through veld with only slightly more verdure than was to be seen in the Great Karoo.

As you travel due north of De Aar the first place of importance is Kimberley (647 miles from Cape Town), where the De Beers Company, of which Rhodes was one of the founders, are usually prepared to show visitors over their property. The chief mines are named Kimberley, De Beers, Du Toit's Pan, Bultfontein, and Wesselton respectively, and the town of Kimberley is the centre of the diamond-producing area. These five mines are contained in a precious circle three and a half miles in diameter; they are irregularly-shaped round or oval pipes, extending downwards and narrowing in depth, which are considered to have been volcanic necks filled from below with a heterogeneous mixture of fragments of surrounding rocks, and of older rocks such as granite, mingled and cemented with a bluish hard mass, in which the imbedded diamonds are hidden.

Mafeking, of siege fame, is the next place of interest, from which town the Kalahari desert may be entered; this desert is a slightly undulating plateau, 1000 miles long and from 300 to 500 miles wide, where game is plentiful and indications of latent mineral wealth have been found.

II.

Ramaquabane is the boundary between the British Bechuanaland Protectorate and Southern Rhodesia. If the light be good the traveller will soon catch a glimpse of the Matopo Hills in the east, and from this point onwards for about fifty miles he will obtain more or less distinct views of the Matabele fastnesses.

Bulawayo, literally 'the place of killing,' is 1360 miles from Cape Town; it has a popula-

tion of about 7000 Europeans, and is the centre of the mining industry of Matabeleland. It was first occupied by a British force towards the close of the Matabele war of 1893, and the railway made its appearance four years later. Government House, built on the site of Lo 'Bengula's kraal, is approached through an avenue two miles long; and near the Residency is still to be seen the 'indaba' tree under which the famous Matabele chief was wont to sit and dispense justice according to his own peculiar code. The memorial hospital was erected in memory of Major Alan Wilson and his comrades, who were cut off by the Matabele at the Shangani River on 4th December 1893, and whose remains were ultimately interred on the Matopos. The town possesses many fine public and private buildings, and a bronze statue of Mr Rhodes stands in the main street opposite the Bulawayo Club.

Whereas diamond-mining at Kimberley and gold-mining on the Rand are controlled by syndicates and conducted on a colossal scale, Rhodesia may be termed the country of the individual miner, and its gold winnings are therefore more evenly distributed among those engaged in the actual operations than is the case in the two Union Provinces.

But apart from its mineral wealth, actual and potential, Rhodesia is peculiarly adapted for stock-raising and the cultivation of maize, tobacco, cotton, and oranges. There are now close on two million head of cattle in Southern and Northern Rhodesia, and the competition at the Bulawayo annual show is invariably keen, particularly for the British South Africa Company's one thousand guineas trophy, which goes to the owner of the best bull on exhibition.

Severe droughts such as obtain in the Union of South Africa and in Australia are unknown in Rhodesia, where the rainfall averages from 20 to 40 inches. While rapid changes in temperature are of frequent occurrence, and though light winter frosts are usual, cattle rarely suffer from cold to any appreciable extent, and the mean elevation of most of the country prevents anything like excessive heat.

An impression appears to exist abroad that good land can be had in Rhodesia for a song, but the days when that was true are long since past. Still, the price of land is comparatively cheap, contrasted with other countries, and when the attractions of Rhodesia are considered. Ranching land in large blocks varies in price according to situation, accessibility, altitude, and natural advantages as to the quality of its grazing, shelter, and water, but the usual figure is from 5s. to 10s. an acre; land suitable for arable farming costs from £1 to £3; land on the sand veld ranges from 5s. to 15s.; and farms on the red soils run usually between 15s. and £1 per acre.

That prime necessity of all ranching countries,

namely, the presence on the spot of a suitable type of foundation stock upon which to build improved herds, is very fully met in Rhodesia. The native cattle of the country, to the number of about three-quarters of a million head, have been found to make an excellent foundation, being extremely hardy and immune—or nearly so—to many diseases of the tropics, qualities which are transmitted in a large degree to their graded descendants. Though small, the general type is not a bad one, and has frequently been admired by visiting cattlemen. Female breeding stock is easily obtainable at low rates, heifers and cows being worth from 50s. to £7, according to size and quality. These cattle may be regarded as a fixed breed, the Mashona, probably as an ancient one; and therefore pure-bred and sound prepotent bulls of European breeds are required to eliminate the more objectionable features, of which smallness is one of the most noticeable.

Rhodesian oranges and maize are now finding their way to the overseas markets, and the export of dead-meat on a considerable scale will commence in the near future; in this connection it is interesting to compare the relative distances from London of the chief meat and maize exporting countries. By mail steamer the distance to England from Wellington, New Zealand, is 46 days; from Sydney, Australia, 43 days; from Adelaide, Australia, 38 days; from Durban, South Africa, 22 days; from Buenos Aires, Argentina, 20 days; and from Cape Town, 17 days.

III.

The Matopos—a range of granite hills covering an area of about a thousand square miles—are located some twenty miles to the south of Bulawayo. At the Matopos Hotel horse or mule conveyance can be obtained for the six-miles' trek to the foot of 'World's View,' the route being through a park and past zoological gardens somewhat similar to those near Groote Schuur on the slopes of Table Mountain. The extent of the park is about 18,000 acres, on which are fifteen miles of made-up roads. The zoological gardens form a natural sanctuary for fauna; and from the roadway some fine specimens of sable and roan antelope, eland, bush-buck, and giraffe may be seen grazing fearlessly. An interlaced fence round this zoo encloses an area of four miles. From the foot of World's View to Rhodes's grave on the rolling granite plateau, a distance of about a mile, has to be traversed on foot.

During the Matabele rebellion of 1896–97 Cecil Rhodes, accompanied by Mr Colenbrander, went unarmed to the Matopos to parley with an assembly of native chiefs, and the result of the palaver was a cessation of hostilities. Rhodes was so impressed with the magnificent panorama obtained from one of the hills that he named it

'The View of the World'; and on this hill, at his own request, he was buried—over twenty years ago.

About eighty yards south-east of Rhodes's grave is a vault wherein lie the remains of Alan Wilson and his party, the inscription on the adjoining monument reading: 'To brave men; there was no survivor.'

On 22nd May 1920 the remains of Sir Starr Jameson were laid finally to rest in a third tomb, hewn out of the giant boulders of the Matopos. From the earliest days of their association to the moment when, on his death-bed, Rhodes 'called in a clear voice for Jameson,' there was constant unity of purpose and community of thought between the two men. Their friendship began in the old Kimberley days, and Rhodes's was the driving impulse that sent the young Edinburgh doctor from a brilliant and prosperous medical career to embark on a Great Adventure in the far north. An authentic story is recorded of how Rhodes was met in 1897 by one who told him that he had very bad news. Dr Jim was lying ill at the time. Groote Schuur, the great man was told, had been burned down. 'Thank God!' said Rhodes, with a laugh of relief; 'I thought Jameson was dead.'

The tomb of Jameson is east of that of Rhodes, and nearer the Shangani Memorial than the latter. Like that of his chief, it is covered with a great granite slab bearing a brass plate, on which is simply inscribed: 'Leander Starr Jameson.' And there, guarded by the shades of Major Alan Wilson and his gallant warriors, it is fitting that the great Englishman and the intrepid Scotsman should slumber peacefully together in the lands that they won.

IV.

Southern Rhodesia abounds in ancient ruins, and many theories have been advanced as to who the original builders of the forts and temples were. The majority of writers appear to agree that they were Himyarites or Phœnicians, and some affirm that Rhodesia is the Havilah mentioned in Scripture, whence the gold was obtained for King Solomon's temple. Of the many ruins, those known as the Great Zimbabwe are in the best state of preservation; they are situated 15 miles from the township of Victoria, which is 200 miles east of Bulawayo by rail.

The Great Zimbabwe, literally 'here is the great kraal,' comprises several groups of ruins, including: (1) the Temple, or large elliptical ruin, with a round, conical tower; (2) the 'Valley of Ruins,' lying between the Temple and Acropolis Hill; (3) the Acropolis, an intricate fortress on a hill half a mile due north of the Temple.

Unlike the Israelites, the Arabians were learned in science and remarkably skilled in astronomy. The Zimbabwe temple is oriented

and geometrically built for astronomical purposes; set on the top of its lofty, hewn-stone walls, 35 feet high, are large stones—gnomons—for observation of the stars, and to measure shadows cast by the sun.

In Solomon's time, most likely, the Great Zimbabwe was a large and populous city, as may be judged from the fact that its recognisable ruins cover an area of more than three square miles; and it must have been formidably fortified. In the middle of it rose an isolated granite kopje, 250 feet high, which was crowned by a fortress. In its day this fortress was probably one of the strongest in the world, its south side being defended by 90 feet of sheer precipice, while massive labyrinthine walls rendered approach to the summit possible only through narrow passages easily blocked.

It is deduced, too, that the mines of King Solomon were worked by a multitude of negro slaves, the gold output being brought to the Great Zimbabwe for conversion into ingots; then caravans departed eastward for the seaport now called Sofala, a journey of 200 miles, carrying gold, ivory, and other precious merchandise destined for Palestine and Arabia. Among the ruins, in recent years, have been found gold, copper, bronze, and great quantities of iron implements and tools. It is thought that some of the workings date back to a period before the birth of Moses; so it may be that the Great Zimbabwe is 4000 years old. These workings extend over a vast area, but none of them are found in the immediate neighbourhood of the Great Zimbabwe, which city would require large food supplies, and it is surmised that the territory in its close vicinity was used for the growing of cereal crops.

V.

Returning to Bulawayo, the traveller sets forth on the final and most spectacular stage of his journey northwards—to the Victoria Falls. For the first thirty miles the train passes through the Khami Valley, replete with ancient ruins, depicting all four periods of Zimbabwe architecture, but now one of the principal maize-growing districts of Matabeleland. Twenty miles farther on, at Hardwood Spur, is the centre of a forest of mahogany and mopani trees, the twisted and otherwise extraordinary shapes of many of the latter being attributed to elephants, which at one time swarmed in this region, trampling down and bending the saplings.

Passing over the Gwaai River bridge, the train enters the longest straight section of railway in South Africa, the line being without a curve for the next seventy-five miles. Later, the country takes on a subtropical aspect, giant boulders—looking like so many castles—being passed, and great baobab trees standing out in bold relief among the teak. The train then winds along the Katuna Valley, the route supposed to have

been taken by Dr Livingstone in 1855, when he discovered the Falls.

Victoria Falls railway station is 280 miles west of Bulawayo, but seven miles short of it the spray arising from the Falls may be seen, and at two miles' distance the roar of the waters can be heard above the steaming of the engine. There is a good hotel abutting on the station, and its grounds cover several acres, through which paths lead to the Falls and other places of interest. The nearest European township is Livingstone, four miles across the bridge which spans the Zambesi River, marking the boundary between Southern and Northern Rhodesia.

The Victoria Falls, the native name for which is 'Mosi-oa-Tounya,' meaning the 'thunder-sounding smoke,' are 5808 feet wide, and the heights of the perpendicular cliff vary from 254 to 368 feet. (The Niagara Falls are 3640 feet wide and 167 feet high.) The formation is unusual, a rent in the river-bed having resulted in a huge gap in the basaltic rock, into which the Zambesi plunges; the mighty river—in some places above the Falls it is nearly two miles wide—suddenly leaps into a trough 400 feet deep and a mile long, to emerge again with indescribable fury through one small opening of 100 yards, whence it continues through a gorge banked by cliffs for over forty miles, until it once more widens out into a broad and comparatively tranquil stream.

Close to the Falls is the Rain Forest, a beautiful woodland of tropical trees and undergrowth, where exists the phenomenon of perpetual rain. This is caused by the tremendous impact of the great volume of water falling on the rocks below, the pressure forcing part of it back into space, where it dissolves into a great cloud of steam-like vapour, forming a fine descending spray.

The best view of the Rainbow clouds is obtained from a point between three and five miles up the river, where Dr Livingstone first saw them. He thought they were the smoke of burning grass or forest. As he saw it, and as it usually appears to-day, the 'smoke' ascended in five separate columns; whilst rising it was white, and when it reached its highest point it appeared black. As the columns of vapour became visible, there was heard a dull, roaring sound, like the sound of fire driven by a strong wind.

Several days can be spent at the Falls without risk of weariness. There are the Main Falls, the Rainbow Falls, and the Eastern Falls to be viewed and explored; the Rain Forest, the Palm Forest, and the Grove to be entered; a trip to be undertaken to Leaping Waters, and along Knife Edge; and a descent to be made to the Grand Cañon, where a close and magnificent view of the whirlpool is obtained, so close, indeed, that pieces of vegetation may be thrown into the vortex.

A short distance beyond the station, and overlooking the Falls, the railway track is

carried across the Zambesi by a bridge 650 feet long, about 400 feet above the level of the waters. This bridge is built on the trussed-arch design; each section was built out towards the centre from the sides, and so accurate were the calculations and measurements that, when the centre was reached and the last piece of bottom-boom ready to be lowered into position, it was necessary only to await the lower temperature of the following morning for the booms and bracing to meet exactly. A simpler structure would have sufficed had the Zambesi been bridged farther up, but it was Rhodes's wish that persons entering or leaving North-West Rhodesia here should be afforded from their railway-carriage window a complete and ready view of one of the wonders of the world.

Beyond this bridge the railway has been extended—in pursuance of Rhodes's 'Cape to Cairo' dream—for many hundreds of miles through North-West Rhodesia to the Belgian Congo. Wild animals are not uncommon in those parts, and gangers can recount true stories of lions refusing to leave the track on the approach of a train, usually with the same unhappy result for the king of beasts as threatened the proverbial 'coo' in the early days of railways. But it is an American who vouches for the veracity of an adventure, here recorded, which happened to him whilst hunting big game in Rhodesia, *before* the United States went bone-dry: 'I saw a magnificent lion, and was on the point of firing, when, with a terrible roar, he sprang at me. Fortunately, he misjudged my height and jumped at least two feet over my head, and then rushed away into the bush. Early next morning I and my guide started to track him. After several hours we came noiselessly upon him. And there, in a clearing in the forest, we saw the lion—practising low jumps!'

LOVE'S NEST.

HOME is wherever the nest may swing—

In the topmost bough of the highest tree,
Whence pæans of praise from the linnets ring;
Or low in the grass, whence the minstrelsy
Of the songster nearest to heaven's doors
In eddies of exquisite music soars.

Love, with his heaven-born music too,
Pitches his nest sometimes as low,

Yet rises, as only love can rise,
Above the earth and beyond the skies;
Yea, singing even at heaven's gate,
With an angel's note to his chosen mate.

For love than the lark is more near to heaven,
And the hue of his wing with an angel's vies;
The crown as well as the cross is given
Because of his gift of sacrifice.

EDITH C. ADAMS.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER XII.—SCOTCHED.

AS they drove down the river, Roy Carwyke glanced back once or twice to the pine-covered hill whence the shots had come. Was the rifleman Eskimo Billy or the Russian? The former, surely; for unless the giant possessed tremendous powers of recuperation, it was scarcely possible that he could have followed the party so far. And with the ex-whaler on the trail, things that had been of hopeless aspect took on a rosier hue. If Billy, who had already stampeded the party, followed them carefully, it might be possible to pick off first one and then another of Norma's enemies, and in the end effect the girl's deliverance. His mind turned to the consideration of his late companion's unexpected appearance on the scene. Billy must have found the message within a very short time of his own departure on the trail of Norma's captors and—

'Great Jove!'

The interjection came from Standifer, who was behind him, and glancing swiftly round, he saw the man's dark eyes aglow with triumph.

'What is it?' he asked.

Standifer laughed silently, and then answered with another laugh. 'The Lord or the devil hath delivered those fools into our hands!'

'How?'

'In their hurry they've shoved the ammunition in the wrong canoe. It's in that waterproof packet behind you. Just pass those rifles down this way, and then keep on paddling. We'll give those rascals the surprise of their lives in a moment.'

Carwyke, realising the tremendous change in the situation made by this oversight of the two scoundrels ahead, passed the rifles as directed; and presently he caught the click of a breach-bolt, and knew that Standifer was in a position to start hostilities. He looked hastily round.

'Surely you're not going to fire on them whilst the girl is between them?'

'Why not? They're no further use to me. And if they discover we have the ammunition they won't hesitate to get me—the treacherous dogs.'

'Wouldn't it be better to wait until they land? Even if they tumble to the mistake they've made, they will count on you not discovering it, and hope to rectify it at the next camp. Besides, their magazines will be full and—'

'Afraid?' jeered Standifer.

'For myself, no! For the girl, yes! If hostilities commence, she is in a dangerous position. Besides, there's the man behind.'

'What of him?'

'Well, whilst this party is united in his eyes it will make him cautious. He won't approach too close, but if he finds its numbers lessening he may become bolder; and if he does not break cover in these woods you won't be able to get him.'

'There's something in what you say,' agreed Standifer; then he broke into a chuckling laugh. 'We'll disarm the dogs, and I'll make them work as they never worked in their lives before. . . . Are you prepared to take my orders?'

'Against those fellows, yes! Against Miss Norma, no!'

Standifer laughed mockingly. 'I don't want your help with the girl. I'll manage her all right! When we land I just want you to disarm those fellows when I give the word. They're no friends of the girl, remember.'

'Oh, I'll do that!'

'Then it's settled. Pass the word to Mardock how we stand—quietly; sound travels on water, remember.'

Carwyke passed the information as directed. Mardock received it nonchalantly enough.

'A hold-up, hey? I'm in!'

As he paddled, Carwyke heard the man behind him laugh once or twice, no doubt at the thought of the surprise awaiting the mutineers; and when an hour had passed without anything particular happening, Standifer gave a sudden chuckling laugh.

'Breakers ahead! Get ready! The moment for action comes, if I'm not mistaken.'

The river had become swifter, and the roar of rapids was in the air. Watching, Carwyke saw the leading canoe making for a landing-place that offered, and in the same moment heard Standifer's tense whisper: 'Pass this gun along to Mardock. Below the thwarts. Don't let those dogs see you.'

Carwyke stretched a hand for the rifle, and as his grip closed on it, for one moment hesitated. Should he retain possession of it, and force Standifer—

Something was thrust hard against the small of his back, and he caught the laughing whisper of the man behind him.

'Pass it on, Carwyke. I have you hipped.'

He passed the weapon forward, realising his own utter helplessness, and Standifer laughed again.

'Good boy!'

The first canoe was already inshore; Norma and the men had stepped out, and the latter were in the act of lifting the canoe out of the water, when the second craft drove inshore not

three yards from them. Standifer, rifle in hand, leaped out.

'Hands up!' he cried, as Mardock also gained the bank and levelled his rifle.

The man Bull looked up and laughed brutally.

'That dog won't fight, Standifer! I calls yo'r bluff!'

'You do? Then——'

The rifle cracked suddenly, and the cross-eyed one, less sure than Bull, in the act of reaching for a rifle, suddenly dropped his hand, gave a yell, and in his surprise fell into the water.

'By all the devils in——' began Bull.

'Put them up, Bull! Quick!'

Bull a little uncertainly put his hands up, the tips of his fingers at the level of his shoulders; and whilst the cross-eyed Tick was still scrambling out of the water, Standifer spoke again.

'Now, Mr Carwyke, if you will oblige. The rifles from the canoe first; then you can strip Bull and Tick of their personal ironmongery.'

Carwyke, very conscious that Norma was watching him with contemptuous eyes, followed Standifer's instructions, and lifted the two rifles from the canoe.

'Eject the shells,' was the next order; 'and just hand them to Mr Mardock.'

When he had done as directed Carwyke searched the mutineers, stripping them of everything that might be turned into a weapon of offence. When he had finished Standifer laughed. 'Excellent. And now, Bull, you can bind up Tick's hand, whilst Mr Carwyke goes down-river to find out the length of the rapid and learn whether it is necessary to make a portage. Thank you, Carwyke,' he said in insolent mockery. 'I shall be obliged if you will make haste. Whoever the man who is following us may happen to be, we make a rather conspicuous mark here.'

Without a word Carwyke turned and began to make his way down-stream, but once out of sight among the trees he did not hurry. He had not the slightest doubt that the man behind them was Billy, and it was no part of his own scheme of things in any way to assist Standifer in his nefarious purpose. The longer they were delayed the better would be Billy's chance of overtaking them; and it was essential that he should be able to keep in touch with Norma's captors. To that end he must delay the party as much as he could, and it rejoiced his heart when he saw that the rapid was a bad one, and that a long and difficult portage would be necessary.

It was a good two hours before he returned, to find Standifer walking up and down, fuming with impatience, whilst Mardock sat upon the bank, rifle in hand, a watchful eye upon the disconsolate ruffians who had suffered the reversal of fortune.

'Confound you! Where have you been?' broke out Standifer stormily.

'Inspecting the rapid,' answered Carwyke quietly. 'It's a bad one, and a two-mile portage will be necessary.'

'Then get busy. That dog Tick is no use at present. I think we'll leave him to shift for himself, and——'

'If ye do, Standifer, ye'll leave me too, I reckon.' It was Bull who interrupted, and as he spoke there was a stubborn look on his battered face.

Standifer looked at him curiously, then laughed. 'Honour among thieves, hey? I didn't expect it of you, Bull. Well, we'll see. Work as you know how, and maybe I'll grubstake you when we get to the edge of this d——d wilderness.'

'Mebbe ye will, Standifer, an' mebbe ye won't get away wi' this game for a grubstake an' nothin' more. Ye're top dog now, but by an' by——'

'Get going!' broke in the man whom he addressed. 'Sharp, or I'll have the pair of you left to the wolves.'

He spoke gently, but there was a menace in his voice which convinced the truculent Bull that he meant just what he said. The man shambled to his feet, and under the other's directions Carwyke and he began to pack the stores down the river, Mardock, rifle in hand, marching behind them to see that no tricks were attempted. It required two journeys to get the stores down to navigable water, and when that was done there remained the canoes. Carwyke, who was really in no condition for such work, was exhausted when he reached the landing-place after the second journey, but Standifer eyed him callously. 'No time to waste, Carwyke. We've got to push it, you know.'

'But there's a limit——'

'Not in this outfit,' retorted the other sneeringly. 'You've got to outstrip the limit if you come along with——'

He broke off sharply; and the man whom he addressed, following his eyes, divined the reason for the abrupt termination. Norma had turned, and was watching them with a doubtful, questioning look in her eyes; and Carwyke divined that, whatever she had been told, the other's domineering, sneering attitude had awakened suspicion in the girl's mind. Possibly Standifer realised that also, and deemed it impolitic to continue on the same lines; for, with a complete change of manner, and with an air of solicitude, he said, 'By Jove, you do look knocked out, though! Maybe Mardock can manage the thing with Tick's one-handed help. What d'you say, Jim?'

'Well, if Carwyke will carry the rifles——' began Mardock, with a sardonic gleam in his eyes.

'I'll manage them,' interrupted Standifer sharply, and moved to take possession of them.

The girl took a step or two that brought her close to Carwyke. The doubtful look was still in her eyes, and it was clear to him that she wished to ask a question. 'You—you——' she whispered, and broke off.

He guessed what was in her mind, and answered quietly, 'I am not trusted with arms, as you see.'

Her look of puzzled doubt grew more pronounced, and as she glanced towards Standifer something very like suspicion gleamed in her eyes. 'That man who fired on us?' she asked quickly. 'Was he the Russian?'

'No! Billy, for a thousand pounds!'

'Then——'

Her face flushed painfully, and as she looked at him his heart leaped. Trust again shone in her eyes, and he knew that she was engaged in self-reproach for having permitted herself to believe evil of him.

'Oh!' she whispered. 'I could die of shame.'

'But you won't, I hope,' he began smilingly. 'Billy would never forgive me if I——'

'Come along, Carwyke!' Standifer's voice broke in peremptorily. 'And you, Miss Manning. Get ahead. I'm the rearguard.'

The narrowness of the trail compelled them to move in single file, and the roughness of it forbade further speech; but Carwyke did not greatly mind. The girl trusted him again, and their old relationship was re-established on a firmer footing. Whatever Standifer might say or do, Norma's mind would not again cherish suspicion against him. Tired as he was, he found himself whistling a cheerful air, until Standifer behind him broke in on it.

'You're infernally merry, Carwyke!'

'My nature!' he retorted.

'Then check it,' growled the other. 'A whistle carries a long way in these woods!'

'You're afraid of Nicholovitch——'

'I am afraid of no man who meets me in front. But I don't want to be plugged between the shoulders.'

Carwyke smiled to himself; and, glancing round once or twice as he missed Standifer's step behind him, saw the scoundrel standing in listening attitude, looking backward through the trees. That the other was a little rattled was clear, and the fact in no way displeased him. If Billy trailed the party carefully, harassing it unseen, it was possible that his efforts might result in a demoralisation in which there would arise a chance for Norma and himself to break away. But that, he knew, was not to be counted on. Standifer, however disturbed he might be in mind, was a resolute man, who would not easily let Norma slip out of his hands. Also there were other contingencies to be reckoned with. As he stumbled along the rough trail, his mind was busy with these

and with some of the questions arising from them.

Why, having experienced the hostility of Bull and his partner, did Standifer carry them along with him? Not from any motive of humanity, he was sure. No such consideration was likely to enter into any action of Standifer's. There must be something else. Was the fellow afraid that if he turned the rascals adrift in the wilderness, they would join hands with the man behind? That was just possible, if Standifer believed that the shadower was the Russian. But did he believe that it was Nicholovitch, or did he suspect that the pursuing man was Eskimo Billy? Carwyke could not decide, having no knowledge of the real condition in which Standifer had found the giant at Little Novgorod, and his mind reverted to the problem presented by the mutineers.

Did Standifer really mean to use the men, drive them, work them to the last point of endurance, and then turn them adrift? That was possible; no, probable. And himself? He realised quite well that his position was at least as precarious as that of Bull and his cross-eyed partner. Standifer, in possession of the girl, guessing as he must that Norma no longer believed whatever lying tale he had told her, would have no use for him; and at some turn of the trail would try to get rid of him, perhaps—who knew?—set him adrift with the two mutineers. That was a very likely contingency, and not a pleasant one to contemplate, but Billy was behind and——

Mardock's voice sounding through the trees gave his thoughts a fresh turn. What was his attitude to himself and Standifer? That was not easy to decide! That he was not wholeheartedly with the man with whom he accompanied was clear; and his suggestion about the rifles had been of real use in helping to convince Norma of the honesty of his intentions in spite of Standifer's sowing of suspicion. Had that suggestion been made deliberately to that end; or was it a slip made in a moment of forgetfulness? He remembered the sardonic gleam that had shone in the man's pale eyes, and was sure that the suggestion had been made deliberately, possibly with the idea of irritating Standifer. He recalled Mardock's suggestion of possible friendship, and wondered what he would do in the event of active hostilities. Would he uphold Standifer, or would he let him down in order to help Norma?

He could not decide, and was still wondering when they reached the end of the portage. Mardock was a little blown, and Bull had thrown himself down upon the bank in weariness; but Standifer permitted no rest.

'Get busy, Bull—and you too, Carwyke. He handed one of the rifles to Mardock as he spoke, and then began to give particular orders as to the loading of the canoes.

(Continued on page 268.)

THE HUMMING-BIRDS OF JAMAICA.

By RUPERT A. SMITH, M.B., B.Ch.

I.

A SHORT time ago, when on a visit to Jamaica, I had an opportunity of seeing, in all their beauty, many of these living gems of bird-land, alive and free in their natural haunts.

The description of the colours of these beautiful creatures would be productive neither of information nor of amusement; but would rather excite a longing which words would be unable to satisfy. Naturalists have long endeavoured to gratify this desire by coloured prints, but the most exquisite artist is incapable of imitating the thousand beauties of the little humming-birds. If we imagine that we may obtain a complete idea of the beauty of these tiny creatures from the pictures we have seen of them, we shall find ourselves deceived when we compare these pictures with nature. The shining green, the changeable purple, the glossy red, are hues far beyond the coloured print, which is a poor substitute for painting.

The first time I saw a humming-bird I stood spell-bound. It was poised in front of a tropical flower in the beautiful Hope Gardens of Jamaica. I watched it through my glasses with admiration and wonderment. It was so tiny and yet so perfect and gorgeous. Its plumage glittered with a metallic lustre which seemed to reflect all the hues of the most precious stones—the amethyst, ruby, sapphire, topaz, and emerald.

Its body seemed to be about the size of a hazelnut, and yet it was furnished with a bill, feathers, wings, and internal organs resembling those of the largest birds. Its long tubular and protrusible tongue, forked at the tip, was thrust deep down into the cup of the flower as I watched it, and the tribute of nectar was extracted

As it hung there, as though suspended by an invisible thread, the motion of its little wings was so rapid that I could not discern their colours except by the glittering. The wind-hovering and soaring of the kestrel have always interested me and claimed my admiration, but the perfect poise of a humming-bird before a flower is, in my opinion, one of the marvels of bird-land. As I drew nearer, the hum of the rapidly vibrating wings fell upon my ears. Then it fluttered on to the next shrub, which was profusely bedecked with large peony-like yellow blossoms. There were now some six or seven of these birds hovering about the beautiful blossoms, and the humming was very distinct. Constantly in motion, yet never once lighting upon them, they visited shrub after

shrub, and kissed flower after flower, extracting the sweet nectar from each.

II.

Of all the birds that flutter in the garden or paint the landscape the humming-bird is the most delightful to look upon, and likewise the most inoffensive. Of this charming little creature there are upwards of five hundred distinct species, varying in colour, size, and other characteristics; but all possessing plumage resplendent with the most brilliant colours, resembling the flowers round which they love to sport. In some the tiny bills are straight, in others upturned or downturned—some have short bills, while in others we find bills which are longer than their bodies.

A bird not so big as the end of one's finger would probably be supposed but a creature of imagination, were it not seen in infinite numbers, as frequent as butterflies on a summer's day, flitting from flower to flower.

It cannot be conceived how much these little manakins add to the beauty of a rich and luxuriant landscape. Small though they be, they are, nevertheless, the most rapid fliers of all winged creatures.

As I watched them in the Hope Gardens I remembered that they were close relations of the swifts. Could it be possible, I thought, for how very dissimilar is their plumage! The swift is such a dull, dowdy-looking bird as far as its plumage goes, but these little jewels, sparkling and scintillating in the sun, are inexpressibly beautiful! And their nests are also wonderful in their formation. They are suspended in the air at the point of the twigs of some tropical tree, perhaps an orange, a citron, or a pomegranate tree. The female is the architect, the male finds the materials—fine moss, cotton, vegetable fibres, and cobwebs. Imagine a hen's egg cut in two, and you will have a good idea of the cup-shaped nest of the humming-bird. Two eggs are laid about the size of peas, and they are as white as snow, with here and there a yellow speck. Male and female take it in turn to sit upon the tiny caskets, and at the end of about twelve days the little ones come forth. They are about the size of a bluebottle fly. At first quite bare, they later acquire a downy covering, which is, however, soon succeeded by beautiful feathers.

I saw much of beauty and interest on that picturesque West Indian island of ours, but no sight was to me more fascinating or more beautiful than the wooing of the flowers by the little humming-birds. I expect I shall never visit Jamaica again, but my morning with these feathered gems in the Hope Gardens I shall never forget.

THE EMERALD RING.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

By 'SATTAMBI.'

I.

WE were sitting on old Sam Braithwaite's veranda, the parson's son and I, on one of those evenings in early autumn when people wonder whether to put a match to the fire or not, and end up by doing so.

On this occasion the matter had already been decided by Mrs Braithwaite, for we could hear a cheerful crackle, and the pleasant fragrance peculiar to wood fires during the first few minutes of their ignition reached us through the fly-proofing of the open French window.

But it was not really cold as yet, and with the gratifying knowledge at the back of our minds that cosy arm-chairs were awaiting our pleasure by the wide brick hearth, we lingered on outside, and watched the colours change in the western sky.

As the sun sank behind the furthest ridge it left behind it an opal sea, dotted with coral islands, and bounded, so it seemed, by the golden shore of a limitless continent, whose emerald mountain-ranges stretched back and back, ever paling, until lost to our sight in the soft green-gray distances of Infinity.

Both of us, now medical students in our second year, on holiday from the City General Hospital, had been born and bred in this district. From earlier boyhood's familiarity with the wonders of the open sky we had become exacting, if not callous, on the question of sunsets, and yet there was something about the manner of its going down on this particular April evening which impelled us simultaneously to rise from our sea-grass chairs, and to lean against the lattice-supporting rail of the veranda.

So might voyagers lean over the deck-rail of an ocean liner, the better to watch the receding coast-line so rapidly fading, as a good ship heads for the open sea.

As we stood thus, we were joined by old Sam himself. Although, had his circumstances warranted its payment, Sam Braithwaite would have been long since entitled to the old age pension, he never missed 'going the roads,' as he termed it, before settling down inside for the evening.

'You've missed the best of it, Mr Braithwaite,' said I, indicating the darkening panorama; 'five minutes ago there was a real emerald patch to the right of that cloud-bank. I do wish you had been here.'

'Don't worry yourself,' he replied; 'I was watching it from the calf pen slip-rails. You don't often get such a rich green;' and then after a pause, 'It reminds me of—'

The parson's son and I, inwardly hoping that we had caught Sam in one of his reminiscent moods, looked eagerly, first at each other, and then with mute encouragement at Sam.

'Well,' he continued, 'something that happened many years ago now, within a few miles of where we are at this moment; but,' smiling, 'I hardly think it is a story likely to appeal to the present company—it's too scientific.' And then, with a twinkle in his eye, he added, 'The company, I mean—not the story. But, well, if you both give me your word never to ask me for an explanation, nor to attempt to find one for yourselves until you are back again in Melbourne, I'll risk your setting me down as a heretic.'

To this we earnestly agreed, and, forgetful alike of arm-chairs and the glowing logs within, settled ourselves down in the gathering darkness, while Sam, having provided us each with an excellent cigar, lighted one for himself, and spoke to us as follows.

II.

'This was in the days before the railway-line had been extended to Ringford on the one hand and Bembridge on the other; but then, as now, there remained the V-shaped wedge of country innocent of train-services, which, with Melbourne as its vertex, stretches its ever-widening third side across the waste-places of the Dividing Range, until it crosses the borderlands of New South Wales. Even in recent days, with the motor mail hurrying twice daily along the same route over which, at the time I am telling you of, the coach used to rumble twice weekly, our district of Easter Ranges was more or less unexplored territory to the average citizen of Melbourne. If it occurred to him—or her—to pay us a flying visit, he was more than satisfied that he had had his money's worth from the tourist bureau, when the unrivalled view burst upon him from the top of the Big Hill, as the motor paused at the summit on the return journey, in order to collect the "loose" bags at the sub-office.

'Here, with the aid of an obliging mail man, he would pick out the main features of the Marythorn mountain panorama—Mounts Query, Romeo, Saint Hubert, and Bears-cap, before the steep, winding down-grade to the railway station at Yarrathong commenced. Often enough he would come back and spend a pleasant week-end or fortnight with his family at one of the farms which used to "take boarders"—before the Heights Hotel was erected—but he seldom advertised the place on his return to civilisation, preferring to keep the knowledge of such a

hitherto unsuspected old-world paradise, as it were, in the family.

'But in the old days things were very different. The Country Roads Board had given no thought to this district, and the few owners of motor-cars had too great a respect for their springs and axles to venture more than a few miles beyond Upper Plenty bridge in the direction of Easter Ranges.

'At that time our daughter Peggie was about the same age as her son Timothy is now, rising seven years, and for six of them she and her mother had followed my fortunes from place to place. Owing to the nature of my profession we were continually on the move, visiting Sydney, Brisbane, Perth, New Zealand, and Tasmania, and seldom remaining for more than a month or six weeks at any one point.

'This arrangement, satisfactory as it was from a financial point of view, was, as you can imagine, anything but satisfactory from the viewpoint of Peggy's education and health. We realised this, fortunately in time, through the chance visit to a doctor, who advised us to give her at least a year's rest forthwith in some healthy part of the country, having mountain air. After careful inquiries we decided upon Easter Ranges, and having left my wife and Peggy ensconced in the care of a burly ranger and his kindly wife, I returned alone to the workaday life.

'During the next six months I received glowing accounts of their life in the country, and far from the dullness which I had feared they were likely to experience after the roving hotel life to which they were so used, I soon realised that both Peggy and her mother were growing daily more fascinated by their enforced rural existence.

'It happened that at the time I returned to Melbourne the owner of this property was anxious to sell, and the upshot of it all was that we decided to take the plunge for better or worse, and within a few weeks I found myself paying rates to the local shire council, with the boats of business smouldering in the background.'

III.

Sam, whose cigar had gone out, paused in his narrative. Although it was too dark to see, we could sense the smile of furtive satisfaction with which he consigned it to the nearest flower-bed, substituting for it his well-beloved briar pipe, which he drew from his coat pocket and commenced to fill. For a minute we sat in silence—that silence of the Australian Bush which is so overflowing with sound.

The sweet staccato notes of a butcher-bird rang out at regular intervals from the topmost branches of a cypress pine tree, to be answered as regularly by his mate, perched high on a feathery bamboo. A lonely mopoke away down in the gully mournfully repeated his one and only topic of conversation, 'More pork—more pork.' A dog barked in the distance, and ten

thousand crickets chirped in chorus around the dam.

Wishing not to snap the thread of Sam's thoughts by speaking, I passed him a box of matches, rattling them slightly to draw his attention. After his pipe was drawing well he handed them back.

'Sure you're not getting bored, you two? Well, then,' he continued, 'knowing nothing about farming, but determined to make up for lost time as quickly as possible, I apprenticed myself to all and sundry of the scattered farming folk who would have me—and I may say there were none who refused an extra hand gratis, no matter how unskilled that hand happened to be—for a year. During that time I got the hang of the various branches of bush and farm labour, from stripping wattle-bark and cutting and carting firewood, to the operations of seed time and harvest. At first my efforts, and in fact myself, were looked upon as a joke by the old hands who for at least two generations had wrung their living from the soil and scrub of the ranges, but I soon convinced them that I was in earnest, and they showed themselves willing to help us in any and every way possible. The ranges were becoming increasingly well known, and several cottages took in paying guests for week-ends and holidays. The mail was brought up in those days by pack-horse from Yarrathong twice weekly, but there was no regular conveyance for passengers.

'Some one suggested that I should undertake the transport of visitors from and to the railway at a specified price, and to this I willingly agreed. I already owned a strong hooded jinker, bought with the place, and furnished with an out-rigged bar for a second horse, and I was fortunate in picking up cheaply a sound but antiquated wagonette, which my two good horses, "Brandy" and "Soda," made light work of, even when drawing its full complement of "fares."

'Thus the time passed, and as the keen mountain air brought back the roses to Peggy's little cheeks, we congratulated ourselves upon our new mode of living, and wondered how we had put up so long with the old life of hurry and travel.

IV.

'We had, however, one great sorrow and regret. Three years previously we had lost sight of one of those sweet personalities which few average human beings have the fortune to meet in this life. She had been a cousin of mine, one of a large family of my mother's sister. Her parents had died when she was twenty-five years old. Her father, Tom Scarratt, had owned a large station in the western district, and she alone of her family had never married.

'Ena—you've seen her photograph on the mantelpiece inside—lived at home on the

Naitooma station, until that home was broken up by the tragic hunting accident which ended her father's successful career. She was beloved by all with whom she came in contact. She worshipped the Bush and everything connected with it, from the earliest wattle blossom to the latest lamb's tail. She rode equally well side-saddle or astride, and could have shown points to a Cobb & Co.'s driver in handling a four-in-hand team or a tandem mail-phæton.

'From boyhood and girlhood we had been the best of good pals, and when I became engaged she showed her good taste by at once falling in love with my fiancée, who gladly reciprocated her affection. In due course Ena became Peggy's godmother.

'If I came short of her good graces in any one particular, it was for the reason that, much as I enjoyed visiting her beloved Naitooma, I could not reconcile myself to going on the land permanently. I had, indeed, chosen a profession which was entirely, as the star-gazers would say, "in opposition" to the—as I then considered—cabbage-like existence of a farmer's life.

'Our hearts bled for Ena when, on the death of my aunt within twelve months of her widowhood, the home ties were severed, and the old homestead itself passed into the hands of strangers.

'Three times at least to my knowledge could Ena have had the hearts and homes of good men by the simple word "yes," but all such offers she gracefully but firmly refused. She preferred to spend her wealth of love upon her brothers and sisters and their growing families, flitting from one to another in turn, well knowing how sincere was the welcome of each, and how the younger generation eagerly ticked off the weeks which separated one of her longed-for visits from the next.

'We, of course, had no settled home in those days, but whenever my work brought us within hail of her labours of love for the time being, Ena missed no opportunity of coming to see us. She always seemed to carry about with her personality that indefinable sense of wild flowers and wide spaces which becomes a kind of second nature to those who have spent the greater portion of their lives in the Australian Bush.

'In spite of her practicality in everyday affairs, there was always a dreamy, far-away look in her eyes. She seemed to have some occult power of seeing through such obstacles as brick houses and stone walls to the wild hills and valleys of the Great Beyond.

'Although she always showed an intelligent interest in the work which I had taken up, and approved of the success which I was achieving, yet she invariably compared it unfavourably with a country life—half bantering and half in earnest—as a waste of the

gift of free will. "You will find it out some day," she would remark, by way of finalising her argument. "Perhaps by that time you will only be fit for turning out to grass—but kindly bear in mind that sooner or later we must *all* go back to the land!"

'Poor girl—she went back sooner than any of us expected, in company with many worse and few better than her devoted self. She was cruelly and suddenly attacked by the influenza fiend at a time when she herself was greatly run down, after heroically nursing back to life the wife of one of her late father's station hands.'

V.

Old Sam's voice again fell to silence, and he rose from his seat and stood for a moment staring over the veranda rail towards the Southern Cross, which was still low in the sky. The butcher-birds were also silent, but the mopoke sounded as plaintive as ever. A pair of 'possums scuttled down from the branches of the almond-tree and vanished by way of the garden fence into a clump of laurels. Sam watched them out of sight and then returned to his seat, speaking rather more hurriedly than before. 'I will not attempt to fill with mere words the gap which Ena's death left in the lives of those near and dear to her, but I will take you on to the last chapter of this yarn.

'It was a wild evening in March. The moon was in its last quarter, and heavy clouds were following each other like waves of storm troops across the sky from the south. Their ragged edges were lit up now and again by the distant flicker of lightning. For three days we had had incessant rain.

'The storm-water from the Yarra had spread over the flats, and in this district three culverts had given way under the pressure of overflowing gullies, leaving ten-foot gaps across the main road. This necessitated the immediate clearing of deviation tracks, steep and slippery as ice. They led, in places, down to and across the actual bed-level of the water-course.

'Ben Rogers could tell you how on that evening, when he and his little brother and sister were standing gazing with childish excitement at the rush of water, which fought its way through the culvert within a stone's throw of their father's cottage, the whole structure suddenly gave way with a roar, within a yard of where the awestruck children stood, carrying to its death their old sheep dog, which at the moment of collapse had been barking defiance at the swirling waters.

'On such a night, you can imagine, I was not best pleased to receive word that one of the council's road foremen, while manfully trying to clear a culvert two miles farther on,

had been struck by the falling rails from the fence upon the road above him, and had sustained injuries both external and internal.

'The message further stated that the unfortunate fellow was now being carried home, and could I get him to Dr Whitehead at Yarrathong as soon as might be, in order that if necessary the sufferer might be sent on to the hospital, three stations down the line, by the night mail train?

'I figured that there was comfortable time for this purpose, and in order to make the most of it, I harnessed "Brandy" and "Soda" to the jinker, and accompanied by poor Hallett's eldest son, a lad of sixteen or so, made the painful journey over the branch-strewn road.

'Whitehead, whose skill was first-rate at bone setting, fixed up the patient. He advised his undergoing the short train journey to Roystall hospital, and we saw Hallett and young Jim settled in an empty carriage. After receiving many assurances from old Marshall, the guard, that he would personally see the invalid carefully placed on the ambulance-stretcher at Roystall, I relieved the horses of their nosebags. I wished Whitehead good-night at his door, refusing his kind offer of supper, or even a dose of his particular tonic—which bore the Walker label—and settled myself down for the homeward journey.

'It was then about 10.45 P.M., and rain had again commenced to fall. One by one the few house lights were left behind us. My carriage lamps threw distorted shadows through the rain-blurred glasses on either side of the road, which was in places completely overhung by the swaying arms of the wind-waved peppermint trees. Here and there the snow-white trunk of a swamp gum flashed out from the gloomy shadowland like some gigantic milestone, to be merged, a few seconds later, in the universal darkness behind.

VI.

'The horses, with their heads towards home, and thinking, like as not, of the bran mash that awaited them, required no urging to keep up their steady jog as they breasted the hill.

'I recalled with satisfaction that the only culvert ahead had been lately re-established, and was therefore likely to be still in its place, and divided my time under the shelter of the hood by alternately blessing the fact that my pipe was drawing well in spite of the damp conditions around me, and telling "Brandy" and "Soda" that they certainly were the worst pair of crocks ever foaled, and asking them what they had to say about it.

'We understood each other exceptionally well, and I do not doubt that, given the power of speech, they would have returned my compliments with an equal disregard for the truth.

'Between the fourth and fifth milestones from

Yarrathong, I became aware that "Soda," always more alert than his trace-mate, was, by the poise of his head and the prick of his ears, giving me notice of something unexpected approaching. "Brandy" having been awakened to the same fact, they both began to manifest the usual horse signs suitable for such an occasion, which are to be found in even the best-regulated equine families, when doing duty on dark nights. Uttering little snorts, they pressed alternately against each other's ribs and the breeching straps. Thinking that perhaps a stray kangaroo or wallaby, fuddled by the wildness of the elements, might be crouching beside the track, as often used to happen, I gathered in the reins and told "Brandy" and "Soda" to come up to their collars. To my surprise they both replied by doing the very opposite, and showing an inclination to retrace their steps backwards to Yarrathong.

'I felt sure that some obstacle, visible to or sensed by the two horses, yet hidden from my sight by the darkness or by the sharp turning which the road takes at this point, was the cause of their behaviour.

'It was apparently quite impossible to induce them to advance one step towards the bend; nor, owing to the restive condition of their nerves, could I attempt to alight and, by walking on ahead, endeavour to elucidate the mysterious cause of this condition.

'I believed that were I to remove my attention for one moment from holding them in control, they would be past controlling.

'I touched them lightly with the whip, but the only result was that they quivered, without moving forward an inch.

'At a second stroke of the lash they made a half-hearted attempt to plunge, and at the same moment the knowledge flashed across my amazed brain that each bridle was in the firm grip of a small white, but controlling hand. Some one was holding the horses back—some one who should have been facing me between their two heads, but who was, apart from those firm hands, entirely invisible to me!

'In a dim way my senses struggled to separate the obvious reality of what was visibly happening, from the equally certain unreality of the invisible owner of those hands. At that moment there reverberated, above the bellow of the wind and rain, the groan and splintering crash of a tree falling across the road a few chains ahead.

'Even the elements seemed momentarily lulled in comparison with the death-roar of this giant. As its echoes rolled away in the distance, I found myself still gazing at the unfilled space between the horses' blinkers. Yes, the hands were still there, but now they were soothing and caressing the brown muzzles, which no longer quivered in terror.

'I seized the nearest lamp from its socket and

held it forward at arm's length. For an instant its rays reflected the green glimmer of an emerald ring—in another both ring and hands had vanished; but in that instant I *knew*.

'There is not much to add now,' continued old Sam after a slight pause, during which the chink of coffee cups inside the room reminded us how quickly the time must have slipped away.

'We were only about fifteen minutes longer than usual on the way home after all.

'There was little or no difficulty in forcing a track round the shattered branches of the fallen tree, although the road itself was entirely blocked by the huge trunk.

'The storm had passed away and stars were twinkling through the drifting clouds as we thankfully pulled into the stableyard.

'The next morning at breakfast my wife remarked that she expected to hear good news of somebody during the day, because she had experienced such a vivid dream during the night. "And," she added, "you would never guess of whom I was dreaming?"

'As I made no reply, she continued, "It was about poor Ena. She seemed to appear to me as an angel—a guardian angel—and yet, you know how absurd dreams are—she was wearing that beautiful emerald ring which your mother gave her!"

ETHNOLOGICAL TRACES IN SCOTTISH FOLKLORE.

PART II.

VI.

OF the witchcraft stories there is, naturally, a very abundant crop, and this is a branch of the subject well worth very careful investigation, for in Scotland we have probably material for the most complete classification of witch-lore of any country in Europe. The confessions of the witches preserved in the records of the Court of Justiciary give us not only the doings of the witches, but in some cases the actual witch rituals, the ceremonies and words for the invocation of the Devil, and the methods of obtaining power and knowledge; and these are for the most part native to the soil, and not derived from any foreign source. I have taken the trouble to compare some of these rituals with the Great Grimoire of Pope Honorius, and with the rituals of Continental Satanism, and am convinced that Scottish witchcraft is quite individual. Moreover, some of the witchcraft beliefs are still current.

It is sometimes said that these folklore traditions of hauntings and of witchcraft in the Lowlands are wholly lost since the spread of education and the board schools. Education has doubtless produced a certain shyness in speaking about the old-world faith, a certain pose of superiority, and the idea that it is clever not to believe; but if we can only win the confidence of the people enough to penetrate below the crust, the old beliefs and the old lore are found to be as vital as ever.

A story may be mentioned here which is very interesting in this connection, as an example of transference, being originally Scandinavian, afterwards Christianised, appearing as a charm in Orkney, and also current in Lowland Scotland. In Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology* (vol. iii.) it is told that when Balder and Wodan were riding, Balder's colt dislocated a fetlock. Wodan the wizard cured it with an incantation. The

memory of the incantation remained as a conjuring charm in Thuringia. Afterwards the same legend was told of Christ when riding into Jerusalem. In this form the spell survives to this day in Norway and Sweden for a horse's ailment. In the *New Statistical Account of Shetland* (p. 141) the same spell is mentioned, and an Orkney variant in *The Old Lore Miscellany* (vol. i., p. 400). Also in Chambers's *Fireside Stories* (Edinburgh, 1842, p. 37): 'When a person has received a sprain it is customary to apply to an individual practised in casting the "wresting thread." This is a thread spun from black wool, on which are cast nine knots, and tied round a sprained leg or arm. During the time the operator is putting the thread round the affected limb he says, but in such a tone of voice as not to be heard by the bystanders, or even by the person operated upon, the following verse:

The Lord rade	Set joint to joint
And the foal slade	Bone to bone
He lighted	And sinew to sinew
And he righted	Heal in the Holy Ghost's name.

The development of this legend is worth noting. Originally a Norse tale of the healing of a foal, it becomes a Christian charm for sprains of the human body. The whole lore relating to spells and their connection with the Mantra of the East, as preserved in the nonsense burdens of folk-songs, is most interesting, and has been very little explored.

VII.

If it were asked in what part of Scotland the ethnological traces of folklore might be studied with the greatest advantage, I think I should be inclined to put the province of Moray first, on account of the great variety of folk-tales and legends to be met with there, and the number of different races that have swept over it and left

their mark. Cave men, Neolithic men, have been there, and have left quantities of flint implements, of which a large collection is now in the Royal Scottish Museum. Fire and serpent worshippers have passed, and their trace is found in the burning of the Clavie at Burghead—possibly one of the very last remains of fire-worship in the kingdom, and still observed with due reverence on old New Year's Day. Burghead itself was a Norse colony, and is mentioned in more than one saga. Druids, too, must have been very strong at one time, judging by the number of stone circles, many of which have local traditions, either still current or recorded in old books. These mostly bear evident traces of having been originated, or garbled, by ecclesiastical editing. For the purport mostly is of heathen rites, still carried on, and of the circles being the haunt of various breeds of devils. Over the province of Moray, at an early date, the great Somerled brought an army of Celts from the Islands, claiming to be the Mormaer of Moray, and thence the Rìgh na h' Alba, or king of Scotland; many of his followers must have settled in the fertile plains, and hence, probably, the many distinctly Celtic legends which are found in the province and the Gaelic place-names. But shortly after there occurred a great deportation of the turbulent inhabitants of Moray, of whom it is said that some went south into Perthshire, where they were still called Moray men, and were the progenitors of the Murrays of Atholl, and other great Perthshire families; and others crossed the Firth and were known as Sutherlanders, or men from the south. While in their place came a Teutonic plantation, from Flanders and the Low Countries, and also, as in the case of the Leslies, from Hungary. These all probably brought their folklore and folk-traditions with them, and hence we get a distinct blend of Celtic tales in Moray, quite different from the West Highland mixture.

For the preservation of all these stories we are probably largely indebted to the ecclesiastical influences, and therefore we expect them to be coloured by Church prejudices and traditions. These, however, are usually not very difficult to dissect out.

In the witchcraft legends again Moray is

supreme. There is probably no single type of witchcraft story, no single witch ritual known, that is not well exemplified in Morayshire. The most complete account of Scottish witchcraft in any single document is the remarkable confession of Isabel Goudie, the Auldearn witch. One of the most famous of Scottish warlocks was Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstown. The first recorded burning of witches took place at Forres, and a stone still marks the spot. The meeting of Macbeth with the weird sisters is too well known for repetition, and though the place is disputed, it was certainly in the province of Moray. The murder of King Duncan was almost certainly at Bothnagown, now Pitgaveny, on the Loch of Spynie. Probably there are witches still extant in the province. Within living memory there were several, and of the good old-fashioned type, who overlooked cattle, and prevented the cows giving their milk, and to whom the farmers paid tribute to secure immunity from their spells.

We must not dismiss the province of Moray without allusion to a strange and inexplicable piece of folklore, prevalent there and along the shores of the Moray Firth—namely, a secret society for some magical practices among farm hands, known as the 'Horseman's Word.' It is alleged that there was a traditional spell, handed down from one to another among the members, whereby the wildest horse could be tamed at once; there were weird and solemn rituals of initiation, and dire oaths of secrecy. These have been exceedingly well kept, if indeed there were anything to keep. It is said to exist still, but some who profess to belong to it assert that there is now nothing but foolery and horse-play, whatever may have once been the case. It is possible that there may have been some connection with some such spell as that which I have mentioned of Balder and Wodan, but it seems impossible to obtain any reliable information.

I hope these few rambling and rather desultory remarks may have the effect of leading some far more capable than I am to investigate this subject of folklore in connection with ethnology, and may, at all events, suggest that some clues worth following may be found in this direction.

THE END.

THE YELLOW STREAK.

CHAPTER V.

ON the Friday morning following his suspension Wells lounged into the round-house at El Chaco, and although he appeared to be perfectly sober, traces of his recent dissipation still lingered in his eyes. 'Mornin', Mr Malcolm,' he growled.

'Good-morning, Wells. Come to see about your suspension?'

'That's it. Little boss told me to show up to-day.'

'H'm. However did you manage to misread your signals at such an unlucky moment?'

'Just plain drunk,' replied the driver frankly. 'Reckon I'll be in the pan soon. What'll happen?'

'I don't know,' replied Malcolm slowly.

'Yours is the first serious case of its kind that he's been up against yet, so what he'll do is difficult to say. I've noticed that Hume never hits out when he's mad, but what he does in cold blood stands. Heard about Moore?'

'No. What's his trouble?'

'Lifting passenger fares. The day Hume arrived Moore turned up only fifteen milreis as the amount he had collected on the train, and young Jackson himself paid twenty-five under Hume's nose; so he's got to beat it.'

Wells's face went hard. 'I've got a wife and four kids to keep, and this is my last ditch; no other line would have me at a gift, so if I lose this I'm down and out.'

'That's a thing you ought to have thought about before, Wells,' remarked Malcolm, with all the petty meanness of his nature. 'I'm afraid you'll get your ticket this time.'

'By God, if I do, I'll—'

'What?' queried the assistant-superintendent. 'Starve?'

'Wells there?' inquired the telephone boy. 'Boss wants him slick.'

Hume was seated at his desk, looking as calm and unperturbed as if a three-thousand-mile journey of harassing inspection was an ordinary part of his day's work, and in cool, unhurried tones finished the letter he was dictating before he began to deal with the driver's case.

'Ah, Wells, isn't it?' he asked as the stenographer went away.

'Yes, sir.'

'How long have you been with the company, Wells?'

'Four years, sir.'

'And before that?'

'With the Canadian North-Western, sir.'

'Why did you leave them?'

'Fir—discharged, sir.'

'Why?'

'I piled up a goods-train and blocked the line for half a day.'

'Worse for drink, I suppose?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, my man, you have a very bad record. Last December you derailed your train and stopped the traffic for a whole day; early this year you destroyed, by your careless driving, two luggage vans with contents worth 20,000 milreis; and now, this affair at Yecco. We shall not require your services any longer. The cashier will pay you anything that may be due to you.'

'But I—you—could you give me another chance, sir?' stammered the man awkwardly. 'I've a wife and four k—children at home, and if I lose this job I'm down and out.'

'No, I'm sorry, but it is quite impossible. You have had many chances, but have apparently only gone from bad to worse.'

Wells slunk out of the office and went across

to the round-house with a tempest of rage in his heart.

'Hello, David,' said cheerful Sam Horrocks, driver of the crack passenger express, an innovation of Hume's. 'What's up now? You're looking a bit downhearted like.'

'Fired!' replied Wells laconically.

'Fired? Phew!' whistled Horrocks. 'For that affair at Yecco, I suppose?'

'That's it,' grunted Wells morosely. 'This is what comes of having a starched and ironed tailor's dummy for a boss—a guy that never had a drink in his life.'

'Now look here, David,' went on Horrocks kindly, 'you're making the biggest mistake of your life. There's some fools in this one-horse show who figure that because the boss wears biled shirts he doesn't know his job; but, take it from me, he's the hottest thing in engineers this old line's ever struck since Walton left it, and what's more, he's going to turn this old scrap-heap into a decent line before he's much older.'

'Huh, how long have you been his favourite, and what do you get out of it?' queried the disgruntled driver.

'I'm no favourite of his, my lad; he's too white a man to have favourites. But that's the worst of you drunks—you ask for trouble in large sizes; then, when you've got what's coming to you, you want to blame the other chap.' Seizing his long oil-can, Horrocks disappeared beneath his shining charge, his merry whistle echoing through the building.

The dismissal of Moore and Wells started Hume's campaign against slackness and disorder in good earnest. Train crews were supplied with a neat serviceable uniform in place of the motley collection of garments which, with the high Mexican hats favoured by most of the men, suggested the sheep ranch rather than the railway line. Strict instructions were issued to run the trains exactly to time-table. The drunken, incapable, and disloyal men were discharged, and their places filled by such members of the staff as were loyal to the new management; and the whole system was thoroughly overhauled and reorganised.

Malcolm raised a deprecating voice against this campaign of wholesale dismissal. 'You're filling the saloons with a crowd of dangerous toughs who are fit for any dirty work, Mr Hume,' he said.

'That is very probable. Still, this railway shall be run on proper lines or closed down altogether,' replied Hume with finality.

He looked up as Jack Doyle, the telegraphist, entered.

'Well, Doyle, what is it?'

'Stationmaster at Yecco wires for help. There's been a bust outside the station, and the line's blocked.'

'Get the wrecking train at once, Mr Malcolm. We will investigate.'

'Say, Mr Hume, what's the matter with the boss-mechanic?' queried Doyle, as Malcolm left the office.

'Matter?' queried Hume. 'I don't quite follow you.'

'Well, when I came in he was standing over you with a look of devilish hatred in his eyes, but it changed to his usual oily smirk in the bat of a lid when he saw me.'

Whatever Doyle's inference may have been, Hume seemed to miss it, and five minutes later left with the wrecking train for the scene of the accident.

As he surmised, Hume discovered that the smash had been far from accidental. Several yards of line had been torn up completely and others cunningly formed of mud substituted, and as this had been done on a fairly sharp curve the engine had left the track and buried itself deeply in the hillside. He superintended the removal of the engine, then hurried back to El Chaco, leaving the removal of the wrecked coaches in the capable hands of Stanley and his gang.

This accident seemed to usher in an eventful period, and for the fortnight which followed Hume slept on the settee in his office. His firm attitude towards the malcontents and his arbitrary methods of dealing with them had created much dissension, and finally led to the breaking out of violent attempts at reprisal. Train crews were removed from their engines, or severely handled if they protested against such removal; storehouses were broken into and rifled, and such as were strong enough to repel the attacks of the marauders were set on fire, with the result that many thousands of milreis of valuable goods were destroyed; and, in addition, over a mile of permanent way was torn up on the most congested section of the line.

Determined to make the line a success, Hume never spared himself; night and day, wherever his presence was needed, he would be found, persuading here, lending the assistance of his highly-trained skill there, and generally doing the work of four men. At the close of one strenuous day he had bathed and dined, and was just about to turn in, when the telephone by his bedside rang shrilly. With a gesture of annoyance he picked up the receiver.

'That you, Mr Hume?' came a well-known voice along the wire; 'this is Doyle. Operator at Corriente Dip wires that two trains have met end on at the bottom of the "Dip." It's an awful mess. I don't know how many killed, but there's certainly a lot.'

Weary to the point of mental stagnation, Hume managed to conjure up sufficient resilience to grapple with this new problem. 'Wire them help coming immediately,' he snapped. 'Order my private car round. Get Jackson at once. Tell him what has happened, and say that I want him to accompany me. Also telephone

to Para and ask them to send on their wrecking train.'

Fifteen minutes later the private car, attached to a fast light engine, slowed down at the platform erected at the bottom of Hume's garden. As he sprang aboard a shot rang out, and the bullet flattened itself out with a clang against a metal doorplate a few inches from his body.

Doyle heard the shot, and seeing a figure lurking in the shadows, he doubled back along the track, cut through the now deserted yards, and sprang out upon a masked man, who jumped back with a snarl of rage. 'Put up your hands, ye interferin' devil, or I'll plug yer hide full o' lead;' and the moonlight gleamed wickedly on the polished barrel of a heavy Colt revolver.

Doyle's mind worked quickly in this dilemma. He was fully determined to capture this miscreant after his cowardly attempt on Hume's life, but how to do it without getting shot was the problem that faced him as he obediently flung up his hands. Looking straight before him over the man's shoulder, he cried, 'Now! Grab his right hand and mind the gun!' and as his assailant turned, he shot forward like a flash, and jammed the man's hand back with a force that fractured the wrist. 'Now, let's have a look at you,' he said, snatching off the man's mask. 'The devil—David Wells! So you've added attempted murder to your many other accomplishments, eh?'

'Well,' snarled Wells sullenly, 'the dirty little swine fired me, and now my wife and kids are starving.'

'Would starve if left to the mercy of a drunken sot like you, you mean,' replied Doyle scathingly. 'Don't you know that a good sound supply of groceries goes to your house every Friday, and these Mr Hume pays for out of his own pocket? That's the sort of "dirty little swine" Mr Hume is, and you've tried to kill the man who is doing *your* duty, the man who is feeding your family.'

Wells stared at the boy with amazement written on every line of his drink-seared face. 'Boss done that?' he gasped.

'Come on,' said Doyle, not unkindly. 'Let's have that wrist put right. Then you're stopping here until Mr Hume comes back. It's the pen for you this time, my lad, and serve you darned well right, too.'

(Continued on page 263.)

THE CITY BLACKBIRD.

HE sings of glories he has never seen;
Of sights unknown; of scents and sounds afar
In the fair country of the Might-have-been
Where other blackbirds are.

And, hearing, we too leave the city gay
On his song's pinion; to us, too, it seems
We glimpse the glories of that far-away
Known but as dreams.

ETHEL TALBOT.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

SINBAD'S FIRST COMMAND.

A TRUE STORY OF SEA LIFE.

I.

IN the year 1877, I, Sinbad, a mariner, had just returned from a voyage to the west coast of South America when I was offered my first command. I was then mate of a small barque in which I had served for about four years, having made three voyages as mate, and one as second mate, under a master who was considered a bit of a tartar. No officer served a second voyage with him, either before or after I was his mate.

The vessel offered to me, the brig —, was under the same management as the barque I was leaving; and the ship's husband, Captain —, owned a large share of her. Her class was about out, and she had been laid up for sale for some months past, but no sale had been effected. The ship's husband, being anxious to get her again to sea, offered the command to me, which I readily accepted; and I was as proud of becoming captain of that small brig as I could have been had the *Great Eastern* been put under my charge.

As soon as the master I was leaving heard of the proposal, he said to me, 'You're not going in that rotten craft, are you?' When I told him I was, he was so chagrined at my leaving him that he did not speak to me again while I was on board his vessel—not even to say good-bye or to wish me well.

The brig was chartered to load coal for Bahia. The ship's husband told me among other things that she leaked slightly forward when pressed into a head sea, but they had not been able to find out where the leak was. Round this leak a tale subsequently unfolded itself.

We got our cargo loaded, and shipped our crew—quite a good one. The mate, an elderly man, was a man of experience, but somewhat enervated by dissipation. He told me during the voyage that he had been in command of some of the best ships out of Liverpool, and I believed him. The cook and steward was a bright young fellow of about eighteen years of age. His father, the master of a fine west-country brig, had just married his second wife, and, I was told, as she resented the first family being in the house, they had all left home.

The steward was conversant with the practice on board small vessels, and was alert to do his part. He did the most of the boating—sailing the small boat backwards and forwards between the ship and shore—by himself; and, in the afternoon, when cargo was being worked, he took his place at the winch with the others.

On the passage out to Bahia there was a little incident that made me feel very uncomfortable. The ship's husband, having determined to squeeze every farthing possible out of the vessel before she would be condemned, supplied her with the cheapest stores he could find. The bread was of a very inferior quality—the same class being supplied for fore-castle and cabin alike. The mate would eat none of it—no matter what example I showed him. He made no complaint; just drank his tea and left the cabin table.

We reached Bahia in due course, but space does not admit of my saying anything about our stay there, however interesting, as I must hurry on to the tragic part of the voyage. I was fortunate in getting chartered for a lump sum of £200 for New York, when other vessels coming after us had to take in ballast. We made a smart run to New York; and while discharging our cargo of rosewood and coffee there, I got the vessel fixed, on a very payable freight, to load a cargo of grain in bags for Penzance.

In those days few ships came out of New York with the same hands they took in. At that time there was a lawyer there who was the talk of the seafaring community. He got two of my hands on a string, but, while he was getting an order in court to stop the ship, I slipped down the river and away. My conflict with him was interesting, but there is no space for it here, and it will keep for another occasion.

II.

The day after we sailed, the mate began to pick himself up a bit. He had had a gay time while in port—drunk in his berth for the most part, entertaining all sorts of imaginary visitants. There was a female called Nell he was continually shouting for, but whether she was an esteemed respectable friend or only a wayside companion, I never ascertained. He never came to the cabin table when in this condition;

and it was amusing to watch the curl on the steward's upper lip when he brought in the food, and to read there the opinion he had of the mate's behaviour as he gave some of his fierce yells.

The wind continued fair, and the weather fine, till we reached the Banks of Newfoundland, where we sighted an abandoned small schooner. We passed her as dusk was coming on; it was a weird sight. The crew had left her apparently in great haste, as her sails had not been taken in. She was very light, and kept coming up and breaking off from the wind over a wide arc—like some monster that was seeking for the way it had lost. We passed her close by, and hailed to see if there was any one on board, but got no response. Her hatches were off, and the wind, blowing through the rigging and into her empty hold, was making a low moaning sound.

After passing this wreck we encountered very bad weather, and our pumps were in almost constant use. A few nights afterwards, however, the weather having moderated, I turned in to snatch a little rest, when I had a strange experience; a vision or dream arose before me. There was not so much in the form of the vision as in the dreadful, wretched feeling that accompanied it. I was back in New York again, in the Exchange, where I had been chartering my vessel. I felt wet and miserable, and overwhelmed by a dreadful feeling of awe. I moved about among the crowd, but appeared invisible to those about me. Presently a female friend, of long acquaintance, came to me with a bright smile and told me to follow her and it would be all right. She led me out through a door into bright sunshine, and I awoke, bathed in perspiration and trembling all over.

Before I could recover myself the mate knocked at my door and told me there was a low cloud-bank forming in the NW., and he had taken in the topgallant-sails. I got up and dressed for the last time in that vessel. When I saw the condition on deck, I called the hands and took in the foresail and the two upper topsails; these sails were never again set. The bank of clouds in the NW. rose as it approached, and soon electric flashes were to be seen rising vertically from it. We had a hard night.

By next day the wind was round into SSE., and blowing as hard as it possibly could, curling the sea before it into wheels of foam. The weather was extremely clear overhead, where a large extent of blue sky could be seen without a cloud in it; but the low atmosphere was thickened to such an extent by the smoke blown from the sea that you could see only a few yards from the vessel. As the cargo was wet all along the ship's sides, and consequently increased in weight, I sent the hands at noon to break through the after bulkhead, and get some

cargo overboard through the cabin companion; but, before the crew got the bulkhead down, a fierce lump of water struck the vessel on the bow and crashed the bulwark in on deck.

The crew rushed up from below, the mate exclaiming, 'It's all up with her now; she's started her butt-ends.'

III.

Our only chance was to get the ship's head away from the sea before she would fill and go down. For this purpose I ordered the helm up and the mainyard to be squared; but the crew were paralysed with fear and deaf to my orders. All eyes were fixed forward. To my exhortations one of them sank on his knees, and with tears falling from his eyes exclaimed, 'Oh! look at that, sir.' And a fearful sight it was to look at, as the ship dipped her head and took in a solid wall of green water, which rolled aft, a mighty flood, bearing on its crest the broken wreckage from the bow.

I seized the wheel to get it up; I had it pretty well over, and was directing my attention to getting the after yards squared, when the vessel gave a kick and threw me over the wheel, laying me flat on the lee side of the deck. I retained my grip of the spokes, however, and the helmsman caught the wheel on the weather side; we got it hard up. I then gave my attention to getting the after yards rounded in, but the crew were rendered helpless by what they saw before them. The mate muttered something about cutting the masts away. To have cut both masts away would have sealed our doom; but my mind seized the point that, if the mainmast were over the side, the problem of getting the vessel's head away from the sea would be solved. On the spur of the moment I ordered the mainmast to be cut away.

The mate produced the axe and handed it to Johnny, a big Frenchman; but Johnny seemed to have forgotten every word of English he ever knew, and stood gazing at the mate with a dazed, inquiring look. I seized the axe from his fumbling hands, and sprang to the weather rigging. I made a cut at the after lanyard, but, whether owing to my excitement or to the motion of the ship, I struck the main-rail. I struck again, but the blow went as much too high and fell on the shroud. I paused an instant and thought to myself, 'This won't do. I was an expert at cutting sticks beside a country cottage a few years ago. I can cut that rigging, though the ship should sink while I'm doing it.' I raised the axe again, and every subsequent blow cut through one part of each lanyard, which was all that was required. As I cut the last the mast stretched itself out to leeward like a mighty giant, and went gracefully over the side. In doing so, it carried away all the braces from the fore that were attached to it, and broke the fore lower topsail-

yard in two. This was all to the good, however, as it prevented the ship running with too much speed, while the rags and spars at the fore kept her drifting easily, with the wind and sea aft.

I then went to the cabin for some empty grain bags to stop the holes forward. The steward rushed down the companion after me, exclaiming, 'The mate's sending them to cut away the foremast.' 'Stop him,' I shouted. The steward shot up the steps again, and I knew the foremast was safe. I took on deck an armful of empty grain bags, and told the mate to get the holes in the bow stopped with them. He looked forward to where the ends of the broken yards were swinging, just clear of the deck, accompanied by no end of broken ropes and blocks snapping about like so many whips, and said, 'If any one goes forward there now he'll be killed.' 'Well,' I replied, 'would it not be better for one to be killed trying to save his life than to stand shaking till the ship sinks from under him? But give them to me; I have never sent any one yet where I was afraid to go myself, and I'll not do it now!' I snatched the bags out of his hands, and proceeded forward to the damaged bow without ever looking above my head.

A dreadful sight was there to be seen: the covering boards had been torn up, leaving square holes through which a dog could have jumped down below. I began stuffing in the bags, but it took a lot of them to fill a hole. While I was busy at this the vessel dipped her head, and the backwash of the sea came in over me—the water was cold, it being the month of March. This sea washed all my spare bags away. A lump rose in my throat and my head sank in despair, when I heard a voice behind me say, 'I'm here, captain. What can I do?' On looking round I saw the steward, with all his blankets and bedding in his arms, standing by the foremast. But what a look he had on his face. He looked as if he had seen the Evil One, and all the white of his eyes was filled with blood. 'All right, steward,' I replied; 'you stand there and pass the things to me as I want them.' We soon had the holes packed full, so that the gross bulk of water was prevented from getting below when she dipped. The mate by this time had the pumps under way. He reported to me that there was over four feet of water in the hold.

IV.

I went to the cabin, locked up the grog locker, and loaded my revolver. I determined that as one man we should fight fate till it overmastered us. And, after the first shock was past, never was a master served by a more willing, energetic crew than I was. They hung on every word I said, and were prompt to carry out my slightest wish. Not only so, but

like children they seemed anxious to show their willingness to do so.

On passing the mirror, I was startled at the expression of my own face. I had just such a look as I had seen on a wild cat's face caught in a trap; and the white of my eyes, like the steward's, was filled with blood, and as red as a soldier's coat then was.

I quickly decided that pumping alone would not save us—that we should soon exhaust ourselves at the pumps, and then we should be done. So I took two hands with me, from the pumps, to get cargo out forward and raise her head. There had formerly been a lower forecabin for the crew to live in, but they were now berthed in a house on deck. The booby scuttle had been left while the bulkhead had been removed. I put the two men to drag the bags on to a hawser that was coiled under the scuttle. I got hold of the bag then by the lugs, and with a shout we hoisted it on deck. While the two men below were bringing along the next bag I ripped the one on deck open, along the side and across the bottom, dragged the empty bag from the grain, and threw it overboard. The sea coming in washed the grain off the deck.

It was a dreary night. When she gave a heavy welter—and I would look aft to see the waves and spray lashing from side to side over the heads of the men at the pumps—I fancied sometimes she was away altogether.

About midnight the steward, who had been steering, came forward and complained to me that the pumps were stopped half the time. He was followed by the mate, who wanted me to come aft and see what could be done with them.

I called all hands forward, except two men I left with the mate to draw the boxes and clear the pumps. The others I started heaving cargo overboard. We took off the fore hatch; a good deal of water went down the hatchway, but that mattered nothing while we were getting out the cargo so fast as we were.

After getting them started I went aft to look round. I found the barometer rising fast, and the wind and sea going down somewhat. Hope began to revive, and I took comfort from the foreboding in my dream that I was to be back in New York. There was another bright spot in the dark picture; I had passed through the ordeal with flying colours, and it had been the fear of my life that I might fail in my duty before overwhelming danger.

We kept on getting cargo out of the fore hatch, till the steward came forward from the helm and said that she was so low aft that the sea was beginning to break over the stern. I then stopped putting out cargo forward and sent all hands to the pumps, which had now been cleared—except the two men who had previously been with me; these I took aft and started to get cargo out by way of the cabin.

We used buckets, taking two buckets out of each bag and then dragging the bag up the companion steps. We struggled on till eight o'clock in the morning, when, as the weather had moderated, the steward got some coffee, and we all assembled in the cabin and ate whatever we could put our hands on. After a short rest we started again. We got off the after hatch, from which we discharged cargo pretty lively. A good deal of water went down, but we did not mind that. We worked on late that night, when, as the weather had moderated, and we were all completely exhausted, I served out a glass of brandy to each, and we lay down in our wet clothes—the crew lying down in the after-hold, as their house on deck was gutted out.

In the morning I awoke helpless with cramp. I called to the mate to turn the hands to. Shortly afterwards I could hear by the row he was making that he was not succeeding. I tumbled out of my bunk and crawled to the cabin door; but, when I looked into the after-hold, the sight I saw acted on me like an electric shock and brought me to my feet with all the vigour of youth. Every man Jack of the crew was as bad as I had been myself. I gave them a good stiff glass of brandy and, after some exhortation, got them on their feet. Their anxiety to please me was great, but though the spirit was willing the flesh was weak. The last to get on his feet was the big Frenchman, who was an elderly man; but, after the brandy had time to act, the others got him on deck with them. I have had more sympathy with the old fellow since I have realised how slowly the aged recuperate from muscular exhaustion.

After breakfast we took off the main hatches, and the hands turned to to get the cargo overboard. Though the facility for this was now great, the work went rather slowly through the men's exhausted condition; by midday, however, we had nearly all the 'tween deck cargo overboard.

At noon we stopped for a short interval to get some food; but our struggle was now over. As the steward came from the galley he sighted a steamer in the distance, coming to us with all speed. 'Sail ho!' he joyously shouted, and all hands rushed on deck. The steamer was soon lying by us. While the captain was making some inquiries as to whether we could use our own boat, our mate interrupted in a stentorian voice. 'Send a boat. We are sinking,' he shouted. A boat was promptly lowered from the steamer, and we were all taken on board. We were treated with great kindness and safely landed at New York. The first night we were on board the steamer it blew a gale from NW. The brig — was never seen again after we left her, and at that time she was a pitiful sight to look at.

When I arrived home I found myself in

great favour with the owners for the way I had managed everything; and a few months afterwards they gave me the command of a full-rigged iron ship, the only full-rigged ship in the company.

v.

Now for the sequel. About a twelvemonth afterwards, I was attending the fitting-out of my new ship myself—the ship's husband being absent at another vessel. I employed the foreman carpenter he had recommended for docking, &c., who was of the same name, and from the same town as himself. He and I were having a friendly chat in the cabin one day, and the conversation turned upon Captain —. After a little he abruptly remarked, 'But, man, I've done some things with him I didn't like. There's the brig —. He wanted to get her reclassified, but was not sure if she would stand it. He had ordered Lloyd's surveyor for the afternoon, but wanted to see some of the timbers in her bow before he came. So in the dinner-hour, when the workmen were away from the ship, he and I took down a lining plank. When he saw how rotten the timbers were, he just put the plank back in its place; and when the surveyor came told him they had changed their minds and were not now going to reclass the vessel. And he sent her to sea afterwards without doing anything to her.' 'And do you know,' I replied, 'it was I who went to sea in her?' On hearing this remark he closed up like a shut book.

All the actors of that drama have long since passed off the stage. Perhaps the young steward, W. Williams, may be still alive. If spared, to judge from his disposition and ability, he would probably reach a high post in the profession. Should this article come to his notice, I should be extremely pleased to learn of his welfare through the Editor.

N.B.—Though I have written the foregoing article under a fictitious name, the incidents are accurately described as they occurred.

THE GRAND PIANO.

I HAD been playing Schubert's sad 'Adieu,'
Its monotoned despair, with tears between;
Dropping in weary notes of 'might have been'—
(Alas! the music to my life was true!)

A little sad-faced child close to me drew,
And wistfully looked up; then pity keen
Pierced through my soul. His young days need
not mean
Sobblings through haunted paths of sombre yew!

I tried a merry tune—the child's face beamed—
'Is that in the piano, too?' His voice
Of wonder an accusing angel seemed,
For surely I might teach him to rejoice.

My fingers flew; of happier hours I dreamed.
Pianos hold all music! Ours the choice.

M. BUCHANAN.

THE FISHING MATCH.

By ERNEST PHILLIPS.

ALTHOUGH a fishing match is hardly as productive of thrills as a football cup tie, and though it fails to arouse the interest of a county cricket championship, the fact remains that scores of thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands, of artisan anglers look forward to the yearly fishing match as the great event of their sporting year. At first thought there seems little connection between angling and the idea of competitive matches. The general picture the word 'angler' conjures up to the mind is that of a man wading knee-deep in a shallow, rippling stream, casting his flies here and there in hope of moving some unwary trout. Who can think of competition in such a connection? Yet this is only one phase of angling. In the south, and even more so in the midlands and the industrial north, fishing suggests something totally different from the idyllic picture just limned. There the streams are not shallow, purling brooks, tinkling over beds of glistening gravel, halting for a moment in a shady pool beneath an overhanging bank, and then hurrying away to dance and sparkle over wide, barely-covered sand-beds. The fishable rivers of the greater part of England are deep, slow, sluggish streams, running almost flush with their banks, impossible to wade, and, what is more, holding few trout, but screening in their slumberous depths another race of fish altogether—the pike, the roach, the bream, the chub, the perch, the carp, the tench, and one or two others. There is little or no flicking of the fly to lure these heavier specimens from their lair. The angler sits upon his basket, or a camp stool, or even a chair borrowed from a neighbouring cottage. Instead of using a fly on the surface of the river, he baits with worm or maggot, paste or bread, wasp grub or cheese; and by the aid of a little shot of lead pinched upon his line the baited hook is carried to the bottom, where the fish prowl about in search of food. A tiny float, attached to the line, rides upon the top of the river, and the slightest movement of a fish causes it to dip, and, if the fish has swallowed the bait, even to sink out of sight with a gliding movement that puts the angler on the alert. This style of angling, calm, placid, even restful, appeals to the artisan follower of old Izaak's art. After a week in forge or factory, mill or mine, a day on the bank of such a river is a welcome break in his life; and if there be half-a-dozen of them together, what more natural than they should set out to make a match of it?

Thus the fishing match is a recognised institution. In the industrial cities of England—as, for example, Leeds, Sheffield, Birmingham,

Manchester, and dozens of others—there are hundreds of angling clubs. Some of the members are keen fishermen. They are at the waterside every week-end. They spend every holiday fishing. Others are not so enthusiastic, and the only time they go a-fishing is on the date of the annual match. Let us consider what this means. To begin with, it is all a matter of organisation. Long before Easter arrives members begin to pay weekly subscriptions. The committee arrange where the gala day shall be held—say on the Yorkshire Derwent, the Nottinghamshire Trent, or the Lincolnshire Witham. Prizes are bought, or begged, and these include food and furniture—a leg of pork, a clock, a set of fire-irons, a pair of blankets, and so forth. When a man of some prowess has been fishing in matches for twenty years his household goods owe much to his skill; for such an angler will often be a member of so many clubs that he will take part in half-a-dozen matches every season.

July and August are the favourite match months. September sees a few, and October winds up the season. It is obvious that the sedentary occupation of sitting by the waterside for four or five hours offers no attraction once October has turned. The warmer the weather the more pleased the angler—and when it is added that thousands of men take wives and children for this holiday jaunt into the fresh air and the open spaces of the country-side, it will be realised that match-fishing is, and must be, essentially a summer pastime.

We have advanced to the stage, then, where the venue of the match has been fixed. The prizes are on view in a shop-window in a city thoroughfare. Members who are behind with their subscriptions pay up arrears in order to participate. Many preparations have to be made. Officials go down to the selected spot the day before. They walk a mile or two along the river-bank. They make inquiries as to which part of the river is fishing best, and how many matches have already been held. Then they study the wind, the sunshine, and so on; and, finally, having made their choice, they measure off a piece of the bank and 'stake it out.' Each angler will fish from a numbered peg. No. 1 starts at one end, and the last number, perhaps 450, may be three miles distant. As a rule, the pegs are planted ten yards apart, but allowance has to be made for bridges, trees, weedy patches the angler would be unable to fish, and stretches near ferries or wayside cottages. I have been present at a match where the distance covered was

nearly four miles. Sometimes it is possible to avoid those extreme lengths by fishing both sides of the river, but, speaking generally, it is not often that both sides are available. If the public right-of-way runs on one side, the other is almost sure to be in the hands of private owners, and obtaining consent from all generally involves more trouble than it is worth.

So we come now to the day of the match. A special train may take us down. As we make the journey we are looking at every stream we pass, discussing colour of water, direction of wind, glare of sun, and other factors that interest anglers. At the station we turn out, and, by arrangement with the railway officials, we draw our numbers on the platform. The secretary holds open a bag. We advance one by one and take out a number. Now we know our fate—whether we have to walk a mile or three miles along the bank. Still, it doesn't matter. The exercise will do us good after the confinement of the railway carriage. So we shoulder rods and baskets and tramp away to our peg. There we sit on our basket and 'tackle up,' that is, get the rod ready. We use a very fine line, a hook almost the smallest made, and a tiny float hardly bigger than a lucifer match. Then we wait for the signal, generally a revolver shot. As it rings out we pick up our rods, swing them backwards, and three or four hundred baited hooks swish through the air and fall lightly on the water, to sink to the bottom and there commence their deadly work.

The match may last four hours. Let us walk up and down the bank and note the varying methods. Some men are ten times as keen as others. Here is one sitting as rigid as a Red Indian on the trail. His eyes are glued upon his trembling quill. He will miss no chances. His neighbour has brought wife and little son, and the three sit down together on the grass, drinking bottled milk and eating cake. He is not particular whether he catches fish or not. He is sufficiently happy to be here in the sunshine—and yet, after all, even a novice has a chance, for a fish in search of food may take *his* bait just as easily as the bait of the expert twenty or thirty yards away. Some anglers throw in great quantities of ground-bait. This is a mash made up of bran, boiled potato, bread crumbs, barley meal, or anything similar. Thrown into the water, it settles to the bottom and attracts the fish. While they are nosing about amongst it they may see the angler's bait and take it. As a rule the hook-bait is entirely different from the ground-bait. Some anglers use maggots and never vary their bait. Others will ring the changes on worm, paste, wasp grub, a bit of stewed wheat, or anything else they fancy—even to a cherry, or a bit of cheese.

Inspectors walk up and down the bank.

They have a right to examine tackle and bait to see that everything is fair. Until a few years ago they opened baskets before the men went on the river bank, and even searched their pockets, to make sure they had no illegal lures or forbidden baits with them—or even a dead fish or two, caught the day before. But this humiliating custom is now all but abandoned. The men are on their honour, and very seldom is this confidence misplaced. Still, the patrols are there. As they pass the competitors, they are asked if fish are being caught up or down the line. The man who has caught nothing may be spurred to renewed effort if he learns that Jones, a mile away, has half-a-dozen big fish; or that Thompson, near the bridge the other way, has got a bream that weighs five or six pounds. On the other hand, he may give it up as hopeless, light his pipe and throw himself on the ground, or pull his cap over his eyes and have a nap—to be awakened by somebody shouting, 'See, your float's gone.' Then he springs to his feet, dashes for his rod—but he is too late. He may have missed a fish that would have won the match.

Again the revolver shot rings out. The match is over. The men who have caught no fish are at liberty to pack up and depart. Those with fish must stay where they are till the judges come. The fish are numbered and weighed, entered in a book, and the competitor receives a counterfoil as certificate. Then all troop back to the village inn. Behind, in a locked parlour, the officials total up the catches. The secretary comes out and makes known the result—that 732 fish of a total weight of over 300 lb. have been caught; that Jones is at the top with 6 lb. 3½ oz., and so on to the end of the thirty or forty prize-winners. The president's medal for the best specimen was won with a bream of 3½ lb., and the prize for most fish has gone to a competitor with nineteen of varying sizes but indifferent weights. Nowadays, in order that the rivers may not be spoiled, the men are encouraged to keep their fish alive and return them to the water after they are weighed, and the prize for the most fish returned alive and unharmed is one eagerly coveted.

Of course, there are matches and matches. I have seen the winner have as much as 9 lb., and the lowest prize-winner over 4 lb. Sometimes the total weight may reach quarter of a ton. I remember a match where 982 fish were caught, and the winner had the amazing weight of 40 lb. On the other hand, the day may be a failure. A bitter east wind may blow, or there may be torrential rain, with thunder and lightning, and all but the very hardiest are compelled to pack up and depart for shelter. In such a case 500 competitors may have scarcely a stone of fish amongst them, and the first prize may go to a catch of two or three ounces. In one such match an angler with less

than an ounce carried off a prize of quarter of a ton of coal.

The day is over. We shoulder our rods and troop to the station, more slowly than we left it, taking it easy as we leave the dusty road and stalk in single file over the narrow and roundabout path through the corn fields. The birds are singing, the sun is still shining in the west, and the corn ripples in the breeze like a

gently-moving sea. Already the city pallor is leaving our cheek, and a healthy sunburn is taking its place. And as we board the waiting train and ride through the gathering darkness to where the distant city lights twinkle through the haze, we have no regrets at having spent the day at our annual fishing match. Even if we haven't won a prize, surely the day in the country has been all to the good.

THE YELLOW STREAK.

CHAPTER VI.

CORRIENTE DIP was a natural declivity with a very steep gradient which necessitated very careful driving. It had been the scene of many minor mishaps during the period of misrule, but none of these had resulted in the destruction which met Hume's eyes as his car slowed down at the top of the 'Dip.' Two engines, battered almost beyond recognition, lay in a heap of still smouldering débris, and around them, piled high, were the badly-telescoped carriages, with scarcely a sound board left in them.

As he stepped down from his car he was met by the white-faced and distracted-looking station-master. 'I am so glad you have come, sir,' he said, in a voice that told how heavily the accident was weighing on his mind; 'it is an awful business.'

'It is,' replied Hume curtly. 'What are the casualties?'

'Twenty-six killed, including the drivers and firemen of both trains,' said the station-master soberly, his eyes straying to the still, sheet-covered forms lining the embankment, 'and more than fifty seriously injured.'

'H'm! Write out your report, and send it up to headquarters. Also you might call the sheriff, as I intend to place the whole case in his hands. Stanley and his gang should be here any moment now from Para—here they come,' as the wrecking-train slid down the opposite slope and stopped gently within a few yards of the wreckage.

'Thunder and turf, what a mess!' ejaculated Stanley. 'How on earth did it happen?'

'Premeditated,' replied Hume. 'The couplings of the points have been deliberately sprung. See, here is the mark of the crowbar-heel on the sleeper.'

Stanley nodded his recognition of this scientific deduction as Hume continued, 'Nearly thirty people killed and about a hundred injured, fifty very seriously—it's about the last straw. Robbery and arson we can handle, but murder is a case for the law to deal with; so I have sent for the sheriff.'

'That is a very serious step, sir,' commented Stanley gravely.

'It is a terrible business altogether. However, we must push on; we have just three and a half hours to clear the track before—'

Hello! What's this?' he broke off as two men topped the 'Dip' and commenced the descent. 'Why, it is Moore, the conductor I discharged for dishonesty.'

'Yes, and somebody's got him fixed by the look of things,' said the station-master. 'Moore ain't the sort o' guy to hump around with his mitts up unless somebody's got the drop on him. Suffering shovers, it's Wells, an' he's bin through the mill, too! Hello, Wells, how long have you been totting a gun?'

'Tie this galoot up, somebody,' said Wells unsteadily. 'Found him sneaking off after forcing the couplings, and when I butted in I got a whack on the bean which laid me out. While I was doin' the bye-bye stuff he vamooseed again, but soon as I could stand I chased him. There's three of 'em in the show, sir—this is one of 'em. Now, could I have a saw-bones look at my brain-box. It's——' and he toppled over unconscious.

'Get a doctor to him at once, and see that he is well cared for,' said Hume. 'I must be going.'

Back in the office at El Chaco Hume plunged into the mass of accumulated work which kept him fully occupied for some hours; then he turned his attention to the numerous letters which awaited him. Opening one which bore the London postmark, he read a few lines, and an exclamation of annoyance burst from his lips.

'Anything wrong, Mr Hume?' queried Malcolm.

'Nothing much,' replied Hume; 'the chairman requests that we send his private car to Para. He is making a round trip of the line with a party of friends, and, as ill-luck will have it, there is all that wreckage still lying at Corriente.'

'Too bad,' replied Malcolm suavely. 'Could it not be removed?'

'There is no time now,' said Hume. 'They should leave Para to-day. However, see that everything is in good order here, will you?'

As Malcolm left the office, with a smile of satisfaction on his face, he passed Stanley coming in. The young chief of the wrecking-gang looked very tired, but appeared before his chief with a cheerful expression on his pleasant face. 'We got the line clear in time, Mr Hume, and

piled all the wreckage on the embankment. Anything fresh?' 'There is, my boy; but read the letter.'

'Oh, I say, what rotten luck! He might have stayed away for a few days longer until we had cleaned up that mess. . . . I have it! I'll get a wash and a feed, then beat it back with a new crew.'

'No, no, my boy!' remonstrated Hume, highly pleased with the young engineer's offer; 'you have already worked through one night, and must be about tired out. Leave the wreckage, and get some rest.'

'I'm not really very tired, sir. I had a good sleep coming up, and I'll get another going back. Besides, I should like to have the 'Dip' tidy before the boss hits it.'

'As you will,' replied Hume reluctantly. 'See what can be done.'

Stanley left the office with a rush, and in his headlong flight collided with Doyle just outside the door. 'Hello, Doyle,' he said blithely, with an inquiring look at the telegraphist's troubled expression; 'why this cheery optimism? Anybody dead?'

'No, not yet, Mr Stanley; but I have just met Wells, and he tells me that Moore has broken jail, and is out gunning for Mr Hume. Says he'll shoot him on sight.'

'My boy, you've been reading too many dollar shockers. This is the twentieth century, and all the bad men are dead. People are much too civilised to shoot one another nowadays;' and with a merry laugh the young engineer continued flight.

'That you, Doyle?' asked Hume, without looking up from his work. 'The chairman is taking a party round the line in his private car. Telephone all the stations to clean up, and have the chef prepare a cold luncheon for about twenty.'

'Very good, sir. Could you—er—will you see Wells, sir? He has some important news for you.'

'Wells?' queried the superintendent amazedly. 'Why, I left Wells unconscious at Corriente Dip last night.'

'He came in with Stanley's gang, sir. I don't quite understand how he got to the "Dip," because I collared him after he shot at you, and had him placed under lock and key. He must have broken out.'

'Wells shot at me? What for?'

'Because you sacked—discharged him. Now he's back to receive his punishment, and—Moore has broken jail, and is threatening vengeance.'

Hume's face paled, but his voice was calm and even when he spoke. 'Send in Wells.'

'Now, what is all this nonsense about jail-breaking that you have been filling Doyle's head with?' he rapped out, as the driver stood uneasily before him.

'It's God's truth, sir. Soon as I came round

I walked to the back of the station buildings, and heard Moore talking to a guy who had his face well covered—tall he was, and there was somethin' familiar about him, but I can't place him at all. Anyway, Moore's escaped, and they're both toting guns, and swear to get you at sight, besides levelling up with the company, which means more wrecks and other devilry. So I got Mr Stanley to bring me along to warn you.'

'In that case, Wells, you had better look out. Moore will not easily forget your interference with his nefarious designs.'

'Yes, sir, I'll watch him, an'—sir, I'm almighty sorry that I shot at ye, an' I'll take all that's comin' to me for it; an'—I thanks ye for the things ye've sent the missus.'

'Tell me how you managed to get to Corriente Dip when you did,' said Hume, brushing aside his gratitude with brusquerie.

'Heard a rumour that this show was timed for yesterday, so broke jail, bagged a flivver that was handy, and beat it by road. I got there just as Moore was doing a guy—an' you know the rest, sir.'

'Your discharge was well deserved, Wells,' said Hume quietly; 'it was not safe to allow you to drive a train in the drunken condition in which I found you.'

'I know it now, sir, but I was too fuddled at the time to see it; so I'll have to put up with the consequences.'

'There will be no consequences, Wells. You have been sufficiently punished as it is.'

This unexpected leniency was rather more than Wells could grasp, and for some moments he was too astonished to speak; then he blurted out in a voice that was not quite steady, 'Thank ye, sir—perhaps ye'd like to know that I've quit drink—for keeps.'

CHAPTER VII.

'SO, old girl, there's absolutely no hope for me at all?'

Norma Walton gazed up at the tall athletic figure of her questioner with a preoccupied look in her thoughtful blue eyes. Stalwart Terence Wingate had been her abject slave since her pigtail days, when they had romped together on her father's lawn, and now, for about the hundredth time, he had asked her to marry him, only to meet with the same discouraging glance.

They were alone on the observation platform of the chairman's private car, and, as her eyes wandered over the riot of semi-tropical foliage that lined the banks through which they were hastening towards El Chaco, she mentally contrasted him with a lithe, clean-limbed figure whose image had taken possession of her thoughts when Leighton had spoken his name in her presence some weeks before; and many happy incidents in her all-too-short engagement flashed across her mind.

'Not a scrap, Terry,' she replied at length, with the comradely directness of the modern girl. 'You are a top-hole sport, and I like you ever so much, but I could not marry you.'

'You are sure, Norma?'

'Quite, quite sure, old man. Do understand, and let us remain good friends.'

'But tell me,' he persisted gently, taking the hand she had outstretched towards him to soften the blow; 'is there anybody else?'

'No,' she replied slowly; 'there is nobody else, now.'

'Then I shall not give up hope. I shall——' and he broke off suddenly as Walton walked out on the platform with Leighton at his heels, just as the train topped the rise of Corriente Dip and commenced to descend the slope steadily.

'Hello, what's this?' asked Walton, eyeing the pile of wreckage at which Stanley and his gang were still working feverishly. 'Have we so much rolling-stock that we can afford to smash some of it up periodically?'

'It looks uncommonly like an accident,' remarked Leighton; 'or, if all reports are true, a vigorous protest against the new management.'

Some hours later the car slowed down at the platform of 'Eagle's Nest,' where Hume was awaiting them; and almost before it had stopped Leighton was on the platform shaking Hume's hand heartily. 'Well, Kent, old fellow, how are things looking?'

'Pretty well, thanks, Jasper,' replied Hume, returning his friend's handclasp with interest. 'I have had some trouble, of course, but I think I am now master of the whole situation.'

'Splendid! Now, come inside and meet the chairman.'

Inside the car Hume engrossed Walton for some time with a brief but comprehensive survey of his administration, which aroused his deepest interest. There was something in the modest air of self-possession this subordinate showed; something in the splendid grasp and fearless handling of a very difficult task, and in his weirdly uncanny knowledge of mechanics, which commanded the respect of even such an expert as Walton.

In the midst of their conversation the door opened, and a lovely girlish face, all aglow with health and happiness, appeared round its edge. 'Daddy, do leave that horrid business, and come to lunch. You—— Oh, I beg your pardon; and as she caught sight of her father's companion she turned to flee.

'Come here, Norma,' said Walton; 'I want you to meet our new superintendent. Mr Hume——my daughter.'

Although Norma had planned the trip solely for this meeting, and had been schooling herself in her mode of conduct towards it all the way from England, it finally caught her unprepared. She had pictured a far different event from this chance meeting; an occasion where she would

be calm, cool, collected, and entirely mistress of the situation. Now, as Hume turned, and recognition flashed into her eyes, all her carefully laid plans melted away, and she half-gasped out: 'Ke—— How do you do, Mr Hume?'

Hume kept himself well in hand, courteously acknowledging the introduction with a few well-chosen words; but as they left him, and climbed the hillside to where the luncheon was laid out, picnic fashion, he stood gazing into space, his mind a riot of conflicting emotions.

Finally he shook off this unusual lethargy, conjured up by the sight of the woman he had lost, and walked briskly down the line to his office, where much work still remained to be done. As he passed through the general office he noticed, even in his preoccupied state, that there was an unwonted air of stillness pervading the place. Attaching no importance to this unusual state of affairs, however, he went into his private office. No sooner had he entered than he was seized from behind, and held in a powerful grip which rendered him momentarily helpless. Then, shaken from his apathy by the suddenness of the attack, he bent down and threw his captor forward over his shoulder with a deft heave which stunned him, and turned to meet the attack of two other miscreants. He fought desperately. Twice he had a deadly wrestler's grip, which would have finished his man but for the intervention of his confederate; but the odds were too heavy for him, and he was finally overpowered and tied securely in his chair.

Whilst his captors rested after their struggle, Doyle rushed in. 'Mr Hume,' he began, 'the chairman wants——' Then, taking the situation in at a glance, he quick-wittedly made for the window, only to be felled by a blow from the butt of the nearest man's pistol.

(Continued on page 277.)

THE NOMAD.

I SHUN the city's stifling walls
To wander forth 'tween sea and sea;
The wild woods are my palace halls,
My kingdom daily calls to me.

I run a race with fleeting time,
By lonely copse and spreading wold,
And see at every morning's prime
Earth's wondrous miracle unfold.

Love comes to me in lowly guise
And fills my dwelling like a sun;
My empire shineth from her eyes,
With earth's proud monarchs I am one.

I journey to the great unknown,
For me life hath not any bars;
The winds and waters are my own,
Mine is a kinship with the stars.

Apart from all your stormy creeds,
By dale and down my ways I take,
And God supplies my simple needs
From His full store, for Jesus' sake.

ALEXANDER MCLEISH.

THE MIDDLE-CLASS BABY'S HANDICAP.

By Dr MARION MACKENZIE.

ONE'S experience of babies, when a medical student, was entirely with the sick baby who has already been damaged, usually by bad management. To prevent such damage was never taught. Even attendance at 'Sick Kids'—as we colloquially called the Children's Hospital—was not compulsory. Many medical students have not the luck to have a 'Sick Kids' where they can attend if they choose, but become fully-fledged doctors before they realise that the treatment of babies is not quite so simple as to enable them to deal with them as immature adults. True, there was a formula by which the dose of a drug could be made to fit a baby by some abstruse mathematical calculation; but either one's mathematics were at fault, or the baby had an inconvenient way of resenting such treatment. Sometimes he would tolerate a drug in a way which was out of all proportion to his size; perhaps, on the other hand, he would almost 'walk out' on a dose which should have suited him admirably. Such a simple thing as castor-oil given too early in life would annoyingly upset his digestion for the rest of his days. So it became the fashion to 'leave it to the nurse,' and then, when the baby became ill enough to deserve our attention, we resorted with a sigh of relief to the inevitable bottle of medicine, which had the advantage of being somewhat of a mystery, and at any rate made us feel we were doing something. In our salad days we had diets for infants of different months framed and hung in our consulting-rooms. But, alas! the babies were not machines, and refused to tolerate being treated as such. True, if we were lucky—and there are some babies who will stand anything—we came across a baby who would thrive on a standard diet, but they are so few as to be negligible.

Then we thought we had got the right thing at last, a standard not of age, but of weight; and by dint of more mathematical brain strain, and by taking the weight of a baby and multiplying it by so much food per pound of weight, the right standard was arrived at. But, alas! if the baby was of a genial, placid turn of mind, and gained weight rapidly, you found the increase of food required to be so alarmingly large that you feared an explosion was inevitable! And you proceeded to curse the system, or want of a system, which omitted to put you wise on these matters, and left you to learn in the hard school of experience after you had been licensed to kill, instead of before. True, we had been taught to recognise the physical signs of bronchitis, for example, and its treatment, but no one taught us how to prevent it in babies.

However, we might bear it with equanimity

till it came to our own babies' turn. Then it was a different matter, and one's indignation was great that the teaching of the treatment of the normal baby should be left so much to chance. In the case of the writer's first baby, in spite of the fact that both parents were doctors, the baby bade fair to depart this life, as nothing seemed to suit him, till we wrote to ask the advice of one of the doctors at the Infant Welfare Centre at Huddersfield. The baby never looked back, and from a fretful, crying child became happy and healthy.

Huddersfield at the time had reduced its infant mortality to less than half what it had been previously. Dr Moore, their Medical Officer of Health, had been inspired by the success of a French town, Villiers le Duc, whose infant mortality, previously about 200 per 1000 born, had been brought towards vanishing-point by the efforts of a mayor who was also a doctor. The then Mayor of Huddersfield, Mr Broadbent, at the instigation of Dr Moore, took an active interest in the Huddersfield babies, with the above result.

Now what can be done for workers in industrial areas can more certainly be done among the middle-class. It is a crying shame that only the babies of the poorer classes should be helped, when help is often so much needed by the better-class mother. In 1922 in Leeds, in an industrial part of the city, the infant death-rate was 300 out of every 1000 babies born—that is to say, almost one-third of the babies died who did not attend the Welfare Centre; but of those who attended, only 76 per 1000 died. In other words, they had as good a chance of life as the middle-class baby not attending a Centre, in spite of overcrowding, filth, lack of air and sunshine, and all the hundred and one things which militate against a baby's chance of life. It must be remembered that these statistics include the indifferent mothers, who simply come for what they can cadge, and probably only attend a few times. Imagine what could be done with the more fortunately placed mother with leisure to carry out directions.

Every baby who is artificially fed should be under medical care, and most babies fed naturally are the better for it. This is where the poorer mother scores. In towns, at any rate, she has always the benefit of a trained health visitor's advice, and can take her baby to infant clinics, if she cares to. There the baby is weighed weekly, and seen by the doctor every week if necessary, sometimes several times a week, even every day at times, but at least once a month. Any mother may go if she chooses.

It is not enough to *think* your baby is doing well, but to make sure. Weight is not everything, but it is a very good indication of progress, and unless a baby is gaining steadily, neither too much nor too little, there is usually something wrong. Even the baby fed naturally needs supervision, especially when the time for solid food arrives. One of the greatest benefits an infant clinic can and does bestow is the prevention of artificial feeding before the normal time, and then the giving of the right sort of diet. In many cases where the baby has been on a bottle for as long as a couple of months, it may be safely got back on to natural feeding. Recently a mother brought a baby to me who had been put on to a bottle and, fortunately, was even more ill on it than when previously nursed by her. I pointed out the risks of bottle-feeding, and showed her that her failure was due entirely to over-feeding (every two hours), not, as she thought, to her having insufficient milk or to its disagreeing. It took me just over half-an-hour to examine her baby, get its history, habits, &c., and instruct the mother; but that half-hour may mean a healthy citizen, instead of, conceivably, a dead baby or a chronic dyspeptic.

By means of test feeds—that is, weighing the baby before and after a feed—we were able to assure her that she had sufficient, with the result that though the infant had been on a bottle some weeks, it is now a peaceful, happy baby on four-hourly feeds, allowing the household to sleep in peace. The mother told us naively that she never dreamt that *she* could come to such a place as an Infant Welfare Centre.

Why *should* middle-class babies run so much graver risks than the poorer ones? That they do is obvious from the statistics in a mixed district, where it has become the fashion for the better-class mothers to attend the clinics. Of the babies not attending, the infant death-rate is 110 per 1000—fairly low for an industrial town; but of those babies who attend, only 27 per 1000 die. In this district there is no doubt that the kindly co-operation of one of the leading doctors is a help, as he always advises the mothers to bring their babies to us. One of my first cases sent by him was a small mite weighing about 3½ lb., whom he sent with the assurance that if anything could be done we should do it. We worked hard, and eventually, after despairing several times, we got another mother to give of her abundance an occasional feed. The baby slept six hours the first time, and never really looked back. Dr Truby King got some marvellous results in his efforts to ensure successful feeding. In one case, a mother, being unable to nurse her own baby, was enabled not only to do so, but to help altogether about twenty other infants. Dr

King came over from New Zealand during the War in order to help the 'Babies of the Empire.' Previously a mental specialist, he came to the conclusion that he would do better work by beginning with the babies and their mothers, and getting thus a sound mind in a healthy body. In spite of its hot summers, New Zealand had at one time, and, so far as I know, has now, the lowest infant death-rate in the world, after previously having about the highest. What New Zealand has done, we can do; but it is up to us to see that it is not only the derelicts of society that are saved to propagate the race. The child is the father of the man, but the baby is as certainly the grandfather. The great middle-class threatens to be squeezed out of existence by the high price of living, the shortage of houses, &c. Their families tend to become smaller. At any rate let us conserve what we have got. Surely the middle-class baby is as well worth saving as his poorer brothers, and Infant Welfare Centres should be started for the middle-class mothers and babies, where they would have the advice of a trained staff. The objection is raised that we are taking away work from the general medical practitioners. Speaking as a general practitioner of ten years' standing, I hold this to be untrue, except in the sense that we keep the children from getting ill in a great many cases when they otherwise would. It is much more dramatic to do a big surgical operation than it is to prevent the necessity for it ever arising. One can conceive a Utopia in which doctors and dentists will no longer exist, much less surgeons.

In general practice, mothers will not bring their babies to us as a rule till there is something wrong. Now the aim of pediatrics is to keep the healthy baby healthy, not to treat the diseased baby. Take such an apparently simple thing as sickness. In an infant usually it is amenable to treatment, if seen early and treated seriously directly it occurs. But let it go on and it becomes most intractable. I have in my care at present a baby of seven months, who has been sick since birth, and only now brought to the Welfare Centre. She was getting thinner and thinner, and in despair the mother brought her to us. Certainly the sickness has stopped in the meantime, but her chances of really making good are remote.* Had she been under the Infant Welfare Centre from birth, the trouble would in all probability never have arisen. In her case the mother was a better-class woman, who would not have come had she not been desperate. Yet it should be a *sine quâ non* that the 'nation's babies' should have the same right, whether rich or poor, to benefit by the Centres. In many

* Since this was written the baby has come on far beyond my expectation. From a whining, practically dying baby she has become rosy-cheeked and jolly, and quite plump.

Centres this is the case, but there are still others where the better-class mother is looked at askance. One journalist whom I know personally told me the doctor at the Centre said she could afford to go to a private practitioner. If every mother were to do so with healthy babies, he would have little time for anything else! And it's the healthy babies we want—to keep them so.

Though there is no doubt that infant welfare is still in its infancy, and that there is much to learn, at any rate it begins at the root, which is a step in the right direction. We found many of our conscripts were C3 men, and traced their ill-health back to childhood; then it was found that children were already defective when entering schools. Hence began a big campaign to start with the babies, which had already been initiated by people of vision, mostly lay women who were baby lovers and appalled by the unnecessary deaths and suffering. It was given a great impetus by the War; Lord Long said it was the best war-work women could do. Men saw that if we were to survive as a nation, we must have healthy babies, but the mistake was that only the poorer babies were catered for.

At the moment it is only the middle-class

mother with a fair amount of 'nerve' who brings her baby regularly to the Centre. There is an impression that they are only for the poor. This impression is not confined to the mothers themselves, but many doctors will say the same, and resent it if their patients attend. Even our own staff are known to say, 'I should think they could afford to go to their own doctor,' which shows how little they appreciate the spirit of the work, and makes me think with gratitude of the Centre that came to our rescue.

Just as surely as Mother Shipton's prophecy that men would fly like birds has come true, so will preventive medicine in time wipe out most of the diseases of the earth. But if the middle-class is to survive, it is up to us to see that there are Infant Welfare Centres in middle-class districts—it is up to the middle-class mother to see that she takes advantage of them. It is a disgrace that middle-class infants' death-rate should be *no lower* than that of the slum babies attending a Centre. Antenatal work should also be a *sine quâ non*—for the safety of mothers and babies.

'The race marches forward on the feet of little children.'

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER XII.—*continued.*

TWENTY minutes later they were afloat again, and this time Norma was in the second canoe with her captor and his friend, whilst Carwyke went ahead with the two mutineers. Scarcely were they well afloat, when the cross-eyed one jerked a question. 'Say, where d'ye come in on this durned trip? Are yo' with Standifer or not?'

Carwyke considered the question swiftly, and then answered truthfully: 'Against him!'

'An' yo're prepared to dish him?'

'Yes, at the right time.'

'That's any time now! If we don't get him now he'll play one of his infernal tricks, an' leave us ter live on roots an' berries an' such truck till we turn up our toes. There ain't an ounce o' food in this canoe.'

'Is that so?' asked Carwyke quickly.

'That is so! An' I guess it sorta shows Standifer's hand. He's going ter dish us, or cast us away in these blame woods ter starve. But if we last out ter the next camping-place, I guess we might put the boot on the other leg. I'd like fine ter see the black devil standin' on the bank without an ounce of grub, an' me dancing by in a canoe with a gun in my hand. I reckon there wouldn't be no Mr Standifer for more than two minutes. I'd blow him ter smithereens! Are yo' game, Mister Carwyke? Will yo' stand partners wi' Bull an' me?'

'Well,' replied Carwyke slowly, 'that depends. There's Miss Mannering to be considered——'

'No, there ain't!' broke in Bull. 'That's where ye makes the mistake. The girl's our loot, an' don't ye get thinkin' she ain't.'

'Then I'm afraid——'

'Blazes, man!' Bull interrupted, 'ye don't think we're goin' ter make ye a present of the girl whilst we help to save yo'r life! That ain't business.'

'In that case, I don't stand in!'

'Then stand out, an' be hanged to ye! I guess Tick an' me'll manage the business on our own; an' when we've got the girl again, I reckon ye'll be wishing you'd gone shares. But some fools is blinder nor a bat!'

The man relapsed into silence; and wondering what desperate scheme the precious pair were considering, Carwyke paddled on until, some two hours later, Standifer called a halt and gave orders to make a camp.

'We're out of range of Nicky now,' he laughed, as Carwyke stepped out of the canoe; 'and I'm 'most tired as a dog.'

Judging from their looks, all of them were the same. A small fire having been lit, a light meal was cooked and eaten, and with Standifer himself mounting guard, the rest of the party lay down to rest. Carwyke fell asleep almost

instantly, and a minute afterwards, as it seemed to him, though it was a good four hours later, was awakened by the sound of a rifle-shot, which was immediately replied to by a rifle fired in the precincts of the camp.

Without rising to his feet he looked round. Marlock and Standifer, rifles in hand, were standing each against a tree, looking into the depths of the wood behind the camp.

'Where did the shot come from?' he heard Standifer ask.

'From the northward, so far as I could judge,' replied Mardock.

Smiling a little as he looked at the two tense faces, Carwyke rolled over and crept towards Norma on hands and knees. 'Better lie still, Miss Norma, or creep under that big pine there.'

The girl looked at him with eyes that betrayed her excitement, and her lips shaped a question without sound. 'Billy?'

He nodded in reply, watched her creep to the shelter he had indicated, and himself lay down among the roots of another tree; then in deep silence the whole party waited. There was no wind, and except for the ripple of the water, no sound broke the intense stillness. Five minutes passed; minutes that tried the nerves of the watchers sorely; for when the deep silence was broken by the hoot of an owl, somewhere in the depths of the wood, Mardock fairly jumped, and Standifer let slip an oath.

Nothing followed for quite another five minutes, and at the end of that time the man Tick shambled to his feet. 'The beggar's vamoosed,' he said. 'An' I guess——'

What he guessed they never knew, for at that precise moment a rifle cracked from a different point of the compass from that in which the watchers were staring so intensely, and the cross-eyed one crashed to the ground, kicked convulsively once or twice, and lay still.

'Gawd! He's got Tick!'

Scarcely had the words passed Bull's lips when Standifer fired. The sound of the shot was still reverberating among the trees, when from the woods again there came the hooting as of an owl, with something derisive in its quality.

'That ain't no blamed fowl!' commented Bull; 'an' I reckon that shot was a miss.'

In spite of the grimness of the situation a half-smile came on Carwyke's face, and he heard Mardock ask whisperingly, 'Did you see the fellow, Kit?'

'Saw something move, and fired at it,' was the reply. Still they waited. More minutes passed without anything happening, then suddenly Standifer turned round. 'Carwyke,' he said, 'load the canoes.'

'Heavens, Kit,' cried Mardock, in swift protest, 'it's plain murder to order——'

'Shut up!' interrupted Standifer sharply. 'Do as I tell you, Carwyke, or I'll shoot you out of hand.'

Half-guessing what was in the man's mind, and very certain that in case he disobeyed Standifer he would fulfil his threat, Roy Carwyke rose to his feet and moved slowly into the open, keeping his face turned towards the wood. If Billy made a mistake—— He shivered at the thought, and was conscious that Standifer was watching him curiously; whilst Norma's face wore a white, tense look of apprehension.

Nothing happened as he moved farther into the open, past the lifeless body of Tick sprawling on the pine-needles. The wood remained silent as the grave; and as he began to fulfil Standifer's order and load the canoes, the stillness behind was unbroken. Then Bull gave a hoarse whisper of relief. 'Ther feller's quit sure this time!'

Standifer still watched the woods, and now an enigmatic smile played on his face. From time to time he turned round and noted the progress of Carwyke's work, and as it proceeded the man Bull, sitting up at the foot of his tree, began to stuff a pipe with plug-tobacco, bitten off with his teeth and rubbed up between his hands. Standifer eyed him sardonically for a moment, then asked, 'Think the sniper's gone, Bull?'

'Dead sure of it,' answered the man, with a laugh. 'If he hev'n't, why don't he shoot Carwyke?'

Standifer gave an odd laugh. 'Light your pipe, Bull, and then turn to and help with the canoes.'

Bull lit his pipe in a leisurely manner, nonchalantly rose to his feet, and moved into the open. Scarcely had he done so when once more the rifle of the unseen marksman in the wood cracked, quite close as it seemed, and with a howl Bull dropped to the ground and rolled over and over towards his tree.

'Heavens! I knew it!' cried Standifer sharply.

'Knew what?' asked Mardock.

'It's not the big Russian who is following us. It's that d——d Eskimo squaw-man!'

'But how——'

'The beggar doesn't shoot at Carwyke, but he potted Tick and tried for Bull. If you or I stepped into the open he'd try to bag us. It is as plain as print. To the Russian we should all be the same, but that fellow out there discriminates. Well'—he laughed sharply as he spoke—'we shall be able to scotch his shooting when we're ready for moving!' He looked round at Bull making himself a small figure at the foot of his tree. 'Were you hit, Bull?'

'Tip o' my ear. That——' The man broke into a torrent of vile vituperation; and glancing

round, Carwyke saw that indeed the tip of the man's ear was shorn away as neatly as if a pair of shears had been used.

Standifer laughed harshly. 'Be a lesson to you to be true to the salt you eat. If you try any tricks or break away, that fellow will get you as if you were a rabbit.'

'If I'd a gun——'

'You haven't; and you're not going to have one, Bull. But you're going to work as you never worked in all your lazy life, to get us out of range of that fellow——' He laughed again recklessly, and then turned once more to the now silent woods.

'How are you going to get away, Standifer, without being potted?' asked Mardock curiously.

'You'll see, as soon as Carwyke has the canoes ready,' was the reply.

More minutes passed slowly without any sign from the watcher in the wood. Somewhere quite close a porcupine began its peevish chatter, and once there was the cry of a loon out on the water. Seeing the canoes were now ready, Standifer gave a sharp order. 'Stand back

a couple of yards, Carwyke.' Because there was nothing else that he could do, the prospector obeyed; then Standifer spoke again. 'Now, Miss Mannering, stand by Mr Carwyke, a yard or so to the right of him.'

The girl followed the instructions, and as she took her place, the man spoke again. 'I'll go first, Mardock; keep one eye on the woods and one on Carwyke. He might find the position too tempting.'

Standifer dropped on his knees and crawled between the pair to the second canoe, and then called to the mutineer, 'You now, Bull! You needn't fear for your ears.'

Bull crawled down the slope in remarkably short time, and on his leader's word Mardock followed. 'Now, Miss Mannering,' said Standifer, with mock politeness. 'Please take a seat. And you, Carwyke, will share the canoe with Bull.'

Two minutes later they were afloat; and as they moved off, Carwyke and Bull in the leading canoe, Standifer gave a harsh laugh of triumph. 'Scotched!'

(Continued on page 282.)

WHY COTTON IS SO DEAR.

By ALFRED S. MOORE, Author of *Linen from Field to Counter*, &c.

I.

IT is an economic fact, well understood, that cotton and linen are complementary commodities. The two textiles fulfil similar purposes in the clothing and decoration of humanity, and are, to a considerable extent, interchangeable. So long as the margin between the respective prices of these sister textiles is not very great, linen can maintain its preference; but when the margin expands there is a strong tendency for the thrifty housewife to choose the cotton article. Her argument is that, while the cotton may not be quite so satisfactory, still she may purchase three new articles of cotton for the same price as two of the flaxen fabric. It is the quantity factor which dominates.

To-day the relation between the sister textiles is high as abnormal as it was during the mid-sixties of last century, when the blockade of the American Confederate ports prevented cotton from being exported to Lancashire, and the great mass of British people willy-nilly had to buy linen. So abnormal are present conditions that, as regards the raw materials, cotton is actually dearer than flax. Thus, as against 6½d. per pound average in 1913, raw cotton has soared till it is quoted around 19½d., representing a rise of 200 per cent. Correspondingly, average Irish flax, procurable at about 7d. in the pre-war years, is now offered at only 12½d. per pound. In yarns the disparity is even more

marked, for while spun linen yarn is being sold at between 17d. and 18d. per pound, competing qualities in spun cotton are being offered at 26½d. per pound. This means that it is actually possible to-day to purchase some linen cloths cheaper than corresponding cotton fabrics.

II.

Why, then, is cotton so dear?

Fundamentally it is the operation of the old economic principle of the effects of supply and demand.

Linen may be the fabric of quality, but cotton assuredly is the textile of quantity. It is universally used both for dress and decorative (that is, furnishing) purposes. To imagine a world without cotton is to imagine a day without sunlight. It is indispensable to man and woman, to rich and poor, to white and black. It is possible that people could dispense somewhat with cotton furnishings in their households, but to think of them reverting to Adam and Eve standards in their personal garb is too utterly impossible.

After food, humanity's primal necessity is clothing. Cotton is the fluffy cradle clothes covering the cotton plant's seed. This seed is secreted in its capsule called 'the boll'; and as it ripens Nature prepares further covering in this fluffy mass of fibres, which we know and use as 'cotton wool.' Nature has many methods whereby seeds of plants migrate to suitable soil

for their further evolution. We know how the dandelion adapts its parachute attachment; so, similarly, the wool serves here to carry the embryo cotton where the wind listeth. Of course, it is an exotic plant, but during August, on many of our British bogs and heaths, we can see this cotton—a wild variety—flourishing.

He was surely a prehistoric genius who, in the azure blue of long bygone eons, first impressed this tiny vegetable product for the service of man. Indeed, what humanity does is to strip the boll of its fluffy wool and, making from it thread, further fabricate the thread into calico or some other of the myriad cotton cloths. Small things make the world's progress, and give happiness or pain to multi-millions of its people. On this gossamer little wool fluff of the cotton myriads of people in the world depend for body covering.

It is impossible to visualise exactly what a gargantuan bulk of cotton is essential for this manifold necessity. Albeit, cotton statistics are marvellously organised; and it is computed that the world's total cotton production, which was over 25 million bales (each of 500 lb. approximately) in pre-war times, is now around 20 million bales only. Of this mighty bulk, the United States is responsible for $11\frac{1}{4}$ millions, India for about $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions, China for $1\frac{1}{2}$ million, Egypt for $1\frac{1}{4}$ million, and the rest of the world for the remainder.

But cotton, as well as being a variable crop, is not homogeneous. Its length of fibre varies, and indicates its use. So we have three main grades of fibres, described as fine, medium, and short staple cotton respectively. The shorter fibres, less than $\frac{3}{4}$ inch long, are mainly spun and woven abroad into coarse cloths, or mixed with other fibres. At the other extreme are the fine cotton fibres, ranging from $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch long to 2 inches, and these, the aristocrats of the cotton family, are much esteemed for making the superior finish cloths upon which Lancashire and America pride themselves.

The third class, the medium-grade fibres, come, as the designation signifies, between fine and shorts. American medium is indeed the leading cotton of all as regards its bulk. As much as 11 million bales of its total of $12\frac{1}{2}$ millions comes from the southern regions of the United States. Lancashire alone during an average year would spin and weave over 4 million bales of this American medium, and this bulk is a goodly proportion of the total American production, isn't it? At any rate, we see that what improves or injures the American crop must intimately affect the welfare of Lancashire's teeming millions of people, as well as affecting even the ubiquitous man in the street through his pocket.

There is no country in the globe approaching the United States as a cotton producer. There cotton is king, the leading commercial crop over

all others. You could drop half-a-dozen areas as large as England, Scotland, or Ireland among the mighty white blossom tracts of the American cotton belt, and never miss them. Profits for over two million farms, labour for four million people—that is what King Cotton means for agricultural America. The fibre raised here is all long cotton, and probably five million people in Lancashire depend entirely on it for their livelihood. Alas, it has now become a serious problem how much cotton can be produced in America at all.

III.

Our Northern Ireland farmers tell us that flax is a mighty risky crop, but it is almost a gilt-edged security compared with cotton growing. Good seasons and bad seasons hunt each other in a ring. First a crop that breaks all records; next a fall in prices; smaller acreage the year after, because many of the growers, being small scale men, have not enough capital to breast the storm; a smaller crop consequently; then prices up again to the apogee like the noon sun. So cotton production under various influences has dwindled tremendously during recent years. Thus against a crop of almost 17 million bales for 1914-15, the 1921-22 yield was only $8\frac{1}{2}$ million bales. For 1922-23 it was $10\frac{1}{4}$ million bales, and now for 1923-24 it is a little over 10 million bales.

A host of causes, active and psychological, may be adduced for this decadence. Weather plays its part. Labour is a potent factor, for the negroes are fast deserting the cotton fields for New York and city life. The migration has become a stampede. From Georgia alone 80,000 negroes have cleared during the past year. For the first time in many a day the white population of South Carolina outnumber the 'cullud folks.' Cabin after cabin deserted, acre upon acre of rich, fertile farm land untilled, weeds and wild flowers vegetating in wanton luxuriance where once King Cotton reigned as mighty monarch! One may travel miles with only abandoned plantations to command attention, and not a human being to ruffle the oppressive silence save the occasional welcome approach of a stray traveller. Is it any wonder that many of the planters, beaten so repeatedly to the ropes by adversity, have ceased growing cotton or diverted into other crops? Indeed, the fate which has driven them into other cultivations is reckoned a godsend in some States.

Mighty as has been the working of weather and labour against the cotton planter, his worst enemy—modest, yet implacable—is a mite, just as big as a lucifer head and just as red. He makes cotton crops small and cotton prices big, and defies man to thwart him. Just a little bug, but he contests man's right to deprive the cotton seed of its swaddling clothes—and wins. Both seed and fibre fall under his ravages, for what

is not consumed is ruined. Cotton prices have a human enemy in the 'future' dealers, fiends who by gambling can deprive even the needy of shirts by artificially raising prices, but these human harpies are merciful compared with the blackmail of the cotton boll weevil in elevating cotton prices sky-high.

The maternal boll weevil comes along and seeks a promising boll for the deposit of her egg. The best boll is selected, because later on it must habit the juicy white grub which gnaws away to its heart's content at both seed and cotton wool. What can the cotton grower do to evict the tribe? He ploughs his land, sows his seed, keeps away weeds, pays his rates and high labour costs—only to discover that he would have been as wise to have gone down to Atlantic beach and flung all his money into the ocean. All he sees, when he seeks to harvest, is dirty, black smut. The weevil, only a quarter inch long, has multiplied so gigantically that farmers fear to face cotton growing.

Is there no remedy possible? Can one not grow larger crops in other countries, and so compensate for America's aching cotton void? True, China, Egypt, India, Russia, and other regions do grow cotton to a total of, perhaps, between seven and eight million bales. Yet it is impossible for them to augment their product by another twelve million bales. Why? They also are at the mercy of an insect pest, a cousin of the boll weevil.

IV.

Can anything represent more forcibly the lesson of the puissant might of tiny things? It means that here are two tiny organisms, which, *en masse*, can sway the fate of one of the world's most gigantic manufacturing organisations, and affect the life, and maybe death, of tens of millions of people. Science has surely some remedy, some death-dealing tanks or poison gas? The mosquito has been crippled, but so far the boll weevil triumphs. Even scientists of world repute are far from being optimistic that man will reconquer.

Arsenic seems the specific against this insect enemy to comfort and civilisation, but its price is the big obstacle to its greater use. The world has not enough arsenic for the task, and spraying an acre will cost around 45s.—so adding to your finished cotton prices; and then, well, rain may wash it away as a thing that never was. Think that there are, or were, approaching thirty-six million acres of cotton area in America, and you might high conclude that each instalment Britain pays to America in the reparations account would not suffice to keep the cotton bug under control.

It is a duel to the death between mighty man and a mitey insect. Withal, like every other disaster, it has some bright aspects. Cotton's calamity is linen's opportunity.

Further, the misfortune has stirred up us Britons to insist at last that our own wide British overseas Dominions shall supply our cotton supplies. In Australia, for example, cotton production has come on by leaps and bounds. Of course, it is not deemed a white man's crop, yet 7000 acres were so planted in Queensland during 1922, and thrice that area last year. In the House of Commons the tocsin of our danger of dependence on America has been sounded distinctly. Britain has already experienced that peril in the American Civil War era. So a definite policy of cotton development within the British Empire has now been determined upon.

Moreover, it is now obligatory upon all cotton spinners in the United Kingdom to contribute sixpence for every bale of cotton used. That levy goes to the British Cotton Growing Association to develop cotton areas under the British flag.

Is the moment not similarly opportune for like development of flax growing within the British Empire? Russia has proved a hopelessly rotten reed in our times of dire want, so why should we continue giving Russians £100 per ton for indifferent flax—flax which our own lands and people can supply? A ton of flax costing £120 is worth £200 per ton as yarn, £250 as loom cloth, £310 to the merchant, £360 to the retailer, and draws £480 from the customer at the drapery counter. So if this money can be kept in our own country it is vastly to our own national benefit.

Despite the extension of cotton growing by the British Empire Cotton Growing Association in various parts of the world, no material augmentation of the general cotton supply is to be expected in the immediate future. In fact, there are observers, who are not generally pessimists, inclining to the opinion that the days of big cotton yields will never return.

Meanwhile the effect of cotton's present scarcity and high price is unhappily realised in the parlous state of Lancashire's textile industry. The peoples of the world are not by any means affluent just now. In the East, as in Europe itself, there must be millions who have to choose between buying bread and a shirt; and their dire poverty finds echo in Lancashire. How gravely it has affected industries in this hitherto prosperous area may be deduced when it is stated that almost 80 per cent. of the numerous cotton-spinning companies which published balance sheets during January last were unable to pay any dividend. Hence the boll weevil exacts its heavy toll from even the widow and the thrifty old couple who look forward to comfort in their old age as their reward. Meanwhile, too, American experts predict that the raw material will advance even higher. Thus it would seem that cotton's bitter misfortune will point the way to linen's golden fortune.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

ARCHÆOLOGY was once regarded as a dull and miserable study, practised mostly by shabby and bent-backed old gentlemen, enormously bespectacled, poking strangely in dank and gloomy places to which owls and rats and worms were most attached. By what appeared their misdirected pains they discovered something about constructions thousands of years before, as it seemed, anything began to matter to our modern selves, and wrote obscure treatises upon it. It is realised now that those who thought thus about archæology were wrong, but they might have been attracted to it more had it not been presented to them so constantly as a study to be avoided. They did not then perceive that there is colour and romance in nearly everything, be the sensibility good enough and the imagination keen. Sciences are made to seem too 'scientific' for popular appreciation, and life is no gainer for the circumstance. Rescue work has to be done by such as Flammarion for the stars, and Henri Fabre for the insect world. During the last three or four years we have been passing through something in the nature of an archæological 'boom.' There has been an enthusiasm for searching below the surface everywhere in hope of the discovery of stones, and tombs, of the human constructions and evidences of extinguished civilisations, while ancient monuments, already rediscovered and exhibited, have been examined afresh for further interpretations and new evidence. These quests are proceeding and being described in all parts of the world, but chiefly in those parts of the Near and Middle East where began other civilisations that flowered and then faded, and the climax of interest and discovery seemed to be attained when the tomb of Tutankhamen was entered. Never did the past prepare such thrills for our present emotions as on that supreme occasion. But deeply interesting archæological work is being performed in many other places. A few months ago I revisited Pompeii, and found that the experts employed by the Italian Government have exhumed and reconstructed a new part of the ancient city, which tells us much more of the reality of the past than was known before, and corrects a number of mistakes. From there I went over to the African shore, and found indi-

viduals and parties digging many holes on the scene of ancient Carthage, a rich field perhaps for archæologists, and tempting enough when the plain wanderer can find for himself upon the ground many Byzantine coins, with an occasional one of an older time, and for a price within the means of any one can buy from the priesthood of the White Fathers, who are housed on the Byrsa hill, a real Punic lamp of terra-cotta which may have lit the way along a passage to his couch for one who knew Hannibal or had seen him in a Carthaginian street that day. Eagerness in searching for the relics of those long-lost civilisations has been so remarkable that one begins to wonder why people at this stage of history suddenly, and with such emphasis, should become impassioned upon this study or science—whether circumstances make a reason for it.

* * *

So then, is it not a matter of psychology, and is there not something a little morbid in it all, as being an investigation among the past, digging for the bones of civilisations that sprang from the raw material of crude humanity, developed, rose, strengthened, shone, glittered in great glory, and then, for their faults of excesses and other causes, faded away, faded and disappeared so utterly that scarcely a mark was left behind, so that now we must dig deep in the earth for traces of that strength and achievement once so great that they have seemed to make our own performance poor? Is there not morbidity in this business because of an uneasy feeling in the general conscience that we are of the latest civilisation that has passed its highest point of achievement, and now descends along a steep incline? How can we, when walking through Pompeii, or along the marble streets of Timgad, or reclining on the massive stone benches of the theatre at Syracuse, or pondering the problem of the place of the Punic ports on the beautiful Carthaginian shore, avoid the sad fancy that London and Paris must some time lie quietly like this in their almost forgotten graves; and that but a little later, as the time of the ages goes, New York and San Francisco will be called to their obscurity; and then, ages afterwards, another set of newcomers, hoping again to scale the top-

most heights, will pick and poke about among their bones, their sticks and stones, and wonder upon the revelations of their peculiar plans, of the much they made of very little, and the strangely perverse ways by which they destroyed their best when they had made it? Admitting to ourselves the truth of our present situation and the manner of our thoughts in uneasy times, is it not likely that much of this archaeological intensity is conjured by a form of morbidity? However it may be, it is worth the pains and cost. Never were morals of national existence pointed so remorselessly as in these exhumations. And, circumstances assisting, the glow of romance is spread in these times upon such studies and researches; they are made, as we say, popular, and so this archaeology, once neglected for being dull, becomes a daily feature in even the cheapest newspapers, while others treat it according to their state and dignity. What people realise now is that the upper layer of this earth is such a cemetery of civilisations as had not been imagined. And the simple amateur may, if he likes it, study archaeology amid delightful circumstances, and have, it might be said, pieces of whole civilisations for his own exercise. One could point to him a scene of beauty, covered with waving corn, orange, lemon, fig, and olive trees, flowers in masses, the most picturesque details of life, with ancient temples here and there and, beyond, a sea of brilliant turquoise, with a statement of the strongest presumptions for believing that somewhere here beneath the surface, and probably not far below, may be the finest specimen in existence of an old Greek theatre. It may lie in perfection under the old church that stands upon the hillside, as some believe. This is in Sicily.

* * *

The day being Good Friday, I loitered in delightful solitude in the Temple of Concord at Girgenti, one of the most splendid constructions still surviving in the world, one of the most beautiful of all ancient temples, and, with that of Theseus in Athens, one of the least injured of all that were made by Greeks. It was one of three or four that were built, between two and three thousand years ago, by the walls of Acragas, which Pindar the poet said was 'the most beautiful city of mortals.' The hotel where I was staying is set on the slope that leads from the edge of the distant plain, with the sea beyond, up to the pyramidal mount on which the modern town of Girgenti is built—modern but quite Sicilian, with nothing purposely done for tourists, and better for the circumstance. From the terrace of my place, with back to the new Girgenti, I looked that morning at breakfast in warm sunshine out upon one of the most impressive prospects that human thoughts might dwell upon. In the foreground and middle distance were thin trees

and various agricultural greens, leading the eyes over a wide expanse to a distance where stood up in noble boldness two splendid temples with majestic columns in grand array. Straight in front, less than two miles away, was that to which the name of Concord has been given; to the left of it, seeming by an illusion of the light and sight to be far off, but in reality only about ten minutes walk from it, was the Temple of Juno Lacinia. To the right again, but scarcely to be seen from here, were the ruins of the Temple of Hercules. Beyond the temples was the resplendent sea, with points of white for shining sails. Without the signs of time, the solemn warning, the lesson, the moral if you will, this majestic panorama is of a kind to make a man breathe deep when he surveys it in the morning light; but with the temples in their loneliness it is, I think, one of the most striking scenes of its kind on earth. I descended from the terrace and the gardens laden with violet cineraria and blooms of every brilliant hue, went through the field-paths with olive, fig, and lemon trees beside them and almond blossoms in massed pink—and noticed oddly stumps of old columns butting from tilled ground here and there, and stones like ancient steps as well—through the old Sicilian farmyard with a shrine on the wall, and down the white road, turning to the left to the temple that I sought. Thus, through the fields and the plain country, tilled and hedged and welled, and growing well, producing from trees and from the soil direct, I had been passing across what was once the heart of that city of Acragas to which Pindar paid his utmost compliment. Here there is nothing but herbage now, cereals and small fruit-trees, with a dog or a goat to give touch of animal life, and Sicilian peasants ambling along in the manner of those who know the world will wait. Of Acragas, that most beautiful city of mortals, there is little left to show but the occasional stumps and these majestic temples. But in their time, more than two thousand years ago, on this present silent pastoral scene was displayed the utmost brilliance and activity of a great civilisation. Colonists from Gela first founded it in the sixth century before our era. Slaves taken in successful wars were later employed in great constructions. Some of the wealthy people of Acragas had as many as five hundred each of them, and they were set to great works of excavations, to building the temples, and to making the fish-pond, which was one of the special wonders of the city. Its vast trade with Carthage made it rich, and its luxury became magnificent. Here, where now we may pass an afternoon without seeing a living person except, perhaps, a British or a German traveller—for there are many Germans—was once a city which, at the lowest reckoning, had two hundred thousand inhabitants, and once is said to have

possessed, including slaves, as many as eight hundred thousand. In those days its brilliance must have been something beyond our imagination now. The scenes about the steps of the temples must have indicated the wealth, the luxury, and the culture of the people; the processions, the sacrifices, the burning of incense, and the performance in the theatre must have been displays of brilliant life compared to which many of those we now attempt would seem tawdry. In time the Carthaginians attacked and captured it, plundered and partially destroyed it, and burned the temples. Acragas rose again, and took its place in the fighting world that had Rome and Carthage for the rivals and disturbers of the time, but it never equalled its former glory. It declined and, so far as the ancient city was concerned, disappeared.

* * *

So one looks on it now as one might stand on a peaceful morning by the grave in a village churchyard of one who was in his time, long ago, a leader of men, with a little grass and a few daisies growing on it, and sparrows twittering on overhanging trees. For the most of a morning I sat on big stones where once was the old city wall, near to the Temple of Concordia. In the great days of Acragas there were several of these temples, six of them it seems, in a long line about these walls. The Concordia—an arbitrary name—is not only the finest of the remains, but is considered by those who know and understand to be one of the most beautiful of ancient temples in existence—majestic, fascinating. Once, long after the great days of Acragas, it was turned into a Christian church, dedicated to Saint Gregory, and to that fact and certain subsequent restorations it owes its present wonderful state of preservation. All its glorious columns, thirty-eight of them, stand with their architraves and frontons. There are thirteen columns on each side, and six each at the ends. They stand on a stylobate or platform reached by four steps, the length of the temple being thus about forty-four yards and its width about half as much, while the columns are twenty-two feet in height and four in diameter. The situation is remarkable. The rough, herbage-covered ground slopes immediately away from the side opposite the sea, while on the other a cliff, littered with broken stones, descends abruptly to the plain. Near by, on the landward slope, there is a gnarled olive-tree; farther, there are almonds in full bloom. Amid the dull gray-green of the grass there may be an iris here and there displayed, pimpernel and gladiolus, and some yellow spots and daisies. In the distances on one side is the sparkling sea, on the other Girgenti gleaming white, and here before us the columns of the temples glow in a rich amber tone. The play of sunlight on this colour of stone, especially late in the

day when the light itself mellows and becomes more insinuating and delicate in its attention to these affinities, is a fascinating and emotional thing. Effects of light and shade, and especially of reflections, dazzle afresh at each succeeding glance. The Temple of Juno Lacinia, half a mile away, of which twenty-five whole pillars still stand erect, is not so completely preserved, and, being half in ruins, leaves the interior more exposed to light as well as weather. Contemplating it one morning on the sloping side away from the sea, I witnessed a transcendently beautiful effect, for the sunlight struck upon the inside of the outer columns that were nearest me, and was reflected brilliantly and powerfully to the front of inner columns in the shade that were visible from this point. That heavenly reflection to those aged, amber-coloured stones, so warm and rich and mellow, is a memory which, for sake of one's sensibility, I trust will never fade. But the Greeks themselves did not enjoy all this. These stones did not glow in gold in their time, when the temples were complete, because these columns and all the rest, made of sandstone as they are, were cased in fine stucco and smoothed and painted in various colours. If a mind is fresh and willing, it should be the better for a long and silent contemplation of the beauty of these temples in their majestic loneliness, in their story of a greatness that is past. It is through their loneliness, their solitude, and the bewitching effects of colour and nature about them that they strike awe and wonder upon us, and flash inspiration through our beings. Were such a temple standing in London, or somewhere near, it would be interesting and impressive, but not the same. Girgenti, with the charm of Sicily and the historic romance of the island—Girgenti, facing Carthage on this cliff by the broken wall, near to the turquoise sea, is the true place for the Temple of Concordia. Here, then, is archæology in its most enrapturing form. Chords of music of the Grecian past that were absorbed within the stones, noble music swelling as from an organ, seem in the fancy to be set floating about us as we think and wonder with a sense of our humility, yet with hope maintained. So much has passed away. . . . At noon I walked up the steps of the temple and rested within for an hour or more, with the sun at its height. I had brought a little food, desiring the full day of this Good Friday for the peace of these matchless temples. Lizards were darting along the stones, and a herd of Girgenti goats, big, white, frisky fellows, with long and spirally twisted horns, was driven by, but otherwise there was no sign of life.

* * *

" Lower down the road, in the opposite direction from Juno Lacinia, there are other ruins of temples, those of Hercules and Zeus, and

the stately columns of Castor and Pollux. The Temple of Hercules is now being in part restored, and when the work is finished it will be among the most impressive sights of Girgenti. One cannot be sure that this work of archaeological restoration, which was started, and is in a large measure being conducted by, two Englishmen, the brothers Hardcastle, is not of its kind the most interesting being done anywhere. The Hardcastles offered substantial funds to the Italian Government for authority and co-operation, and for some time past many men have been engaged in erecting again several columns the parts of which have lain alongside in tumbled masses through the ages. There are signs enough that the Temple of Hercules must have been one of the finest in the ancient city of Acragas. Probably it dates from the sixth century before the Christian era, and this also was destroyed by the Carthaginians, whose system was to cut away the bases of the columns cone-wise, sharpening them, as it might be said, until they nearly rested on a point. When this was done the roof was set on fire, and the various expansions and contractions that ensued soon caused the columns to give way, when the whole edifice fell in a fearful crash. Subsequent earthquakes have assisted the destruction of this temple. But here still lie in rare confusion, just as they fell ages back, the gigantic sections of columns, some with the ends sharpened as I have said by the Carthaginian destroyers. The sections are each about eight feet high, and the diameter at the base about seven feet; the circumference twenty feet. The average weight of such a block of stone, I was told, was about nine tons. When the temple stood complete there were fourteen or fifteen columns down each side, and six at either end. The scene on the south side, where the broken columns and capitals rest where they fell, is one that forces fancies of Titan and Samson. To arrange properly the pieces of this splendid puzzle and to hoist them to their places is the work of the reconstructors. When I was there three had already been set up, and scaffolding was about the fourth. The capitals were soon to be put on those four and the architraves laid across, and then probably four more columns would be erected and other work carried out. The chambers in the temple and various interior constructions are in good order. A statue of *Æsculapius* was found a long time back and taken to the museum at Palermo. Once the temple contained also a statue of Hercules, which Cicero declared was the most beautiful in existence then. It was a very splendid temple in its time, and its fame spread far. These and others are the visible remains of the great Acragas, which has been almost completely lost. Despite all the considerations, it comes into our thoughts

again that it is strange, so strange, that even with time at its longest all but these few traces of that great Acragas should so completely disappear, and that grass should grow and flowers bloom where it was once. Could indeed our living present ever lapse to such an obliterated past? The excavators have other thoughts and quests besides such as are associated with the Temple of Hercules. A city like Acragas must have had a beautiful theatre at one time; it may well have been the finest of all those Grecian theatres in Sicily. Nor would it be easily destroyed—yet there is not a trace of it. Where is it? An idea exists that it may be buried under the old church of St Nicholas, on the slope of the hill leading to Girgenti. A great expansive work of excavation upon the scene of old Acragas might lead to big results, but, as in the case of Carthage, there is little that is certain to act upon, while the area is very large. It is not known how thorough was the work of destruction.

* * *

I have a speculation that ere long, perhaps in a few years, the need for excavation work as conducted now will disappear, and that suddenly the secrets of the earth will be revealed without any boring or laborious digging. When electric waves can be directed unassisted, not hung to wires, through space to the ends of the world, when a photograph may be made by mysterious rays through a solid substance of something within or on the other side, and when every day science is delivering new challenges to obscurity, I do not see why our children in their farther and more contemplative years, they also mooning upon the lessons of the past, should not take a little instrument in their pockets and, with it, find that a city belonging to the most ancient times lies beneath the plain they have traversed, that its towers were even then close up to the surface. If there is anything in continuity of effort and discovery, the power of divination of what is below the surface is an inevitable sequence of science, and one that will transform again the effort of the world, for mining and all pertaining to it will be no longer what they are. Archaeology in the future may lose something of the sense of romance, and even what might be called the sporting flavour, that are attached to it in these times. One's thoughts recur again to the declaration of the French scientist that the light of old must have made impressions of surrounding scenes upon the stones, photographed them, as it were, and that these impressions are still there and perfect, since things of this kind are never destroyed, and only need the knowledge for their development and display. Such discovery would after all

be only a corollary, a plain connection to many that have been made. We of this era may yet in newer cinemas see the real Caesar striding to the Roman senate. I would like

to see those girls of Grecian stock with flowers and palms dancing their way beside the temples of Girgenti, where the fires burned and the incense rose.

THE YELLOW STREAK.

CHAPTER VIII.

UP on the hillside the whole party awaited the appearance of Hume before commencing luncheon. Owing to the break in their conversation, Walton had forgotten to invite him, and, in order to make amends, had sent Doyle down at the eleventh hour with the belated invitation.

Norma awaited the return of the messenger with feelings that were a queer mixture of anxiety and impatience, all the time assuring herself that her anxiety on Hume's account was caused solely by the fact that he was her father's guest; and as neither he nor the messenger returned, she began to feel piqued. 'I think you had better commence,' she said. 'I will go for Mr Hume; the boy has evidently missed him.'

'Shall I accompany you, Miss Walton?' asked faithful Terry Wingate.

'No, thank you,' was the reply, couched in a tone which rapidly reduced him to silence; and leaving them, she walked slowly down the hillside towards the private car where they had left Hume.

Passing the office stealthily, she peeped carefully through the window of his private room, and was amazed to see the object of her search bound helpless in his chair, with three masked men before him. Too terrified to move, she clung to the window-ledge with shaking hands, and watched the scene that was being enacted with fascinated eyes.

'Now, see here, Mister Hume,' came the drawling voice of the tallest of the three men, 'this is where we get a nice, quiet, uninterrupted, brotherly chat. Waal, now, things have been just a leetle too hot since you hit the caboose with this reformin' stunt of yours, and this bit of "movey" business has been figured out to change 'em slick; so get next quick. If you'll give us your word to beat it out of this as fast as steam can take you, we'll loose you up and give you a little present that'll make it quite worth your while.'

'What if I refuse?' queried Hume coolly.

'Then you'll sit in that chair until they take you out to bury you. You've got just five minutes to decide, and in case you're expectin' help from outside, let me tell you that every guy near this show's in at the game; also I've got a Maxim "hush-a-bye" on this gun, so nobody'll hear you get it.'

Hume's face paled, but he turned his eyes resolutely to the face of the clock which ticked away unconcernedly on the wall, and Norma waited, in agonising suspense, for him to yield. For the full five minutes he waited, then a slow smile flickered over his face.

'I am much obliged for your very interesting information,' he drawled sarcastically. 'However, since I have been able to put this concern on a sound basis, in spite of the machinations of scoundrels like yourself and the rest of your band, I shall take care that it remains there so long as I am in the running. If I should go out, then my successor will find everything cut-and-dried, including full information of the outrages perpetrated during my administration and the names of those responsible for them. Well, the five minutes are up—in fact, they have nearly grown to ten. Why don't you shoot? Bah! you are all cowards, now the psychological moment has come. Just to prove my words I'll name you all. You,' nodding his head towards the spokesman, 'are Dicksee, and the other poor tools of yours are Malcolm and Moore; and to the three of you may be attributed much damage and the murder of twenty-six innocent people at Corriente Dip, all of which you will answer for in an adequate manner. I will see to that. Another little detail; it really was not worth your while to purloin those locked boxes from the store room. The gold ore contained in them has been returned to the El Oro people, from whom you stole it.'

'Waal, Mister Hume, that's about the frozen limit, and though I'm real sorry to say it, here's where you go out. You're one of the few guys that's ever managed to double-cross Herman Dicksee, an' the man that does that isn't going to live long enough to crow about it more than once.' He raised his revolver, and Norma covered her face with shaking hands.

'Drop them guns, ye murderin' devils, or I'll plug ye so full o' lead yer own mothers won't know ye?' and Wells, brandishing a huge blunderbuss, burst into the room, followed by the sheriff and his men, who quickly disarmed the ruffians and tore the masks from their faces, to prove Hume's words correct.

'How on earth did you manage to get the sheriff so opportunely, Wells?' asked Hume, as he stretched his cramped limbs and arranged his disordered dress.

'It's like this, sir. I've been keeping a bead on Moore ever since he broke jail, and by nosing about I discovered that a raid was fixed for to-day; so I took the liberty of signing your name to a wire asking for help. They must have got wind of my game—tapped the wires or somethin'—because they laid dynamite cartridges on the line to blow the sheriff and his posse to Kingdom Come; but I soon stopped that little game.'

'Wells, you have done the company an inestimable service, besides saving my life, and I, personally, will see that your actions are reported to the chairman.'

'D'ye think that I might have my old job back, sir?' asked Wells, with glee.

'You shall have more than that, if I can obtain it for you,' replied Hume earnestly.

The driver coloured up with pleasure, and as he tried to stammer out some incoherent words of thanks Norma Walton reeled into the office and sank half-fainting into a chair.

'Get some water quickly,' rapped out Hume, taking the situation in at a glance.

Under his ministrations she soon recovered, and with the return of her faculties she assumed the half-imperious air which had ever been his delight in the old days.

'Send that man away at once, Kent,' she whispered.

'Take Doyle into the sick-bay and see that he is attended to immediately, will you? And, Wells, come back at four o'clock; I shall have something to say to you then.'

'I hope you have not been unduly frightened, Miss Walton,' said Hume, more to cover her embarrassment than for any other reason.

For some moments she remained silent, then as she essayed to speak a faint tinge of pink appeared in the pallor of her face. 'Kent,' she began slowly, 'once I called you a coward; now I must beg for your forgiveness. For the last ten minutes I have been outside the window and saw all that happened—you were splendid. Do please forgive me.'

'There is nothing to forgive,' he said seriously. 'I am still the same man that stood by and watched a dirty, insolent old ruffian despoil you of every valuable you possessed without raising a finger to help you; the same man with the same yellow streak.'

'No, not that,' she replied warmly; 'and Kent, have you still got m—— the ring?'

'Yes,' he said sadly, taking it from his pocket; 'it has never left my possession since you—since I left Palm Beach, and I would not part with it for worlds.'

'Let me see it, please.'

She took the ring from his hand, and something suspiciously like a tear rolled down her cheek as she placed it on her finger and raised

it to her lips. 'But you *have* parted with it,' she said, in a voice that held both laughter and tears, 'and for something that is not half so valuable as even the tiniest bit of—of even one world.'

'And that is?' he questioned breathlessly, amazement tinging the look of devotion that illumined his eyes.

'Why,' she replied, blushing adorably, 'can't you guess! A silly goose of a girl who once called the noblest of men a "coward"—my poor, unworthy self. Oh, Kent, Kent, I have been so unhappy all this time. Why, why did you not take me into your arms and kiss all my mistrust away?'

'How could I, dearest, when you were right all the time? I am a coward.'

'Not another word of that kind, sir, or,' with an assumption of sternness, 'I shall have to punish you very severely. And now'—with a kiss—'come and see daddy.'

'Great Scott, man! How on earth did you manage it?' asked Walton, with an air of glad surprise. 'Why, she has had bushels of offers and refused them all. I was beginning to think that she would be an——'

'Don't you dare to say an old maid, daddy,' broke in Norma laughingly.

'All right, a bachelor girl, then,' went on Walton; 'that's the new-fangled name for them, eh? However, I hope you will both be very happy.'

'Congratulations, Kent,' said Leighton, wringing his hand heartily. 'Now, don't you think I was right?'

'You were. I owe it all to you, Jasper.'

'Rubbish,' replied Leighton; 'that yellow streak of yours is a myth.'

THE END.

THE LITTLE SECRET PATH.

WHILE I was walking all alone

Amongst the tallest plants and grass

In the wee wood that's all our own,

Where trespassers may never pass,

I found—a pathway! in between

The plants, half-hidden by their green.

A tiny pathway, bare and brown,

And worn away by some one's feet;

The little leaves were trodden down

Though grass grew round it, tall and sweet,

As though to guard the secret track

For some one who was coming back.

I tiptoed off and left it there;

I guess I was not meant to see

That secret path, all brown and bare.

It was for some one else—not me.

And, though I do not quite know why,

I never peep when I go by.

E. T.

A LUCKY COIN.

By E. HERBERT MORRIS.

WE numismatists are not a numerous lot. As a result there is a certain freemasonry among us. We detect each other in the act of poring over glass cases in the British Museum, and we forgather in musty auction rooms where, after the serious business of the day is over, and all the grand pianos, Jacobean chairs (alleged or otherwise), drawing-room suites, and kitchen fire-irons have been disposed of, a little coterie remains behind to wrestle with each other and a bored auctioneer over a few little metal discs with quaint markings upon them. Bits of metal they are indeed, and quite worthless, some of them, to the eye of the unimaginative appraiser of commercial commodities, yet to us precious and beloved.

Your true coin collector, like the poet, is born and not made. That is why, as I say, there are but few of us, and we have a freemasonry of our own. The curious thing is that every coin collector is both the rival and the associate of every other, and might sign himself, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek in his famous challenge to Cesario, 'Thy friend as thou usest him,' and 'Thy sworn enemy.'

In the auction room, thirsting for the possession of some choice specimen of an old Spanish doubloon, or one of those pieces of eight with two lions and the fleur-de-lis on them, we dart at each other looks like barbed arrows together with our bids, and you would think that all the hatred and malice of thwarted avidity were left rankling in the bosom of the defeated contestant. But it is not so: immediately the gentle and joyous passage-of-arms is over we are the best of friends, and we colloque together on coins old, lost, rare, and forgotten, to our hearts' content.

I am a hereditary coin collector, my father having written a well-known monograph on the subject and early indoctrinated me in the sweets and sorrows of collecting. I started a little cabinet as a boy, and, in the enforced leisure which has fallen to the lot of an invalided and somewhat battered soldier, I have been able to pursue it with some success. It is sinful to boast, but even my detractors admit that my series of Richard the Second groats and half-groats, with the crown bust within a treasure of nine arches, is unique. Then, again, my silver shillings, dated 1554, are rather famous. That pretty coin which represents Mary, not as the stern heresy hater, nor as a majestic queen, but face to face with the Spanish husband whom she loved so well, but for whom the English people cared so little, is represented by several well-nigh perfect examples. It was this coin, where the two royal faces are in profile

opposite one another, which gave rise to the couplet,

Cooing and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.

But I lose myself among my coins. This is a story, not a catalogue. I first saw Helen Oldcastle at Timkins' sale-rooms in Oxford Street. By the glint in her eye I knew at once that she was a collector. Tall, and yet not too tall, a bright, bird-like creature with dark eyes, raven-black hair, and a singularly charming face, she looked among the litter and disorder of that sale-room like a rare jewel in a heap of rubble. To the soul of the collector rarity is ever the lode-stone, and he moves towards it instinctively. It was thus that I moved towards Helen, although I could not claim her acquaintance, and took up my place beside her, while the auctioneer's monotonous cry of 'Any advance, gentlemen; any advance?' went on. He was selling a little parcel of coins as part of a general sale of household stuff. They were not catalogued individually, but simply listed as sundry coins. About forty or fifty people were gathered round the long table, those who had arrived first having been fortunate enough to secure seats. The auctioneer was standing on a little raised pulpit at the farther end, and his men were placing on the table or holding up to view the various articles for sale. The unknown lady and myself were at the back, and when it came to the turn of the coins it was difficult for us to see over the heads of the others who were craning forward. An assistant shook out the contents of an old velvet bag upon a tray, and showed the coins to a few people in front.

'I hope he will pass them round,' said Helen, in a whisper, as though to herself.

'I don't think he will,' I ventured to reply. There is, as I have said more than once, a freemasonry among numismatists which permits this sort of thing. It's like an exchange of courtesies between knights before they take a bout with the lance. The lady turned to me with a little start, and as though to indicate that I ought not to have spoken to her, addressed herself, like the Greek chorus, to the world in general, or to the audience.

'It's a shame. They ought to show them round, and give everybody an opportunity of seeing them.'

I think she was a little astonished when a moment later I said in a loud clear voice, 'Mr Auctioneer, we should like to see those coins at this end of the table.' It was not really a tactful thing to do. The dealers grinned and pricked up their ears. The correct attitude to

adopt at all sales is one of gloomy indifference, as who should say, 'I am here, gentlemen, but for no set purpose; I have no fads or foibles; nothing will induce me to part with good, hard-earned money for such trinkets or baubles as these. If you insist on forcing them upon me at bargain prices, that is a different matter.' Any show of eagerness or the slightest departure from this cold and aloof attitude at once betrays the amateur.

Nevertheless the lady at my side seemed pleased when the tray was passed round and submitted to her close inspection. I, myself, observed a Cromwellian half-crown with the crosses of St George and St Andrew and the Irish harp upon it, with an escutcheon of pretence which intrigued me somewhat, and I could see with half an eye that my new friend—for already I called her so in my heart—was bestowing an idolatrous look upon a large thirty-shilling piece, marked Jacobus. D. G. Ang. Sco. Fran. et Hib. Rex.

Both of us, however, had recovered our sense of tactics, and assumed as stolid and wooden an expression with regard to the contents of the tray as though we were in church and it was the collection plate into which we had just dropped our modest offering.

The bidding in a small way was fast and furious, and when I at last secured the little velvet bag for twenty-two pounds ten I prepared to hand over my cheque with a mild sense of triumph. The lady had been one of my antagonists, but had dropped out at twenty pounds, and for the first time in such a mimic contest I felt a remorseful sympathy for my friend and enemy. I looked round, but in the moment when I was paying for the coins she had disappeared. 'It's the fortune of war,' I said, hardening my heart, and strode out of the building—but in such a war woman possesses one weapon which is all-powerful.

As I pushed my way through the loiterers in the lobby I caught sight of the fair collector. She was in the act of replacing in her reticule a little lace handkerchief, and as she quickly adjusted her veil I detected the faintest gleam of moisture in her eyes. I was embarrassed. It is one thing to speak to a lady on a small but necessary matter of business in a business room; it is quite another thing to force impertinent and unwelcome sympathy on a woman upon whom you have just inflicted a disappointment. I was, however, rescued from the difficulty by an event so common-place and ordinary that it appeared like a theatrical cue—she dropped her handkerchief. I could do no less than pick it up and return it to her. Our eyes met. Mine, I knew, conveyed an amused twinkle of interest and of sympathy; hers were distinctly accusatory.

'I'm sorry we could not both have that little bag of coins,' I said soothingly, 'but perhaps——'

'Oh, it's of no consequence, thank you,' said the lady, in a tone which meant that it was, but that she did not choose to be slobbered over. I liked her spirit, but being naturally rather a shy person found it extraordinarily difficult to proceed.

After a moment's reflection I did, however, summon up courage enough to say, 'May I offer you a cup of tea, and then you can see the coins at your leisure, and if——?'

'It's very kind of you, but I think not.'

'Now I know just what you are going to say,' I retorted; "'we haven't been introduced." But consider, you are a collector of coins; so am I. Doesn't that make a difference?'

It did. We went into a Lyons tea-room, and selecting a corner table, I sat down opposite Helen for the first time. It was only then that I fully realised the way in which the fascination of her mere presence had taken hold of me. I fumbled with the bag of coins, and while she looked at them, I looked at her. All the time those lines kept running in my head:

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
Which gently o'er a perfumed sea
The weary, way-worn traveller bore
To his own native shore.

Yet at that moment I did not know even that her name was Helen.

I have not the least idea of what we had for tea, nor of what we said about coins. I was gazing at her, and wondering about her, completely obsessed by her personality. I considered myself, and was considered, a steady, serious, unemotional young man of quiet habits, yet I don't suppose anybody ever fell more completely and helplessly in love at first sight than I did.

We had a little bargain over one of the coins, the thirty-shilling piece, to wit, and she insisted on paying me for it out of a delicate little old tooled leather purse, which closed with a silken cord. I ran on about all the quaint things I had seen in the French collections, but while I talked of the beauty and rarity of coins, piling adjective upon adjective, I thought about her—how rare she was, and how beautiful. Perhaps something of this showed in my manner, for presently she rose, as though feeling that our talk had continued too long for such a chance encounter, and with one of the sudden, abrupt yet graceful movements which suited her so well, she prepared to depart.

We stood outside on the pavement, and it was then that a kind of panic seized me. She was going to leave me, to disappear into the immense forest of human faces which is London, and I did not know her name. She held out her hand, and thanked me prettily.

'I do not know—I have not asked your name,' I gasped.

'My name is Helen,' she began, then suddenly added, 'Oh, this is my bus—I must catch it.'

She shook my hand, smiled, and was gone. I am not a man naturally addicted to violent language, but I admit that what I said about the London omnibus service generally, and the custom of some conductors in whisking passengers into the interior of one of those capacious vehicles, and then disappearing into the half-light of a misty November afternoon, was strong. The behaviour of that particular bus struck me as singularly odious.

I said so. In my anger I consigned the floundering monster which had bereft me of my angel to the nethermost regions, and only stopped cursing when I recalled that if the bus really went where I was sending it, it would carry her like a new and more beautiful Persephone to the same dark kingdom. Bitterly did I reproach myself for not having sprung upon the tail-board of the bus; but bus and tail-board, fare and conductor alike, had vanished from my sight, and it was not till many weary months had passed away that I was to see again that fair, white brow, and those keen dark eyes.

Not until nearly a year later did Captain Charles Ballard, from whose diary the above veracious notes have been abstracted, again see his Helen Incognita, as he had learned to call her, and their meeting came about as the result of so strange a coincidence that we, the faithful collator of these chronicles, may best record it by quoting the substance of a letter, sent by Helen Oldcastle to her old school friend, Clara M'Guinness, and now speeding on its way to greet that good lady in Hobart, Tasmania. It runs thus:

'You remember all that I told you about that strange coin-collector man. You are the only person to whom I did tell it, just because you are nice enough not to chaff me, and discerning enough to know exactly how I felt. Well, you always said there would be a sequel, and you are right. It has happened in the oddest way. I was staying with my Aunt Agatha at Evesham this summer, a delightful part of the much maligned Midlands, and one day I rode out on my bicycle to see the little village of Broad, the most delightfully picturesque old place, all thatched houses and antique gardens—a glorious ride, and such roads!

'Just as I was nearing the village I espied a large silver coin lying on the road-side. You know my passion for old coins, and you may imagine that I was off my bicycle in a trice. It was a five-shilling piece, and although of course they are no longer in common currency, quite modern, and so a disappointment. I put it in my purse, and was just about to remount, when a runaway horse dashed past me at break-neck pace. I am not really superstitious about coins, but I could not help feeling that if I had

not got off just when I did, I should certainly have been knocked down.

'On arriving at the village, I made some inquiries, and discovered that a Mr Geoffrey Ballard, who lives here, had lost a five-shilling piece. Although a coin-collector, I am still "indifferent honest," and I proceeded at once in the direction indicated to me, towards a very charming old house, half-villa, half-cottage, embowered in trees, and surrounded by a quaintly trimmed privet hedge.

"Are you Mr Geoffrey Ballard?" I inquired of a dignified, white-haired old gentleman, who came to the door.

'He was, and when I gave him his five-shilling piece he seemed for a moment quite overcome with joy. This surprised me, and the more so when he took me into his study and showed me his cabinet of coins.

'His collection is really a fine one, and when he dropped that plain, ordinary five-shilling piece into its place side by side with some really priceless examples of old moneyers who have been dead and gone for many a long century, I could not help exclaiming, "Surely you do not put this in the same category as those splendid Henry the Sixth silver groats, with the foliated crosses, and the king in his ship!"

"I value it quite as highly," he replied, with a smile. "If you like, I'll tell you its story."

'I begged him to do so.

"Why, I don't know that it's much of a story after all, but I always say that this five-shilling piece was the foundation of my fortune. I'm a tolerably well-to-do man to-day, but thirty years ago I was in an uncommonly awkward position. They say that every man can write one good book if he tries, and I think it is true, too, that every engineer can invent one decent machine or improvement in a machine. I made my contribution thirty years ago, and I have never equalled it since. It was a machine for cutting bevelled gears, and my only chance of making any money by it lay in getting the patents registered quickly at home and abroad. It's a pretty expensive business, as you may guess. Cost me £2000, and took practically every penny I possessed. But when it was done, I felt as happy as a king and as confident of success as if I already had ten times that sum in my pocket. Then my troubles began. I could not get any one to take the blamed thing up. I trudged London from end to end, ferreted out everybody who took the slightest interest in such matters, and laid siege to all the banks and financiers who would give me a hearing.

"It was all in vain. Nobody seemed to want either me or my machine. I was beginning to despair, when I met Donald Fraser. Ah me, he was a dour man was Donald, but he's been a good friend to me. He was an Aberdeen

lawyer who had settled in London, and was in the company promoting line. There was Fraser himself, Matthew Hearnshaw, and David Allen, and they sat round a mahogany table in a little dusty office in Chancery Lane to decide my fate. They were all three hard, gripping business men. They talked, and I talked, and nothing came of it, except that the longer the talk lasted the more certain I became, by their looks, that not one of them was inclined to put up a brass farthing for the company to run my patent.

"'Weel, Maister Ballard,' said Donald at last, in his slow Scottish way, 'you've convinced us that the patent will hold water, and that the machine can be made to work, but neither I nor my friends feel disposed to be the pioneers in the business. Can ye no mention any person who's willing to put up some of the money required?'

"'Ah, that's it, Mr Ballard,' the other two chimed in. 'What promises have you got already?'

"'I had nothing, and I told them so. Donald Fraser began putting together his papers, preparatory to breaking up the sitting. He turned over an envelope and tossed it over to me. 'Oh,' said he, 'that arrived for you at the office this morning.'

"'Mechanically I opened it, and out there dropped the identical five-shilling piece you picked up in the road to-day. My son had sent it, my little six-year-old son, who was just off to school that day, and with it a little scrawl, ill-spelt and blotted. I was so worn out with anxiety and disappointment that this seemed at the moment the last straw, and I almost choked as I put the little fellow's letter down, saying, 'It's only a note from my boy.'

"'May I see it?' said Donald.

"'I made no objection, and old Donald read it without moving a muscle. 'Gentlemen,' he said presently, 'this is a verra important document. It is the first application for shares in the Geoffrey Ballard Engineering Company, Limited. "Dear Daddie," it runs, "I am sending you my pocket-money for this term to put in your new company 'long with the other pennies, with my best luv, Charlie."'

"'Would you believe it? Those men were as different as could be from that moment. It's a funny thing, Miss Oldcastle, how a touch of

nature affects people. I've often observed it. The facts of the situation were just as before, but somehow the atmosphere was changed. They decided then and there to float the company; my little son's letter had just turned the scale, and every bit of prosperity I've had since has been derived from it. So now you will understand why I value that coin. It represented my boy's faith in me, and in one way and another it has been like a lucky mascot in our family ever since. When my boy marries, if he ever does, I'll give it to his wife. Till then I think it's worthy to take its place with the best in my collection. But here comes Charles—let me introduce him."

'I looked up past the gray-lined face of Mr Ballard, and his sweet old wife in her lavender silk frock, and in the half-light saw a tall young man enter. He kissed his mother, greeted his father, and turned round to me. The light from the low-latticed window fell full upon his face, and to my astonishment I recognised my "collector man." I suppose for a second or two we both looked somewhat foolish. It is rather absurd to be so glad to meet a mere chance acquaintance again, and I remember thinking that when I knew Captain Ballard better I would tell him that it is really not usual, on meeting a young woman at a tea-table for the second time, to grip her hand as though in a vice, and stand mutely staring at her till she is out of countenance.

'But it soon passed, and then we spent a very charming hour talking about coins.

'I found that Captain Ballard had a collection of his own, all old English just like mine, only whereas I had two Edward the First pennies struck by Robertus de Hadelie, he has an appropriate counterpart in Plantagenet eagles. As for later things like my Charles the Second two-guinea piece with the four shields arranged as a cross, he has something to match these in his pewter series of the same period.

'It seems almost a pity to keep two such complementary collections apart—at least that is what Aunt Agatha said, but of course she knows nothing about collecting, and has such absurd ideas—

'P.S.—I am just opening this letter again to tell you that Charlie and I are to be married on the 15th of next month.'

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE RUSSIAN MISSION.

PADDLING steadily, Carwyke wondered how far it was true that Billy was 'scotched,' to use Standifer's phrase. Would he, before the canoes dropped out of rifle-shot, make a further attempt on Norma's enemies? That

was more than possible; but, as he realised, it would depend on how quickly Billy learned that they had really embarked, and again on the speed he could make through the thick wood. He hoped that his friend would not be so foolish

as to break cover, and yet trusted that he would be able to use the opportunity offered by the open canoes.

The deserted camp was perhaps four hundred yards behind them, when he had evidence that Norma's henchman was not neglecting his opportunities. He heard Standifer give a shout of warning, caught the crack of a rifle from the bank—and then came an answering shot from the canoe behind, and on the heels of it an exultant shout from Standifer.

'A hit! By——!'

'By Sam! He's got the beggar!' cried Bull.

Roy Carwyke's heart seemed to turn to lead within him suddenly. Ceasing to paddle, he looked round. The second canoe was drifting with the current. Mardock was staring over his shoulder towards the bank, Norma's face was buried in her hands, whilst Standifer, rifle in hand, was looking shorewards, alertly. The men in the canoes offered an easy mark, but no shot came from the bank. That fact was to Carwyke the most significant thing of all; more convincing than Standifer's triumphant shout, or the sight of Norma crouching with hidden face. He was wondering whether the scoundrel would order him to land and make sure that Billy was dead, when the harsh voice rolled across the water: 'Forward, you vermin!'

Bull grunted and dipped his paddle, and almost automatically Carwyke followed suit. One thought was beating in his brain as he helped to drive the canoe from the scene of tragedy. Norma had no one to depend upon but himself now, and he was more or less helpless in Standifer's hands. Delivered from the fear of pursuit, the fellow might decide that his way was now clear before him, except for Bull and himself, and decide to dispense with them by casting them away in the wilderness. To be rid of them finally and for ever Standifer need do nothing more overt than set them adrift without weapons or food. For a time they would be able to eke out a miserable existence in the woods, but when the winter storms swept down out of the north, the end, sure and inevitable, would come.

But he would not die that way and leave Norma in Standifer's hands. There was another way in which he could die, a way that he would gladly take. Somehow, weaponless as he was, he would kill Standifer, even though he himself died in doing so. Yes, that was the way. Mardock was of a different calibre from his friend, and had even professed a certain friendly regard for Norma, who might be safe in his less ruthless hands. True there was Bull—— His thoughts broke off as he stared at the broad back before him. Bull might revive his old plan of carrying the girl away, if he had a sufficient motive, and if Mardock were not

strong enough to cow him. But what was the motive which had moved him to attempt to out-general Standifer, and what had he heard from the big Russian that had made him seek to get Norma into his hands?

Quite suddenly he asked a question: 'Bull, what made you turn against Standifer?'

The man in front gave a grunting laugh. 'Wanted the girl, in course!'

'But why did you want her? Was it something that man at the trading-post told you?'

'Yep!' replied Bull laconically.

'What was it? Something about the girl?'

'Yep!'

'What? Tell me; I'm rather curious.'

The man turned his head, and on his battered face his questioner saw a look of amazement. 'Mean ter say ye don't know?'

'Yes; honestly I don't.'

Bull grunted his surprise. 'Standifer never told ye?'

'No.'

The man laughed callously. 'I'll be shot if I tell ye, then! We ain't out o' this yet; I ain't giving away the best thing I ever had within reach o' my paws. Standifer's top-dog now, but he ain't going ter be all the time. Sooner or later he'll grow careless, an' then, gun or no gun, I'll wring his neck, an' Mardock's too.'

It was clear that the man would not, at the moment, reveal the secret that he had learned from Nicholovitch; and Carwyke, still seeking to learn the man's whole mind, turned his thoughts into another channel. 'Have you considered that Standifer may yet turn us adrift?'

'I'll lay all I've got an' ever hope ter hev— an' that's millions—on it.'

'Millions!'

'Yep!' Bull laughed. 'I ain't for ever goin' ter be a poor sailor-man as any crimp can send ter sea. One o' these days I'll be ridin' in a motor-car an' hev a steam yacht wi' a cap'n I can haze—same as I've bin hazed most o' my life.'

Carwyke recalled what the Russian had said, and his mind linked this naïve confession thereto, but his tongue gave no indication of his thought. Instead, he harked back. 'But suppose Standifer does turn us adrift?'

'I ain't goin' ter let him. I'll follow him an' that girl on my hands an' knees across Alaska.'

'You'll have something to do then,' answered Carwyke, with a laugh that was deliberately provocative.

'I'll do it,' said the man grimly. 'I ain't goin' ter give Standifer best, as ye'll see presently.'

The man fell silent, and though Carwyke tried him with other questions, he got no more

than grunts for answer, and was forced into silence himself at last.

Mile by mile they pushed on, the river broadening as it was fed by confluent streams. Once they passed the tepee poles of a deserted native encampment; and once a closed cabin built by some prospector or trapper, but now deserted. Several times they sighted moose on the edge of the woods; and once a bear, wallowing in a muddy place, startled at their unexpected appearance, hurried up the bank, and sought the shelter of the trees.

A subtle change in the quality of the light, and rosy reflections in the river, with the same hues on the peaks of the hills, told Carwyke that the midnight of the northern summer was at hand. Weary of his cramped position in the canoe, and the muscles of his arms aching with the incessant paddling, he was hoping that soon Standifer would give the order to camp, when there came a sudden exclamation from Bull, 'Jumpin' Methusaleh!'

'What——'

'A village an' a church, by all that's holy.'

Amazed as Bull himself, Carwyke stared ahead. A turn of the river had brought into view a point where a tributary stream joined the waterway along which they were travelling, and on the tongue of land between was a collection of wooden huts, with two structures larger than the rest, on one of which was a triple cross of bronze, reflecting the rosy light of the northern sky. Carwyke instantly recognised the symbol of the Greek Church, and offered an explanation. 'Russian.'

'But what's it doin' here in this God-forsaken wilderness?'

'A mission station, I expect.'

'Wonder what Standifer'll do? Will he stop, think ye?'

'I don't know. If——'

'Ahoy there!' Standifer's voice broke in on his words. 'Make for the village.'

'That settles it,' said Bull. 'An' I ain't sorry, for I reckon that here I'll pick up some-thing' as'll help me ter knock out that beggar behind.'

Carwyke himself cherished a hope of his own. In a mission station surely it would be possible for a helpless girl to find sanctuary and deliverance from the machinations of such a man as Standifer. His heart was beating quicker with hopeful expectation as they swung the canoe inshore. Bull gave a shout, and out of the ramshackle cabins tumbled half a score of Indians. At the sight of the oncoming canoes one of the natives ran to the large well-built house beside the church, and as they beached the canoe Carwyke saw a white man emerge from the house and begin to waddle towards them. The man was fairly tall, but so obese that he looked squat of figure, and the short steps he took reminded Carwyke of a fat

goose waddling on the flat. His expectation died suddenly. If that gross individual was the head of this mission in the wilderness, as in all probability he was, then there was nothing to be hoped from him.

Puffing, as if from exertion, the fat man approached the bank, and Carwyke saw that on his round chest hung a silver cross of the kind that lifted itself above the church. Bull saw it too, and gave a grunt of laughing scorn. 'His most holy reverence!'

Carwyke, noting the symbol, had no doubt that Bull was right, and he remarked other signs that supported the conviction. The Indians, crowding forward towards the bank, checked suddenly at an imperious word from the gross one; and, as he waved a fat hand, fell back, and, bunching together, waited the will of their priest. A fellow of influence and power, thought Carwyke, and stared at the huge man who had come to a halt a couple of yards from him. The priest gazed at them for perhaps a couple of seconds, suspicion in his keen eyes; then, in halting English, he asked, 'Where you come from?'

Bull took it on himself to reply. 'There's the boss, yer reverence,' he said, with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder; 'ask 'im.'

The keen eyes lifted themselves from Carwyke and Bull to Standifer who, rifle in hand, was advancing up the bank, whilst Mardock remained at the foot by the canoe and Norma, whose face was pale and had a grief-stricken look.

'Greeting, Holy Father!' said Standifer.

'Who are you who thus come to Ikorefsky?' asked the priest, plainly suspicious of their intentions.

'We are birds of passage, Father, whom accident has brought this way. We stay an hour, two hours, and then pass on down the river.' For one moment Standifer's dark eyes rested on the triple cross of silver, and then turned to the church, and he continued, 'If I may have a word in private with you, I shall be grateful, for I have need of your priestly services.'

As he heard the words a sharp overwhelming conviction came to Carwyke. Standifer proposed to use this gross priest to his own end, and here, in this church of the wilds, to marry Norma. He started forward angrily; but Standifer, who was watching him with apparent carelessness, thrust the muzzle of his rifle forward, whilst a smile wrinkled his dark face.

'You daren't do it,' cried Carwyke.

'Ah! You understand the good fortune the Holy Father stands for?' answered the other with a light laugh.

'What is this?' asked the priest, staring from one to the other.

'I will explain, Father. A word in your ears.'

Standifer stepped forward and whispered for a moment, and as he did so the priest's fat face betrayed first interest, then amusement, and finally wrinkled with laughter.

'A good jest,' he said. 'I myself——' He broke off and turned as if to go back to the house. 'Come, my son.'

'One moment, Father.'

Again Standifer whispered, and the fat priest nodded and spoke a few sharp words to the Indians; then he waddled off to the house, with Standifer stepping slowly by his side.

'There goes a brace of 'em,' commented Bull cheerfully, and stood watching their progress with amused eyes.

(Continued on page 295.)

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

HARDENING SOFT TENNIS-BALLS.

TENNIS-BALLS are apt in course of time to lose the air pressure inside them, although the process is a slow one. Those that are constantly in use wear out before they become too soft, but balls which are only occasionally played with are apt to lose their resiliency while the covers are still good. A very ingenious pumping outfit has been devised by means of which soft balls can be made hard again. It consists of a pump similar to that used for bicycle tires, but shorter, and fitted with a needle nozzle instead of the usual flexible connection. In fact, the pump closely resembles a huge hypodermic syringe. The outfit includes an awl, a tube of rubber solution, and a box of French chalk. The *modus operandi* is as follows: Find the plug of rubber inside every ball. If the ball is soft, pinching with the fingers will reveal its position; but should this method fail, float the ball on water, when the weight of the plug will cause the ball to turn until the plug is at the bottom. Having found the plug, pierce it with the awl; then dip the end of the needle into the rubber solution, and slightly withdraw the handle of the pump with the thumb over the air-hole at the top. This procedure sucks a little of the solution into the needle. Thrust the needle through the pierced hole in the plug, and pump as if inflating a bicycle tire until the ball is hard enough. The first stroke of the pump expels the rubber solution, which hangs in a drop on the end of the needle, and effectively closes the hole when the needle is withdrawn. Should any of the rubber solution be left on the cover of the ball around the puncture, a little French chalk will remove the stickiness and obliterate the mark. A small roll of pure rubber is also supplied for patching ordinary rubber balls which have become punctured. The outfits are 'put up' in neat boxes and sold at a very moderate price.

CAR FUEL FOR $6\frac{1}{2}$ D. A GALLON.

Considering the saving in cost that would be effected, it is astonishing that so few attempts have been made to run cars and lorries on paraffin, or even heavier oils, instead of on petrol. Devices for using paraffin have been

available for several years, but they are very little utilised. Some three years ago an apparatus was invented in Italy for using what is known as 'gas-oil' for motor-cars. This derivative of petroleum is an intermediate product between paraffin and the residual oils used for liquid fuel. It is dark brown in colour, but runs freely through carburettor jets. The price is about $6\frac{1}{2}$ d. a gallon. In common with all oils, as distinct from motor spirit, it has to be vaporised by heat before it can be used in the engine cylinders. The essential feature of the Italian apparatus, which is now being made in this country, is a hollow aluminium casting in the form of a shallow inverted U. Each leg of the \cap terminates in a throttle float chamber and jet. The levers on the throttle spindles are coupled together by a rod, and are so set that they open together. One float chamber contains petrol, which is used for starting; the other is connected to the gas-oil tank. From the gas-oil jet the spray is drawn up one leg of the \cap and down the other, to discharge into the induction pipe after passing a main throttle above that for petrol. An internal passage is cast in the curved part of the \cap , terminating at each side in a pipe union. Part of the exhaust is passed through this passage, and the heat from it effectually vaporises the gas-oil on its journey round the curve. A car fitted with this device is started with the main throttle opened to the petrol throttle and closed to that for gas-oil. After the motor has become heated the main throttle is moved, so as to cut off the petrol and to open fully to the gas-oil throttle. The petrol vapour passes direct to the motor without being subjected to heat, this feature being an improvement on some paraffin vaporisers, in which the petrol gas is heated. An extra air valve is fitted to the middle of the \cap and is controlled from the dash-board. This admits a certain amount of cold air according to weather conditions, the power of the motor being increased by keeping down the temperature of the gas to the lowest point at which it will remain vaporised. In any case, the power of the motor is reduced by from 10 to 15 per cent. owing to the expansion of the gas by heat, so that a reduced quantity is drawn into the cylinders, this feature being also present when motors are

run on paraffin. With this apparatus no reduction in the compression is required, as is the case with paraffin, while the gas-oil does not have any detrimental effect upon the lubricating oil in the cranks-case. With heavy commercial vehicles it is claimed that £300 a year can be saved by using gas-oil.

PROPOSED BIG TUNNEL UNDER THE MERSEY.

Owing to its diameter, which greatly exceeds that of any similar structure, the proposed new tunnel under the Mersey between Liverpool and Wallasey is of considerable interest. According to *The Times Trade and Engineering Supplement*, the largest cross-river tunnel yet built is that under the Thames at Rotherhithe, which measures 27 feet in diameter inside. If the scheme suggested in the report to the Merseyside Municipal Co-ordination Committee by Sir Maurice Fitzmaurice and Messrs Basil Mott and John Brodie is carried out, the tunnel under the Mersey will have an internal diameter of no less than 44 feet. With a length of 2400 yards, the main tunnel will have a horizontal partition across the middle, with another near the top, while the lower half will be divided into three parts by two vertical walls. The upper half of the tunnel will accommodate four rows of vehicles, and two lines of tram rails are to be laid in the middle division of the lower half. Ventilation will be effected by exhausting the air above the upper horizontal partition, while fresh air will be introduced through the outer divisions in the lower half of the tunnel. It is proposed that the tunnel shall have a cast-iron shell similar to those of the London tube railways, but lined on the inside with concrete. This construction, being watertight, saves the cost of pumping out water from leakages. At the Liverpool end the tunnel is to divide into two branches: one for heavy vehicles, the other for light traffic and trams. One branch would be the full diameter to accommodate the trams; but the heavy-traffic tunnel would be only 27 ft. 6 in. across. On the Cheshire side two full-diameter branches will be provided, to allow for two sets of trams, one to serve the Birkenhead district, and the other Seacombe and Wallasey. Including the purchase of property, together with parliamentary and legal expenses, the estimated cost of the scheme is £6,400,000. An alternative bridge is estimated to cost £10,555,000.

THE PERFECT CHANGE-SPEED GEAR.

Some readers of *Chambers's Journal* will remember a note on 'Wave Transmission of Power' which appeared in the January number for 1921. This method was invented by Mr George Constantinesco during the War to synchronise the firing of machine-guns on aeroplanes, so that the bullets passed between the blades of the propellers, no fewer than 30,000

machines being fitted with the necessary apparatus. Among other problems which this clever inventor has successfully solved is that of evolving, one might almost say creating, a perfect change-speed gear for cars, locomotives, and other machines. Not only has Mr Constantinesco achieved this almost impossible result, but he has arrived at it by very simple means, while the speed variation is automatic. That is to say, when a car comes to a hill the gear slows down by itself to exactly the speed which will enable the motor to take the car up. The driver has nothing to do in the way of changing gears, while, as the load on the engine remains constant, it runs steadily at the speed for which the throttle is set. This constant load on the motor and the unlimited hill-climbing power conferred by the change-speed gear are so advantageous that on a given car or lorry the same average speed can be maintained by a motor of much smaller capacity than that at present in use. This means a big saving in running cost, lower prices for such vehicles, and much simpler control, the advantages being especially pronounced for motor-buses. For a car, the 'converter,' as Mr Constantinesco prefers to call it, begins with a crank on the motor-shaft, from which a connecting rod gives a reciprocating motion. It ends with two levers, fulcrumed on the propeller-shaft, one projecting upwards, the other hanging down. We will suppose for the moment that these levers are provided with pawls, which engage with the teeth of a ratchet wheel. Connecting rods from the levers meet in a common pivot, and when this pivot is worked to and fro one pawl pushes the ratchet wheel round on the forward stroke, and the other pulls it round in the same direction on the backward stroke, thus giving continuous rotation. The imagination must now be extended to visualise a lever which is connected at the top to the 'common pivot,' while a weight is fixed to the bottom end. The connecting rod from the motor crank is pivoted to the middle of this lever. As described, the arrangement would fall down, so we will assume that the 'common pivot' is hung on a link which can swing from a fixed pivot above. As the motor crank revolves, and moves the middle of the lever to and fro, the weight can swing like a pendulum from the common pivot, which remains stationary; or, the common pivot can swing backwards and forwards, while the weight stands still. If the motor is just 'ticking round,' the weight will swing, the common pivot will remain stationary, and the car will not start. But as the motor is speeded up, it takes more and more force to swing the weight, with the result that it is easier to work the ratchets and drive the car. Readers who cannot imagine this mechanism should make a diagram from the foregoing description. They will then see that the farther the weight swings, the

shorter will be the strokes of the pawls, and the slower the rotation of the shaft. How far the weight will swing depends entirely upon how hard the pawls have to push and pull. During the ascent of a very steep hill the weight would have a big swing, and the shaft would only crawl round, but with immense force. On the level, or on a gentle ascent, the weight would hardly move at all, and the pawls would have their full stroke, driving the car at top speed. In the actual gear the weight is replaced by a flywheel, which does not rotate, but is swung round a few degrees each way by a crankpin, this giving a similar effect in resistance to the weight. Instead of pawls and a ratchet wheel, also, which have backlash before they 'pick up,' clutches are used, that slip easily one way, but grip instantly the other. They are also reversible by moving a lever; the full range of speed is therefore given in the reverse. This 'converter' has been tried on a heavy car with a 6 horse-power motor. With ten men on board, and a four-ton lorry hooked on behind, this car started easily on a steep gradient. For the Diesel locomotive, which is the coming type for our main railway lines, this converter should be invaluable by enabling the engine to start the heaviest train without the employment of slipping clutches or electrical machinery.

FIGHTING ONE DISEASE BY MEANS OF ANOTHER.

The recent report of Professor Robertson, the medical superintendent of the Edinburgh Royal Asylum, gives a striking instance of the way in which a comparatively mild ailment can sometimes be used to combat the ravages of a more deadly disease. He recalls that in the previous year's report attention was directed to the extraordinary diminution, during recent years, in the number of deaths due to general paralysis, and new lines of treatment were then foreshadowed. The problem was to find a second infection powerful enough to delay, or, if possible, to arrest, the advance of the initial disease, and yet not so deadly in itself as to endanger the patient's life. After many experiments, tertian malaria was selected as the infection which best satisfied these two conditions. During the past year important experiments—among the first made in Great Britain—had been conducted along these lines. After an interval varying from eight to thirty-two days all the patients inoculated developed malaria. The disease was allowed to run its course for a certain number of attacks, and then it was arrested. The experiment had now been in progress for ten months, and although that time was too short to place the issue beyond doubt, it might be said with confidence that this method of treatment afforded greater benefit than any which had hitherto been devised. Nine out of twelve patients treated benefited, and the greatest improvement had occurred in those cases in which the remedy

was applied at an early stage. In some cases the improvement which had taken place could only be described as a complete transformation of the person. Though in other cases the improvement was less arresting, it was nevertheless real and tangible. These experiments had opened up a new field of research which must be diligently explored. The results arrived at must be interpreted with caution, for in the course of general paralysis spontaneous remissions often occurred. Continued supervision was therefore necessary until the risk of a relapse had been placed beyond doubt.

A GAS NIGHT-LIGHT.

In several positions in or about a house only a small amount of light is wanted after night-fall, while brilliant night-lights for children would be harmful. Until a few years ago the only way of obtaining a dim light with gas was to use the old-fashioned fishtail burner and turn it down. But these burners were very extravagant in their consumption of gas, while they gave but a poor light when turned up. Several miniature incandescent gas burners have been invented, one or two of which have been described in these notes. Unfortunately all suffer from the comparatively short life of the mantles, and the breaking of the chimneys when these are used. A burner of this type has made its advent recently from which these faults have been eliminated. The main feature of the device is the mounting of an ordinary 'Bijou' inverted mantle on a pivot so that it can be rotated. The mantle is fixed horizontally instead of being inverted, and a burner, which passes only half a foot of gas per hour when turned full on, directs a tiny jet upon its under surface. When a hole appears in the mantle, as happens in from three months to one year, it is given a quarter turn, which presents a new surface to the jet. The light from these burners is ample for small landings and other places where little light is required, while for night-lights they can be turned low without risk of smell. No regulation of the air supply is needed. It is claimed that the apparatus does not waste gas, as most ordinary burners do when turned too fully on, and that it costs on the average only one halfpenny per week. When viewed from the back (in reference to the mantle) the device takes the form of an inverted T. At the upper end of the leg is the pivot for the rotating clip which holds the mantle. A horizontal clip at the lower end, under the mantle, grips the burner, and in this way supports the complete device. The ends of this clip cross each other, so that by pinching them between the finger and thumb the clip is sprung open to pass over the burner. A globe made of special heat-resisting glass surrounds the complete outfit. This is carried by the cross of the T, in which notches engage with a turned-

back edge at the bottom of the globe, and by a projecting finger at the end of the leg beyond the pivot. The globe is nearly spherical, and has a hole at the upper end as well as the one at the bottom. The burner can be screwed into any gas fitting in a few seconds, when all that remains to be done is to clip on the T-piece with the mantle and globe. Made in stout tin and bronzed, this miniature incandescent burner is by no means unsightly.

A NON-SCRATCHING, REPEATING GRAMOPHONE.

The bugbear of the gramophone is the scratching noise made by the needle. Constant efforts have been made to eliminate this feature, and these have met with some measure of success, as will have been gathered from recent notes in these pages on gramophone sound-boxes. Another sound-box has been brought out lately in which the scratching sound is almost inaudible, and both vocal and instrumental music is reproduced with astonishing purity of tone. The diaphragm is made of a special composition which, it is claimed, gives a better tone than mica; but the biggest departure from the usual design of sound-box is the provision of a second diaphragm, behind that which is vibrated by the needle, thereby forming a resonance chamber between the two. This chamber is filled with a special substance which is said to absorb harsh sounds, such as are set up by an old and worn record, and to give exceedingly clear articulation. Another innovation is the mounting on whalebone (instead of on steel springs) of the tiny vibrating arm which holds the needle. We have listened to a record rendered in turn by one of these sound-boxes and by two others of the best-known makes; the reduction in the scratchiness and 'tinniness' with the new sound-box was very noticeable; likewise the improvement in the tone. Other special features of the machine include an improved form of tone-arm, which is hung on a pivot from the top, and therefore involves no obstruction in the sound passage; and a ball-bearing between the tone-arm and the sound-box. We now come to an interesting device which will automatically repeat the whole or any part of a record or stop the machine at the end. In the first place the tone-arm is given a tendency to swing out to the edge of the record by a weight attached to a lever at the back. The arm being hung on a pivot which is almost frictionless, a pull of 4 ounces at a short leverage is enough; this means a side pressure on the needle, but one which is almost imperceptible, and no bad effects have been traced to it. The device which raises the needle and sound-box, and swings out the tone-arm, consists of a rod roughly in line with, and attached under, the arm. This rod is held from moving endways,

but turns freely. At the outer end, under the sound-box, and almost, but not quite, touching it, is a flat wedge. It is easy to understand that if the rod is turned, one side of the wedge will rise and lift the sound-box and the needle. Sliding on the rod, and fixable by a thumb-screw, is a fitting which carries a tiny wheel, the latter being so placed that the turn-table will turn it by friction when the two make contact. As the tone-arm moves towards the centre of the record, this wheel touches the edge of the turn-table sooner or later, according to where it is set. When this happens, the turning of the wheel causes a peg on the edge of the turn-table to engage with it, the effect being partially to rotate the rod, tipping up the wedge, and lifting the sound-box and needle. The impact also causes the tone-arm to swing out. If the needle be placed at the end of the record, and the wheel is set in contact with the turn-table, the device will act automatically when the record is finished. But if it is desired to repeat the whole or part of a record, as is done for dancing, an adjustable stop is set against the tone-arm, with the needle resting on the record where the repetition is to begin, which may be at the commencement of the piece or at any intermediate point. It is obvious that if the needle were dumped down into a groove as the rod and wedge turn back, damage would result. This difficulty is overcome in a very ingenious manner. A fibre link is hung by a screw to one side of the wedge. When this hangs vertically it supports the wedge on the record at such a height that the needle is just clear of the grooves. But the moment the link touches the record it is turned by friction to one side, and the needle is let down comparatively gently into the groove. These gramophones are made up in various forms, but the sound-boxes will fit any machine, and are sold separately for this purpose.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (a) a reply post-card, or (b) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, Chambers's Journal, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

*. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE CAT.

By RICCARDO STEPHENS.

PART I.

'TELL me what it means,' I said.

Mahgoul adjusted his pince-nez, bent forward short-sightedly toward the great stone sealing the tomb, and translated the roughly-cut Arabic characters for my benefit.

"Let the busy man remember that the Cat has claws."

'I don't see,' I objected, 'why a busy man should need to remember that.' And Mahgoul, looking rather worried, and sweating freely, pushed back his tarboosh and wiped his forehead with a vilely scented pocket-handkerchief. He always described himself as 'English 'Varsitee man,' and considered English his strong point.

'In the Universitee of London,' he explained, 'they did not officially teach your idiomatic overmuch. Now, who is it that is busy, but attends mostly to other people's business?'

'Oh! the busybody,' I suggested; 'the meddler.'

'The meddler! That is it,' Mahgoul agreed, beaming on me. 'As my friend Lady Lightbody would say, "Hands off!" That is the meaning.'

'Damn your friend Lady Lightbody!' snarled O'Meara, who was standing a little behind me.

Mahgoul was offended, and glared. 'She is damned already, I think,' he said, 'being an Unbeliever. But with all respect, I would point out that you are an outsider in this thing. I am a salaried employé, also 'Varsitee man. Also, you are not officially here, and no longer in the British army, with leave to damn.'

'Stop bickering, please, both of you!' I said sharply. 'If not—then the desert is wide enough!'

O'Meara frowned at me, and then, shrugging a contemptuous shoulder, lounged off to his own tent, his red hair glinting in the hot sun. Mahgoul, fat, black-haired, and vilely scented, made wide deprecatory gestures, and shuffled away in another direction.

You will know both O'Meara and Mahgoul well enough, I think, when you hear what happened. I am not inclined to label them

myself, but they had joined my party with this testimonial:

'O'Meara,' my friend wrote, 'has lately resigned a commission under pressure. Knowing that during the stress of war we could not be over-particular, you will draw your own conclusions. He knows the district, its dialects, wants to see the tomb, and swears he can help that side-show of yours by finding specimens of the birds you want. He would come, if only for his rations.'

'Mahgoul is a clever devil, who speaks English and knows the desert and its ways. He has studied at London University, he says, and is none the better for it. He's too 'cute to let other folk get the better of you. Use him as dragoman, and kick him if he's impertinent.'

Well, they were not much to my taste. But now, at any rate, I was left alone to the peace of the desert and the tomb. I sprawled there contentedly, in the black shadow of a great rock, in khaki shorts, puttees, and short sleeves; and, tilting my sun-helmet a bit, let my mind wander back for seven years. I felt very young and careless for my age.

Yes, it was seven years ago that I (for reasons which I have told elsewhere and needn't repeat) had brought the mummy here from England and had reburied it. Then the Great War came, and I got a commission. In 1919 I found myself demobbed at Kantara, and asked leave to miss a transport, to see Egypt on my own. To which a harassed transport officer had retorted that I could stay in the God-forsaken country as long as I chose—and forfeit my free passage.

I was now fifty-nine, an M.O., and a bachelor. To satisfy that queer thing called my conscience, I had cheerfully submitted to five long years of discipline, which meant orders from much younger men. Now, I suddenly boiled over with impatience.

'If I get out of khaki this side,' I said to the youngster, 'I shall have ten days less of red tape and impertinence from boys who might be my grandsons. I'll do so!' And I cleared out of Kantara with my indemnity papers in my hand and my nose high in the air.

A few days later, a friend in the Egyptian

service had made things smooth for me, and I had started on a sentimental pilgrimage, to look at the tomb of my particular mummy once more. Now here it was, as quiet as when I had reburied it, and apparently taken charge of by local dignitaries. I need think no more about it.

I stretched myself, looked across the miles of glaring sand, stood up in the black shadow, and decided that a lonely stroll would do me good. I had always had a weakness for sport and natural history, with very little chance of indulging it. There was a certain sand-grouse, or partridge—I didn't know which—that I had shot here before. The skin of my specimen had gone astray in an Alexandria club, and I wanted another. I called to Mudge, my servant, told him to bring me my gun and twenty cartridges, and strolled off alone to the nearest *wady* or ravine. I wanted no company, and took no notice of Mudge's remarks about sunstroke, wandering Arabs, *et cetera*. Mudge, who knew all about the mummy, and disapproved of it exceedingly, had managed somehow to be with me all through the war—lying, wrangling, and probably bribing, if need be. Now he was quickly recovering long-forgotten knowledge of the terms in which the English Tommy impresses his wants on the Eastern mind. I left him to increase that knowledge, with a vague notion that it might be useful, if Mahgoul became absolutely unbearable.

Ten minutes later, I had slid into a *wady*, out of sight and out of mind of the little caravan.

Do you know what a *wady* is? A gully of any length and depth, with sand everywhere, from which—in the Western Desert, at any rate—great masses of volcanic rock rise, of all sizes and eerie shapes. There the jackals hide until night, and there I soon found tracks of the bird I looked for.

The sun was now almost vertical overhead, and the sand too hot for the hand. But I enjoy heat, like the lizards I continually disturbed; and for a mile or so I followed the footprints of this covey in the soft sand up the ravine, past patches of camel-thorn and trailing plants of Dead Sea fruit, with my gun ready, and always expecting to see birds whirr up ahead. At last that happened. There was a noise that at once reminded me of September stubbles at home. Half-a-dozen dove-coloured birds rose twenty yards ahead, and swung up the *wady*. I picked my bird, and dropped it dead among the rocks, but never aimed with my second barrel.

Before I could do that, I felt myself suddenly growing giddy. Everything rocked round me. Big stones seemed moving, and I couldn't keep my feet. There was a rumbling, and my second barrel went off by itself. Something hit me on the head, and I slowly doubled up, concertina fashion, with a vague idea that my gun had burst, or that I had a sunstroke.

II.

I knew nothing more until I found myself lying flat, with my head comfortably cushioned on something soft; and a girl's remarkably pretty, dark face, with a pleasant amount of grave interest shown in it, bent over mine.

Alas! this is no love story. At fifty-nine a sensible man can still highly appreciate a girl's beauty, and in this case it was too obvious to be missed. But, if sensible, he knows that, though no doubt an admirable character, he is not physically attractive. This, madam, cannot aspire to be a love-story—so far, at least, as I am concerned. If I had dreamt for a moment of Paradise and hours, I was quickly awakened.

'Ere!' I heard a familiar voice say, 'that's enough o' this! Ympshi! Etlah! Hurry! Get hup, an' I'll take charge!'

Then I felt my head shifted, and found Mudge bending over me. 'You aren't so pretty!' I muttered, and saw his aggrieved face twist itself into a sour grin. 'What's the matter?' I added.

'A hearthquake, sir,' Mudge explained. 'Didn't I warn you?'

'Not against earthquakes, no!' I said. 'Leave me alone. I'll be right in a minute.' And so I was.

I lay still awhile, with closed eyes, and then found I could stand up. 'How did you find me?' I asked Mudge, testing gingerly and finding myself whole.

'I thought 'twas time for a search-party,' Mudge explained, 'so I followed on your tracks, sir. Then I met that young woman makin' for the camp, and she took charge an' fetched me along.'

'Very decent of her,' I said, and looked round to convey my thanks. But the girl had gone, and the only sign of her was a flicker of blue robe between the rocks, far up the *wady*. 'Why the devil did you let her go?' I asked angrily. 'Fetch her back!'

But Mudge, obstinate as usual, very respectfully (for him) expressed his firm belief that his 'dooty' called him to stand by me. And before I could pull myself properly together and give the order firmly, the blue robe was clean out of sight.

I was vexed; but by the time Mudge helped me back to camp there was something else to think about. The earthquake had hardly disturbed our tents on the sand, but it had shifted the big stone from the mouth of the tomb.

When we reached it, a little crowd of camp-followers and stray Arabs hung about the opening, scowling and chattering angrily to one another. Inside were O'Meara and Mahgoul, wrangling fiercely, and apparently on the verge of a scuffle. Between them lay the mummy, with some of its wrappings torn away.

I am a timid man, and also a peace-lover, as befits my years and my profession. But the

hot temper which has so often got me into trouble and left me there, drove me into that tomb headlong, and the two fellows were out of it before they quite knew what was happening. When O'Meara turned upon me, I told him what I thought of him and his conduct in terms I'd rather not repeat. Then I myself straightened the mummy's wrappings as well as I could; and got surprisingly willing help from the natives to lift it into place and to close the tomb again, with the Arabic characters still clear upon the stone: 'Let the meddler remember that the Cat has claws.'

Some accident, some coincidence—I learnt later—had given the tomb a wonderful reputation. It had become quite a holy spot, and pilgrimages were made to it for various purposes. It seemed to me afterwards that, while concentrated on getting O'Meara and Mahgoul out of the place, I had half-seen, among many angry faces, one of scornful hate, such as Medusa might have shown, above a blue robe.

But when I had time to look again, it had gone. I put it down to my imagination, and was too busy to watch for it. The work of reclosing the tomb was heavy, and it was only finished at dusk. O'Meara and Mahgoul, I believe, sulked in their tents all that evening. I, at any rate, neither sent for them nor saw them.

I confess to a feeling of surprise, after consideration, at the ease with which I had got those two fellows away from the mummy. Mahgoul, of course, was a coward anyway. But O'Meara! A fighting, red-headed Irishman! I suddenly began to wonder if he went quickly because something went with him that he thought worth keeping.

III.

I am no seismologist. I don't know, in fact, whether rain may be expected quickly after an earthquake, or whether a following storm is a mere coincidence. At any rate, the storm came.

I had failed to find the bird that fell just before the earthquake, and the next morning I thought myself quite fit to try for another. I may say at once that Fate seemed dead against me, and the Natural History Museum is still without a specimen.

But that morning I determined to try for one, and, after consideration, I invited O'Meara to come with me. As a companion, O'Meara was most decidedly uncongenial. Better solitude, better Mudge, better anybody than O'Meara—except perhaps Mahgoul.

But I didn't care to leave the two in camp together; and Mahgoul, who usually appeared either in heel-less slippers or else in high-heeled, elastic-sided boots, was hopeless for a desert tramp. Besides, there was my suspicion that O'Meara had not come quite empty-handed out of the tomb. I thought I might sound him

carefully on that point, when away from camp. For I didn't much like taxing a white man with petty theft in front of an Egyptian. In that attempt, too, I was to fail—and, indeed, had little chance to make it.

We took lunch in our haversacks, and started directly after an early breakfast. As we left, I noticed men busy at the tent pegs and weighting down the canvas with stones. On asking, I was told they were getting ready for possible bad weather. But bad weather in April seemed impossible. I saw no sign of it, and we tramped away to a particular *wady* a short four miles off, where birds were reported to have been seen, and where O'Meara, who seemed anxious to conciliate me, said he could find them.

'If there's a storm, we'll find shelter,' I told Mudge. 'It couldn't last long at this time of the year.'

Well, we tramped the dust-dry bed of this *wady* uselessly, and searched the two next with no result. Tracks there were, often, and many quite fresh. But either the birds kept on the run just ahead—and partridges *can* run!—or else they cowered among the stones and, stone-still themselves, were passed unnoticed. Anyway, we found none; and, walking some forty yards apart, we did no talking about tombs or anything else. Then the storm came.

First I found myself panting unusually and feeling the heat particularly oppressive. Then I looked at my wrist-watch, thinking it must be late in the day, as the light had grown so bad. Then came a few splashing, heavy drops, and then, as I shouted to O'Meara and climbed for shelter to a tiny cave that I saw, down came the deluge. It seemed to me as though I were in a gigantic shower-bath, or as if a celestial cistern had burst. In a few minutes the sky was so dark that one could see only a few yards away, and obviously it was impossible to make for the camp. As for the rain, when the sheets of it struck the sand, the sound was like that of an army of phantom drummers. We could not hear one another speak. There was no escape from it. We peered at one another, and grinned morosely, a little more sympathetic through being unlucky together.

At the nearest port, over a hundred miles away, I was told, months later, that on that particular afternoon nearly five inches of rain fell in five hours. With us, we simply knew at the moment that it was like a second Deluge. We were out of the storm, anyway, where we were, and we lit our pipes and waited patiently. O'Meara's red head poked out once or twice, and was hurriedly pulled in again. For my part, I watched the sheets of water come down, and found it dull enough. But I did not care much, so long as my 'baccy lasted. However, it was not to be dull long.

By this time the vast plateau above us, dry as it was, had become saturated, and water in

sandy streams began to pour down the steep *wady*. Every few minutes I saw little streams join from all sides to swell the flood. Bushes came down, then lightly-rooted trees. Small stones shifted, and then came a bundle of sodden blue drapery, from which a hand tossed, rolling over and over down to us.

The water now ran only some three or four feet below our little cave. I was staring up the *wady*, and saw the thing coming. The drapery was caught for a few seconds on a rock, and that gave me time to yell to O'Meara, and to scramble down. As the bundle came rolling on, I waded in and clutched at it, and O'Meara clutched me. In a few seconds we had dragged an insensible Bedouin girl into the little hole where we sheltered—and it was the blue-robed girl who had escaped me the day before.

IV.

I don't know the length of the next act of this little drama. When one is fighting for a life, one takes no count of time. I only know that I seemed to be working for a lifetime at that child—for to me she looked nothing more—before I saw any hope of her recovery.

I had time, at any rate, to see that a very charming face lay like a mask before me. Long black lashes and half-closed lids hid the eyes. The paleness of death was on cheek and lip; but the straight black eyebrows, the broad forehead, the delicate aquiline nose, and the firm rounded chin were all the more noticeable for her waxy pallor. The lips were set, and the strong white teeth clenched; and I used force to part them.

In listening—uselessly at first—for any heart-beat, I noticed one thing conspicuously. On her breast was tattooed some mark, probably tribal, which I had no time to examine closely.

All these things were noted subconsciously. It wasn't until later that I remembered that I had seen them. I fought for a life—no matter whose, or of what value. A purely professional instinct; for I remember wondering vaguely, while I worked at her, whether such a life was really of any particular value. That, you will exclaim, isn't the correct attitude for a medical man. Of course it isn't! Were I 'correct,' I, with my simple tastes, would die a rich man. As it is, no one will be appreciably the richer when I depart this life.

But the girl came round at last, for which, I suppose—whether unfortunate or no—I must be held responsible.

Her blood slowly circulated again, showing a dark red flush under an olive skin. Her lips pouted, full and red. A pair of dark, melancholy, questioning brown eyes showed themselves under lifted lids—and a very attractive maiden, after staring vaguely at us, suddenly tried to sit up, sank back helplessly, and drew a wet corner of a torn and bedraggled veil across

her face. I think she recognised both of us at that moment. Now I suddenly found that the storm was over. The torrent was sinking, the sun was out, and the desert steaming like a hot sponge.

'Ask the child where we shall take her,' I said. But the girl shook her head to the question. Her people, she told O'Meara, were on the move, and she had strayed to find a wandering goat. We lifted the girl between us, and, with many halts by the way, carried her back to my camp.

That evening both O'Meara and Mahgoul questioned her, and seemed to me to take an unnecessary time about it, and to be remarkably jealous of one another's attention. I finally stopped their interrogations impatiently, and told Mudge to have a tent put up for the girl near his and mine.

Mudge had watched from afar, in a detached, disapproving way with which I was quite familiar. Later, when I had bathed and was changing for my evening meal, I asked him what was the matter. 'You don't want me,' I asked fretfully, 'to turn the child loose on the desert for the night, do you, after what she did for me, and after pulling her round just now?'

'It's my belief she could find 'er way 'ome if you did, sir,' says Mudge; 'at least, to as much of a 'ome as these gipsies 'ave got. Searchin' for a goat, was she? Well, I think she's found two; anyway, I saw that blue nightie or dressin'-gown of 'ers in the crowd when 'er two admirers was lootin' the tomb—which they wouldn't ha' done if they knew that blarsted mummy—('scuse me, sir)—as well as you an' I do. She was flittin' about this mornin' before you were up, and it's my belief she followed you.'

'And got washed down the *wady* on purpose, I suppose,' I suggested. 'But look here, Mudge, what do you mean by "looting"?''

'Well, sir,' said Mudge doggedly, 'if you ask me, I'd swear one of those two Hegyptologists pinched something. That's what they was near scrappin' over—an' I think O'Meara—(I beg your pardon, sir; Captain O'Meara, I should say)—'as got it. Pretty "Captain"! I fancy the natives thinks so too.' But by that time I was dressed, and sent him off to order up my dinner.

(Continued on page 310.)

TINKER-TIME.

WHEN tinkers go, without relief
Rains flood the stream with tears of grief;
Sad leaves take wings; no birds will house;
The wind calls loud through beckoning boughs;
Dark trees for months their mourning show—
Sad is the wood when tinkers go.

In spring, when tinker-folk arrive,
Sudden the dead trees start alive;
Love-soft becomes the earth's hard breast;
No bird but straight must sing and nest;
The stream shouts loud its welcoming
When tinker-folk arrive in spring.

ETHEL TALBOT.

IN A PALESTINE PORT.

By L. GORDON GRANT.

I.

SO accustomed are we to think of Palestine as the land of Bible stories, that we seldom pause to consider what it is in modern times; yet it is a land over which there hangs an alluring glamour, and to-day, as of old, it is a land of promise. Since Britain undertook the responsibility of holding a mandate for this old, old land, new blood has flowed into sluggish veins, and the deadly torpor, which is the result of tyrannical oppression, is being slowly shaken off. Life is quickening, as it always does quicken when freedom, not subjection, is the badge of a people. Palestine is the gateway to the languorous East; it is also the doorway to the virile West. It retains much of the indolent grace—and filth—of the East; it is daily being inspired by the infusion of Western thought and culture. And thus we find a curious blending of the old and the new, of the ancient and the modern. Not all of the former is bad; nor is all of the latter good.

Sitting this February afternoon, in the genial spring-time sunshine, on the slopes of Mount Carmel, I see below me the rich culture of the plain that sweeps from the base of the mountain to the edge of the sea. But a few years ago, when victorious British troops marched into Haifa, this plain was a dreary uneconomic marsh. Undismayed zeal and indomitable energy have transformed it into productive arable land; and to-day a fascinating dapple of rich brown and luscious green presents an aspect of splendid agricultural promise.

Beyond the fringe of the plain stands Old Haifa, with its cemetery, where lie, in dignified and honoured repose, not a few of Britain's gallant soldier sons who fell in the last crusade to the Holy Land. Hard by their graves, in the bowels of the earth, is an ancient tomb which contained all that was mortal of their mediæval predecessors, who likewise perished nobly in their valiant struggle to win for Christendom the holy places that cradled their common faith. Descending into the tomb by a flight of stone steps, we find ourselves in a sunken roofless chamber, with Norman arches supported on much-weathered round pillars with cushion capitals. On one wall remain faint vestiges of what, doubtless, were the painted effigies of those who found sepulture within the small chambers that open off the central hall. In each of these there seem to have been three sarcophagi, but in one there is the greater magnificence of a tessellated floor, and the remains of a narrow stone table. Probably this was a small chapel, in which the

bodies of the dead rested on the stone ledge before entombment took place. Alas! to-day the place is in a state of incredible filth; it is used as a poultry house and donkey stable, and the stone ledge has been transformed into a manger. One fragment of a stone door we saw lying on the ground of this chamber; on one side it had the rude carving of a lotus-flower, but that was as near as we came to the riches of a Tutankhamen tomb.

II.

Beyond Old Haifa, sweeps with calm, unruffled breast, into the Bay of Acre, the blue Mediterranean. Right opposite, on the other side of the bay, glistening like a pearl in a sapphire setting with shining sand-like bands of gold on either side of it, stands the ancient fortress of Acre itself. What scenes of knightly splendour the very name conjures up! What glorious names of chivalry come to mind! Baldwin, and Philip, and Richard of the Lion Heart; Saladin and Khalil; the great masters of the Hospital, of the Temple, and of the Teutonic Orders, all range themselves before our vision. The mighty throng of armed crusaders, the silken tents of royal leaders, the furling banners of western nations, all the panoply of war unfold themselves before us, and once again we are plunged into the very midst of the Middle Ages, listening with eager ear to the clash of arms and the rattle of the tourney. But, alas! the hands of time have moved far since these things happened; even Napoleon, Ibrahim Pasha, and Sir Sidney Smith seem far away; and Acre to-day is but a shell, round which cling the brave tales of high romance of the days of long ago, and the ever-prevalent smells of an eastern town.

Beyond the plain, which encircles Acre on the north, rise the Galilean hills, dominated by the glittering distant peaks of mighty snow-clad Hermon.

On the placid waters of the spacious bay proudly ride the argosies of commerce, laden with the merchandise of the world. In their midst, like a giant amongst pigmies, an Atlantic leviathan, the *Homerick*, rears its huge bulk; but suites of apartments on a floating palace, which cost a thousand pounds apiece, or even a single state-room, which runs one into many hundreds, are within the reach of only the richest of the sons of the earth. Tiny boats gently sway on the softly heaving waters, and busy barges ply from unloading merchantmen to the congested quays. The shrill whistle of a railway engine introduces a modern note, and a long train, like a fussy snake, crawls along the sea-shore. But the persistent East asserts

itself anew; the musical tinkle of a bell announces the passage of a string of laden camels on the road below, and the discordant bray of a disgruntled donkey emphasises the fact that, in spite of Atlantic liners and railway trains, we are still in the Orient.

III.

Beneath our perch, on the sloping road that leads to the top of Carmel, we espy a corpulent Carmelite friar astride a diminutive donkey, sitting almost on its tail. He is making for the monastery at the top of the slope, where a beautiful chapel stands. Under the gorgeous high altar is the grotto wherein the prophet Elijah sought shelter. One of the ladies of our party, unmindful of the Scripture story, demands of our gentle guide-monk, 'And is this really where Elijah is buried?' 'Ah, no!' comes the mildly reproving answer; 'Madame forgets. Elijah did not die.' And so, discomfited, we beat a rapid retreat, to purchase some of the mother-of-pearl or olive-stone rosaries which are procurable, at infinitesimal cost, at the door of the monastery. Emerging from this sanctuary of peace and proceeding along the road on the top of the mountain, we are soon confronted by a grim reminder of the devastating horror of war, in the shape of a huge German gun that was mounted to protect Haifa from the hostile raids of any marauding British host. By a grim jest of fortune not only was the gun used but once—to fire on a regiment of Indian troops marching across the sea-shore from Acre—but Carmel itself ultimately became Lord Allenby's headquarters. All around is the government's forest reserve, and our Scottish hearts warm to the young firs and the baby pines. Flaunting poppies splash, with vivid scarlet, the green hillside, and mingle with shy anemones, delicate cyclamen, tiny celandines, and a hundred and one other blossoms of the wild, whose names are unknown to us. A blaze of golden glory bursts on our view, and we recognise a clump of gorse in full bloom. Our feet sink into a carpet of red clover, which is in sharp contrast to the solitary survivor of a neighbouring bed of narcissi. The shrill notes of a reed pipe hurry us back to Bible times, and we turn to watch a picturesque shepherd scrambling over the hillside after his straggling flock with its bell-wether, in the midst of which are a few shaggy, black goats, butting their way along in the upward march. Such scenes are familiar in Palestine, and are the same to-day as they were two thousand years ago.

Carmel is not really a mountain. It is a ridge, which continues from the sea in a southeasterly direction for about fifteen miles, when it abruptly thrusts its huge shoulder into the plain of Esdraelon, that cockpit of war from Barak to Allenby. Incidentally, travellers across

the plain are constantly confronted by sinister relics of the British army's triumphant march across Palestine, in the shape of abandoned waggons, which lie derelict on either side of the road.

IV.

But our way leads us to the town again, and in descending the hill we pass on the left below us the tomb of Sir Abdul Baha Abbas, the son of Baha-Ullah, who succeeded the Bâb, and founded the religious sect known as the Bahai. Sir Abdul Baha Abbas was born on the very day that the Bâb proclaimed his message at Tabriz, and he accompanied into exile his father and his devoted band of followers, during the whole period that they were held in captivity by the Sultan Abdul-Hamid. He cheerfully shared the rigours of incarceration in Acre fortress, and in 1892, on the death of his father, became the leader of the movement. Some twelve or thirteen years ago he emerged from his eastern seclusion, and journeyed to Paris and London. In the latter city, on the invitation of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, he spoke to a large congregation in the City Temple, and, before leaving, inscribed in Persian characters on the fly-leaf of the pulpit Bible a characteristic message. Archdeacon Wilberforce, that broad-minded churchman, also made him free of the pulpit of St John's, Westminster. But the Bahai story cannot be told here: it requires, and deserves, a special article to itself.

Continuing on our way, we pass clumps of dusty-looking olives, denuded of fruit, while pathetic fig-trees, devoid of foliage, stretch out imploring arms to the blue skies. Thick firs, with clustering cones, mingle with the spiked tops of lofty cypresses; and stately almonds, in full bloom, stand like shy brides in marriage finery. Plunging into the old town, we wander through the narrow streets of the *Suk*; but the rather mean and squalid bazaars have but little attraction for those who have seen the splendours of Damascus, or the rich merchandise of Cairo. Strings of supercilious camels stride along with stately tread; pattering donkeys barge their way through the crowded alleys; and languid merchants squat by their booths, smoking the eternal hubble-bubble. Passing the post-office on the right, and the busy quays on the left, we emerge on the Nazareth road. There below us on the sea-shore is a grove of palms, behind which slowly meanders, across the plain to the sea, the ancient stream of Kishon. A noisy motor scrambles past, scattering in its headlong flight a flock of startled sheep, and once again East and West are in conjunction.

V.

Looking across the sparkling blue waters of the bay from this point, one cannot fail to be

impressed by the magnificence of its possibilities. It is the only natural harbour on the whole Palestine coast, and if a mole were run out from Acre, and another from Carmel Point, across the ten miles of intervening sea, safe anchorage could be found for the massed fleets of the world, and a valuable naval-base established for the protection of British interests in the Mediterranean and the Near East. Haifa, moreover, is the headquarters of the railway system which links up Palestine with Egypt, and connects the littoral with Damascus and Arabia. Years ago Sir William Willcocks wrote of the immense potential wealth of the regions round the Tigris and the Euphrates. If this wealth were developed, much of it could be run over an extended railway system and embarked at Haifa. A line has already been surveyed as far as Baghdad, and no engineering difficulties have been found to exist. Lack of capital is certainly one of the factors which at present prevent the completion of a scheme which would bring the markets of Persia and Afghanistan into direct and rapid communication with Europe. Political and international considerations may also be matters interfering with the carrying out of the project; and whether the advantage of having an alternative (overland) route to India is not outweighed by disadvantages is a matter for experts to settle. Considering the present attitude of the British taxpayer to affairs in the Near East generally,

one would require to be a confirmed optimist to entertain any hope of British public funds being supplied for such developments, even if France, the mandatory for Syria, expressed approval and agreement.

Rumours are rife of pipes being laid from the rich oil-fields of Mosul to the coast, and assuredly no place is more suitable for their reception than Haifa. But greatly extended harbour accommodation would be required, for Haifa sadly lacks good harbour accommodation. The local press has announced that Mr Palmer, an English engineer, has come out to confer with and to advise the Palestinian Government on that important matter.

A town-planning scheme, drawn up by Professor Patrick Geddes (who has just completed another scheme for the improvement of Tiberias), is under way, and under it much of the congested old town of Haifa will gradually disappear. Schemes for improved lighting, draining, and a better water-supply are under consideration. The last-mentioned is much to be desired, for at present the inhabitants are dependent on cisterns or wells which produce water of a disagreeable salinity, though springs of the purest and freshest quality are known to exist on Carmel.

Under wise, enlightened, and courageous administration, there is no town in Palestine that has rosier prospects of phenomenal success than has Haifa.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

By OTTWEILL BINNS, Author of *A Mating in the Wilds*, *A Hazard of the Snows*, *Clancy of the Mounted Police*, &c.

CHAPTER XIII.—continued.

CARWYKE, now utterly convinced that there was nothing to be expected from the priest, turned sideways and looked down the river bank. The peril for Norma had increased a thousandfold in the last few minutes. Here, in this native village, with a corrupt priest at the head of it, and with Indians to yield him slavish obedience, anything might happen; and if the girl was to be saved from the fate which had become so unexpectedly imminent, he must act swiftly.

Norma, as he noted, was still seated in the canoe, which was half awash. Her eyes were turned disconsolately up the river, as if she had no interest in what was happening on the bank; and it was easy to guess that she was thinking of Eskimo Billy, lying cold and silent at the forest's edge. Mardock, with his rifle butt resting on the sand, was staring at the Indians speculatively, his attitude one of careless interest. It would be possible by a single spring to reach him and knock him into the

water, then to push off the canoe and join Norma.

Scarcely had the plan come to him when he leapt, and the force of his leap swept the surprised Mardock off his feet into the river. He cried a warning to Norma, and already had his hands on the gunwale of the canoe for the push that would have sent it out into the current, when a heavy body fell upon him, and he himself was crushed face down into the wet mud, with a pair of sinewy hands about his neck. He struggled to free himself. He heard Norma cry out, and then other hands gripped him; the man kneeling on his shoulders rolled off, and a second later he was dragged to his feet, two of the natives holding him by his arms. Mardock, dripping from his involuntary bath, was already standing on the bank, whilst Norma stared with fear-stricken eyes.

Realising his helplessness, Carwyke ceased to struggle, but his captors kept their hold on him; and as he looked round, he met Mardock's

eyes. The man gave a laugh that had in it not a trace of resentment.

'Too bad, Carwyke!' he said affably. 'If Standifer hadn't foreseen some such event, you might have pulled it off.'

Carwyke, overcome with chagrin at his failure, made no reply; but he looked at the other wonderingly. There was something in the man's attitude that he could not understand. Mardock, as it seemed to him, whilst he would not stoop to active disloyalty to his friend, had little sympathy with his nefarious purpose, and was not against its being thwarted, provided he himself was not called upon to assist.

Carwyke's eyes turned to Norma, and as he read the concern in her face, he spoke. 'Whatever Standifer tries to force you to, resist.'

He could say no more, for at that moment the natives thrust him up the bank, where he found Bull still standing, but now with a number of natives around him, two of whom were armed with ancient muzzle-loading guns.

'Look at the swine,' he burst out as Carwyke was thrust into the circle. 'If I'd anythin' besides my two hands, I'd spifficate the lot.'

The other made no reply, and a few seconds later Bull spoke again. 'Here comes his reverence an' Standifer. I'd give a dollar to know what's goin' ter happen now.'

Carwyke looked towards the house. The priest, with a fat hand upon Standifer's arm, was waddling towards them once more, and it was clear that they were on the best of terms.

'The fat an' the thin,' commented Bull contemptuously. 'But, for all that, they might be blood-brothers.'

As Standifer drew near he looked at the prospector with eyes that were smilingly malicious. 'My play now,' he said. 'And I mate with the Church.'

Carwyke's impulse was to fling himself upon the scoundrel and choke the life out of him rather than let him triumph, as he had resolved to do coming down the river; but with the dark faces ringing round him, he knew that would be impossible, and he restrained himself.

Standifer laughed as he spoke again. 'I should have liked you to give the bride away, since you brought her to me. But I fear that is impossible. You shall, however, share the wedding-meats—in whatever calaboose this little burg can provide!'

The priest, still with his hand on the scoundrel's arm, spoke some words in a native dialect; and a second later the Indians flung themselves on the two men. To struggle was impossible, and in any case against such numbers would have been quite useless, and they were borne towards the house in the shadow of the church with its triple cross, Bull swearing roundly as they went. When they reached the house, they were taken to the rear, where stood a small structure of logs with a padlocked

door. One of the Indians opened the door, the rest thrust the prisoners inside, and next instant the door was closed. Through Bull's rumbling oaths, Carwyke caught the grating of the key in the padlock.

The place was windowless and in complete darkness, except for the very little light that streamed through the chink above the door. After standing for a moment uncertain what to do, Carwyke felt his way to the wall and leaned against it. Just as he did so he heard Bull move and then stumble over something. An oath followed, and then there came a scraping sound, and a moment later a match kindled. By its feeble light Carwyke saw his companion standing looking at the thing over which he had fallen, which was a sledge, and perceived three other sleds reared against the wall, with a quantity of steel traps piled in a corner. He had just time to see so much, when the match went out. Bull struck another, and whilst it was burning the prospector lowered one of the three sleds to the floor and seated himself upon it, whereat Bull laughed.

'Good idea!' he said, and himself sat down on the sled over which he had stumbled. He lifted the still burning match to get a glimpse of Carwyke's face, then said lugubriously, 'Here's a durned mess! Standifer's fairly put the kybosh on us this time. We might as well be in Sing-Sing as in this cub-hole.'

Carwyke shared the fellow's thought, though he did not say so. A cabin, built as this was of logs, was wonderfully strong, as he knew, and with naked hands they could do nothing to deliver themselves. He was almost in despair. Norma was now helpless in Standifer's hands, with no one to oppose his will, unless Mardock should choose to figure in that rôle, which did not seem very likely. The fat priest was friendly disposed to Standifer, and the latter would, no doubt, prevail upon him to do what he wished; already the scoundrel was counting upon that. The villain's last words showed what his immediate intention was, and only Norma's will lay between her and the fate from which she had fled when they had left Unapik. That Standifer would be ruthless in his methods to break down the girl's opposition he was sure, and he groaned aloud as he thought of his own helplessness to aid her.

Then out of the darkness came Bull's voice. 'What's hurtin' ye, Mr Carwyke? Did them coppery devils stick ye?'

'Standifer means to marry the girl here.'

'Jumpin' Methuselah! I never tumbled ter that. An' that fat priest'll do it for him as easy as winkin'.'

'Yes! He has scoundrel written all over him.'

Bull whistled softly to himself for a moment, then he laughed lugubriously. 'Standifer has nerve enough ter ask us ter stand witnesses for

him, whilst Mardock will give the bride away. He's a fair corker, that feller, an' this blubbery priest is what ye might call a gift ter him.' He laughed again, and added, 'We're fairly out of the game now, and I wonder if Standifer'll leave us here when he departs on his weddin' tower?'

'I should think that is very likely.'

Bull again fell to whistling, but broke off to

say, 'If he don't, then, by Gar, we begin a new game!'

'What do you mean?'

'Mean!' This time the man's voice had a savage note. 'I mean that before that girl hits civilisation I'll make her a widow. Standifer ain't going ter get away with this, whilst I've a kick in my toes.'

(Continued on page 315.)

POTEEEN.

By JOHN McCaffrey.

IN Ireland the manufacture of the illicit spirit known as 'poteen' has always been a thriving trade. The Government made many attempts to stamp out this iniquitous industry; however, in spite of frequent police, military, and Excise raids on the haunts of the distillers, the quantities of poteen manufactured underwent no appreciable change. In fact, for a considerable number of years half the quantity of spirit consumed in Ireland was sold free of duty. This, of course, had a very serious effect on the revenue receipts from Excise. The authorities became alarmed, and a special body of armed revenue police was formed for the suppression of the poteen-makers. But it soon became evident that many members of this force, which was ironically known as the 'Poteen Hussars,' were in collusion with the manufacturers of the 'mountain dew.' The Revenue Police were consequently merged with the Royal Irish Constabulary on 1st October 1857. The Government granted the police special allowances when engaged on poteen hunts. Liberal rewards were also made when stills were captured and convictions secured. Thus encouraged, the police were active in raiding the bogs and the mountains for the secret distilleries. The number of prosecutions steadily mounted, and in one year 3500 seizures were made. In 1901 the rewards were discontinued, but even in that year 2000 cases of illicit distillation were reported.

The lonely islands on the western seaboard, the dreary wastes of bog and the desolate mountain fastnesses of the west and the north-west are eminently suitable for the manufacture of poteen. In these secluded places the distillers can work without fear of interruption. Many of the sites for the stills are almost inaccessible. Moreover, unless an informer gives the police information of the exact location of the distilleries, they cannot possibly be detected, so skilful are the peasants in the art of camouflage. Caves and dug-outs in the hill-sides and bogs have been used as distilleries for many years. Furthermore, the poteen-makers have always their scouts posted in positions where they can observe and give

timely warning of the approach of the police or Excise officers.

However, in recent years a few poteen-makers actually had the temerity to distil poteen in residential districts in Belfast. In another notorious case a courageous fellow started operations in a house adjoining a police barracks. But it was not long before the police smelt a rat, or, rather, the characteristic 'bouquet' of poteen.

Failing in the task of suppressing the traffic by surprise raids and seizures, the authorities endeavoured to circumvent the illicit distillers by making it a difficult matter to secure the necessary utensils for manufacturing spirits. Accordingly it was enacted that 'stills, still-heads, or worms are not allowed to be removed from one part of the country to another without a permit granted by an officer of Customs and Excise. The permit must contain the name of the brazier or manufacturer or person selling the still, and of the person to whom and the place to which the same is intended to be sent, and the content in gallons of such still and still-head respectively. Any still, still-head, or worm found in course of removal without a permit is subject to forfeiture, and the person sending the same is liable to a penalty of £100.' However, this enactment had little, if any, effect on the poteen-makers. It did, of course, make it very difficult to secure proper stills. But tinkers, or itinerant tinsmiths, as they called themselves, were always available to make stills and worms for a 'consideration.'

The manufacturing plant in these poteen distilleries is usually of the most primitive description. The mashing and fermenting operations are carried on in large tubs or barrels. The still must, however, be made from the very best copper. Defective stills have been the cause of some very bad accidents. The bottoms of the stills have a tendency to sag, owing to the great heat to which they are subjected; and if there is not time to withdraw the fires, an explosion is inevitable. The worm in which the spirit is condensed after it leaves the still in the form of vapour is also, as a rule, made from coils of

copper. The vessels which receive the spirit are usually dairy cans. Indeed it often happened that the poteen spirit was carried from the distilleries past police barracks in these innocent-looking receptacles. My father told me that on one occasion during a holiday in Ulster he spent an evening with some friends watching the manufacture of poteen in a hut on a mountain in County Fermanagh. Most of the distillers were local farmers, who did not like drinking expensive public-house whisky when they could make their own 'hard stuff' on the hills for next to nothing. I believe that it was a picturesque sight to see the wash bubbling in the still, which was suspended over a large peat fire. There was also a delightful aroma of alcohol in the cheerful little kitchen.

Some years ago in many parts of the country the small farmers and the peasantry cultivated oats and barley exclusively for the manufacture of poteen. A considerable proportion of the barley was malted in the orthodox manner. Poteen made from a mash consisting of malt, barley, and oats compared very favourably with the finest whiskies of the best distilleries. When the distillers did not fear detection they redistilled the 'low wines,' as the first product of distillation is termed. But, generally, the poteen-makers were pressed for time, owing to the danger of detection by the Excise officers and the Royal Irish Constabulary. Consequently, very little attention could be paid to those technical details which mean such a lot to the distiller who wishes to produce good spirits. Frequently, indeed, fermentation and other processes were not allowed to take their natural course on account of the difficulty of obtaining supplies of yeast. The absence of scientific instruments for testing the specific gravity of the wash and the strength of the spirits also seriously handicapped the poteen-makers. Therefore, it often happened that when the spirit was collected from the still its strength was about 50 per cent. under-proof. In other words, it was at least 20 per cent. weaker than the strength of retail whisky. While very weak in strength, the poteen possessed various properties which were the reverse of agreeable. It contained a large proportion of fusel-oil; it had a raw, fiery, nauseous flavour, and its bouquet was unpleasant. If consumed, as it usually was, shortly after distillation, it was very intoxicating in its effects.

But there were certain secluded districts in Ireland where the poteen-makers could devote considerable attention to the details of manufacture. In these favoured places, properly-equipped stills produced excellent spirit, which was redistilled until it was practically pure. This spirit was placed in sound oak casks, which were buried in the bogs in order to mature rapidly. It is questionable if this form of

maturing spirits has any advantage over the orthodox methods. It has, however, the effect of rapidly reducing the distilled strength of the spirit, thus rendering it milder in flavour. In the old days the country gentry did not scruple to store poteen in their cellars. Since it was allowed to mature for several years, it compared very favourably with popular brands of whisky. The following extract from Inspector Garrow Green's interesting book, *In the Royal Irish Constabulary*, throws an interesting light on Irish life some years ago:

'Poteen is usually buried in the earth in small-sized vessels. This is done for the double purpose of improving the spirit and concealment. If found in a dwelling-house, the owner is liable to a penalty of £100, notwithstanding which, there are few gentlemen in this part of Connaught who are not well supplied with the contraband liquor. I first tasted it at the table of a magistrate and master of hounds. The local doctor, with whom I was intimate, and myself dined with him one evening, and on the sideboard I perceived several decanters of colourless spirit of which I had my suspicions, having only the day before been engaged in a fruitless still-hunting expedition.

'I gently made these known to my friend the doctor, and expressed a wish to know what it was like, the seal of hospitality, of course, being a safeguard for our host. The doctor told him that I would like to try the *white* whisky. "Oh, the Scotch," he replied cautiously. "I really think you would find the Irish here much better." An exchange of masonic signs, however, with my companion reassured him, and I was presented with a glass of the very best "barley." What an aromatic, peaty flavour it had, and a consistency almost like a liqueur, not thin like the legal article. It was a brew of the purest and slightly overproof, as I had abundant proof of next morning, not being addicted to strong waters.'

During the last twenty years most of the poteen made in Ireland was distilled from treacle or molasses. Poteen made from molasses can be distilled in forty-eight hours, and with comparatively little trouble. It is, therefore, very popular with the poteen-makers who want quick results. Incidentally, molasses could be obtained free of duty by farmers who certified that the stuff was required for cattle-feeding purposes. In this way they experienced very little trouble in obtaining comparatively large supplies for poteen-making. The Excise officers were required to satisfy themselves that the supplies delivered duty-free were legitimately used. The farmers were, of course, always able to assure the officials that the law was respected!

When war restrictions were imposed on the distillation and sale of spirits, poteen-making received a fresh impetus in Ireland. In some parts of the country it was impossible to obtain

supplies of the legal article. The poteen-makers took advantage of the scarcity by manufacturing enormous quantities. Agents were actually appointed to negotiate the sale of poteen with the licensed trade. Some retailers refused to purchase the contraband spirit. But there were many who succumbed to the temptation. Wages were high, and there was a big demand for any description of alcohol. The poteen-makers demanded £2, 10s. per gallon for spirit distilled from malt, but spirit made from molasses was £1 cheaper per gallon. The retailers did not sell this spirit as poteen. They mixed it with genuine whisky or rum. This practice was partly responsible for the outcry against the poor war-time quality of many famous brands. Again, poteen which was rapidly distilled was often very weak, but this deficiency in strength was removed by the addition of methylated spirits. A small quantity of sherry and colouring matter camouflaged, to a certain extent, the nauseous taste of this vile compound.

Very many ingenious dodges were practised by the enterprising poteen-makers in forwarding supplies to their customers. For quite a long time the spirit was conveyed in petrol-cans without arousing the suspicions of the authorities in the slightest. I believe this dodge was first discovered when the police raided a Belfast garage, and seized a large quantity of poteen in petrol-tins. Moreover, quart bottles were sent by parcels post on countless occasions. The poteen-makers created considerable amusement by their audacity in using His Majesty's mails for the conveyance of duty-free alcohol. Gallon jars in wicker baskets were sent by rail, and boxes of butter and bacon also concealed supplies of poteen.

A good story is told of a notorious poteen trafficker, who neatly outwitted an Excise officer who had received information that he was bringing to the local market-town a load of peat or turf in which a cask of poteen was secreted. The smuggler, hearing in good time that the gauger was on his trail, promptly changed the cask to a friendly neighbour's cart. This cart was allowed to pass unchallenged by the gauger. The suspected cart was, however, seized and taken to the police-station, where the turf was unloaded. To the gauger's chagrin, there was no trace of illicit spirit. The owner promptly created a scene. He said that owing to the gauger's most unjust suspicions he would not have time to find customers for his turf before nightfall. In order to placate him, the unfortunate officer had to purchase the load at twice its market value.

Excise officers have had very many unpleasant duties to perform in the past in connection with the suppression of illicit distillation. They have had to spend arduous days and nights tramping over hills and bogs accompanied by the Royal Irish Constabulary, searching for

still and poteen-makers. Needless to remark, the gauger who was a successful sleuth was none too popular in his district. It often happened that over-zealous Excise officers were kidnapped shortly before the trial of illicit distillation cases in which they were important witnesses. Indeed, in some cases officials were threatened with terrible penalties if they persisted in interfering with the poteen distillers.

So great has the poteen evil become during recent years that not long ago a meeting of wholesale wine merchants called the attention of the Revenue authorities to the practice of illicit distillation now being carried on with impunity in Ireland, to the obvious detriment of the revenue and of traders who desire to carry on a legitimate trade. The loss to the revenue must amount to a considerable sum, now that the duty on spirits is £3, 12s. 6d. per proof gallon. The authorities are alive to the physical, moral, and national dangers consequent on the widespread traffic in poteen. Energetic measures are being taken to suppress it in those parts of the country in which it is being manufactured and distributed. The Ulster Constabulary have made many raids in the mountainous districts of County Tyrone, and not long ago they made a big capture, when they seized and destroyed £500 worth of illicit spirits. Moreover, three Tyrone men were recently fined £100 each for having 30 gallons of wash on their premises. In this case the penalties were later reduced to £10 each. The newly-constituted Civic Guard has already a respectable number of seized stills to its credit. However, it will take a considerable number of years before the poteen-making instincts of the people are completely eradicated.

Incidentally, it is worthy of notice that the practice of illicit distillation is now comparatively common in countries which were formerly free from this evil. In 1921, 829 illicit stills were discovered in Belgium. These, however, were the result of the prohibition laws, which prevent alcohol from being consumed in public places. It is estimated that in the United States of America there are now tens of thousands of private stills which are working overtime turning out 'moonshine,' as the illicit spirit is termed. Army tanks are used to crush the seized stills, which are then sold as old metal. Furthermore, recent revenue raids in Glasgow and in the mountains of Ross-shire and Sutherlandshire show that in Scotland the art of illicit distillation is still practised, though not to the same extent as in former years. In 1922 a dozen illicit distilleries were raided by the Glasgow police within the city boundaries. It is only a short time since the Brora Customs and Excise officers captured a complete distilling apparatus on the slopes of Ben Ulvaie. In England, too, a few cases of illicit distillation have been discovered by the Revenue officers.

THE RAIDERS.

A TALE OF THE ESKIMO.

By Captain H. T. MUNN, F.R.G.S., Author of *Spirit Island*.

I.

IT was Ammaroo (the Wolf) who proposed, planned, and successfully led the raid. 'Every tribe has its fever, every mountain its wolf,' says the Russian proverb; Ammaroo was the wolf of the Igluliut mountains.

Tradition—which is Eskimo history—does not say if Ammaroo was given his singularly appropriate name as a child, or if he achieved it later in life; if the former, his parents made a brilliant choice, for he was a wolf of the most savage and damnable breed. His appearance corresponded extraordinarily accurately with the *homo Neanderthalis* of Sollas's *Ancient Hunters*, a prehistoric race once inhabiting Europe. 'Pronouncedly simian features,' 'low-browed,' 'prominent eye ridges,' 'head low set on powerful neck muscles,' 'of immense strength and generally brutal aspect, yet large brained and a skilled worker'—the description tallies exactly. If Neanderthal man had the suspicion of cannibalism to add to his other unpleasant traits, Ammaroo had one known wife murder and infanticide to his discredit, though, no doubt, his unpleasant forerunner could have boasted similar feats. They seem to have been only a generation apart, instead of 25,000 or 50,000 years. So faithfully has history dealt with Ammaroo that to this day a whispered 'Hush! Ammaroo will hear you,' at once quietens a noisy or crying child amongst the Too-noo-ne-miuts.

Ammaroo, Oo-ming, and Kito left the Igluliut tribe to which they belonged in February. Their objective was Eclipse Sound, the country of the Too-noo-ne-miut tribe 400 miles to the northward. Ammaroo, by the bye, if tradition speaks truly, gave his wife a severe beating and left her senseless in the *igloo*—presumably lest she should forget him—before starting out.

Both Oo-ming and Kito were wifeless, an epidemic having taken their mates. Ammaroo had considered for a long time that he could do with a second wife, but found an insurmountable unwillingness to oblige him on the part of any parents he approached, which was quite understandable, he being what he was. His effort to provide for his wishes in the future by adopting an orphan child had also failed—accidentally. The piece of driftwood with which he had hit her for some childish fault had unluckily broken her skull.

There was nothing left, then, but a raid, and by dint of persuading, threatening, and probably sheer will-force, Oo-ming and Kito were

induced to join in one; also, though this is no apology, their need was great, for a wifeless Eskimo is an unhappy and miserable anomaly in the Arctic. Oo-ming and Kito come so little into this story that it is worth recording that their later life is said to have been blameless, and that they treated their victims' children as kindly as their own. This, as has been admitted, is not much of an excuse, but it is recorded for what it is worth.

It must be remembered this story deals with the days of bows and arrows, long before the whalers and the missionaries and other white men brought firearms and 'civilisation' to the inhabitants of the Arctic. Since those halcyon days when game was plentiful and sickness rare, the sturdy, indomitable little Arctic folk have dwindled to a remnant in their once well-peopled lands.

Northward the three raiders travelled some 400 miles from Igluliut, till they espied, and carefully scouted, three *igloos* on the eastern shore of Eclipse Sound. This proved to be the winter quarters of a small party of Too-noo-ne-miut Eskimo. The brief survey indicated that there were only two men in the party. For the crime they were about to commit they could have found no better conditions.

II.

Notara—it is with him our story is concerned—owed his life to that not uncommon disorder of civilisation, a stomach ache. A flat stone was kept in the *o-koosh-ting* (the soap-stone kettle or cooking-pot) as a substitute for the hot-water bag of civilisation; and, to enable Notara to reach it more readily, his mother had given him the woman's usual place—the inside one next the snow wall—opposite the large stone blubber lamp. A few weeks before, Notara's father had died, and he was now—as in fact he had been for some time—the meat-winner for the family. He was seventeen or eighteen years old, and a youth of great determination and courage—as the sequel will prove. The other inmates of the *igloo* were a baby, child of Notara's mother's old age, and Kudloo, with whom on this eventful night the baby was sleeping.

Kudloo, about fifteen years old, was the adopted child of Notara's parents, and his playmate, companion, and partner from his childhood. The specific reason of her adoption was as a wife for Notara, adoption for this purpose being a common practice, ethnologists to the contrary. For some time the

two had occupied their appointed places in the *igloo*, and it was her little fingers which had, perhaps rather clumsily, sewn the boots and clothes he wore. 'Common fame never lies,' and tradition has a good deal to say about Kudloo, her good looks and merry smile, her gentleness with children and consideration for the old. 'As Kudloo once said' is the commencement of many an Eskimo woman's tale. Tradition also tells—and this is very unusual, for infidelities are lightly regarded by the Eskimo—of the faithfulness to each other of Notara and Kudloo through a long life. When a young couple are demonstratively affectionate to each other, the older women smile and say, 'Notara and Kudloo have come back.'

III.

A keen wind, the thermometer (had there been one) certainly far below zero, and drifting snow aided the raiders in their work—also the fact that the dogs had all been well fed that night and were in consequence sleeping soundly in the snow porch into which the *igloo* opens; wakeful dogs are what the raider, man or bear, dreads the most.

Approaching noiselessly in the small hours of the morning, the raiders each selected an *igloo*, and on a sign given by Ammaroo, each swiftly cut a circular hole in the *igloo*, or removed the transparent seal-gut serving for a window, and sped an arrow into the body of the sleeper lying farthest from the wall—that is, towards the centre of the semicircular sleeping quarters, invariably the man's place.

Two facts are important to note. Firstly, if you are murdering an innocent man with whom under other circumstances you would be on friendly terms, you should, if possible, kill him before he can see you, as then his spirit will not know whom to haunt; this made Ammaroo shoot quickly and then retire out of sight. Secondly, as Ammaroo happened, quite by chance, to make the hole in the *igloo* immediately over the place where Kudloo was sleeping, the curve of the snow wall sheltered her, and Ammaroo failed to see her; this omission was his undoing later on.

It is easy to picture the uproar which ensued—the shrieks of the women and children, the clamouring of the dogs shut in the porch to protect them from prowling wolves, the groans of the victims. The murderers hastily withdrew to a strategic position to enable them to shoot down any overlooked or slightly wounded male who might attempt a sortie; indiscriminate shooting into the *igloo* would defeat their purpose; a woman with an arrow in her back or stomach was obviously useless to them. In a short time, first from one, then from the other *igloos*, arose the wail of the women calling on the departed spirits of their

mates to return, and the raiders knew they could go and claim their bloodstained prizes in safety.

IV.

Notara and Kudloo had sprung up, to see his mother twitching in death with the shaft of an arrow protruding outside the deerskin blanket; and Notara instantly realised what had happened and why he had escaped. Glancing at the hole in the *igloo* over Kudloo's head, he saw a slender chance of life lay in her not having been seen. It was a 'wife raid' the wailing from the other *igloos* told him, and the women, or the younger ones at least, would be safe. But he also knew his life was not worth a second's purchase; the raiders would eliminate as far as possible any question of personal revenge by husband, son, or brother.

Snatching up his clothes, he whispered to Kudloo to follow him and replace the snow door of the meat-store, a small place opening off the inside of the porch, into which he would crawl. She must then go back to the *igloo*, replace the snow door, and sit beside the dead woman in the place where he had been sleeping. 'They will not harm you,' he assured her, 'and surely will I come and fetch you back soon—yes, if I have to kill the whole tribe who have stolen you. Tell them,' he added, 'your father has just died, and there are only you three in the *igloo*.' This bald statement may make Notara's actions during the raid appear unheroic and pusillanimous, but I think he took the only possible course open to him then; dead he was no good, alive and his day might come.

Now Kudloo knew her party would have been reconnoitred before the attack, and she and the dead woman have been seen outside during the day. Notara's life hung on the question whether he had been outside the *igloo* when the raiders were scouting; and as for thirty hours he had not been out, there was a chance. Terrified and trembling with fear and cold, she sat on Notara's sleeping-place beside the dead woman, and raised the wailing cry for her spirit to return.

V.

A block of snow fell inside the *igloo*, and the hole framed Ammaroo's repulsive face. 'Who is here?' he demanded roughly, his bow bent to shoot if any resistance was offered. 'It is I, Ammaroo the strong, who ask,' he added boastfully. Kudloo held up the crying baby to him. 'Only we,' she wept. 'See what you have done'—and she pulled the blanket off the dead woman's body.

Ammaroo sprang into the *igloo*. 'Get your clothes on,' he ordered roughly, and, snatching the baby from her arms, looked at Kudloo's

youthful figure and demanded in surprise, 'Is this yours?' Speechless with horror, Kudloo pointed to the dead woman, and Ammaroo promptly knocked the unhappy baby's brains out against the stone lamp.

Now, Kudloo was evidently no ordinary Eskimo girl. Even in these desperate moments she realised that Notara's life hung in the balance, and she turned fiercely on Ammaroo. 'To-day,' she panted, 'before sundown, a big party of my people will be here, and they will kill you as you have killed those. Ah! why did I tell you?' And she flung herself weeping on the deerskins, though not before she received a blow on the mouth from the brute's heavy hand. But the resourceful lie effected its purpose. Ammaroo sprang outside the *igloo* and ran over to his two companions with the news. Speed was their only hope; if a large party caught them red-handed they would be surrounded and shot down as mercifully as they themselves had murdered.

In an incredibly short time the dogs were harnessed to two of the sleds, and captors and captured—two women, Kudloo, and three children—were speeding over the ice of Eclipse Sound, the dogs urged by voice and whip to their utmost efforts. Kudloo had been able to whisper to the other women what she had said, and also that Notara was alive, and they aided by assuring the men it was true a number of their tribe were expected. Kudloo was told that Ammaroo wanted to kill the three small children, but his companions refused, and even dared to threaten the formidable ruffian if he attempted it.

Kito and Oo-ming now disappear from the story, save for one brief episode, pregnant, however, with results.

VI.

Notara crept from his hiding-place as the gray dawn began to break. He had overheard what Kudloo had said, and divined the reason; his heart seemed almost to burst when he heard Ammaroo strike her brutally for her reply. That day he buried under stones the bodies of his murdered people. Then he built another *igloo* and waited. If Kudloo could untie some of his dogs at night he felt sure they would return to him. It is said he was that rather unusual thing for a native, a dog-lover, and that all dogs would work for him and liked him. Afterwards he found this was exactly what Kudloo did do, getting a severe beating for it from Ammaroo when he suspected her.

A few days later Notara harnessed seven of his dogs to the remaining sled and went north-west to find his people and tell the tale. Ever ringing in his ears was the boastful cry—his only clue to the identity of the raiders—'*It is I, Ammaroo the strong.*'

VII.

Old Issi-gaito shook his head. 'I know of Ammaroo,' he said. 'The Igluliuts are afraid of him, but he is a leader amongst them. If he tells them to fight for him, they will. Also,' he added practically, 'we have enough women; if we raid the Igluliut people and kill some who have had nothing to do with this they will come and fight us. To keep on killing is no good to either of us.'

This timid advice did not suit Notara, who tried in vain to interest some relatives of the murdered men. They admitted frankly they were afraid of Ammaroo, whose reputation was widespread. So the summer and the following winter found Notara still brooding over his revenge, but apparently helpless.

The following spring he seems to have made up his mind, for he travelled far from party to party till he found one going south to hunt deer towards the neutral ground between the northern tribe and the Igluliuts; with these he joined himself. August arrived, and it was announced that the party had reached their southernmost camp; they did not want to interfere with the Igluliut hunting-grounds. To their surprise Notara said he was going on. He asked them to leave a cache of deer meat at the camp, and informed them he was going to find Ammaroo and kill him. His dogs were summering with Issi-gaito, though usually a deer hunter on the land in summer takes a few dogs to pack meat and skins for him. The natives seem to have considered it was none of their business, and regarded Notara as a mad-man. At all events they left him the cache he asked for, which was very useful later.

Notara was a lad of rare courage, but his quest must have looked pretty hopeless. Eskimo history does not deal with such academic details as plans of campaign, but to me there is something fine and heroic in this youngster just setting out with a fixed, healthy determination to find his enemy, and wherever he found him to kill him as best he might. If tradition has nothing to say as to his plans, it recounts, however, pretty fully his actions and the final settlement.

For five or six days Notara travelled south, living on what he could kill from day to day, occasionally a deer, more often a hare, ptarmigan, or even lemming; then came signs he was near the hunting-grounds of another party, for he stalked and killed a deer with an arrow sticking in its hind-quarter. Next day he saw a native skinning a newly-killed deer.

VIII.

It would be easy to waste ink on the extraordinary coincidence which follows, to comment on its improbability in that vast and uninhabited upland, or even, were I acquainted with

psychic lore, to find something occult in it. I will content myself with the historical story almost as I received it in the picturesque and well-told details from which it is reconstructed.

Exchanging greetings with the hunter, Notara announced he was of the Too-noo-ne-ruch-uit tribe (one far to the west of his own). 'My name is Kito,' announced the hunter; 'I and my brother Oo-ming are with Ammaroo. Perhaps you have heard of him from the Too-noo-ne-miuts,' he added hesitatingly, for the two tribes mentioned were more or less related.

'No,' lied Notara steadily. 'I have seen none of the Too-noo-ne-miuts for two years. I have never heard of Ammaroo.'

Kito looked relieved. 'He is a great hunter,' he said thoughtfully, 'but some, many even of my people, do not like him. I do not like him much myself,' he added naively.

'Why do you hunt with him, then?' asked the other indifferently.

Kito shifted his foot uneasily, and his gaze wandered across the sunlit plain. 'He is a great hunter and very strong. He told—he asked me to come,' he replied lamely.

'It is I, Ammaroo the strong,' surged through Notara's brain, and he stooped over the carcass at his feet, ostensibly to cut a piece of meat, in reality to hide the flush which came over his face as Kito spoke.

Notara rose up. 'I must go back,' he said evenly. 'My companions are far away, perhaps two or three sleeps. May I take some meat with me—I am hungry?'

Kito urged him hospitably to help himself, and as he did so Notara asked casually where Kito's companions were camped.

'I and my brother are over there,' was the reply, indicating a low hill a few miles away; 'but Ammaroo went yesterday one sleep to a lake to the eastward there'—indicating the direction. 'If he finds plenty of deer he is to send his young wife back to us, and we will join him.'

'His young wife!' Notara suddenly choked, and then vigorously spat out the piece of meat he was chewing. The coughing fit over, he was able to turn laughingly to Kito and remark, 'I swallowed too fast;' nor did that simple and unsuspicious murderer see anything unusual in his face.

Bidding farewell, and with a substantial piece of meat slung on his back, Notara returned steadily northward, nor did he look back till he was sure the rising-ground had hidden him from sight. 'His young wife!' Had Notara needed a spur to urge him on, Kito had unwittingly supplied it.

IX.

It was late the second day when, after infinite caution lest he be seen, Notara spied Ammaroo's camp beside a long, narrow lake, and hid him-

self amongst the rocks on the high ground on the opposite side to watch. Soon after sunrise he saw a man leave the camp, and after studying the wind, walk eastward along the lake shore. Notara, from his watching-place, could see deer feeding beyond the long lake, and as soon as the other had left the lake shore and topped the rising ground he too saw them, and Notara watched him sink quietly down and commence his stalk. Exactly what he would do was obvious to the other, himself a skilful deer hunter, and as soon as the ground hid him, Notara descended to the lake and walked leisurely along its sandy shore. He did not even look at the camp across the shining water; the time had not come for that yet. Turning the end of the lake, and taking a long drink before leaving it, Notara came to Ammaroo's track, and crawling to some admirable cover amongst a mass of rocks, waited patiently.

'His young wife!' Notara frowned and muttered to himself, gazing hungrily over the peaceful landscape where the stalker was approaching the unconscious deer.

After some hours' waiting there was a sudden commotion amongst a band of deer leisurely feeding down the wind, and doubtless Notara paid a hunter's tribute to the skill which caused five to run off a short distance and then lie down, obviously badly wounded. The successful bow-and-arrow deer hunter was a highly-skilled workman.

X.

The sun was far to the north-west on its summer-time (and therefore visible) journey when Ammaroo had finished and skinned his deer, made a huge load of meat up into one pack in a deerskin, placed his deadly bow and arrows in the pack, rolled the other four skins into a second pack, and commenced his journey to the camp. A tump-line was across his broad, ape-like forehead, and across his shoulders and chest the other line divided the weight between his back and his massive neck. He plodded steadily on to the rising-ground at the lake foot, laboriously climbed it, passed within twenty-five yards of Notara, lying hidden behind the friendly rocks, and proceeded carefully down the steeper descent to the lake.

Forgive a digression. During the war an elderly sergeant-instructor described to me, when on a railway journey, his special work as bayonet instructor to recruits. The stroke he favoured the most he called the 'kidney punch,' and he prodded me with a stubby forefinger—hurting me considerably—to show me the exact place, above the hip line and slightly to the rear. 'Jes' so far,' he said, indicating about two inches on his finger; 'it comes hout easy as easy, but the 'Un is down and hout.'

Notara sprang to his feet, ran noiselessly towards his unsuspecting enemy, and, when five

yards from him, planted an arrow drawn to its head in the bow exactly in the spot indicated by my military acquaintance. It was the deadly 'kidney punch.'

Ammaroo gasped and pitched forward, his pack flinging over his head and rolling to the bottom of the slope. He tried vainly to rise, and suddenly Notara stood before him, bow in hand. Ammaroo gazed at him with bloodshot eyes.

'I am Notara,' said he slowly, 'the son of the woman you killed last year. That arrow in your vitals is for her. What says Ammaroo the strong now?' Ammaroo made a desperate effort to rise, but the blood gushed from his mouth and he fell back, the sweat pouring from his forehead. 'That,' said Notara, 'is for my mother whom you killed, and for the baby, my brother, whose brains you beat out in my *igloo*.' He carefully fitted another arrow in his bow and drew it at his enemy's heart. 'This,' he said slowly, 'is for Kudloo, and for any hurt or harm or pain you may have given her.' The bow twanged sharply, and the writhing figure at Notara's feet lay still.

Notara took up the heavy load of meat, leaving the body where it lay with the arrows still in it, and walked up the sandy lake shore to the camp.

XI.

Inside the small deerskin tent two women sat dully waiting the hunter's return. Both bore marks of ill-usage, the elder one a black eye, the younger a livid bruise on her cheek. Kudloo was taller and thinner than when she had left Eclipse Sound, nearly two years ago, and a pathetic droop to her mouth effaced the merry smile of a year before.

A step sounded outside, the thud of a load thrown down, and a voice called gently, 'Kudloo, Kudloo.' She started to tremble violently, and her eyes filled with tears. The other woman looked up, startled by the strange voice. 'He is dead,' whispered Kudloo. 'It is Notara's voice, and his spirit is calling me.' She lifted her head with a gallant gesture and smiled through her tears. 'Soon now I shall die,' she said confidently, 'and I shall be with his spirit, as my dreams have said;' and she arose and stepped outside the tent and into Notara's outstretched arms.

It was a rather breathless explanation, for Kudloo, having realised that Ammaroo was dead and Notara was no spirit, but a very real man, could not keep her arms from round his neck, pressing her little nose against his and crying and laughing at the same time. . . . It was Kudloo, his Kudloo; taller, thinner, bruised and tired-looking, but his same playmate and companion still, clear-eyed and courageous as of old.

For a time Notara hardly noticed the other

woman, a shrinking, fear-wrought thing, constantly reiterating the question, 'But are you sure he is dead?' as if Ammaroo were an immortal.

'Come,' said Notara presently. 'Pack the dogs with all the meat they can carry. It is many days' walk to our country, and by-and-by Kito will come after us, and I suppose I shall have to kill him too.'

Kudloo negatived this vehemently. 'Kito hates Ammaroo,' she said confidently, 'but he is afraid of him, and so is Oo-ming. They will be glad he is dead. She is glad too,' Kudloo continued, pointing to the other woman. 'She will come with us. I shall find her a husband amongst my people who will never beat her, and she is the best worker with a needle of all the Igluliuts. Ah!' she said, smiling at her friend, 'she has always been good to me when . . . but I have forgotten those bad days already;' and Notara saw the old smile he knew so well return once more.

'Yes,' continued Kudloo demurely, though with a twinkle in her eyes, 'I too am old enough to be married now, and I want a husband very much'—Notara, dull fellow, started as if he were stung—'I can sew and dress skins and make a *toupik* very well indeed now.' She looked at Notara, then suddenly flung her arms shamelessly round his neck and nestled closely up to him. 'My man, my man,' she crooned softly, pressing her tear-stained face to his, 'forgive my foolish talk—I was only teasing you. Many times I have thought I would kill myself, but always you came to me in my dreams and said you were coming for me, soon coming for me to take me to your *igloo* amongst our people. . . . So I waited. She knows how I have waited, for I have told her often. Come, *ooman* [husband], come; we will start on our journey there now.'

WHEN MAY'S AT THE MORN.

GOLD o' the whin on the hill-sides a-gleamin',
Flute o' the blackbird on blossomin' thorn,
Sunbeams a-dancin' where shadows lie dreamin',
God! but it's bonnie when May's at the morn.

Lilt o' the laverock when dewdraps are pearlin'
Ilk blade o' grass, whether fresh or fit-worn,
Scent o' the wallflower and sang o' the merlin,
Lift, oh my soul, wi' the May at the morn.

Call o' the cuckoo and cry o' the flower,
Daisy eyes lift to the day newly born,
Life's thrill and wonder, a lass and her lover,
Oh for glad youth and the May at the morn!

Stir o' the heart in the peace o' the mornin',
Joy o' forgettin' life's falseness and scorn,
Watchin' the Mighty Creator adornin'
This, His earth kingdom, when May's at the morn.

JEANIE DOUNAN.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE SCOTTISH ESTATE DUTY OFFICE.

By ARTHUR ISLES.

IN this office seventy men are stationed by the Revenue to take a portion of dead men's estates. They follow the undertaker, and their view is, on the whole, melancholy.

Every letter written in the office is headed ———, *Deceased*. The examiners are confronted daily with fortunes left by others to others, and sigh with *Iolanthe's* Lord Chancellor, 'But never, ah never, a one for me!' Across dull official folios may flit a young lady of attractive name with a thousand a year, succeeding to another thousand on her marriage. Can the impressionable young examiner rush round to her address with his offer? He knows that she abhors him. But for him, and his death duties, her thousand might have been twelve hundred or more.

Gems of humour are very scarce, though the oppressed official makes the most of what there are. One shines in the will which began—'My nephew James to get nothing and not to be allowed to enter my house.' That raised a smile, but the sequel created a roar. The angry testator had forgotten to dispose of the house in his will, and inevitably and legally it fell to James as heir-at-law.

Wills and inventories are open to the public for inspection in the offices where they are recorded, but the lists of debts are confidential, and sad reading. Doctors' and nursing-home fees, often running into hundreds of pounds, witness months of pain. In a minister's estate the list of accounts due to tradesmen too frequently reflects his meagre stipend, and where the list is small the struggle has often been harder. A rich minister has been known—a well-to-do one is seldom met with; no class has more need of its Widows' Funds.

It is not easy from an inspection of inventories to generalise as to the most profitable trade or profession at present followed. During the war many farmers increased their net capital tenfold, but, when a note of their profits since 1920 is requested, the plain and indisputable reply usually given is, 'None!'

Since the Insurance Act of 1911 doctors have become richer. Two thousand pounds may be demanded for a good collection of panel patients, whose fees furnish a fixed income not entirely dependent on skill or attention. Yet

no one wishes that a young doctor should hang out a red lamp to attract patients, and, after waiting idle years for them, wait years more for payment of their accounts.

Many millionaires have been born in Scotland, but few die there. Certain families, such as the Coats, have provided large returns, and Lord Strathcona's estate bore death duties under thirty different heads; but it was disappointing that Andrew Carnegie left so little estate in Scotland to tax at the top rate of forty per cent.

The well-marked example of the self-made man in a lower rank of life is the Irishman who keeps a public-house and leaves large bequests to the Church. The funeral expenses of such Irishmen have sometimes been unusual. In one case these included six dozen packets of Woodbines and three dozen of whisky, but neither item was accepted by the office as necessarily incurred. The publican's rival in the white shop, the Italian, is reputed to be working a gold mine, but takes care not to leave his savings in any form liable to death duties. Where the estate has by mistake been disclosed to the authorities it has been found considerable.

Foreigners are often caught in our British net. There are many French shareholders in the Tharsis Company, which is registered in Scotland, making the shares liable to our duty. A practical *entente cordiale* has bound the British Government to disclose these shareholders to the French Revenue, who reciprocate by giving particulars of Englishmen under their notice.

The German before the war was usually a pork butcher or interested in the Aberdeen fish trade. It is tempting to speculate whether he was a spy.

Chinese, Indian, and Malay servants cause trouble by unpronounceable names. Fortunately for the office, an agent must write the name in an account in some form of English before the question of assessment can be considered. Such servants have been bequeathed annuities, but the difficulty of *naming* them in the will must sometimes have been insuperable.

Wills are more frequently drawn up by lawyers than by testators. The phrases employed are beyond the layman, and repetitions and extensions

suggest that the reason is 'so much a page.' Five words or over count as a page, and to the scoffer it appears that the solicitor has always the last page in mind, and is by all devices straining to be sure of the five words. To draft, devise, and engross four words for no fee is unthinkable, and it is believed that no page of less than five words has ever entered the Register House.

Lawyers are a stock subject for jest, but the real opinion of them is shown by the volume of business left in their hands. We have in Scotland no Public Trustee, no professional executors, and no official Receiver of Executry Estates, though these abound in other countries. Knaves there are, some in jail, others not yet, but the proportion is not excessive, and small agents are commonly in charge of estates far larger than their own. At the head of the profession are many gentlemen whose income from the law, though large, is not equal to the income from their inherited fortunes. The influence of this body contributes a profound stability to such important and impartial undertakings as banks, docks, and insurance companies.

The examiner in his limited sphere envies them their opportunities, but in the office meets them on level terms. In questions of value and liability to duty such eminent gentlemen are apt to be modest in their estimates, and the examiner has to encourage them to higher figures.

In the modern Star Chamber compulsion is seldom used or required. Prosecutions are almost unknown, but in many cases there

are long epistolary duels between the public and the official. The tax-payer contends for his direct pecuniary interest, but to the official a prolonged discussion is merely additional work not allowed for in his official day, and often made up for by attendance in the office of an evening, a Saturday afternoon, or in some cases the Sabbath. There is no encouragement to the official to exact more duty than is due. He gets no commission, and an overcharge is considered as erroneous and as discreditable as an undercharge. The machinery of the office allows very few mistakes to pass, which is fortunate for the tax-payer, as few of their professional advisers have the time to master thoroughly all the exemptions extracted from dead and gone Chancellors of the Exchequer. A bare acquaintance with the subject involves an understanding of sixteen Acts of Parliament, the first in 1796. To counteract the irregular interpretations which arise from such a limited knowledge the examiner is armed with three hundred separate official instructions and the results of twelve hundred cases decided before the Courts.

Each of these instructions and decisions must be present in the official's mind as he surveys wills and accounts for duty. Seated in an arm-chair, protected from the rain, though not from draughts, with a fine view of Princes Street and two great clocks to tell the hour for lunch and tea, the examiner has yet an exacting course to steer, no tangible prize for success or faithfulness, but penalties for failure, and before him continual reminders of the day when he too will be ———, *Deceased*.

WOLF-CHILDREN AND WEREWOLVES.

By Brigadier-General R. G. BURTON.

I.

I STARTED before daybreak one morning from an Indian cantonment to ride between sixty and seventy miles to my camp, which had been sent on ahead to the jungles where I was going to shoot tigers. It was at the beginning of the hot weather, and already a scorching wind was blowing across the plains, dying away soon after nine o'clock in the morning, by which time the sun was beating down on the earth with that overpowering heat which cannot be imagined, but has to be experienced to be realised. My way lay for some forty miles across open and cultivated plains, until, nearing the distant hills, which were shimmering in the torrid haze, the path entered a deep ravine which was full of bush-jungle. At the entrance to this ravine was a considerable village, composed of mud huts. As I approached the village within about half a mile, I observed

some signs of alarm among a herd of antelope grazing on the edge of the jungle. They were not frightened at me or my horse; they were too far off to take alarm for this reason. But they stood at gaze, as though watching something in the adjacent cover. Suddenly they started off, and were soon going full gallop across the plain, the black bucks, of which there were two or three, bounding high into the air, and one prodding with his horns a doe as though to hurry her on. Presently I saw two wolves come out of the cover, and run for some way after the antelope. I rode towards them, and they stood watching my approach for a time, and then went lobbing away across the open and were soon lost to view.

When I rode into the middle of the village, something which I took to be a dog of large size ran swiftly across the central square, where a great banyan tree, surrounded by a raised platform, formed a sheltered meeting-place for

the village conclave, a rendezvous now deserted in the heat of the noonday sun. So swiftly did the creature run that I did not at first distinguish anything human in its shape. It stopped at a corner, and peered round at me with an unmistakably human face, and then I perceived that it was a human being, apparently deformed and of stunted growth.

At this moment the headman of the village with several of his friends appeared. I dismounted from my horse, which was led away to water at the trough, hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, which lay near the village well, and gradually the villagers assembled as they do when a traveller thus halts in their domain. After some conversation I asked what was the matter with the monster which had attracted my attention, and which still maintained his position at the corner. 'That,' said the headman, 'is our wolf-boy. He lived long with wolves, but has now come to dwell among men.' He called to the creature, which came up on all-fours and squatted at a distance of a few yards. I questioned it, and it uttered a moaning whine, but showed no signs of intelligence, and could not speak.

I asked the headman to tell me its history, and he said that it had been captured in company with wolves the year before, when it had been hurt and was unable to run. It was not known how long it had been with the wolves, but was now thought to be about six years old, and had perhaps been lost during the famine of nearly six seasons past. No child had been missed from the village, but there were many people wandering and perishing in different parts of the country during the time of scarcity. The creature could scarcely move when they found it, but they tended its wounds and were kind to it, and it had taken up its abode with them.

Unfortunately at that time, many years ago, I had not learnt to make a scientific inquiry into such matters. I had to hasten on to my camp, and my route on my return was not through the village in question, which I had no occasion to visit again. So whether the child had really been brought up by wolves, or whether it was merely an idiot abandoned by travellers, it is not possible to determine. But the formation of the limbs showed that it had been accustomed to walk on all-fours, and it could not stand upright.

In view of the predilection of wolves for carrying off children, it is not surprising that stories of wolf-children should have grown up and multiplied; and it is intelligible that where the she-wolf has lost her young she may in rare cases have adopted and suckled the man-child which she had taken away to devour. The wolf has from classical times been the subject of superstition and dread, probably owing to the familiarity which pastoral man acquired with

the habits of the animal. Chaucer says of the statue of Armipotent in the Temple of Mars:

A wolf there lay before him at his feete,
With eyen red, and of a man he eat.

The feast of Lupercal was celebrated in Rome in commemoration of the legend of Romulus and Remus. Shakespeare refers to similar legends in 'A Winter's Tale':

Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity—

where Antigonus conjures the spirits to instruct the kites and ravens to nurture the babe. There is a biblical flavour in the story of Semiramis, the founder of the Assyrian Empire of Nineveh, who was said to have been fed by doves; and Firdausi tells of the son of a Persian general exposed on Mount Elburz and brought up by birds of prey; while a Phrygian boy was said to have been nourished by an eagle.

II.

In India these stories are lifted out of the domain of fiction and legend in many cases of wolf-children, some of them apparently well-authenticated. There have been from time to time several of these waifs of the jungle at the Sikandra Orphanage at Agra. It is remarkable that these have always been male children. None of them has ever shown the intelligence of Mowgli of the *Jungle Book*, and none has even possessed the power of speech.

One was captured on the bank of the Gumti River in Oudh by two troopers, who found it in company with two wolf-cubs, with which it ran on all-fours. It had callosities on the knees and elbows, due to this mode of progression. This boy had a dog-like intellect, and was quick at understanding signs. He was said to have been visited not long after his capture by three wolves, which came evidently with hostile intentions, but which, after closely examining him, he not being in the least alarmed, played with him, and some nights afterwards brought five of their relatives.

Another Sikandra wolf-boy, smoked out of a den, was a perfect wild animal. He drank like a dog and preferred raw bones and meat to other food. He would never wear clothes, but tore them up into fine shreds when they were given him. These children of the jungle generally died young, but one was said to have lived to advanced age. In another case a lad of fifteen, who was in the orphanage in 1874, was remarkable for the shortness of the arms, which were under twenty inches long, their growth presumably having been arrested through his going on all-fours. This boy was brought in with the body of a she-wolf and two cubs, in whose company he had been found when they were killed.

The capture of one of these children is described in an article contributed to the *Academy* many years ago by Professor Max Müller, who related the following story: 'A trooper, sent by the Governor of Chandour to demand payment of some revenue, was passing along the bank of the river about noon, when he saw a large female wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a little boy. The boy went on all-fours, and when the trooper tried to catch him he ran as fast as the whelps and kept up with the old one. They all entered the den, but were dug out by men with pickaxes, and the boy was secured. He struggled hard to rush into every hole or den they came near. He became alarmed when he saw a grown-up person, but tried to fly at children and bite them. He rejected cooked meat with disgust, but delighted in raw flesh and bones, putting them under his paws like a dog. They tried to make him speak, but could get nothing from him but an angry snarl or growl.' This boy afterwards lived in the care of Captain Nicholetts at Sultanpur, and died three years later, when he was supposed to be about twelve years old.

In another instance a man and his wife went out to cut wheat at Chupra, and, while they were at work, their child, who had a scarred knee, was carried off by a wolf. Six years later the boy was seen with a wolf and three cubs, and was caught after a fierce resistance, and recognised by his scarred knee as the boy who had been carried off. He would eat nothing but raw flesh, and a year later escaped to the jungle.

A more recent case, where a panther was the foster-parent, was reported not long since from the North Cachar Hills. In this instance a panther, whose cubs had just been killed, carried off a baby boy and kept him alive for three years, at the end of which the panther was killed and the child was rescued and recognised by the parents. He was accustomed to run on all-fours, and had callosities on the knees and elbows, but in course of time he resumed the upright position. When caught he bit and fought with every one who came within reach, and he would tear to pieces and devour any fowls he could lay hands on.

The hill people of the Himalayas believe that bears steal and bring up children, but there is no record of such an instance. A few years ago, however, a child was brought into Naini Tal who was said to have been nurtured by a monkey. This was a female about eight years of age. It had vaccination marks, but looked more simian than human, having a thick growth of hair down each side of the face and over the spine. The absence of callosities on the extremities showed that it had always walked upright. It was thought that the child may have

been abandoned during a season of famine, as is frequently the case, and picked up by a monkey. Its further history is unknown.

III.

More sinister are the stories of werewolves or wolf-men, who can be transformed from human form into that of a wild beast. It is a superstition at any rate as old as Homer, while Ovid describes Lycan, changed into a wolf as a punishment for his crimes. The intimacy of wolves with men in many countries accounts for their appearance in so much legendary lore, from the story of Red Riding Hood to their influence on the nomenclature of flowers. The puff-balls or lycopodiums get their scientific name from their resemblance to the dark, circular, cushion-like foot of the wolf; and the upper surface of the foot was seen by botanists of old in the cut leaves of the gipsy-wort or lycopus, meaning 'wolf's foot'; while the gaping mouth of the wolf has its supposed analogue in the bugloss or lycopsis, meaning 'wolf's face.'

Wolves have always been credited with ferocity, and have been the objects of dread, but the captive recently sent to the Zoological Gardens from Eastern Europe need not be feared, for the courage of the animal is supposed to depart with its captivity, as in the story of the old woman, the wolf, and the fox that fell successively into a pitfall, but kept aloof one from the other. It is not the same with all animals. I recollect how in India a dog fell into a dry well, and a panther that was chasing it fell in after it, followed by a policeman who ran out to see what all the noise was about. The panther killed the policeman and ate the dog!

Visitors to the Zoo should bear in mind that, according to an old superstition, they must try to see the wolf before it sets eyes on them; otherwise they will be struck dumb. The keeper may also be recommended to take good care of his charge, or he may find its tail stripped of hair, for there is a love-charm of peculiar virtue resident in one hair of a wolf's tail, which must be plucked from the living animal!

This, however, has nothing to do with werewolves, which are peculiar to Europe, the place of wolves in this respect being taken by other animals in other countries. In India the monster able to take on human form at will, or on the application of a salve or medicine, is a tiger or a panther; in Africa, a hyæna; and in some parts of Europe a bear, which has some very human attributes, and bears much resemblance to a man when its skin has been stripped off, while its hind-foot leaves a man-like track.

It is a question whether the legends with regard to werewolves are not to be ascribed

to the form of insanity called lycanthropy, under the influence of which human beings imagine themselves to be wolves or other bloodthirsty monsters, and act accordingly. Some of the apparently aimless murders of quite recent times, and in fact of all ages, may perhaps be ascribed to obsession by wolfish and bloodthirsty propensities, which would, in the Middle Ages, have led to those suffering from them being classed as werewolves, and perhaps have resulted in course of time in their being invested by tradition with the power of transformation into wild beasts.

A typical instance of this nature is recorded as having occurred in France in 1598, in a wild and unfrequented spot near Candé. Some countrymen one day came upon the mutilated corpse of a boy. On their approach, two wolves which had been devouring the body bounded away into the thicket. The men gave chase and followed upon the bloody tracks, when they suddenly came up with a man crouching among the bushes, half-naked, his teeth chattering with fear, his long hair and beard and hands dyed with blood. The man confessed to having killed and devoured the boy, and declared that he was able to transform himself into a wolf by means of a salve given him by his parents. A very similar story was prevalent among the aboriginal Gonds in a wild district in India where a panther had been killing human beings. The panther was said to be a transformed Gond, who had been changed from human form in the following circumstances. He and his wife were walking along a road when they met a panther. The woman was frightened, but the man said, 'Do not fear; I will transform myself into a panther and drive this beast away.' He accordingly gave the woman a powder, telling her to place it in his mouth when he came back for it, and it would enable him to return to human shape. He then swallowed another powder, and at once assumed the form of a panther and drove away the beast on the road. But when he came up to his wife with open jaws to receive the antidote, she was so terrified that she spilt the powder in the dust. Enraged at being thus condemned to continue his existence in the shape of a wild beast, the monster killed the woman, and thereafter took to preying on humankind.

IV.

Some thirty years ago I disposed of a man-eating panther, to which a legend of a similar nature was attached. The people of the country it infested described it as walking upright and being black and tailless, a devil and not a panther, evidently according to the werewolf superstition. This monster had killed and devoured a child shortly before I

arrived on the scene. There was nothing left to tell of the tragedy but a few ghastly fragments, some blood-stained rags, and two little hands with yellow palms upturned to heaven as though in mute appeal for vengeance. I had my bed placed in the shadow of a hut, and shot the beast at night when it was prowling round in search of further victims. It was a small panther. A similar story was prevalent in the Orel Government in Russia, a year or two later, with regard to an unknown man-eating beast that was attacking people, but was never identified. I was in Moscow at the time, but was unable to visit the place, or might have identified the animal from its tracks. I wrote an account of this beast and its depredations in the *Field* of 9th December 1893.

Somewhat akin to the werewolf superstition is that prevalent in India with regard to the spirits of the victims of man-eaters accompanying them and protecting them from impending dangers. Of this nature is the tale of a hunter who sat in a tree over the victim of a man-eater in order to shoot the monster on its return to resume its feast. When the man-eater approached, the corpse, inspired by the spirit of the slain, raised a hand and pointed to the watcher in the tree, thus warning the tiger of danger. The man descended from his tree as soon as the tiger was out of sight, and pegged the offending hand down to the ground with a bamboo stake. He then took up a position in another tree, but when the man-eater returned the other dead hand was raised in like manner, indicating the fresh position of the hunter. Again the tiger, thus warned, made off, and the man got down and pegged down the other hand, and resumed his vigil. This time when the tiger returned there was nothing to warn him of lurking danger; he approached to resume his feast on the remains of his victim, and was shot dead.

I heard in Russia many stories of werewolves, of which a typical one is that of a nobleman who was out hunting when he was attacked by a wolf, which he drove away after cutting off one of its paws. This he placed in his pocket, and on returning home found that it had turned into a human hand, which he recognised by the rings as that of his wife. He found his wife sitting wounded with one hand severed, and brought her to trial as a werewolf, when she was convicted and executed. There is probably partial truth in this story, for it was no doubt the plot of a villain to make use of the superstition of the age and the country in order to get rid of his wife.

The most terrible record of wolfish propensities is that of the Maréchal de Retz, a distinguished French soldier who was tried and executed in 1440 for the murder of some

two hundred children. These murders were accomplished during eight years after his retirement. He was aided in their commission by several of his servants, and in his confession said that he had acted in imitation of

the Roman Cæsars of whom he had read in the chronicles of Suetonius and Tacitus. In accordance with the excellent laws of the time, he was hanged over a fire lighted beneath the gallows.

THE CAT.

PART II.

V.

THAT evening, after dinner, which I ate alone outside my tent, waited on by Mudge, I sent for O'Meara and for Mahgoul. If they fully understood this to be my show, and that they were there only by my courtesy, I would try to be pleasant. I couldn't decently leave an Englishman a hundred miles from the nearest well, whatever I might think of him. As for Mahgoul, his 'Varsitee' education had left him neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. His ways were not my ways. But mine must be his until we came across a village or a caravan. Then good-bye.

They both came—O'Meara sulky, Mahgoul rather cringing and talkative.

'To-morrow,' I said, 'I shall move. The tomb will be closed, and some of the people here seem to think themselves its guards.'

'Oh yes,' Mahgoul agreed, 'it is a shrine. They do trade with pilgrims who come to be faith-healed. It is advertised largely by word of mouth.'

O'Meara, lying back in a deck-chair, watched him, but said nothing.

'Then,' I went on, 'I mean to move south-west and visit Siwa. The Western Desert Administration have a post there. I tell you both now, because Siwa will be a good place for us to part. You may wish to make plans before we get there.'

O'Meara nodded, and laughed rather nastily. 'Thank you! I quite understand!' he said. 'Is there anything more? If not, I've got some writing to do.'

'Nothing more, thank you,' I said, 'though there may be something to talk over before we part.' And he turned, and went.

But Mahgoul, after watching him away, slid nearer. 'That most regrettable event, Doc,' he said, 'of this afternoon——' but I cut him short. I abominate that Americanism, 'Doc,' and anyhow I wasn't going to be spoken to in that way by my gipsy dragoman.

'Who the devil are you speaking to?' I asked, in a sort of sudden childish fury. 'Let me hear that word again from you, and the camel-drivers shall use their whips on you!' And Mahgoul cringed at once.

'Purely honorific title, in my intention,' he explained, 'signifying healing power. But, sir,

I feel you ought to know, though I would not have it publicly known that I have peached, but in the tomb I was trying to defend stolen goods for your Excellency——'

'Oh, get out of it!' I snarled—and he was doing so, when one of the camp-servants came with a message for me, and I had to order Mahgoul to halt and translate.

He listened, and then turned grinning to me. 'The girl sends message,' he explained. 'She wishes to show gratitude for hospitalities, and render *quid pro quo* to Hakim Effendi.'

'She needn't,' I said. 'Ask her who found me in the *wady*. Besides, what can she do?'

'Oh, nothing!' said Mahgoul. 'Nothing of much worth! But the baggage states she can dance, after her fashion. Nothing modern or refined, you understand. Not the fox-trot or the bunny-hug of your London restaurants, but just a little varietee. I think, to pass the time, she offers something of a snake-dance.'

'Absurd! She can't feel fit?' I objected.

But Mahgoul grinned again. 'She is quite fit, and will be very interesting, sir,' he assured me. 'She is a hardy baggage, and these people are, as you know, tough as the antelopes—just desert animals.'

'Oh, as she likes!' I said, curious to see what she could do. 'Tell her that if she wishes to, and feels well enough, I shall be pleased.' So the message was passed on, and presently the show began.

VI.

Imagine, then, a hot night in the desert, with a full moon overhead. Black shadows, black as black velvet; and the sandy cliffs, that rose steeply to the plateau six hundred feet above us, looking snow-covered in the moonlight.

A circle was roughly outlined by half-a-dozen hurricane lamps, low on the sand. From among our camel-drivers two musicians were found, of whom one thumped a monotonous drum, while the other piped on a melancholy flute.

I sat in a deck-chair at the circle edge. Perhaps because I was known to have been in a bad temper, no one kept immediately under my eye. The whole performance might, for anything I could see, be for my sole edification; and, after those years of mess-life and constant company, congenial and otherwise, I liked it to be so.

I was listening absent-mindedly to the far-away, high, whining cry of a jackal, when I found that the circle was occupied. The girl had slipped quickly in, and was bent low before me, with a snake writhing in each hand.

As she backed into the centre of the circle, always facing me, the flute-player started a soft, wailing note, to which the drum added a muffled bass.

I saw that she was bare-legged below the knees except for a silver anklet, and bare-armed to the shoulders save for the thin, silver bangles, which clinked a little when her arms moved. Her draperies showed every sinuous movement; her dark eyes, melancholy and mysterious, stared at me above a dark veil, that always seemed about to fall from the lower part of her face, yet never showed it.

Then, to a long-drawn wail of the flute, turning her attention from me to the snakes, she knelt, and put them on the ground, perhaps eighteen inches from her, and two feet apart.

They both immediately struck at her, apparently together. But she was swifter than they. A mere swaying as she knelt, and the two angry, ugly heads darted and recoiled, one on either side of the slim figure, and again she knelt motionless before them, while a low ah-h-h-h, like an indrawn breath, came from the little crowd behind me.

I should have thought it quick work to avoid one attack at that distance; but to survive two seemed a miracle.

Again this happened, and again, while the flute grew more shrill, and the drum louder. Then, the snakes lying quiet and sullen, the girl rose slowly and began to dance, while those behind me marked time with clapped hands.

Bare-footed, swaying lightly, she moved around the snakes and between them, but always facing me. The heavy, silver ring on her left ankle now and again caught the lamp-light, and the silver bangles on her arms tinkled softly to her movements. Faster and faster the music went, faster and faster she moved. Quicker and quicker the snakes struck, as she swirled between them, always just out of reach. Then they sank sullenly again, as if tired out. The flute and drum grew slower and softer. The dancer moved languidly around and between the defeated vipers, and finally sank on her knees, again facing them just as at first.

Then, seemingly wishing to show her power, she flicked contemptuous fingers over their eyes. Like lightning each struck once more, and this time got home. She rose swiftly, with a snake hanging on each wrist; but she shook them off.

'Ask her if she is safe, or whether she needs any help,' I told Mahgoul.

'It is a put-up job, a fake, I think. But we

shall suck the wounds,' he suggested. 'I will "kiss the place and make it well"!' and, laughing fatuously, he moved forward and bent to suit his action to the word. I knew he had been drinking, and probably that accounts for his public misbehaviour. He clawed at her, grasped empty air, and rolled in the sand, his immaculate tarboosh leaving his shaven head bare, while the dancer stood immovable again, just a few inches beyond him, her eyes watching him with an expression that I could not translate.

He scrambled up, cursing in several tongues; but the dancer was gone, vanished from the circle; and when he staggered towards her tent I ordered him to stop. Whether the look she gave him as she went was one of contempt, or a challenge to follow, I didn't know. But I was in a mood to thwart him, anyway; and when he turned on me I ordered him to his quarters. Then I went to my own, and finding Mudge there, told him to see that the girl was free from any risk of annoyance for the night.

But in spite of my precautions I was to have no peace.

The moon was sinking, and a chill little breeze heralding dawn was creeping over the desert, when a queer, half-choking voice roused me from my camp-bed, and some one muttering, staggering, stumbling, lurched in through my open tent-door.

My electric torch and my revolver lay under my pillow, and in a moment I had them both ready. In the circle of light was Mahgoul, ash-gray, shivering, and clutching at the tent-pole.

'What is it?' I asked. 'Are you ill?'

'Dead!' he muttered. 'Dead! The snake! The cat!' And with that, he gradually slid down and died before me.

VII.

In the desert, death and burial cannot be far apart. We buried Mahgoul some eight hours later, the cause of death being obvious, and certified in a statement signed by myself, O'Meara, and Mudge. In the soft sand, the prints of Mahgoul's bare feet were easily traced from his tent to the girl's, and from that to mine. Just inside the girl's tent lay a half-crushed viper, which his bare foot had trodden on as he entered.

The dancer herself was to all appearance asleep, and needed some shaking before she roused up, merely to insist that she knew nothing and had heard nothing.

So we buried Mahgoul, heaping great stones over him to keep him, if possible, from the jackals and hyenas, which held an eerie concert round the camp that night.

No one seemed greatly to mourn for him. We Englishmen had all seen sudden death many

times during the last few years; and the manner of his going did not encourage regret for it.

But I refused the girl's offer to dance again that next evening, and I cut short the jibes of O'Meara, who seemed indecently jovial and light-hearted.

He insisted that Mahgoul had trespassed without the slightest encouragement; and that probably the vipers had both been used as guards against unwanted visitors. There was an air of coxcombry about him that evening which I could not understand—until, returning from a lonely stroll under the stars, I almost blundered against him, standing with a veiled figure, half-hidden in a little clump of date-palms.

I sheered angrily away, telling myself that I was a meddlesome old fool, and that, obviously, the girl was not worth bothering about, and could take care of herself.

Still, she was little more than a child; she had taken trouble on my account, and I wasn't the less interested in her after having probably saved her life.

Her melancholy, dark eyes haunted me, and her little figure swayed before my eyes when I tried to sleep. I determined, before dropping off, that in the morning she should be questioned, and returned to her friends quickly, wherever they might be. But she saved me the trouble.

VIII.

I cannot have been asleep very long, when I woke again with the shock of absolute horror.

I didn't know what had waked me. I could hear nothing to frighten me. But I shook like a timid child after a nightmare, and sweated where I lay, listening to the faint, far-away call of some night-bird.

In a moment or two I pulled myself together and, getting up, looked out of my tent. For a moment I was startled again as I kicked against Mudge, lying across the entrance; but his aggrieved inquiry as to what I wanted and what was wrong quieted my jumpy nerves.

'I don't know that anything's wrong,' I said. 'Bring your torch, and we'll see.' And I led the way to the girl's tent, close behind my own.

It was empty.

I can't say that I was very much surprised, but I hesitated what to do next. Then, 'Follow me!' I said to Mudge, and crossed the camp to where O'Meara's tent stood, closed, some fifty yards distant. A couple of jackals, prowling about it, slunk away into the shadows as we came. There I halted and listened, hesitating, hearing nothing and feeling a miserable eavesdropper.

Mudge kept a stony silence that somehow

spoke volumes of disapproval, and he made no comment when I said angrily to the stars that I must and would see the thing through.

I called O'Meara twice, softly and then louder, but not a sound came in reply.

'Stand by with the light,' I said. 'I must go in!' And then Mudge broke silence.

'I thought I felt something wet,' he said calmly. 'Mind where you step, sir. Look!' and flashing the light on to the sand just at his bare feet, he showed a suggestive, dark patch, which began somewhere out of sight, and grew a little as we watched. Then I pushed my way in without more hesitation. But I was too late.

O'Meara was lying alone, on his back, dead, in blood-soaked pyjamas, close inside the tent entrance. Just above the left collar-bone a deep wound showed, from which blood had almost ceased to drip. The pyjama jacket lay open, exposing his chest; and on the sand gleamed a couple of buttons, wrenched off with a force that had also torn the buttonholes. I bent nearer, and looked more curiously. On the breast was slashed, with a few cuts, a very crude outline. It roughly resembled the design I had seen, crudely suggesting some animal, when I was giving first-aid to the Bedouin girl.

There were also scratches and abrasions about the throat, as though (merely to give my impression for what it may be worth) something hung round the neck had been torn hastily from it.

IX.

The next morning, as I sat outside my tent making rather a poor pretence at breakfast, Mudge grunted, and drew my attention to the horizon.

A rider and his camel were coming our way; and, ten minutes later, a hawk-nosed, hawk-eyed Bedouin rode swiftly up to my tent door, crying the usual salutation in the voice of a man accustomed to hail wayfarers across wide spaces.

Mudge, after a word or two, acknowledged himself unequal to the grave occasion, and two camel-drivers came to his aid.

This, between them, was what they gave me from the wanderer of the desert, while his camel knelt and grumbled and bubbled beside him. 'At dawn, ten miles east of the well, by the burying-place of the Sheik Ibn Yusuf,' he said, 'I met four men on camels; and with them rode a veiled woman, on a white riding-camel.'

'When they saw me, they stayed. One of them turned aside, and besought me to tarry also. As they were four men, and armed, and their beasts swifter than mine, I tarried. Then they talked together, and to the veiled woman; and at last one of them gave me

this message, and made me swear by my father's tomb to find your caravan and deliver it. And he spake thus:

"Say to the hakim, the Effendi Ingleez, with greetings, lest the innocent suffer, that the daughter of the tribe of the Cat, having done that which she was left to do, follows her own people, with That which she stayed for."

'Tell him,' I said, 'that the girl must be found, and punished.' And at that, the man laughed mockingly, but immediately checked

himself and became grave and dignified again, speaking quietly and shortly.

'He says,' I was told, "'Why labour in vain through endless hot days? Catch the wild ass, or the desert wind, or the grain of sand that the wind blows. By this time the girl is far south with the Senussi. Does the Effendem know the road?'"

No, I did not know the road. I'm not sure that I wanted to.

THE END.

LOCUST FIGHTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

I.

THE Union of South Africa is now in the throes of a destructive war—a war of insect against man—and at the moment man is being badly beaten. For the last three years locusts have swept over the country, destroying crops and pasture; but never in the memory of the oldest farmers have locusts invaded the country in such countless swarms as has been the case in recent months. As the Government has spent more than £1,000,000 in combating the pest, and has employed hundreds of officials to organise the farmers and conduct the campaign, the country is asking quite seriously whether it might not have been better had Nature been allowed to have her way unchallenged. That there may be sound reasoning behind this view-point will presently appear.

No reader who has not himself witnessed a locust invasion can imagine what the visitation in the central parts of the Union is like. Clouds of flying locusts darken the sky. The *voetgangers* (Dutch for pedestrians; the insects are so called while they are only able to crawl, before they have reached the flying stage) form living carpets many miles in length, and a mile or so in breadth. Acres of maize are flattened as if by heavy steam-rollers. In one district ten thousand thirty-foot saplings were broken and bent to the ground by the weight of a swarm. The larger swarms pass overhead with a roar as of a fleet of motor-cars. And yet, it is only a few years ago that an American scientist who came over to study our methods of locust destruction was proudly informed, when asked for material to enable him to pursue his investigations, that the only locust available was reposing peacefully in a glass case in the Pretoria museum. We had exterminated the locust!

To-day the whole countryside has been mobilised to prevent the disaster that the locust threatens to inflict. Self-interest is stimulating even the most backward farmers to action, for ahead they see famine! The locusts are 'eating every herb of the land and all the fruits

of the trees.' Almost literally is this true. Even the potatoes are being eaten off. This is perhaps the most colossal offensive the locusts have undertaken since the days of Pharaoh. Countless billions have sprung from their base in the desert and have penetrated a thousand miles and more into the fertile lands of man, their eternal enemy.

II.

How does man meet the attack? What of his strategy, and his organisations, and his weapons? The corner-stone of the country's locust policy is that the law requires the destruction by the farmer of all swarms of *voetgangers* that make an appearance on his lands. The eggs which are laid in pipes in the earth are difficult to locate, and the fliers have just that advantage that aeroplanes would have over infantry if they outnumbered the men on the ground by ten million to one. So the *voetganger* is singled out for attack. For this purpose the Government issues poison free of charge, and spray pumps on loan to the farmer. In each district the resident magistrate is *ex officio* chief locust officer, and during the campaign a farmer of standing is appointed to assist him as field-officer. A number of local locust officers are placed under the chief locust officer, and it is their duty to make farm to farm inspections, give demonstrations and advice in the use of poison, see that the swarms are destroyed, and generally supervise the work. All police officers are under instructions to report the occurrence of swarms, and to store and issue poison and pumps. The actual destruction of swarms falls mainly to the lot of the farmer. Last season the locust offensive was so formidable that a chief locust officer or locust dictator, as he has been called, was appointed for the Union. He travels about and tightens up the organisation where it is defective. At headquarters in Pretoria the work is in the hands of the officer in charge of locust administration, who is a sort of quartermaster-general. The organisation impresses one until it is remembered that a million square miles of

country are infested, and that in the districts bordering on the Kalahari desert neighbouring farmers live as far apart from each other as London is from Oxford.

The weapon used against the locusts is poison—arsenic. Other methods of warfare have been employed. The inoculation of locusts with disease has been found to be utterly unreliable, though it is stated that the Germans achieved success in this direction when they occupied South-West Africa. Traps are used with some success. Sides of petrol tins are flattened out. Fifty or more are joined together, and two such lengths are arranged on the ground in front of the moving swarm of locusts to form an angle of about ninety degrees, the sheets being fastened by iron pins hammered into the ground. Driven into the angle, the locusts—*voetgangers*, of course—make for a small opening in the corner of the angle, and crawling through it, drop into a pit. The oldest South African method of killing locusts is to bring a troop of goats, sheep, or cattle to the place where the insects have camped for the night, and to drive the animals back and forth over the locusts until they have been destroyed. *Voetgangers*, moreover, are beaten to death with branches of trees, or flails made of pieces of fencing wire. Sledges made of weighted thorn-bush are dragged over the living carpets. The Basutos encircle the *voetgangers* and destroy them by fire, frequently sacrificing large quantities of fodder to complete the extermination. The locusts are also collected and put into bags, which are dipped into a drum of boiling water. The insects are then spread out, sun-dried, and stored as food, or despatched to the factory where they are converted into poultry meal.

III.

But poison is what the locust-fighters rely on. The use of a poison spray or bait has for over twenty years been recognised in South Africa as the most effective method of destroying locusts. In the last few months quarter of a million gallons of concentrated poison, containing about 300 tons of arsenite of soda, have been issued to farmers by the Government for locust destruction. The present output is at the rate of 8000 gallons a day, which means that if the poison is diluted with water in the proper proportion of fifty to one, 400,000 gallons of mixture are being sprayed over the countryside daily. Still, bitter complaints are voiced from many districts that the destruction of locusts is at a standstill, as poison cannot be obtained in proper quantities. The poison, which is manufactured at Bloemfontein, consists of a mixture of arsenite of soda and molasses from the Natal sugar-fields. It is used either for baiting or spraying. In spraying, the diluted poison solution is sprayed directly on the locusts and on the grass in front of them by means of a pump.

In baiting, the solution is used to moisten green barley, horse dung, and other material, and this bait is then scattered amongst the locusts. The destruction of locusts by dusting them with arsenical powder is also being successfully carried out. But the expense is greater than in spraying, and the powder requires expert handling. It has a very irritating effect on the mucous membranes of the nose and throat, and the operator has to wear a mask to avoid inhaling the fumes.

On the South African railways a special engine has been rigged up with appliances for the destruction of locusts. The spray is projected on to the swarms with compressed air, which carries the solution a considerable distance. In order to keep in touch with stations a portable telephone has been installed on the gas-engine. A large number of swarms have already been destroyed by the crew. The railway management have been driven to action. Serious delay is caused to trains owing to the rails becoming so slippery from crushed locusts that the driving-wheel of the engine fails to grip. This explanation is given of a collision that occurred near Cradock (Cape) owing to the brakes of a goods train failing to act.

The farmers have obtained the most wonderful assistance in their war against the locust by practically every living thing on the face of the earth, down to the humblest form of insect life. As the locusts increase, so do their enemies. Countless numbers of the small locust birds intermingle with the swarms of locusts, and destroy them continuously. Other larger birds, such as the white stork and the blue crane, join in the chase. When one of these battles royal is being waged in the air the onlooker on the ground sees falling all around him a shower of locust legs and wings. Starlings and kestrels, as well as the guinea-fowl, the partridge, the *pauw* and the *korhaan*, and hosts of other species of birds, aid in the work of destruction. Horses and cattle gorge themselves with locusts so indelicately that they have been known to succumb. White ants carry off their eggs. Poultry and pigs regard them as manna from heaven. The brummer fly (*Wolfahrtia brunis palpis*) lays its egg in the neck of the locust, which is killed by the maggot of the fly when it is hatched out. Another small black fly, still unnamed, has destroyed swarms in a different manner. It deposits its eggs in the egg-pockets of locusts immediately the female locust extracts its body from the hole in the ground—that is, before the spume which Nature provides for sealing up the egg-pocket has had time to harden, this fly creeps into the cavity. After satisfying itself that eggs have been deposited by the locust, the fly goes in again backwards, where it remains some time, eventually coming out and flying away. If an egg-pocket visited by one of these flies is immediately dug up, a

few small, elongated, pearl-coloured eggs are found on top of the egg-pocket. These small eggs soon hatch, and become a pale ivory-coloured, broad maggot, which devours the locust eggs. It is estimated that in the Graaff Reinet district of the Cape Province 75 per cent. of the locust eggs have been destroyed by the maggot. The brummer fly is, of course, the more immediate agent of destruction, and many farmers are in ignorance of the activities of the unnamed black fly. In 1902 the brummer fly—no doubt assisted by the black fly, though that was unknown at the time—played havoc with the locusts and practically stamped out the plague, as for many years after there was no sign of locusts of any description. It does not seem to have occurred to the locust dictator that these flies, if propagated and distributed, might be more effective than the poison sprays

IV.

That the army of locust officials and willing burghers urgently needs reinforcement of some sort is obvious. It may be a trifle humiliating for man to look to a fly and a maggot to help him. There is in all of us a hankering after the spectacular rather than the scientific. Just as we prefer to symbolise war by 'a thin red line' rather than a poison-gas cylinder, so we in this locust campaign cry out for aeroplanes and mighty machines that will crush acres of locusts as they sweep along their majestic course. It has been quite seriously suggested that aeroplanes should be used against the locust, and that the Defence Force should be called up to assist in the campaign. The *Johannesburg Star*, after reminding its readers that the United States Army officers were co-operating with the Philippine Bureau of Science in the use of chlorine and other gases, suggested that the Flying Corps might take instant action against swarms; they could locate the 'resting-places of the large swarms, and could possibly put into effect a bombardment of gas shells.' The *Bloemfontein Friend* considers that the

members of the Defence Force might well be employed in a short intensive campaign against locusts, co-operating with the officials at present at work in the field.

The farmers in many areas are thoroughly disheartened. After desperate fights they have often had to yield the battle-ground—green fields and vineyards. The Vryburg Farmers Association passed a resolution towards the end of December affirming that in their opinion the infestation was so great as to render it beyond the powers of man to combat with it. The defeatist spirit has developed alarmingly. Those farmers who have not yet given up hope are assembling in congresses—one was held in Pretoria in January—and taking the Government to task. A new form of strategy is imperatively necessary.

At last investigation is being diverted from the laboratory to the allies that Nature offers us so generously—the locust birds and the brummer and the black fly. Unfortunately thousands of locust birds have perished as the result of eating locusts sprayed with arsenic. By the way, they have not been the only sufferers, for losses of valuable cattle have been reported, the result of using a spray of too great strength. The farmers are learning to exercise care, but Nature's allies continue to be destroyed wholesale. Every variety of bird is being reduced in number. The balance of Nature is being upset. So the cry is being raised, in many different forms, to let Nature take its course.

The native, who hitherto has regarded the locust as a dainty morsel for his table, is beginning to view it with suspicion. The farmer in the backveld, deeply religious, interprets the failure of the campaign as a protest on the part of Providence at interference with Divine workings. Even the Government officials are beginning to look foolish with their constantly reiterated assurances that 'the situation is well in hand.' A new strategy is called for; and it will have a simple conception—preserve the birds, and spread the flies.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER XIV.—TO-MORROW.

WHILST Carwyke crouched in the darkness, tormenting himself with the thought of his inability to protect Norma, the girl herself, white-faced and silent, sat at a table in the living-room of the priest's house, eating little, but watching the men with apprehensive eyes. Mardock, after one or two attempts at conversation with her, had relapsed into silence, and was thoughtfully sipping the vodka which had been produced by their host. The last-mentioned, who was eating at a great rate, was also consuming a liberal quantity of the liquor; but Standifer

used it only sparingly, the while he watched the priest with sardonic eyes. Presently, the Russian, stuffed with roast goose, and flushed with the spirit, pressed the decanter on his abstemious guest.

'You do not drink, no! But the liquor is good. It is of my own distilling, and the rye is grown in a sunny valley, where once perhaps in three summers a crop will ripen. The mission is remote, and the spirit lightens the darkness of the long winter night.'

'You have no colleague, Father Arloff?'

'No!' The priest shook his head. 'Once I had, but he was young, and very earnest—too earnest, and he was drowned carrying the eikons to a dying woman when the ice was rotten. It was a great loss.'

'I think I must apply for the vacant post.'

'You? But you are no priest!'

The fat man drew himself up pompously, and on his blubbery face came a look of superiority that moved his guest to a gust of laughter, which he hurriedly turned into a fit of coughing, after which he offered explanation.

'It was no more than a jest! You say true, I am no priest, but I think I could play the part of shaman.'

Father Arloff shook his head solemnly. 'Even that grows more difficult. There is a young pig here, who has been far to the south, and has returned an unbeliever. He gives me much trouble, and I think that soon he will have to disappear. I cannot have disaffection spread among my herd—you understand?'

His guest understood perfectly well, and said so; and then Father Arloff's glance travelled up the table where Mardock sat drinking, with the girl opposite, mingled disgust and terror in her eyes.

'Your bride is not cheerful, no! Perhaps she is of the serious mind.'

'You have hit the nail on the head, father.'

The priest nodded. 'But to-morrow she will be merry, and the day after she will be singing like a bird. So it is often.'

To-morrow! To the white-faced girl that word was like the knell of doom. Sitting there watching the two men, she had easily gathered the degenerate priest's character from his conversation, and Standifer she knew for a man utterly ruthless. She remembered that Billy was lying back there in the woods, shot by the man who sat at the priest's right hand, and that Roy Carwyke, if he were still alive, was a prisoner, and despair surged within her. She looked wildly at Mardock, as if in appeal for help; but in him apparently the vodka had perfected its work and he was nodding drunkenly. Suddenly she rose to her feet. 'I will never marry you!' she cried distraughtly.

The priest's fat face expressed his amazement at this outburst, whilst Standifer looked at her fixedly. 'Sit down!' he said sharply.

'I will not.'

'You will,' he said, with a hard ring in his voice.

'I won't! I won't!' cried the girl in her frenzy.

Standifer rose slowly from his place, took a single step towards her, on his face a look that brought a sudden chill of fear to Norma's heart. But she still stood, though she shook like a reed in the wind.

'You will do what I tell you,' he said in a

voice which was scarcely lifted above the ordinary, but which was yet full of menace.

'I—I——' began the girl, still trying to resist his will.

'Sit down!' he snapped.

Almost involuntarily the girl obeyed him, burying her face in her hands at the same time, the while great sobs shook her shoulders. Standifer eyed her quietly for a moment, then he said, 'It will pay you to obey me always, and not to attempt any tricks. If you try to run away from here, I will shoot that fool Carwyke like a dog.'

For a brief moment or two the girl's shoulders did not shake. Standifer, though he scarcely realised the fact, had given her information that Roy Carwyke still lived, and might yet be able to help her. But she said nothing, and kept her face buried; and after another brief time, she heard Standifer laugh and return to his place.

'You have a way with you, my friend,' chuckled the priest. 'And it is the right way. If Adam had ruled his woman with a strong hand, the world would have been saved a vatful of trouble; and a man who cannot make woman obey him is no man at all.'

Standifer nodded agreement, and laughed as he looked at the girl whose will he meant to break. Then the priest whispered to him, 'They are stubborn sometimes. If to-morrow she will not stand with you before the eikons——'

'She must be made,' said Standifer grimly, 'even if I carry her into the church.'

Father Arloff nodded. 'You are strong—as I am strong.' Then he whispered again, 'There is a thing I have sometimes used which saves much trouble and many tears.'

'What is that?' asked Standifer quickly.

The priest whispered again for a moment. Standifer listened interestedly, and asked, 'Is it harmless?'

'As milk, my friend. I had it from the old shaman who was here when I came. It is very subtle, and a single dose is sufficient to sap the will for—oh, for long enough!'

Arloff laughed as he made the statement, and a speculative look came on Standifer's face. 'It might save, as you say, a heap of trouble.'

'It would, my son.'

'Then in the morning——'

'In the morning,' chuckled the priest. 'It is not noticeable in coffee.'

Standifer rose and stretched himself. For a moment he looked at Norma, and after that addressed his host. 'You spoke of a room?'

'True. I will call the servant.'

The priest clapped his fat hands twice in a manner that sounded like the double crack of a pistol, and in a couple of seconds an Indian woman hurried into the room. Arloff pointed to Norma and spoke some words in the native

dialect. The woman touched the girl on the shoulder, and as she looked up, made signs that she was to accompany her.

Norma, eager to escape from the presence of the hateful men whispering together, rose quickly and followed the Indian woman to a doorway concealed by a moose-hide curtain. As the native dragged the curtain aside, Standifer called out to her, 'Good-night, Norma.'

She did not even turn to look at him; and as the woman dropped the curtain, the sound of the priest's wheezy laugh reached her ears. She stood looking round. The room into which she had been shown was such as might have been expected in this station, so remote from civilisation and so distant from the sea-board. A rude pallet of split pine, with a couple of rabbit-skin rugs, offered sleeping accommodation; a pair of wolf-skins on the rough floor served for carpet, and a stool was the only other furniture. It was all bare and comfortless enough, but, used as she was to the north, she could have slept in it as well as in a palace, but for the fear in her heart—fear for herself and for Roy Carwyke. She easily divined that in their whispering Standifer and the priestly rascal in the next room had been plotting against herself or Roy, or both of them; and she knew beyond all question that to-morrow an attempt would be made to make her marry Standifer in the church whose triple cross had gleamed rosily in the midnight light, promising a sanctuary that she now found was a mockery. But she would resist! She would die before she would consent to marry Standifer. Whatever he did, no matter what he threatened, she would not become his wife. He——

The priest's laugh reached her through the moose-hide curtain; then she heard Standifer's voice, 'We will go see, then, and tell Carwyke.'

She caught the sound of stools pushed back, the shuffling of the priest's moccasined feet, and heard the crash of the outer door. The thought came to her that now it might be possible to slip out of the house into the woods behind. The peril of such a course she knew. Already, after the wrecking of her kayak, she had experienced the terror which the solitude of the forest can awaken in one accustomed to it; but even that was preferable to the danger which had now become so imminent.

Moving to the curtain, she stood for a moment listening. No sound reached her, and a second later she quietly lifted the curtain. Except for Mardock, the room was empty, and the drunkard, as she conceived him to be, was sprawling on the table with his head on his arms. Lightly she moved from the curtained doorway towards the door across the living-room, which gave egress to the outside. When she reached it she stood for a moment, her heart beating wildly. At that instant the man

at the table lifted his head, and his pale eyes fixed themselves upon the girl, with a light of approval shining in them.

Unconscious that she was being watched, Norma stretched a hand to the wooden latch which held the door. She lifted it noiselessly, and then pulled at the door gently. It yielded creakingly, and for a moment she hesitated. Standifer's voice, grimly merry, came to her from the rear of the house, 'A first-class jail, Father Arloff! Even with an axe a man would have his job cut out to break free.'

She opened the door a little wider. It creaked again as she did so, and as she was on the point of slipping out, a rifle barrel was thrust across the opening, and a second later a pair of dark eyes, set in a copper-coloured face, considered her gravely. A little moan broke from her as she fell back, and the door was closed again from the outside.

The man at the table, who had watched the whole incident in silence, now spoke quietly. 'Standifer is taking no chances, Miss Man-nering.'

Utterly startled, she swung round to find Mardock regarding her with sympathetic eyes. 'Oh!' she whispered, 'I thought that—that you were——'

'Drunk,' he finished for her with a little laugh. 'Standifer thinks so, too, as I meant he should. What did you intend to do if that door had not been guarded?'

'Run away,' she answered frankly, conscious of a new sympathy in his manner.

'Into the woods? That would have been folly. There nothing but a miserable death awaits you.'

'Better that than——'

'Yes. I understand. But there are other ways. Standifer himself is not invulnerable, and things may happen before to-morrow.'

'What things?' asked the girl.

Mardock shrugged his thin shoulders. 'Who can tell? "There's a divinity that shapes our ends," as you may have heard even in that confounded hole at Unapik. I hold a private notion that the saying does not apply in Alaska; but there's no saying. The fat priest, whose guests we are, is rascal enough to merit the wrath of God Himself. Just go back to your room. I will see that nothing happens to you in the night, and I promise you that in any event Standifer shall not marry you to-morrow.'

'But how will you prevent him?'

'I will shoot him at the altar first,' answered the man, with a grim laugh.

'You will shoot your friend?'

There was suspicion in the girl's voice—in her whole demeanour—and he could not help but notice it. 'Just that,' he answered. 'Trust me.'

'But why have you turned against him?' she asked, still suspiciously.

'Oh!' Mardock answered lightly. 'Call it a change of heart.'

'But—but——'

'When I came into this business I didn't understand it fully, and I'm not prepared to follow Standifer to the lengths he is willing to go.'

'But you came with him to Unapik.'

'Yes.' He gave an odd laugh. 'I was going to help him to marry a blubber-eating Eskimo. I hadn't seen you then, and now——' He broke off and laughed constrainedly, whilst his eyes, fixed upon her, shone with a light that brought a swift rush of blood to her pale face. She had seen that light in Carwyke's eyes, and her feminine intuition interpreted it aright. That she understood the man saw, and again his odd laugh sounded as he finished the sentence. 'And now things are as you see.'

'Oh!' whispered the girl, a new fear on her face.

'Don't be afraid of me,' said Mardock quietly. 'I am not trying to oust Standifer for any personal advantage. I am thinking of you only, and how I can serve you. I ought to have done so before; but when Carwyke took a hand I never thought that Standifer would ever get so near to the winning-post, and I was not anxious to be marooned in the wilderness. But now——' He broke off as the sound of voices reached them from outside. 'Quick,' he whispered; 'to your room! They are returning. Trust me!' Once more his odd laugh broke out as he added, 'Particularly as I seem to be the chosen instrument of God.'

Norma, with light feet, fled to her room. Mardock dropped back to his stool and resumed his old attitude of drunken slumber; then the outer door opened, and Standifer and the priest entered.

'A very troublesome pair, I should say,' commented Arloff, as, seating himself at the table, he lifted the decanter.

The man whom he addressed laughed. 'Yes. But they will not work together except to get out of your calaboose, father.'

'Divided forces, heh? That is strength for you. And you propose to leave them with me?'

'For a little while, yes. Their boarding expenses for a week would not exceed a thousand dollars, I imagine.'

'No,' laughed the priest. 'The mission will benefit. And afterwards?'

'Oh!' replied Standifer carelessly. 'Let them go. This is a wild land, and they may wander far.'

'Very far, heh?'

'As you say, very far.'

'Off the map, possibly,' chuckled Father Arloff wheezily. Then he laughed openly.

'By St Peter and St Paul!'

'What is it?' asked Standifer quickly.

'I have an idea. That young unbeliever who has been in the south—he shall go as guide. He shall take a rifle and a little, a very little, ammunition. These two men will fight him for it, and doubtless slay him; and the Church will be rid of the thorn that troubles it. Then the two men will fight together for the rifle, and one of them will be slain; and the other—he will go mad in the great woods, and when winter comes the timber wolves will eat him, and there's an end of all our troubles. Is it not an excellent plan?'

'Excellent!' said Standifer, with a dry laugh.

They fell silent, and after a moment Mardock stirred uneasily, lifted his head, and looked round him with dazed eyes. Lurching to his feet, he staggered drunkenly from the room, shutting the door behind him.

Father Arloff watched him go, a light of amusement in his eyes. 'A man without head for the good vodka,' he commented.

'A fool—whom I must carry with me,' was the answer.

'That is awkward on a bridal tour,' laughed the priest, a crafty look in his eyes.

'Yes,' agreed Standifer, with a swift glance at the other's fat face.

'Could it not be arranged for him to be left behind?' asked the father carelessly.

'How?'

'If he drank the coffee in the morning he would be, oh, so weary!' replied the priest, with a chuckle.

'How much?' asked Standifer, with brutal directness.

Father Arloff's eyes glowed with cupidity. 'Two hundred dollars! That is a small sum to pay to perfect a honeymoon.'

'It is just sufficient. I will pay it.'

The priest laughed pleasantly, and thrust out his fat hand, which Standifer took to set the seal on the compact.

(Continued on page 335.)

THREE IN A GARDEN.

'HERE we go gathering nuts in May,

All in a garden fair!

What do they call you in Nursery Land,

You three little children dear?'

'Our names are a symphony played in tune:
Rosemary, Cecily, Margaret June!'

'Whom will you have for nuts in May,

All in a garden fair?'

'One little child with her pansy eyes,

And one with her sun-kissed hair,

And one with a mouth like the rambler rose
That clambering high at my casement blows.'

'Whom shall we send to fetch you away

Out of your garden fair,

When your games are done and the years are
run?'

'Ah, little we children care!

Dawn the day early, or set the sun late,
Love will be there at the garden gate!'

C. M. STEDMAN.

THE LOCOMOTIVE OF THE FUTURE.

By W. O. HORSNAILL.

I.

ALMOST every one must have noticed how quickly electric railways are extending, and how many lines are being electrified. Some have drawn the natural conclusion from these developments that the steam locomotive will gradually die out, and the electric train become universal. But there are limits to progress in this direction, set by the enormous cost of electrification, upon which reasonable returns can be expected only from dense traffic, such as is carried by short lines between our big cities and their suburbs. It is doubtful whether the trains on our main lines will ever become frequent enough to justify the use of electricity for running them.

Where the electric train scores is in being able to get up speed quickly after stops, and in its power to proceed at full speed up the steepest inclines. Owing to these advantages it can perform a given journey with frequent stops in half the time taken by a steam train; and, assuming the trains to follow each other as closely as safety permits, the electrified line will carry double the number of passengers. But on main lines, with long runs between stops, the advantage of being able to get up speed quickly scarcely counts, while the ability of the electric train to maintain full speed up inclines, although of considerable benefit, is shared with a powerful rival that can handle main line traffic at a much lower cost. This is the Diesel Locomotive.

It will be news to many that nearly 350 big, ocean-going ships are propelled by Diesel engines, while another 150 are on order, and it is surprising that so little has been done towards applying this prime mover to the railway locomotive. The Diesel engine bears a close resemblance to the motors which propel motor-cars on the road. It will, however, run on cheap heavy oil instead of on petrol, and consume far less fuel. Many Diesel engines are even run on oil derived from gas-tar. No sparking-plug or any other ignition device is needed in a Diesel engine. The compression is so high that the air in the cylinder becomes practically red-hot, and ignites the oil when it is injected at the top of the stroke in the form of a fine spray. Engines of this type of 5500 horse-power have been built, and examples of more than double this power are under construction for ocean liners. So far as the power is concerned, therefore, no difficulty can arise in providing Diesel engines for the largest locomotives.

Until comparatively recently, there has been only one way in which a Diesel locomotive

could start a heavy train, that is, by using the engine to generate electricity for working powerful electric motors on the driving axles, the system being similar to that of a petrol-electric bus. Such an outfit, however, for a powerful locomotive would be enormously expensive and heavy, although the amount of fuel consumed would not exceed a small fraction of that burned in a steam locomotive. On a car or a lorry, the motor is started and afterwards clutched into the driving mechanism. This could not be done on a Diesel locomotive, because a clutch which would slip for, say, a minute, while the train was getting up speed, would quickly become red-hot. In a big motor ship the engine is started by compressed air, but the propeller offers no resistance at first, and the engine gets up to working speed before the full power is demanded. The amount of compressed air required to start a train would be so great and the apparatus so bulky as to put this system entirely out of court.

II.

Fortunately, a new type of engine which was invented during the war bids fair to render the Diesel locomotive a practical possibility by overcoming the starting difficulty. Moreover, it is extraordinarily economical. This type is known as the Still engine, having been named after the inventor, Mr W. J. Still. It is an oil engine on one side of the piston and a steam engine on the other. In petrol motors and oil engines all the work is done on the upper side of the piston; in fact, the under side is open to the crank-case. In the Still engine there is a piston rod and crosshead, as in a steam engine, and the lower part of the cylinder is closed in. Steam is admitted to the underside of the piston on the upstroke and forces it up with great power, the action being similar to that in a steam locomotive. In this way the engine is capable of giving its full starting power on steam, and a locomotive fitted with one of these engines would start a heavy train with ease.

What may be called the predominating feature of the Still engine is the method of generating the steam for the under side of the piston. Every one who has handled petrol and oil engines will know that the exhaust pipes become exceedingly hot, and that this heat is blown away into the air and lost. Again, cold water is delivered to the cylinder jackets, and comes away hot to be cooled in the radiator. In the Still engine the cylinder jackets form part of a steam boiler, while in another part the hot exhaust gases give up their heat to the water when passing through a number of tubes. In this way a great part of the heat which

would be lost in the ordinary oil engine is utilised for making steam, and this feature gives the Still engine its marvellous economy. When it is started from cold, as would be the case with a locomotive, steam is raised in its boiler by liquid fuel, the same cheap brand of oil being used as that consumed in the cylinders. Once the full pressure has been raised, the engine can be started, and the oil fuel burner is not wanted again, enough steam being left in the boiler to start the train after each stop.

It should be noted that although the Still locomotive will develop its full power on steam for starting, the under side of the piston only does about 10 per cent. of the work after the train has got up to quite a moderate speed and the oil engine side has taken up its load. Therefore, in climbing inclines, the speed does not depend upon the boiler, as is the case with steam locomotives.

III.

The advantages of the Still locomotives are very marked, the chief items being economy and the ability to go at full speed up the steepest inclines. In considering the saving in fuel, it must be remembered that the steam locomotive is consuming coal all the time, whether it is standing idle or hauling a train. It is true that only a small amount of coal is required to keep the steam up while the engine is standing still, but this is not the end of the story. More than half the locomotives in use are in sidings or engine sheds during each night, which means either that the fires are banked or the steam is allowed to fall, extra coal being required in the one case to maintain the steam pressure, and in the other to get up steam in the morning. The Still engine consumes no oil unless it is actually running. In view of these facts, we shall not be far out in assuming that the Still locomotive would need only one-eighth of the fuel by weight which is required by a steam locomotive of equal power. It is true that the oil for the former costs more than twice as much as coal for the latter. Even so, the economy is very pronounced, and when the Still locomotive is adopted, the railway companies will be able to divide their fuel bills by four.

Startling as is the above-mentioned feature, there are others whereby still further economies are effected. Oil is much more easily handled than coal, and, weight for weight, it takes up considerably less space. If a Still locomotive were 'oiled' as often as a steam engine is coaled, only an eighth of the weight would be wanted, and it would take up less than an eighth of the space on the tender. Again, although some water is required on a Still locomotive to cool the cylinders, the amount is only a fraction of that needed in a steam engine. It is unlikely that the Still locomotive will be 'oiled' so frequently as its steam rival is coaled, longer runs being taken without changing engines; but

even if we allow for this feature, so little fuel and water will be required for what may confidently be called the locomotive of the future, that the elimination of the tender is more than probable. Then a great deal of labour will be saved in the distribution and storage of oil as compared with the handling of coal. Oil will be distributed in pipes, and each locomotive driver will take it in through a hose as he takes in water at present.

The fact that the Still locomotive will be able to go at full speed up the steepest incline is of immense importance. Every railway passenger has noted the labouring of the steam locomotive and the reduced speed when the train is mounting a steep bank. The reason is that the boiler cannot make sufficient steam, although the engine is powerful enough to haul the train up at full speed. Being dependent upon its boiler for only 10 per cent. of its power, the Still locomotive does not suffer from this source of weakness, and will be able to take every incline at full speed. This feature is even more important for goods traffic than for passengers, as the capacity of any line which carries goods is limited by the *average* speed of the trains.

Railway engineers have been investigating the possibilities of the Diesel locomotive since the war, and it will not be long before a beginning is made with an experimental engine. Naturally, such a drastic departure in railway practice will take some time to perfect, but once a reliable locomotive has been developed, its adoption will be rapid.

The most important point of all, however, is that not only can Diesel locomotives haul our main-line trains far more economically than electric motors, but they will cost only a small fraction of the many millions needed to electrify the long-distance system of this country. In fact, if money were scarce, steam locomotives could be superseded by those of the Diesel type gradually, as the former were worn out.

TO MY LADYE FAIRE.

IF I could dip my pen in dew,
The crystal dew, some morn o' May,
A song I might make, worthy you,
Of all fair things, epitome.

In vain I sit me down and try
To weave a web of golden words;
To voice your beauty, it would take
The 'morning stars,' the singing birds.

And so, I fling my pen aside,
My pen that hath no wizard-power;
O would it were a 'magic flute,'
To pipe your praises, hour by hour!

Methinks that to no mortal bard
Were given genius to portray
In language loveliness like yours,
Of all fair things, epitome.

MARIE HEDDERWICK BROWNE.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

MR IMTHURN'S ASSISTANCE.

By JAN GORDON.

PART I.

MR BUFFERY sipped the cup of coffee which he had just made, and, at the taste, pulled a wry, comical face. 'Pah!' he ejaculated. 'That's about bad enough for him. I doubt if I could make it worse; not, seeing the quality of coffee Mr Imthurn keeps.'

He placed the cup on a tray of delicately worked Eastern silver, and was about to leave the pantry, but paused. A line creased his polished forehead. 'I dunno, tho,' he murmured; 'maybe he wouldn't like me to do it, though he don't like 'im neither. 'Ardly tackful, maybe. I'll go and ask him.'

He put down the tray, left the room, and made a noiseless passage, despite his evident weight, through corridors and halls decorated with trophies of Eastern travel. He pushed aside a rich, silken curtain, and knocked at the door which it covered. With a butler's peculiar deference he opened the door, and came into the presence of his master, Mr John Imthurn. The room which framed the latter was decorated in a Japanese style, a style queer and strange for those days of the Regency. Since Mr Imthurn had stepped in some fifty years before the fashion, every object in the room was of exquisite taste and of considerable value. Mr Imthurn had not wasted his time in Japan purchasing rubbish; to this day the Japanese Government would gladly buy back some of the objects with which he returned from his Eastern tour. To harmonise with his room, the connoisseur was clad in a Japanese robe of embroidered silk which might have come from a design by Haronobu.

Mr Imthurn, collector, exquisite, and poseur, looked up from a manuscript which he had been reading. To most persons his face would have appeared placid and without expression; but Buffery had long known his master. He could see signs of displeasure beneath the smooth exterior, as a sea-captain reads the threat of a typhoon beneath the calm surface of a tropic sea.

'Eh?' queried Mr Imthurn. There was a musical note in his voice, but it was the music of metal, hard for all its silvery tone.

'Mr Jarrock, sir,' said Buffery; 'he would like to speak with you.'

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'Ah! the good Jarrock,' said Mr Imthurn negligently, and at once Mr Jarrock seemed to be something very trivial and worthless. 'And what if I do not want to see Mr Jarrock?' went on Buffery's master.

'I thought of that, sir,' said the butler. 'Indeed, I said that you were occupied. But he answered that he could wait. Then he asked me for a cup of coffee, sir. I made 'im a cup, made it as badly as I could, sir; but just before I gave it to 'im, it came to me that perhaps you wouldn't like me to do so, sir; so I came to see you, though I didn't like to disturb you, sir.'

Mr Imthurn smiled with his eyes, not with any other feature. 'On the whole, Buffery, I think your coffee might be considered a breach of hospitality. But since you have interrupted me, and since Mr Jarrock is determined to wait, show him in.'

Mr Jarrock was of an age equal to that of Mr Imthurn, but no contrast could be imagined more violent than that between the two men. Imthurn was short, fattish, fair, and appeared young despite the pose of Oriental and mature impassiveness which he had wrested from the East with its art treasures, a pose which made him seem original, even amongst the poseurs of the London of his day. Jarrock, lean, looked taller than he was: he had high cheek-bones and a prominent nose; lines of dissipation drawn from nose-wing to lip-corner made him appear extremely old, gave him that look of carved immutability which seems to come into the face of the hard liver. Imthurn matched perfectly his interior; Jarrock's well-cut but showy clothes blazoned a Western vulgarity against the careful richness of his background.

'Damme, Imthurn, I'm glad to see you!' exclaimed Jarrock, holding out a hand. Imthurn gave his palm with a slow grace of lazy movement. 'Damme!' went on Jarrock in a harsh voice; 'I thought I'd just come in to see you. Fine room you've got here. What a contrast with the ghastly weather outside. 'Pon my soul, I adore these quaint, ugly things of yours. Queer, but dem' original. There's nothing original about this weather, though. I'm sick of it, rain, rain——'

'I'm glad that you like my—er—ugly things,'

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APRIL 19, 1924.

answered Imthurn in his even voice. 'But now that Buffery has left the room, I take it for granted that you did not come here to talk either about the weather or yet about art.'

'Why,' replied Jarrock in a composed stutter, 'why, yes—I just happened to come in, you know—was passing, in fact, so I said, I'll run up and see China Imthurn. Don't mind me calling you that, I hope? Everybody does, you know.'

'So I have heard,' answered Imthurn, and at that moment the nickname seemed very appropriate, for from metal his voice had acquired the chill ring of porcelain—his armour was not as thick as he would have wished it. 'And yet,' he persisted, noting Jarrock's confusion with pleasure, 'you wished to see me so much that you would wait. Come, Jarrock, let us be frank. You did want to see me about something, something definite.'

'Well, confound it all!' replied the other, roughly; 'if you insist on having it as bluntly as this, I am in a devil of a fix for money.' Jarrock was very much annoyed at being brought thus abruptly to the point. He had a preference for delicate borrowing. Under his apparently boisterous, but in reality skilled, conversation he would lead the talk the way it should go; and often, indeed, was able to surprise his listener into a spontaneous offer of aid. A cold statement of fact such as this was horrible to him; it robbed him of his comfortable garment of self-esteem. At that moment, despite his real need of money, he was so exasperated that he did not care whether Imthurn lent the sum or no. Yet, having stated his case, it was but foolishness for him not to urge it further. 'I am in need of quite a small amount,' he said. 'Three or four hundred will see me through; but if I don't get it by five o'clock this evening, there will be hell to pay. If I can get it, Imthurn, old chap, I shall be in a position to squeeze out a lot more. I'm just on the edge of a fortune, in fact, but there's that devilish four hundred short. Let me have it, and I'll pay you back within a week.'

'I feel honoured that you have come to me,' said China Imthurn. 'I was not, indeed, aware that our acquaintance had progressed so far.'

'Oh, I know it's a damned liberty!' exclaimed Jarrock. 'I shouldn't have come to you if it weren't serious. In fact, you can judge by that how serious it is. Since you like frankness, I'll tell you straight that it's prison for me if I don't get the money. Prison for one of those miserable pettifogging tangles that a careless chap lets himself in for. I can square it up till five this evening—then it will be all right. If you will only help me out, Imthurn, I'd be eternally grateful.'

'I never lend money,' said Imthurn. 'A creditor is only a nuisance. No! I won't lend

you the money, but I am prepared to come to your assistance in a certain way.'

Jarrock's eyes narrowed. He had been hoping for this; indeed, his calculations had been based on a well-known whim of Mr Imthurn.

'I am prepared to advance you a certain sum to lose at play. I will pay your losses for, say, three-quarters of an hour up to a limit of seven hundred and fifty pounds.'

'But,' cried Jarrock, delighted within himself, thinking it, however, more politic to protest, 'no, no, this is too much; I only need four hundred at the outside, and you offer seven hundred and fifty. I tell you frankly I don't want so much. I won't take advantage of your generosity.'

'Not at all,' said Imthurn. 'I have made you an offer, which, indeed, I have made before to others, as I dare say you have heard—'

'I?' exclaimed Jarrock, feigning ignorance. 'Why, no; I have not heard a word—'

'Rumour, then, does not run as quickly as is generally supposed,' returned Imthurn. 'But, pray, do not think that I am giving you seven hundred and fifty pounds. I offer to pay your losses for three-quarters of an hour's play up to a limit of that sum. Some of my would-be debtors have come off winners, and it then has cost me nothing; others have lost sums of various amounts. Indeed, I do not remember one who went to the limit.'

'Well, damme, it's uncommonly generous of you,' said Jarrock. 'I don't know how to thank you; though I tell you frankly I'd rather have the four hundred straight. I can't see why you do it in this way.'

'Oh,' returned Imthurn, 'it interests me to see which of his own the devil looks after. And in the end it is cheaper. One moment, though. There are two conditions attached to the offer. First, you take my butler, Buffery, with you to the gaming-house. He will hand you the money, in sums of one hundred pounds, as you lose. If you win, you pay him back the amounts he advances to you.'

'But——' Jarrock would have interrupted.

'Another condition,' went on Imthurn, holding up a plump hand, 'is that from this moment our acquaintanceship stops. In future we meet as strangers.'

There was a moment of silence. 'Good God!' cried Jarrock, jumping to his feet, 'I suppose the whole of this rigmorole has been an attempt to insult me?'

Imthurn allowed a ghost of a smile to pass over his face. 'The offer is quite genuine,' he said. 'The offer and the conditions are the same for everybody. There is no question of insult. You can accept or refuse. If you care to refuse, I shall be glad to allow you to shoot at me any early morning which pleases you. I take my risk when I make my offer.'

Jarrocks remembered one or two mysterious duels in which Imthurn had taken part. He remembered, too, that Imthurn was accounted a very good shot. 'No, damme, Imthurn!' he ejaculated. 'Don't be so hasty. I understand, of course, that no insult is intended. A whim; yes, a whim, eh? But why the butler? Why should I lump that surly fellow along? Give me the money, and I swear on my word of honour that I'll bring back the account all square. Damme, the butler's a disgrace!'

'A man excited by play may forget himself, may lose all count of time,' said Imthurn. 'I should not even dare to put your honour into danger.'

'Butler and all, then,' said Jarrocks, with a harsh laugh. 'Though I warn you, it would be cheaper to give me the four hundred. I play high.'

'I'm not the man to grudge another a last fling,' said Imthurn grimly.

(Continued on page 345.)

KING SALMON AND PRINCE HALIBUT.

By H. GLYNN-WARD.

I.

THERE is a little seaport, 'way up in the North Pacific, on the British Columbian coast, looking out towards the sunset over green islands in a wondrous blue harbour, clinging onto sheer rock with its feet in muskeg, intensely proud of itself for defying Nature, who certainly never intended man to build a town there.

It calls itself Prince Rupert, and it shipped in one year nearly twenty-four and a half million pounds of halibut and over three million two hundred thousand cases of salmon, which is doing more than all the other fishing ports on the Pacific coast.

Prince Rupert is a busy little world, sufficient unto itself. Go down on the water-front, past the Grand Trunk Pacific docks, and no one has time to speak to you, but you hear much wise talk about 'whales' and 'mediums,' 'chickens' and 'sharp rooms'; why the Yakutat Banks should be closed for spawning-grounds; the preponderance of American over Canadian boats in yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow; the need of more, and yet more, freight-cars on the Canadian National Railways, and so on.

Go up into the town and you find gangs of men doggedly blasting and hewing broad roads out of the solid rock, and building still more roads up on fifty-foot piles over utterly impossible country, for such is their proven faith in the harvest of the sea.

There are six different halibut shipping companies in Rupert, each of which will assert that they are doing a bigger business than the rest, and all except one, The Canadian Fish and Cold Storage Company (which is entirely British in ownership and operation), are owned by American interests.

In spite of the fact that halibut, like salmon and herring, is steadily but surely decreasing every year, in 1921 the shipments of halibut through Prince Rupert were greater than the previous year by nearly five and a half million pounds.

This may have been due to the shipping strike on American vessels, which held up the usual shipments from Alaskan ports early in the season. Or possibly the fact that the Canadian National Railways supplied sufficient refrigerator cars had something to do with it. Also a record catch was brought in from the Yakutat Banks during November and December, much of which came to Prince Rupert. A movement is afoot to institute a close-season for these banks during the winter for spawning, but as they are situated in international waters, the agreement must be decided upon by both Americans and Canadians.

Every day a fish-market is held in Rupert. You may come upon it unawares if you wander round back of the water-front and in at an unassuming door to a modest little room, with some men sitting in a row at a desk, another listening seriously at a telephone, and a few more waiting by the wall. Those at the desk and 'phone are all buyers, bidding in a jargon unintelligible to the uninitiated.

The captains of the fish-boats in have written up their 'hailings' on a blackboard listed with catches and date for all to see, and so the auction proceeds, sounding something like this: 'Thelma 96!' 'June 60!' 'Over the fence!' 'Your turn, Fred!' . . . A lull, upon which the man at the 'phone gets impatient: 'Come on! Come on! Get busy!' 'Skookum 86!' 'Gee, Bill, you're on easy street!' 'Thelma 91!' 'Guess I'm satisfied!' 'Everybody satisfied?' And half a million pounds of fish have found a market.

II.

Each refrigerator car holds from 20,000 to 25,000 pounds of fish, all packed in artificial ice, which is colder than real ice. Some of the packing companies frequently handle 250,000 pounds of fish a day of all sorts, herring, black cod, witch, brill, and other flat-fish, besides halibut and salmon; 75 per cent. of this goes direct to Chicago.

There appears to be no time at all to lose when there is a boat in—or a whole queue of

boats, each waiting to discharge its cargo in front of a company's wharf. Men wallowing in fish with poles and peevies and hooks, floundering and slipping about waist-deep in fish, weighing them on gigantic scales, shouting the tally, shovelling ice into boxes, shooting fish into elevators to be carried away for mild-curing, salting, or to be frozen for storage.

Of the glistening monster halibuts that were hurled up with grunts and groans, I picked out one which dwarfed the others, looking like a wet white-feather mattress off a vast double bed. He turned the scale at 313 pounds. His head having been slashed off with one turn of the wrist by the man with the knife, he was dragged off to his coffin, where he was packed in ice with two other giants. They hammered down the lid, scrawled '3 whales' on it, and his day was done.

Back in the body of the building they are just as busy. Where they are mild-curing salmon, you notice a German standing by picking out the best of it for his own particular firm of Jews in Seattle. The pick of the halibut goes the same way.

These big plants are half-a-dozen storeys high of storage rooms, mostly filled with fish waiting for the winter season to be shipped when the market is slack. Anything under twenty below zero is a 'sharp room,' and after the fish have spent a certain time in these, they will keep for months in a less Arctic zone.

Rooms full of herring frozen for bait—in one year the Canadian Fish and Cold Storage Company alone stored three million pounds of herring for bait; rooms full of salmon, packed like sardines yards deep around the walls, red and silver, headless gaping bodies; rooms full of halibut, the big ones propped against the walls, stiff white corpses, some many moons old. A cold and sombre charnel house, with a smell like intensified essence of cod-liver oil, that permeates through your brain long after, when you are a thousand miles inland.

But every one seems quite happy. I came on a man feeding a pet seal, quite a baby, but old enough to know where easy food came from, as it returned to its little enclosure every afternoon after spending the morning out and about in the harbour. It was quite a relief to come on somebody in Prince Rupert with enough spare time to say endearing things to a baby seal.

III.

In the North Pacific are by far the richest halibut grounds in the world, but, unfortunately, they are being fished out. Where one boat fished a few years back, there are now twenty. These days there are no fish to be had in British Columbian waters in any paying quantities between 1st October and 1st January.

Also, the scientists, always a meddlesome lot, know more now than they should concerning

the habits of the halibut—when, where, and why they spawn, what they like best to eat, and so on—with the result that the fishermen are able to make a bee-line for their spawning-grounds at the very time when the poor fish want to be left alone to make good last year's depredations.

All the way from Cape Flattery on the south to Kodiak Island and the Aleutian Islands in the north halibut are found in varying quantities, in any seas from twenty-five to two hundred fathoms deep; but boats dealing with Prince Rupert fish chiefly in the Hecate Straits, off the west coast of the Queen Charlotte Islands, and away south as far as the famous Goose Island grounds, where the best halibut are caught from early May to mid-July.

The old steam-trawlers are a thing of the past, and little gas-boats of from five to one hundred tons are used. They provision for two or three weeks, and mostly sign on the same three or four men as crew throughout the season. A good life and few worries!

The very best of food, and, if the cook be poor, one can always pitch him overboard, the way dead bottles go. If the luck be bad and the fish shy, there is ever the hope of better luck next trip; a cosy cabin when the day's work is done, with the lights lit and strange yarns to spin, and the wash of the waves to lull a man to sleep.

The fishers use cotton lines for halibut, two miles long. The main or 'buoy lines' may go two hundred fathoms down; from these the 'ground line' lies anchored, with the 'gauging lines' at every thirteen feet; and on these last are the hooks.

They reckon from two thousand to four thousand pounds as a very good day's catch, and they pray for 'mediums,' which are halibut weighing between ten and eighty pounds; anything below is a 'chicken,' anything above is a 'whale.'

There are three old Grimsby trawlers fishing out of Rupert, the real thing from the Old Country, and you frequently see them use the English style of trolling for flat-fish. In 1922, however, American vessels brought in to Prince Rupert over sixteen million pounds of fish, Canadian vessels little more than half that.

The Canadian Fish and Cold Storage Company at Prince Rupert, who say they are the largest operating plant of this sort in the world, in 1922 prepared as frozen food four million pounds of halibut, two and a half million pounds of salmon, and six hundred thousand pounds of sable-fish. There are additional plants for dealing with the by-products—fish-meal, oil, and fertiliser.

The Oriental demand for dry salt-herring and salmon is growing stronger year by year, and 'chum' salmon, the poorest of the species, is packed to meet it. Most of the Kamchatka salmon-catch is dry-salted for the Chinese market.

IV.

Talking of salmon, if you happen to be in Prince Rupert, take a trip up to the Nass River or down to the Skeena River, on which latter there are no fewer than fifteen great salmon-canneries, and where people think and talk of nothing else.

On 1st April the canneries start their preparations for the year's rush; in mid-June, as soon as the 'sockeye' run begins, they start canning; by mid-August operations cease, the hurry and bustle of the canneries dies down, the temporary, cosmopolitan population of these, each a small town in itself, drifts away; and by the end of September the river is still and lonely, once more awaiting the great ice-floes and the hush of the long winter.

Most valuable of all the species is the 'sockeye,' clear, pale-blue above and glistening silver beneath, though the colour changes after it has entered the rivers for spawning. At regular periods the sockeye run is heavy; for instance, on the Fraser River, down south, every fourth year (the year following leap year) sees big runs of sockeye.

The Indians catch them chiefly by trolling; no Japs (of which there are far too many in these waters busying themselves at this industry) are issued trolling licenses. Gill-nets are the only nets permitted for sockeye; for other species, purse-seines and drag-seines are used.

After the sockeye comes the 'coho,' green and silver with a few black spots, and last and latest in the season the 'humpback' runs; this is the smallest of the lot, blue and silver, dotted with black spots, named so because the males develop a hump in the fall. No doubt some inquisitive scientist will one day discover the reason for this annual pessimism on the part of the males.

The largest of all, the 'spring,' or, as the Alaskans call it, the 'tyee' salmon, sometimes weighs over one hundred pounds, but this is frequently shipped direct to the fish-markets.

Like the halibut, the salmon-fisheries are being depleted, though the Canadian Government, realising that this is one of their most valuable industries, have instituted numbers of salmon-hatcheries in some of the lakes of the interior, and turn out something like fifty million of salmon-fry in a good year. But the blockading by fishermen a few years back of some of the principal salmon rivers, the all too prevalent use of nets, the presence of the far too successful Japanese fisherman, threaten extermination of the salmon unless the strongest measures are taken by the Powers. It is not too much to say that the institution of a close-season for salmon for four or five years is about the only measure likely to safeguard the situation adequately.

In 1921 the total British Columbian pack was 603,548 cases, the Alaskan pack was 2,604,973

cases—four million short of the record pack in 1918 for Alaska.

The pack of sockeye on the Fraser River system (which includes that of the State of Washington) was in 1921 only 142,593 cases, as compared with 559,702 cases in the previous fourth year (when the big run was on), and 2,385,524 cases in 1913. This proves how completely the big runs of sockeye on the Fraser are being destroyed.

V.

The Tower of Babel lives again in a Skeena River salmon-cannery. The fishermen consist of Japanese, Indians, Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, Scotsmen, a few English, Canadians from all over, and Americans. Inside, the cannery, though managed by white men, is operated largely by Indian women packers and the ubiquitous Chinaman.

The Indians come from far and near to put in their summers at work, and make enough to carry them at leisure through the winters. There are the Hyders, who come in little gas-boats or big canoes all the way from the Queen Charlotte Islands, a mighty tribe in the bygone days, when they were known as the 'Terrors of the Pacific.' There are those from Matlakatla, and the Tsimpsians and the Gitupsans.

They have their own quarters, are entirely and haughtily exclusive, and—the squaws especially—utterly refuse to be photographed for fear of being smitten by the Evil Eye. This is so different from the Indians of the interior, who will beg you to photograph them so that they may have their picture to put over their grave when they die.

For the canneries on the north banks of the river, the amusement of the day is for the whole population to turn out and watch the G.T.P. train from Prince Rupert go by with its freight of fish, rushing eastwards *via* Edmonton and Saskatoon for Winnipeg, where the bulk of the freight will be discharged for Chicago and New York.

Just about one quarter of an hour elapses from the time the salmon are picked up off the float, where a man stands knee-deep in a floor of fish, sorting them out, and sending them up the shoot, to the time they are packed in cans ready for cooking.

By methodical and mechanical procedure they are beheaded and tailed, cleaned, cut up into even pieces by the great 'iron chink,' and sent along by the overhead rails to the tables where the Indian squaws, gloved in rubber, are pressing and packing them into 'talls' and 'flats.'

Nothing but salt is put in the cans; they are thoroughly and scientifically sterilised and cooked for 1 hour and 15 minutes before being finally soldered down and turned out to be lacquered and labelled. All grades of salmon

are packed and cooked in the same way, in 1-lb. 'talls' or 'flats' and $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. 'flats.'

The Inverness Cannery at the mouth of the Skeena, which is one of the oldest, if one of the smallest, of the canneries, turned out 26,000 cases in 1921, each case containing 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. or 48 1-lb. tins. The total pack from the Skeena River district for the same year was 234,765 cases.

No fishing is allowed during the close-season between 6 P.M. on Friday and 6 P.M. on Sunday. There is little competition for the keeping of the Sabbath observance law on the Skeena, or anywhere else in the fishing world; as soon as six o'clock has struck, every one is either fishing or getting ready to fish, or mending his nets.

The Inverness Cannery has seventy-six boats fishing for it regularly, each one bringing in an average roughly of fifty salmon a trip, or if it be the year of a big run, double this number.

Out on the wharf I watched, fascinated, a Jap, standing on a sea of blue and silver and green fish on the float, wallowing about among the slippery things, sorting, with lightning speed, sockeye from coho, spring from steel-head.

A twenty-ton gas-boat was drawn up alongside the wharf, throbbing to be off. She was

the *Tillicum* of Seattle, bound for Wrangell in Alaska to buy salmon from the Stikine River, expecting to bring back 'all of 7000 fish.' Her crew were buying bait at the cannery, and were going to ice at Prince Rupert before going north to Ketchikan, where they would provision. Presently they loosed her painter, and, as though glad to be off, like a fresh and frisky horse let out of the stable, she sped away over the waters, a great white bird, on her long journey to the far Northern seas.

In the distance, a mosquito fleet of trolling-boats was being towed out to sea by a fast tow-boat; several little sailing-boats, manned by Indians, were homing on the incoming tide.

As I stood on the banks of the smooth, swift Skeena, green with the waters of melted snows, on that balmy afternoon, I pondered on the awful battle for existence that a myriad million salmon were fighting just below.

Salmon returning after years of sea-life to spawn in the self-same waters that gave them origin, with an infallible instinct for homing, swimming countless miles, leaping almost impossible rapids and falls, fighting desperately all the way against their natural enemies, but chiefly fighting against their threatened extermination by man with his thousand weapons.

THE THORN.

By ALBERT G. MACKINNON, Author of *Hospital Jock*.

I.

'MAN, it beats a'!'

It was Lauchlan MacLauchlan's first exclamation of wonder. His niece's raptures at the sights of Rome had been met with a stolid indifference, or with the contemptuous rejoinder, 'Puir cratur!' Lauchlan had much to learn, and he was almost too old to begin. He had been nourished on a stern orthodoxy which looked askance at the world of art. He looked down from a pinnacle of spiritual pride at great geniuses 'makin' fuils o' themsel's.' He had need of awakening, and it had come.

They were standing in a little room of the Capitol. It had only one piece of statuary in it, but it was 'The Thorn.' It represents a boy plucking a thorn from his foot. Its naturalness, the intensity of the lad, the perfect moulding of the bare limbs rank it as one of the most exquisite bronzes in the city of statuary.

'That is supposed to have been made by a student of Praxiteles,' said Mary MacLauchlan, consulting her guide-book.

'I dinna care wha made it, but he maun hae had a stob in his fit sometime hissel', or else he cudna hae done yon.'

Lauchlan still stood staring at the life-like figure on the pedestal.

'Come on, uncle, or we shall lose them,' said his niece, as she started in pursuit of the tail end of the little group which clustered round the guide.

'Gang on yersel', Mary; I'm no finished yet wi' this laddie.'

Mary looked in surprise. What had come over her uncle? He had grumbled at all their sight-seeing, and had followed at her heels only because he did not want to lose sight of her. She was having the time of her life. The labour of a Highland farm had suddenly given place to the enchantment of foreign scenes. It was a happy day for her when the Institute of Agriculture in Rome had sent to Scotland for an expert on Highland cattle. A proposal had been made for the introduction of such into other countries, and so Lauchlan MacLauchlan had been selected to go and advise this central committee on the subject. What Lauchlan did not know about 'beasts,' every one agreed, was not worth knowing.

He had taken his niece to look after him, and he had found that he had to do most of the looking after. She had started him a fortnight before he was required in Rome, and had taken him round by Milan, Venice, Florence, to his final destination.

'It's an unco long way,' he had remonstrated;

but Mary still led on. When they got to Rome there was no respite. Punctuality is not a virtue of Italy. The committee could not meet for another week. Meanwhile Lauchlan was dragged at the heels of his niece through all the great galleries, straining his eyes in vain to get the sight 'o' a decent coo.' But the old painters did not go in much for animal subjects. Neither Raphael nor Michael Angelo was obliging in that matter; so the Highland farmer grew tired with the ceaseless floor treading. 'I wudna be sae done oot wi' a haill day on the hills as I am wi' thae endless picturs,' he grumbled, while he threatened not to waste another day on them; but Mary still carried on, and her uncle paid the dues with many a useless haggles between himself and the custodians.

Now he had suddenly asserted himself, and this time on the side of art. Tell it not in Gath, but the lunch hour was near, the guide was hungry. He was sure now of his day's pay, so he had skilfully steered the travelling comet past the famous statue with just a few words of explanation. He had not imagined that the one who was always so eager to push on would become entangled with 'The Thorn.'

Sentiment and Lauchlan MacLauchlan seemed poles apart. No one who knew this stern and rather crabbed old bachelor would ever have linked the two together. Yet there he stood, stroking unconsciously his gray, stubbly beard, and staring at the little fellow who for ages had been trying to extract the thorn from his foot.

'Come on, uncle,' again called his niece.

'I canna,' he answered, and there was almost an agony in his voice. He spoke the truth. Sentiment, which he had imprisoned for fifty years, had broken its chains and had taken its master captive, and was having its revenge. 'I aince was a wee herd laddie like yon, bare-fitted, but wi' mair claes, I maun say. Ay, I remember weel the day I got a great spike o' whin richt in that verra same spot under the big tae.'

'Tell me about it afterwards, uncle, but hurry up now. There is the guide explaining something else, and we shall miss it all,' remonstrated the girl impatiently.

'Whist, wumman, an' dinna bother me the noo. Awa' wi' the ithers an' leave me alane. Ye canna understaund, sae I needna tell ye.'

'You will lose us.'

'I hae lost mysel' a'ready,' was the enigmatic response. It was the soul of Lauchlan that spoke. He was going down into a great abyss, the brink of which he had long skirted, and from which for fifty years he had resolutely turned away his eyes, because he instinctively felt that despair lay that way. Now he was falling, and the innocent cause of it all was an artist who had been dead for thousands of years, and whose fault was that he was too true to nature.

'Well, if you are tired, sit down on this seat here for ten minutes, and I will come back for you,' remarked the girl as she turned away and ran after the vanishing group of tourists. She little guessed what 'The Thorn' had done to her uncle—how it had pierced through all his stolid exterior and pricked his heart.

'Tired!' he murmured. 'Ay, I'm tired eneuch o' life, an' wish I were back to that day when I had a whin spike in my fit. I hae tried to forget it, but I canna noo after that,' and his hand moved towards the boy in bronze. 'Weel, I'm an auld fuil, but they say they are the worst. I'll gang oot an' hae a smoke.'

So when Mary returned she did not find her uncle, and 'The Thorn,' that had done the mischief, kept silence as to its share in the tragedy—or comedy.

II.

Lauchlan's smoke led him across the piazza and down the wide flight of steps from the Capitol. After that he lost trace of himself. His feet carried him on through many narrow streets until they stopped mechanically before a sculptor's shop. His mind was too busy with scenes of his boyhood to think of where he was going.

He was a herd again on the Highland hills, and with his dog had just chased some stray sheep back to the fold, when his bare foot struck against a whin and a big thorn stuck in his sole. It was very difficult for him to get at the stob, and he was struggling like the lad in the bronze to extract it, when a young girl about his own age came up the path. She realised his plight in a moment, and kneeling down, she took the wounded foot upon her lap, and with a pin began her first operation. She did her best, though her delicate touch caused a deeper wound than the scratching of her pin. It broke open the walls of that secret chamber which held the wealth of a boy's first love. When the thorn was extracted, she bound the foot up with her own handkerchief so that no dirt might get in, and letting the lad lean on her shoulder, she helped him to limp along to the cottage where he lived. That was the beginning; the end came shortly afterwards, when Jessie MacMillan left the parish—and they had never seen each other again.

That day the parish became empty, the hill-side lost its charm, a cruel thorn entered Lauchlan's heart, which he was never able to extract. It too was beyond his reach, and only the same touch could heal that sore. Bravely he faced life with the thorn in his heart. He assumed an outward austerity to hide the inner softness of which he was ashamed, even to himself. He was afraid to think of the thorn, so he buried it under a diligence in business which brought him success.

He had cheated himself with the thought that the thorn was out until to-day. Now he felt it again with all its old agony. Like the bronze figure he, too, had been trying for ages to extract it, and had failed.

Lauchlan awoke from his reverie, to find himself staring into a window which contained, in marble and bronze, copies of many of the great sculptures in Rome. A little back from the others his eyes rested on one of 'The Thorn.' Entering the shop, he demanded, 'Hoo muckle dae ye want for that yin?'

'If you will speak ze English I you comprehend,' responded the shopman. 'I not know Spanish.'

'Gie me that wee laddie, an' tak' what ye want for it, my man, an' dinna haver Spanish tae me.'

The Italian reverted to a common language, that of the fingers, and indicated that his price was four hundred lire.

For once Lauchlan did not stop to haggle, and the Italian was surprised and almost disappointed to find the money pass so easily into his hand without the keen enjoyment of bargaining.

The shopman tied the figure up in brown paper and handed it over to his customer, who took it under his arm and marched off. A guilty conscience made Lauchlan hesitate as he approached his hotel. What explanation could he give to his niece for his strange purchase? She was inquisitive, and would be satisfied with no surface reason. Besides, he knew she was quick to read hidden thoughts. Then a bright idea suggested itself. Instead of bringing it to his hotel in broad daylight he would take it to the station and leave it in the parcel-office and call for it after dark, when he could smuggle it to his room without being seen. He tied hastily a card with his name on it round the neck of the statue, and so placed it in temporary custody.

'Uncle, we were just sending out search-parties for you,' was the salutation which awaited him on reaching the hotel. 'Where have you had your lunch?'

'Lunch? Why, I fair forgot about it!'

'Then what have you been doing?'

But Lauchlan MacLauchlan did not answer, and the girl's searching gaze was met by a veil of mystery.

That night the farmer slipped out quietly from his hotel, and going to the station claimed his purchase. He pointed it out to the porter who attended, and carried it back to the hotel and up to his room without being seen by his niece.

Then, when he was alone, he took off the brown paper and received the shock of his life. The statue was as he had purchased it, but round the neck was a little card bearing the name, 'Miss Jessie MacMillan.'

III.

We must leave Lauchlan staring with an uneasy wonder at the card he held in his hand, and passing a sleepless night vainly trying to unravel the uncanny puzzle.

'Jessie MacMillan! Weel, it beats a'!' we hear him muttering when the silence of night has hushed all other voices.

There is another person, who, at that very moment, is exclaiming in tones of equal astonishment, 'Lauchlan MacLauchlan!'

This is no other than Jessie MacMillan herself. She is in a sleeper on the night express from Rome to Paris. Being all alone and not able to get to sleep with the racket of the train, she had got up to have a look at her last purchase. She was very different in appearance from the girl of Lauchlan's vision with long black hair streaming down her back. Now that hair was much more scanty and tinged with gray. The face had lost the rounded lines of youth and happy smile. Life had not been such a joyous experience as the young girl once thought. There had been thorns. One she had carried all the long journey in her heart, though she had tried to forget it; but that little statue in the Capitol had suddenly unbared the old wound, and to her agony she found it as deep as ever, unhealed after fifty years.

With deft fingers she tore off the brown paper from the figure. One thing about her the years had not marred, and that was her touch. Her hands had character now. Proficient, skilful, they could have plucked the thorn from Lauchlan's foot with more painless ease than once they had. That had been her first operation. Yet its memory remained when the thousands which had succeeded had been forgotten. Her career as a nurse had been one of distinction, and during the war her skill had saved many a life. And that was all due to the thorn of long ago! For from that day she had vowed that the nursing profession would be hers. Now she was a senior matron, with all the severity that befits that rank and that strikes terror into the young novitiates. How they would have laughed had they dreamed that sentiment still lurked in those six feet of discipline, for Jessie MacMillan was a tall woman, within an inch even of Lauchlan's height, and with a face that equalled his in gravity.

'Lauchlan MacLauchlan!' She put her hand to her heart as she read again the name on the card which had been tied round the neck of 'The Thorn.'

The reader of course guesses now the solution of the mystery. Miss MacMillan unknowingly had followed on the heels of Lauchlan in Rome that day. It is still the most wonderful rendezvous on earth, and the old saying is as true as ever, 'All roads lead to Rome.' Daily the most unexpected meetings take place in its streets.

She too had bought a model of 'The Thorn,' and as she was leaving that night had taken it direct to the station. The porter had placed it beside the one that Lauchlan had left. She was in a hurry later when she came to claim it, and lifted the statuette off the shelf herself, but it was the wrong one.

'Lauchlan is in Italy, and has purchased a copy of "The Thorn."' Her feminine mind quickly read his motives. They were as apparent as if he had proposed to her on the spot.

'So he has loved me all these years,' she murmured. 'What fools we have been!'

She turned the card over, and there on the back was an address. It was a card which Lauchlan had used when in Milan, and had the name of the hotel he had stayed at there.

'Here is a clue to his whereabouts anyhow. He must be going to Milan. The past cannot be undone, but we need not be fools any longer.'

Miss MacMillan was a woman of decision. She took out her time-table and consulted its figures, and then questioned the guard at the first stop.

'I arrive in Genoa at 10 A.M. I shall get out there and proceed direct to Milan. We shall meet, and perhaps I shall be able to extract two thorns this time,' she said to herself, as she prepared for this sudden change in her plans.

Miss MacMillan was on the trail, but was starting at the wrong end. When she reached Milan she found that Lauchlan MacLauchlan had been there about a fortnight before and had proceeded to Venice. He had, fortunately, left the name of the hotel he was going to in that city. Miss MacMillan had been successful in her profession because she had been thorough. She never did things by half. She was on the scent of her old lover now, and nothing would turn her aside. At Venice she discovered that the prey had gone on to Bologna. She was catching up on the pursued, for Lauchlan and his niece had spent some days at Venice, whilst Jessie MacMillan put off no time. From Bologna the trail led to Florence.

'Why, I declare I am coming right back to Rome!' she exclaimed, and it was so: the scent brought her once more to the Imperial City. There she discovered that Lauchlan had left the day after her departure. He had given no address, so he could not be followed farther.

'Maybe he is off after me. In that case he will have gone onto Paris, for that was the only address I left behind. I should have thought of that contingency. I have been too impulsive,' she murmured, as she set herself to unpack her box. 'After all, the old saying is true, "All roads lead to Rome."'

IV.

Lauchlan had more shrewdness than Miss MacMillan gave him credit for. She had read

his intentions aright, but impulsiveness was not his weakness. He had succeeded in life by not doing rash things, by taking nothing for granted.

By the morning after his visit to the Capitol the solution of the mystery had dawned upon him. Jessie MacMillan had been in Rome, and was leaving or had already left the city. When in a difficulty take expert advice, had been Lauchlan's motto. Therefore, instead of going to the station, after breakfast he hastened off to the head of police, and asked for the aid of the cleverest detective.

'I want tae follow up a ledgy that's carryin' around wi' her a model o' "The Thorn." That ought tae be clue enuch for a smart heid.'

An Italian who spoke English was put at his disposal, and then Lauchlan was faced with the problem of tackling his niece.

'Ye're great on guides,' he said to her when he returned to the hotel. 'Ye've been gettin' yin every day an' draggin' me at his heels. Noo it's my turn. I hae got a first-class guide, an' we maun juist be ready tae follow him. He wull show us roond. I dinna ken whaur he wull tak' us—that's his business; but pack yer bag.'

The guide's orders were to start by the night express.

'Where are we going to?' asked the niece.

'Hoo dae I ken? Yae place is the same tae me as anither. But trust oor guide. He wull show us roond. He is the smartest man they could gie me.'

With this Mary MacLauchlan had to be content. She had never seen her uncle in such an unreasonably stubborn mood before. His ferocious look made him positively dangerous, and for once she felt cowed by his overbearing way.

'This is the Paris train,' she said with dismay as she found herself being bundled in. Visions of the drudgery on the farm and of a holiday cut short rose before her. 'Remember, uncle, why you came to Rome. You have not yet met the Agricultural Committee which sent for you. They will maybe refuse to pay your expenses if you go away without seeing them.'

Money had always been a strong argument with Lauchlan, but it failed this time.

'Weel, we'll see aboot that later,' was all he said.

A full-size model of 'The Thorn' was a good clue. One cannot trek the country and hide such a big armful. The guard of the train remembered the lady who had carried it, and who had consulted him in the middle of the night about getting out at Genoa so as to go on to Milan.

'We're gaein' tae Genoa in the first place,' said Lauchlan to his niece, as he locked her into her sleeping compartment, 'sae ye can hae a guid night's rest.'

'I suppose we shall be doing a lot of sight-seeing to-morrow?' was her query.

'Maybe,' came the non-committal answer.

But the sight-seeing at Genoa was confined to the platform and the changing of trains.

'It's a grand station,' said Lauchlan, feeling that he must admire something. At Milan they found themselves back at their old hotel, only to be driven off after a hurried meal to join the Venice train.

Mary began to show signs of rebellion.

'I do not see why we should come here again,' she remonstrated.

'Weel, there's nae harm in seein' a place twice,' responded her uncle.

'Seeing? Why, I have only caught a glimpse of the cathedral through the windows of the taxi.'

'Maybe, but a peep o' it is always somethin'. I admit oor guide is a bit o' a hustler, as the Americans wud say. He's grand for coverin' ground. We've got ower a big slice o' Italy a'ready in quicker time than any ither guide could tak' us. He's what they ca' a lightning conductor.'

'I do not see the sense of this,' said Mary impatiently.

'But I dae, my lassie, an' ye wull see it some day too; an' I'm thinkin' it wull no be verra long.'

From Venice they went to Bologna and then on to Florence.

'I expect he will be taking us back to Rome,'

remarked Mary sarcastically as she boarded the train.

'I wudna wonner. It looks like it,' was all the answer she evoked.

True enough they were in Rome the next day.

'Man, that has been a fine bit o' wark,' said Lauchlan as he got out onto the platform.—

'What a lot ye hae seen, Mary, in a'most nae time. Ye're something mair than a globe-trotter; ye're a globe-galopper.'

'When I got you to come abroad, I never thought that you would take the travelling craze like this. It has simply gone to your head, uncle.'

'Deeper than that, girly; it's gone tae my hairt, an' yon bit o' bronze in the Capitol is the cause o' it a'.'

'The lady you seek is here,' said the detective as he brought them to the Hotel Continental.

She was in the hall when they entered. Instinctively the two lovers recognised each other. Time was laughed out of countenance as they took each other's hands, for true love is ageless.

'Lauchlan, I knew you would come; but you have been long about it,' was all she said.

'I wud hae been langer had it no been for "The Thorn." Ye'll tak' it oot o' my hairt this time, Jessie, wull ye no?'

She smiled, and it was out.

OIL-MAKING IN TUSCANY.

By M. L. HUNT.

I.

AUTUMN is past, December has begun; the gold and crimson of poplar and vine are gone; the whole long plain lies in brown and purple stretches; the hillsides are all gray or chill bare brown, with olives and half-dead grass. As the morning mists roll off, the country appears in one harmony of grayish-brown; only by the edges of the little streams clumps of osiers burn in orange flame. 'Till quite late in the morning the mists fill the great plain; from the sunny hillside one looks down on the rolling masses of white vapour, rolling like the waves of a great mysterious sea to the foot of the hills, and as the sun comes over the shoulder of the quarry-hill flushing the gray and white to subtlest golden pink. Bit by bit the flood of vapour subsides; one by one the cypresses stand out, black spires above the mist, which rolls along the line of the river; the marvellous dome of the cathedral comes next, then one by one the towers of the city, until it all lies visible and pearly along the riverside.

Since very early the grand boom or noisy jangle of the many bells has risen through the

thick gray mist, answered by the curious—almost frivolous—clatter of the thin little bells of St Francis, which tinkle shrilly every half-hour among the groves of cypress and ilex on the hill-top above us. From the winding road below the terrace, at present invisible, rise the cries of men urging their mules up the steep old way, and from the mist-shrouded hill-terraces comes the melancholy song of girls and women gathering olives, wailing, mysterious and nasal, yet alluring, with plaintive twists at the end of each line, and monotonous and peaceful and quite as ancient as the chanting in the churches.

It is a day of mist. The sun will shine, but far away. There will be no long gray shadows, clear-cut on the white road, no great depths of sunlight or marvels of radiant blue sky with golden clouds floating majestically.

All will be delicate mother-of-pearl; the sky will be blue, veiled with white; the yellow-white houses will gleam on the ridges of hill among the ilex and cypress; but it will not be a day of gorgeous, overpowering effect until its close.

For days now, from four or five in the morning, the farm people have been busy beyond

their wont, for there is an immense olive-crop, a promise of splendid oil, and if the fruit cannot be quickly picked up from the ground or gathered from the trees, the coming rains and frosts will spoil the hope of a fair harvest. Every one has been at work. As one looks out in the early morning, on the upper terraces, under the lovely gray trees, one sees faintly in the soft shadows the figures of men and women hard at work, their washed-out and weather-stained garments, all indefinite blues and grays and greens, hardly discernible among the trees or against the gray walls. These people working among the vines and olives delight one constantly with a succession of most delicate and beautiful pictures. At midday the children from school have each their allotted task, so many baskets to fill with fallen olives; for the big boys, and sometimes the girls, is the work of climbing the gnarled, split trees, no very hard matter, and carefully picking the black shining berries, like little black plums, which will be used for the best oil.

II.

They know how to work, these Italians—no loitering, no half-heartedness; all are intent on one point, to make the very best of the good promise given them. The land they work on is a constant witness to their untiring labour. Before an olive can be grown, terraces, five to twelve feet high, must be hewn out on the bare hillside, faced with huge stones, fixed, most generally, without cement; and all the autumn and winter and spring these great stone walls must be watched. A crack neglected means an avalanche, and the loss of many fruit-trees, vines, and olives. And then the uses to which they turn this laborious method! In the close shelter of the walls grow rows and rows of white narcissus, perfuming your way up the narrow green paths, under the meeting boughs. Against the sunny walls are roses, moss-roses, tea-roses, all kinds, some, now in December, ready to burst into flower for the Christmas market. And where the constant labour of man has not covered the stones with roses or fruit-trees, Nature has made a tapestry of ferns and ivy and filled each crevice with toadflax and cyclamen, or red and yellow moss, with a brilliant waving crown above of deep-red pinks and golden hawkweed, and at your feet a carpet of sweetest violets.

Tuscan olives are sometimes a disappointment, especially if you already love the stately old trees round Rome, or the luxuriant olives of the Riviera. The trees in many parts of Tuscany are so severely pruned that often there is left only a narrow crown of thin twigs above the split trunk and twisted boughs. It seems impossible sometimes the tree should ever survive the severity of this cutting of its boughs and the hacking out of rotten wood, and often what

is in reality one big tree looks like two, or three, for the rain-water, collecting in the hollows of the trunk, penetrates the tree, and then, freezing, causes the wood to split from top to bottom. But the exquisite elusive quality of the colour and the shimmer of leaves, gray-green above and white below, are absolutely lovely. On the narrow terraces of this wind-swept hillside a very branching, willowy tree would be in danger of being blown over.

In the flatter, less exposed, parts of the country some kinds of olive are less pruned, and grow like willows. Those round Lucca are tall, slight trees, as graceful as a silver birch. In the spring, under the olives, beans are grown, and left until they begin to flower; then, when their sweet scent hangs heavily on the midday air, the beans give their life for the olives, and are dug into the land, to supply the trees with the nitrogen which the little hairs on the bean-stalks have absorbed, and which the olives need, but cannot assimilate during the winter sleep and time of fruiting. Old and very dirty woollen rags are sometimes used to feed the olives, but now rarely in the north, for the peasants who dug in the rags, and the villagers near whose cottages they were used, sometimes fell victims to diseases brought by the disgusting refuse.

In April and May the gray mass of olive-leaves is broken with brilliant pink patches, the blossom of peach and almond, and the ground is a vivid emerald with young corn, among which shine purple and red anemones, scarlet poppies, and red and yellow tulips. And in autumn the brown and gray trunks are wreathed with yellow vine-leaves, in great festoons from tree to tree, with the purple clusters of grapes.

III.

To watch the crushing of the olives and the whole process of oil-making is one of the greatest pleasures of a winter in Tuscany. It has not the same mysterious charm that invests the making of wine and the whole life of the vine, but it is so primitive, so near to Nature, so full of suggestion, that one finds oneself, all the oil-making time, inventing some reason for visiting the dim arched cellars where the work goes on, standing, silent and enthralled, to note each process of the old machinery, with its intricate delights, of wheels and beams and ropes, oneself a source of never-ending amusement and curiosity to the workers.

The process is really very simple, probably little, if at all, more elaborate than what has been used ever since oil made man of a cheerful countenance; and it is a labour in which old methods still give good results.

When gathered the olives must be slightly dried before they can be used, and for this they are laid on the cellar-floor in trays woven of rush. The cellar is a splendour of light and shade. It runs below the terrace garden of the

old convent, one end cut out of the rocky hill, on whose steep sides the villa and its olive terraces lie and bask. Entering by the big old door, with its cypresses on either side, passing down a slope, ridged for the feet of mules, one comes upon a scene most intensely picturesque. The only daylight in the place faintly glimmers through a small cobwebbed window, high at one end. What other light is needed is supplied by small oil-lamps, flaming wicks in flat iron lamps, which throw an orange glow on the faces of the men, while the rest of the cellar lies in deep black shadow. The lamps carry one back ages, for they are Roman-shaped, just the shape which the long-ago labourers in this old Etruscan stronghold used. The air is thick with steam, and heavy with the curious damp smell of the olives. The steam pours in clouds from the big mill, which is beyond a great white archway in a second cellar, where in a cloud of gray and mauve and blue mist an old man with a fine thin face and an old mule are crushing olives under the great stone wheel, almost invisible in the thick steam.

This mill might be any age. Most of the machinery in use is about three hundred years old. The mill is a large round basin, of stone, shallow, some ten or twelve feet across. In the middle is the wheel, about five feet high and two feet thick. It stands up on end, attached to a great centre pole. Into the basin are thrown the olives. A long pole with ropes and straps is fixed to the centre pole, and to this is harnessed the mule. All day long the mule walks slowly round the basin on the little ridged path strewn with straw. The wheel moves slowly in a very small space close to the centre pole, and the old man, with a long spade, constantly shovels the olives under it.

The poor mule presents a comic appearance, for she is harnessed both by her head and her tail, and as she walks with her side to the stone basin, both ends are so pulled round to the centre that she rather reminds one of a fried whiting. The olives which are being ground have already been through the mill and also pressed; they are now making the second quality oil, which is quite fit to eat, but is generally used for cooking, for frying the favourite pancakes and the various ingredients of a mixed fry added to the daily dish of *pasta*.

In the outer cellar stands the press in which, after being slightly ground, without water, the olives for the finest oil, the *Virgine*, are being pressed. The pulp left by the wheel is placed in very curious flat round baskets of plaited string, made with a hole at each end. These baskets, full of ground olives, are placed one above the other under the press.

IV.

Now comes the work in which once more the whole family can join. There is the farmer,

with his wife, his six children, and a prospective son-in-law. It is the old grandfather, Luigi, who is busy with the mule; and there is Cherubina, the grandmother, with round face, all smiles and wrinkles, and a red and yellow handkerchief on her head, standing by to encourage the children, who all work with a will, especially Egisto, aged four, a great workman already, who trots up to the wood behind his mother to fetch faggots, which he carries on his head down the steep paths.

Cherubina takes the foreign visitors under her special care and, with the lisp of a quite toothless old woman, in curt Tuscan, with no 'c's' and many 'h's,' explains the whole process. Her pity for the visitor who, she declares, can understand no Christian language is profound. It is Cherubina's duty, too, to bring the food up from the cottage when the bells ring for midday—slices of dark bread, toasted, and eaten soaked in oil, and a flask of almost black wine, made on the farm and innocently coloured with berries of 'Love-lies-bleeding.'

When the string baskets, full of olive-pulp, are in the press, kept firm by square thick blocks of wood, the two men place a great beam in the screw of the press. To it is attached a strong rope, the other end of which is fastened to a stout pole, fixed from floor to roof at the opposite corner of the cellar, with a small cross-bar against which the men pull and turn the pole. As the pole turns the rope winds round it, drawing the large beam across, and so screwing the press tightly down on the olives. When the rope is tightly wound it is let go, and the beam flies back to its original place. As the press is screwed down the oil runs in a little channel into a great earthenware vat full of water. This is a long slow process, but it is delightful to watch the whole family working vigorously, the men, with beautiful bare feet, using all their strength, each child doing its utmost. Egisto pushes his father along, his round brown face all smiles. In summer Egisto runs about in one small outer garment, a little faun, brown as the earth, full of gladness.

Passing a tiny niche one day, we saw an old dirty playing-card, a queen of hearts, carefully stuck in the hollow, with a fresh bunch of flowers before it. Egisto had found the card, and could only suppose that a lady in such gay colours must be Madonna, and had placed the picture in as worthy a shrine as he could make.

After this first crushing in the press, the olives will be put back into the mill, with boiling water, and after more grinding will again be pressed for the *Sanzo*.

V.

The olives for the best oil are very slightly pressed, and the oil they yield is skimmed from the water in the vat. It looks like liquid mud, quite thick and brown, but the men declare it

to be *olio finissimo*, and if you have the courage to dip your finger in and taste, you will find it has a delicious pure flavour of nuts. The oil is poured into huge red jars kept in a third and inner cellar, a place of dim shadows and enormous spiders. Here it will stand and deposit its sediment before it is moved into fresh jars and divided, half for the owner, half for the farmer; for this farm is worked on the old system—the master supplies farm implements and seeds, the peasant finds the labour, and at the close of the year the produce is divided, half belonging to the owner, half to the farmer. Of course the system is complicated, and there are drawbacks and possibilities of deception, but on the whole it is good, it is personal; the peasant puts his whole soul into the work, and becomes sincerely attached to the farm and to the owner. The principal difficulty is his hatred of new methods; as his father and grandfather worked, so will he. New and foreign methods he sincerely regards, at present, as inventions of evil spirits and quite unchristian, at least entirely foolish. Fortunately there is one new idea which the peasant is accepting: he is ceasing to kill the birds. He really has discovered that live birds, that eat the grubs, are more useful than dead ones, however well toasted, on long wooden skewers, with bits of oily bread—it takes twenty to make a meal; and he attributes this year's splendid olive crop to the flocks of birds that find a safe refuge in his olives and cypresses.

A fourth quality of oil is extracted with renewed grinding and pressing, called *Inferno*,

for burning in lamps; and after this the remains yield yet another lot, which, mixed with other kinds of oil, is used for cleaning machinery and burning in stable lamps.

After this repeated grinding and crushing the refuse, skins and stones, now a solid block of greasy brown stuff, will be fetched away by the owner of a soap mill on the little stream below us, which runs, in winter a torrent, in summer a mere thread, at the foot of the hill from whose tower-crowned summit Dante is said to have looked his last on Florence.

The mill owner will not actually buy the refuse, but will exchange it for a certain amount of the pure soap, of excellent quality, which he will make from it.

And last of all, from the refuse of the soap, blocks, like peat blocks, are made to burn in the winter fires.

At sunset the women and children leave work and go down to the house close by; the men will work on till late into the night; and all will be busy again by five next morning.

As we leave the dark cellar and walk up the steep old drive to the villa garden, the sun, which has been veiled all day by mist, breaks through before it sinks behind the western hills, and the plain, from brown, turns crimson in the sun-touched mist. The river becomes a series of still pools, lit with red fire. Gradually the crimson deepens, changing into purple, the outlines of the hills harden, their graceful sweep clear against a green-blue sky, and day is gone; the bells of St Francis ring out, and are answered all around.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER XV.—A PRIESTLY RASCAL.

ONCE in the open, Mardock, whilst still wearing an air of tipsiness, did not walk quite so drunkenly as he had done with Standifer's eyes upon him. Very erratically he moved from point to point in the village, inspecting its resources, noting the position of the canoes and the like; then circled round the church to the back of the mission-house and the log hut where the prisoners were confined. In front of the door, on a log, sat an Indian with an old flintlock gun.

Mardock stood before him, swaying and staring at him with the solemnity that characterises a certain stage of drunkenness. The native stared back gravely, without moving, and over his black head Mardock took note of the heavy padlock. Then, quite suddenly, he made a motion as if turning a key, and held out his hand. The Indian's only response was a slight jerk of his head, and a finger pointed towards the house.

Mardock understood the pantomime quite

well. The key was not in the man's possession; if he wanted it he must go and ask Father Arloff for it. He nodded his understanding, and then walked stumblingly round the hut. It was, as he saw, without window, and immensely strong. He could do nothing there. Again he moved to the river bank and considered the canoes. It might be necessary that he should flee with Norma, unaided, and he wanted to be quite sure of his ground. It was possible that the Indians might not interfere; very possible that the corrupt priest, already assured of his plunder, would think that it was no affair of his; but it was well to prepare for eventualities.

After noting everything that could be turned to his service in the event of having to make a quick retreat, he reeled back to the house, and entered the living-room. Noting in a single swift glance that Standifer and the priest were still talking, the latter drunkenly noisy in his speech, Mardock staggered to the stool which he

had previously occupied, and once more leaned his head on his arms.

The priest's English was growing less perfect as the vodka loosened his tongue. Russian words and occasional Indian ones now slipped into his speech, but out of the jumble Mardock was able to gather sufficient to understand that now the conversation had nothing to do with the girl whom he had resolved to deliver from Standifer. Arloff, he gathered, was telling the story of his mission; how his bishop had died, and some one had forgotten this church in the fastnesses; and how, having been thrown on his own resources, he had used his barbaric converts to his own ends, uniting with the gorgeous ceremonies of his church some of those of the Alaskan shamans, and thus obtaining a double hold over the ignorant natives. To him, evidently, the ritual of his faith—and the faith itself—was nothing, and morally he was on a lower plane than the Indians whose ignorance he exploited.

Shamelessly, under Standifer's prompting and that of the devil that dwelt in the vodka, he passed to details of his reprobate life, chuckled over incidents that in civilisation would have sent him to gaol, and with the boastfulness of a man in drink enlarged on his own cleverness in keeping in hand this little clan of Indians and making them toil for his profit.

It was a strange revolting story, and as he listened to it, Mardock once rolled his head slightly, and opened his eyes to look at the gross sinner—this Judas among priests. The man had a leering look on his stout face. There was a gleam of mirth in his heavily-pouched eyes, as if he found humour in his shameful confession, and some of the liquor which he was consuming had failed to find his mouth and had dribbled down his bushy beard. Mardock gave a little shiver as he looked on the leering face and bulky form. He himself had lived wildly, carelessly, indifferent to the ordinary codes, and had slipped into shame from which on the morrow he hoped to redeem himself somewhat, but this one-time priest of Christ had become the chuckling minion of Hell, who deserved to be shot where he sat.

His half-shut eyes turned from Father Arloff to the man who was listening to the jocund confession of shame. Standifer, smoking, was staring at the drunken priest with a half-smile of ironic contempt on his dark face. That he was genuinely interested in this stripping of a vile soul for his amusement was clear; and now and again, as Arloff showed signs of ending, he prompted him with some question which moved the priest to detail some fresh enormity. One question that Standifer asked had a particular interest for the listener at the table.

'And have you never had trouble with the fools?'

'Trouble!' laughed Arloff. 'Oh yes! One

time—twice or more. There was a girl . . . you comprehend? The father would not accept the price, so I took her, and though the girl is now dead and the man is old, he hates me, and would do me an injury if he dared. He is a friend of the young unbeliever of whom I spoke, and I think they conspire against me. But I will deal with the ancient when the young buck goes with your friends—'

'S-s-s-h-h!'

Standifer shot a warning glance in the direction of Mardock, who lay perfectly still, and the priest chuckled softly. 'You could stick a knife in him, my friend—he would not waken. The vodka is very good; and when a man is not accustomed to it—'

He broke off and pointed a fat finger at Mardock, who had every appearance of drunken somnolence, and then, almost at the same moment, he himself began to nod, and nearly rolled off his stool. At that he rose, swayed a little uncertainly, and held out a hand. 'Good-night, friend. So long a conversation is a pleasure, but one must sleep in preparation for the morning's work, you understand.'

He shuffled off, his gross form rolling from side to side. Standifer watched him with undisguised contempt. When the priest had disappeared, he helped himself to a small portion of vodka, drank it at a gulp, and turning his back upon Mardock, stared steadily in the direction of the moose-hide curtain that masked the entrance to the girl's room. The watcher's hand stole to his pistol. If Standifer—

The thought went unfinished, for at that moment the man turned on his heel, and, without so much as a glance at the other, walked to the door and passed out of the house. When the door had closed behind him, Mardock rose quickly, and walked to the doorway of the girl's room, with the pistol in his hand. 'Miss Mannering!' he cried, in an urgent whisper.

There was an almost instant response, and the girl's hand dragged the curtain aside. 'What—'

'Take this,' he said abruptly. 'Use it if anything goes wrong—on Standifer! You understand?'

'Yes,' answered Norma simply, gratitude shining in her eyes.

He went back to the table, and when Standifer returned, was in the position that he had been when the other had gone forth. This time Standifer stood considering him a moment, then laughed lightly, and going to a corner where blankets had been thrown, made himself comfortable for the night. Mardock waited until the other's gentle breathing told him that Standifer slept, whereupon he rose, stretched himself, and tiptoed to the door. Opening it softly, he stared out. As he did so a native, armed with a rifle, rose from a log, and waited to see what he would do. Interested in the man's

actions, he stepped outside and moved towards the river bank. The Indian made no attempt to molest him, but as he moved on, went to the house door and thoughtfully closed it.

That the native was on guard was clear enough, and as he continued on his way to the river, Mardock wondered if he were there to prevent intrusion, or if he were on the watch only to prevent the girl's egress. A second later the point was settled to his satisfaction, for, hearing a slight sound of movement on his right, he looked round and saw another Indian squatting on the ground under a window at the side of the house. A swift mental survey of the interior told him that the window must be that of Miss Mannering's room, and from that fact he drew his own conclusion as to the purpose of the watcher by the door.

When he reached the bank and looked down to the water he made a new discovery. The canoes were no longer there. They had been removed since he had made his tour of the mission. By whose orders?—the priest's or Standifer's? If by the former's command, then there was treachery abroad; if by the latter's, it meant that Standifer was taking no chance of losing Norma at the last moment. He stared at the empty landing-place for some time, then, turning abruptly, went back to the house. As he opened the door a little wind wrenched it from his hand, and the door banged. He latched it, and turned to find Standifer sitting up in his blankets. 'Kit,' he said quickly, 'the canoes are gone!'

'Yes, I know,' replied the other with a slow grin. 'I arranged with Arloff to have them carried into the woods. A sensible precaution, as you will agree. I don't want the girl to break away now.'

Mardock stood for a moment without replying, trying to hide his chagrin, whilst the other watched him closely; then he put his hand to his head. 'That confounded vodka!' he muttered. 'It's made my brain beat like hammers.'

Standifer laughed. 'It's a crude liquor. Better take another nip—hair of the dog, you know—and lie down.'

'I th-think I will,' replied Mardock, with a thickness of speech that he had no need to simulate, for his nerves at the moment were so strained that his customary voice was denied him.

He went to the table and poured a little of the spirit into the tin cup that he had previously used. As he sipped the liquor his brain was busy. Should he throw himself upon Standifer and try to choke the life out of him now, or should he wait and see what chances the next few hours would bring? The other's precautions had already stultified his plan for a hurried flight with the girl; and now he was driven to find a new scheme. If he could kill Standifer— He thought with regret of the pistol which he had given to Norma, and then

remembered the rifles. In the same second of thought he recalled that they had been placed in the corner where Standifer reclined, and so were beyond his reach. To attack the other when he was awake with bare hands would be the merest folly. Standifer was a far more powerful man than himself, and the contest would be so unequal that there could be no hope of success. He must wait until the fellow slept again, and then— He set down the tin cup noisily, and moving to a place where other blankets had been arranged, dropped down, rolled one of the blankets round him, and lay in such a position as would enable him to watch Standifer.

Standifer apparently had no intention of seeking further sleep. With the blankets round the lower half of him, he sat with his back against the house wall, lighting his pipe. Mardock watched him cautiously, his mind busy with the situation, which was sufficiently difficult. Quite suddenly he recalled Arloff's answer to Standifer's question ament trouble arising from the priest's high-handed actions. Would it be possible to exploit that hatred of which Arloff had spoken against both him and Standifer? Scarcely had he asked himself the question when it was dismissed. Such a course would require much time—and time was denied. But what had Arloff meant when he said the young buck should accompany Standifer's friends, and why had Standifer intervened with his warning? Why was he himself to be denied knowledge of the plans which the pair had made? Was he included in their scope? It was more than possible that Standifer, having Norma secure, meant to leave him behind; and there lay a further explanation of the disappearance of the canoes. The more he considered, the more convinced that such was Standifer's intention did he become; and now, determined at all costs to wreck the man's plans and save the girl, he waited until the other should give himself to sleep again.

But that the scoundrel never did. Each time that Mardock opened his eyes it was to see Standifer, back against the wall, smoking thoughtfully, his eyes wide open, staring at the opposite wall. Once sleep overtook Mardock himself, and he emerged from it with the sound of laughter in his ears. He looked quickly at Standifer. The man's dark, lean face was wrinkled with amusement, as if at some thought which had occurred to him. Mardock wondered what that thought was, and once more lay waiting for his opportunity.

From the river came the weird cry of a loon, like the wail of a lost soul, and on the heels of it sounded the honking of geese. Somewhere close at hand a young bird began to cheep, and a robin's voice proclaimed the morning. A little while later he caught the sound of guttural voices outside the door, which presently opened,

admitting the Indian woman who had laid the table on their arrival. He watched her throw kindling chips in the stove, and still watched when she cleared the table and began to set it for the morning meal. Standifer was leaning against the wall, and suddenly the man turned and fixed his dark eyes on Mardock. 'Sleep well?' he asked, a satirical note in his voice.

'Tolerably,' lied the other, sitting up.

'Um! I'd have sworn you didn't,' laughed Standifer, rising to his feet. 'But I have known men sleep with open eyes before.'

There was mockery in his dark eyes as he spoke, and Mardock felt himself flushing as the conviction assailed him that Standifer had himself been on the watch through the night. He made no reply, but waited to see what the other would do. If he moved away from the rifles—

A shuffling step caught his attention, and turning his head, he saw Arloff's heavy figure entering the room. The fat face was flushed, and his eyes had a rather bleary look; otherwise there was no sign of his last night's debauch, and he greeted Standifer like a brother.

'The good day has broken, my friend,' he said with his wheezy laugh.

'Yes,' answered Standifer. 'Better send the woman to call the girl.'

He did not move from the corner, and wondering if the other guessed what was in his mind, Mardock, with the intention of disarming any possible suspicion, rolled out of the blankets and went outside. The Indian with the rifle was still at the door, but did not bar his exit. In the open place in front of the village natives were moving to and fro, building a fire, and others were preparing the flesh of a young moose brought in by hunters. It was easy for him to guess that a feast was in preparation, and that it was to be the wedding feast of Norma Mantering and Standifer. With growing trouble in his heart he moved onto the river. The canoes were still missing from the landing; and as he knelt and soused his face and head in the river he was conscious of despair. If he did not kill Standifer soon there was no hope for the girl, and now he had little hope that the opportunity would be given.

Shaking the water from his hair, he stood for some time in thought, and then returned to the house, to find the others already at the table, with the fragrant aroma of coffee pervading the room. The priest waved him jovially to a seat that was set next to Miss Mantering's, and as he took it he gave her good morning, and saw that whilst her face was very pale, she had a look of composure beyond what might have been expected in the circumstances. The Indian woman set a mug of coffee and a plate of moose meat and bacon before him, and he began to eat, noting as he did so that the girl, whilst she toyed with the food before her, ate little, though she steadily sipped the coffee.

The bacon was rather salty, and as he ate Mardock drank freely of the coffee, and presently his mug was empty. This Father Arloff was prompt to note, and his clapping hands quickly brought the Indian woman with a fresh supply.

'You find the coffee good, my friend?' asked the priest, hospitably anxious.

'Excellent!' answered Mardock, as he took up the mug.

Father Arloff gave one of his wheezy laughs. 'That is all right,' he said in an odd voice. 'We pride ourselves on our roasting.'

Mardock scarcely heard the last words, being concerned with a sudden dizziness that had overtaken him. The room seemed to be going round, and there was a mist before his eyes. He lifted a shaking hand and rubbed his forehead, and for a moment the mist broke, and he had clear sight of Standifer watching him with an enigmatic smile upon his eagle-like face. The mist rolled up again and he felt himself swaying in his seat. Then understanding came to him and he cried out, 'Doped, by—!'

He heard the priest's chuckle, caught the sound of Standifer's laughter, and his reeling brain knew that his conviction was the right one. He staggered to his feet. There was a thing that he could yet do—that he must do before he collapsed. What? . . . With his hand rubbing his temple he remembered, and turned to Norma, who was watching him with a sick look of fear in her eyes. 'The pistol,' he said thickly, thrusting out his hand. 'Give me—'

The girl understood, and promptly producing the hidden pistol thrust it in his shaking hand. But, swift as she was, Standifer was swifter. Resting his hands upon the table, he vaulted right across it, and as he did so his legs swept the reeling Mardock off his feet, whilst the pistol was jerked from the shaking hand. Standifer himself fell to the floor, but the other disregarded the fact, and on hands and knees strove to reach the pistol. The man whom he would have killed gained his feet, looked for a second at the crawling figure, laughed harshly, then stooping swiftly, gripped the other's neck and belt, and flung him against the wall, where he collapsed and lay still.

Norma cried out in fear and half rose from her seat, but sank back again as she felt herself falling. What was the matter with her she did not know, but she felt as she had felt when, no more than a child, she had first ventured on a rolling sea in a kayak. Her head was swimming, there was a dimness before her eyes, a throbbing as of distant drums in her ears, and she felt as if she were sinking to the floor. She gripped the table to save herself from falling, and as she did so, through the drumming in her ears, caught the fat priest's wheezy laugh and the sound of his voice. 'Ha! ha! ha! The coffee is excellent! What did I tell you, my friend Standifer?'

(Continued on page 341.)



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday*.

BEING deep in southern Tunisia lately, at the oasis of Gabes, beyond which railways went no more, and nothing was left for journeys save slender, sandy desert tracks, I realised that over there, more southwards and towards the east, there were two separate communities of people of Berber strain who had held themselves from civilisation and all its works and wars, and differed in some important ways from all others. They lived widely apart, yet there were touches of their respective evolutions that had something in common; for while the troglodytes of Matmata were lodged deep down in holes in the earth, the people of Medenine and Metameur abode in what might be considered as earthen tubes stacked above the ground. That was their effect, and it appears that in essence the idea of these overground tubes is the underground cave brought up to the surface, retaining in another form the measure of protection against raiders and beasts, and also against climatic excesses, that was one of the reasons why in a distant age the men and women of Matmata went down below, and why, looking over their country, I knew that I beheld a town, as it might be called, of five thousand inhabitants or thereabouts, and yet saw no living person and no house of any kind, but only a few holes, and then some palm-trees scattered at wide intervals. The persons of Berber strain who dwelt thus, it appeared, had either never heard of the European war or, had they heard, felt that the informers were attempting a joke upon them. The French were making a suzerainty upon them now, as in so many parts of northern and middle Africa, but the folks of Metameur had no fair idea of where the French came from, and might have been satisfied by an official announcement that they had arrived direct from heaven. A place and people so completely, sublimely detached from the overbearing questions with which Europeans are oppressed—the Ruhr and all the rest—and from our consciousness that humanity in some aspects is deteriorating, were evidently well worth visiting. An Arab knowing the people and how best to reach them came into consideration, and he mentioned one interesting fact that

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further attracted me towards them, saying that near Medenine, where the people lived in the tubes which were the distant reproductions of the underground caves, there were variations of dwelling, all embracing the same idea of protection, and that one peculiarity was that until a few years back a small community, having detached itself like a section of a tribe, lived in caves cut out of stones and rock at the top of a craggy mountain with a sharpish peak overlooking Medenine, the situation being highly inaccessible, and seeming more desirable for eagles than for men. Getting there and back again was a business even for agile Berbers who chose this place for dwelling, but it troubled them the less because, being, like so many other communities in these parts, almost completely self-contained in the matter of means of living, they seldom found it necessary to descend. Now an item of information concerning these cave-dwellers of the clouds, who had thus come by such a peculiar evolution from the others who lived in the bowels of the earth, was that one of the special enjoyments they derived from their situation was absence of interference from even the slight evidences of an impinging civilisation that were already bearing upon their friends, the troglodytes on the lower level, and their sense of the value of this immunity was such that upon a sudden occasion, partly in resentment, partly in fear, the people of these mountain-tops had at last deserted their caves, all of them, and had fled somewhere farther south, away into an unknown, untracked, unmarked. The immediate and only cause of their departure, let me state, was pressure of taxation. Some far-flung authority of the Bey of Tunis and his government had bethought himself that taxation should be levied upon these remote folks, and forthwith Arab officials went up to acquaint them of the determination and the extent of it. They made a display of books with ruled columns, and slight uniform on which crescents showed, and they had likewise guns. The dwellers on the heights knew little about taxation, and little could they be brought to understand it, the idea of state requirements being quite beyond their comprehension, while the palpable truth seemed clear to them that this was merely a new and

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elaborated form of governmental robbery. So they felt that this was an extreme not to be tolerated. They were appalled; they felt their whole world to be shaking when they learned that the tax to be imposed upon them amounted to what would be in our money and values now about a penny per cave and family for a year. Having received the demand, these people took fortune by the tail, collected their goats and fowls, tied their few belongings to the backs of donkeys, and went down the mountain on the far side from that on which the first tax-collectors had ascended, and were never seen again.

* * *

The rough journey along the semi-desert track south-east to Medenine was less of a business than was expected. We passed by Mareth, where the Arabs, Bedouins, and the blacks were filling with water at the wayside well, which the French had made for them, the skins of young goats, all complete save the heads and lower parts of the legs, producing an odd effect when they were loaded with water. Also we passed Arram, sometimes called the Land of the Marabouts, where in semi-desert solitude five marabouts or small, domed praying-places are clustered together. Pilgrims come here from long distances; casting shoes, I was, by a rare privilege, allowed to enter the marabout of Zel Abd Din and see that for which they came. Bedouin camps in numbers were passed all along the way. At intervals there were flocks of goats and camels, eighty or a hundred of the latter together, grazing upon the rough and very scanty herbage presented to them. Small camel caravans were passed, and there were single riders on fine Arab horses. The hot weather was coming, and some of them wore the big expansive straw headgear common down this way, with a brim span of nearly a yard, patterns sometimes worked upon the straw. We crossed a dry river-bed which marked the division between French civil and military control. Presently we perceived a pyramidal cluster away to the right, and we cut across to it. This was Metameur, a gentle introduction to Medenine, the habitations being constructed on the same principle, with the difference that more than two layers of holes or tubes are seldom laid above the ground floor. Life is lived slowly at Metameur; the people drowse about; their vitality is poor. But outside the crudest thing in native cafés there were young men sprawling on benches and on the ground, playing a game of cards. Half of one of the streets—to flatter them with the name—was in a state of ruin, the tube-houses having collapsed through recent heavy rains. A new and special frontage had lately been attached to one of the habitations and a post-office made of it. Thus the world goes creeping in to Metameur. Hot as it was, the men were draped not with cotton, but had heavy blanket burnous about them, drawn over their fezed

heads as well. We went on to Medenine, with a sense, after experiencing Metameur, of approaching a great city. Here the principle or system of the tube habitations is carried out on the most extensive scale. There are thousands of them, laid sometimes in four or five rows upon each other, and in one case they make a long winding avenue. Viewed from a height, this collection, which is called the 'ksar,' gives exactly the impression of big tubes or drain-pipes piled one on another, with the spaces between them filled up. But when I am on the level again and feel dissatisfied with the description of a form of dwelling-place which, in its extreme simplicity, seems somehow most difficult to describe in order to produce a picture in the mind of the reader, I bethink myself of the rows of catacombs that one sees by the roadside in Sicily and many other places, just holes at the entrance to pass the bodies in. These habitations at Medenine, made for the most part of stones held together by puddled earth, seem almost like that. Let the point be remembered that in some way these things are an evolution from the holes in the ground. Each habitation consists of the one chamber to which admission is given by the main opening or entrance, which is not more than two or three feet in height, and is closed by a rough form of door. I entered some of them; the inmates regarded the intrusion with indifference, and scarcely turned from their drowsing on some straw or rags in a corner. The chamber is often little more than the height of a man, and sometimes not that, nine or ten feet in width perhaps, and about twice as much in length or depth. The sides and vaulted top usually consist of whitened earth, and there is no light save that which enters at the door. In those to which I was admitted there were no seats, tables, or beds. Floors were earthy and dirty; along the sides were a few vessels and some straw. Here would a family live and even work, and the accommodation was far inferior to what might be yielded by the meanest stable I have seen. And yet, though I have said their vitality appeared low, it did not seem superficially that these people were unhappy. They lived on here for generations; they rarely sought emigration; they half-disdained the foreigners who came along; and I am sure that any offer to take even their young men back with me would have been refused. The attitude towards life of people who dwell in such places, upon whom civilisation has so far impinged so little as not to make them believe in it, is that they had better bear the ills they have than fly to those unknown.

* * *

Outside a few of these constructions there are rough dilapidated staircases, but access to upper chambers is most frequently gained in simpler fashion by means of footholes in the wall and small projections clasped with the

hands. In this way the higher residents—men, women, and children—climb to their abodes as monkeys might. I have seen them display remarkable agility, and also a pretty skill in balancing when, having scaled their particular height, they came to unlock the door. The key is a smooth stick of hard wood about a foot in length, an inch and a half in width, and a little more than a quarter in thickness, and at one end there are, at irregular intervals, a number of projections, small and thin, and again made of hard wood, a particular arrangement for each key and lock. At the right-hand side of each door is a hole in the wall through which the owner thrusts his arm with the key and instantly fixes the projections in the places for which they were meant, causing the release of a bolt or bar. It seems easy, but there is a trick in the application of the key, and, much as I tried, I could not unlock these doors with their proper keys, though the owners strove to show me how, not fearing that I would return by night to steal the olives or other goods. Perhaps when next I go to Medenine, soon though it may be, I shall find some changes. This place has an increasing importance now, one that was not thought of by the natives. It is near to the Tripolitan frontier, the last French military post in this direction, and it is not to be assumed with certainty that relations between different nations of Europeans in these parts will always be completely happy. Difficult questions are already arising between the French and the Italians, and in the future there may be more of them, for it has become the way of the world to seek for trouble and not to shun it. The French military establishment here, small though it be, is a matter of importance. Walking towards the market-place, I notice that the name of Rue Capitaine Bourelly is given to the rough thoroughfare leading to it, and it is not difficult to guess what the brave Bourelly did. Such market-places are typical of the French colonising and administrative system, and honour it. Here is a square surrounded by arcades of natives shops, all well constructed in something of a modern Arabic style, and in a place adjoining I see new sheds that have been recently built. There is no trick of civilisation that appeals so quickly and effectively to the raw minds of the natives, whose first instincts are of a commercial kind, as a market-place where better business can be done than in their old way. And then the order and the system of the market-place, the new and progressive atmosphere about it, promote the civilisers' object most effectively. In travels over all North Africa I have been impressed by the quick attention given to the market-place by the French authorities.

* * *

Another day I turned down more directly south of Gabes, wishing to reach the land of

the Matmatas, as it is called, where the natives live upon a different system, and are real troglodytes, dwelling in holes in the earth. The track was rougher and soft-sandier than that to Medenine, and the going was difficult at times; while at one place we contemplated the situation from which only a few weeks before the post diligence had been attacked, with three or four fatalities, by a wandering band, perhaps of Touaregs, the wild and most enterprising race whose main headquarters are by the Hoggar, far down in the central Sahara. This, however, is in passing, and only indicates that the farther one goes down in Africa, with progressive discomfort, the more one wishes to penetrate. The lure is strong. The taste acquired and desire existing, one always finds that movement and progress along these desert tracks comes easier than had been imagined. A generation back, when it was a case of camels only and a company of native soldiers for protection—and quite doubtful at that—in order to reach the Matmata country, where few besides the small French military posts had ever been, it was considered a grand achievement to make this journey. The Matmatas are far out at the end of this lonely track, some forty-five kilometres south of Gabes. Having come up to a range of low hills, which for long had framed the plain, we passed through a defile which was the entrance to the Matmata country, a district of heaving sandy hills. One became subtly conscious of being already in populated parts, in perhaps a sort of town, but nowhere was there any indication of the fact. Certain holes in the sides of the hills had as yet no meaning for the stranger. But in about half-an-hour or less we noticed a few fig-tree plantations and olive gardens, and soon were at Kalaa Matmata, the capital of the Matmata country. It is stated that in this country there are about five thousand people, and that they are engaged in industries, and so one might have expected to see signs of life, even if no smoking chimneys. But there are none, except a few children, scantily clad, now and then carrying jars of water taken from the cisterns that collect it. Here all about is a great, uneven, sandy waste, with a palm-tree standing here and there in a lonely way and patches of desert herbage sprinkled over the surface. Soon, however, a mosque is perceived, unmistakable in its whiteness, with minaret and dome, and elsewhere, smaller and less prominent, there is a Jewish synagogue. These, with a new market-place, well-equipped as usual by the French, are the only buildings visible above the surface. Faintly discernible tracks seem to run through the sandy mass, and then it appears that there have been levellings in places, but nothing built or constructed. But at last by acute and concentrated vision some holes are discovered, big enough

for a man to enter, sometimes packed around with a few stones, and invariably let into the side of a bank. These are entrances to the homes of troglodytes down below the surface, where all the people, the Matmatas, live.

* * *

I was enabled to make friends with some of the chief troglodytes, and descend to their homes. The men, who have a pride in their condition, and are attired sprucely in clean white burnous, like the Arabs, with red fezes, are agreeable in companionship, with a modest and dignified mien; but the women, roughly clad in the customary indigo and red patterned cloth commonly worn by Berbers, hide from the white man's gaze. The dwellings are much like each other in system. Entering at the big holes outside, one passes along a gloomy gallery or kind of tunnel with a downward slope for thirty or forty yards, brushing past a donkey or a cow in the way, and emerges into the light of day again in a courtyard, as it may be termed, which is roughly quadrangular, perhaps twenty yards across, while the surrounding walls reach up for about fifty feet, attaining then the level of the ground outside. Thus the courtyard is, in effect, at the bottom of a huge shaft cut down from the surface, with the sloping gallery for an entrance. It would be too difficult either for unfriendly man or wild beasts to get into it from above, while in case of attack the gallery could easily be barricaded and defended. The yard, with plain earthen floor, and very untidy, is common property, and more or less of a general rubbish place. Here, in fine weather, much of the general cooking is done, and the young goats wander, the fowls go clucking, and the children play, the cow and the donkey also enjoying the freedom. This is nearly the whole world of a family of Matmatas; anyhow, it is all that matters. Holes in the surrounding walls admit to caves, those on the ground level being for general living purposes, while some above are sleeping chambers, reached by rough steps from outside. There may be four or five caves on the level, each being occupied by a family, the various families being closely related. In the case of some of the most eminent troglodytes there is tunnelling from one yard to another. The most curious feature of this system is the sleeping chambers, several of which I was permitted to enter, finding them all much about the same. They are bored out of the strong clay and marl, and are well shaped, semicircularly vaulted, and about ten feet wide and twice as long, with, of course, no light or air except from the entrance. The walls are whitened, and though remarkable in their primitiveness, these chambers, of which the owners are immensely proud, have a sort of neatness about them, and are, besides, museums as well as places for slumber. The

bed, looking at the first glance something like an altar or a tomb, is laid across the farther end, and consists of a kind of firm trestle of wood painted white, standing about three feet from the ground, and being about the same or a little less in width. It has neither end-pieces nor sides, but the whitened woodwork is done in a plain, cut-out pattern. On this arrangement some rough bedding is laid, and here the master sleeps with his clothes upon him, looking as he lies face upwards just like an effigy on an old-fashioned tomb. Near him is a rifle, and when he is prepared for sleep he lets a curtain fall between him and the entrance. There may be a little shelf or even a cupboard in this cave; but the strangest thing of all is the back wall facing the entrance, which is always given up to a grotesque kind of decoration, consisting of rows of common plates or pots, empty bottles of all kinds, chiefly such as have contained sauce or pickles, retaining still their original labels, and held to nails on the wall by bits of string. Fragments of mirrors make one of the higher rows, and at the top are gaudy-coloured prints of Parisian beauties which the occupier and his ancestors, with a taste for art, have acquired with difficulty through generations with the same effort, perseverance, and taste as enabled them to secure the sauce bottles and the pickle jars. Let it be remembered that until lately these things were rarities, and that they are still rare, for this is away from civilisation, and few travellers come here. Traditions of selection and arrangement seem to attach to these decorations, for I noticed that bottles, plates, broken mirrors, and pictures were always arranged in the same order. The people live upon what they grow and make themselves. The goat, the fowl, the corn—they are nearly enough, with olives and some slight vegetables. Sometimes one of the upper chambers not furnished for sleeping is given up to a donkey or other animal, and also to the storage of olives, which these people grow well, and sell or barter for other things. This is their main occupation, and they have a mill which is centuries old, worked by a donkey on the circular perambulation system. An aristocrat of the Matmatas, Mohamed Ben Haim Hallel, conducted me to his home, and told me things about his people. He was a fine, urbane gentleman, tall and erect, with a manner about him, and a conceit in his establishment. His burnous was spotlessly white, and his fez shapely and scarlet. He spoke in smooth and gentle tones, even as of a man of breeding. At the outward entrance to his domain, that which I have rudely called a hole, he pointed out to me a beam on which were signs that had been scratched by his ancestors, and these signified centuries. He was scion of a long line of troglodytes. Yet, of course, he knew nothing of any sort of reading or writing, could not imagine Europe or America,

regarded Gabes as the main centre of the universe and too far for him to travel to, and was finely content with his home in the earth, a chamber half full of olives he had grown, sign of industry and means, and the sauce and pickle bottles on his wall, tokens of his taste and culture,

to delight him in his reposeful hours. . . I thought of many things, going back to Gabes, and wild, rough place as it is, in an oasis of the desert, it seemed, as I entered it, darkness having fallen, the lights shining, that I had the emotion again of driving into Piccadilly Circus.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER XVI.—UNEXPECTED DELIVERANCE.

WHEN next consciousness came to Mardock it was to find himself lying against the log wall of the house where Standifer had thrown him. His head ached intolerably, nothing in the room was clearly outlined in his vision, and he had only a dim recollection of the events that had preceded his lapse into unconsciousness. After a moment he rolled over and sat up, supporting himself against the wall. The room seemed to be half-veiled in mist, and, rubbing his eyes, he stared round again. The veil was still there, but he was able to make out that he was alone in the room, and that the house was unutterably silent.

His mind groped for the explanation of what had befallen him; and presently he remembered that he had been drugged, and that Standifer had leaped across the table as the girl had given him the pistol he had asked for. Where was Standifer now? And where was the girl? And Arloff, who had asked him how he liked the coffee, smiling like the villain that he was, whilst he had waited for the dope to operate?

The questions had scarcely shaped themselves, and he was still wondering, when there reached him a subdued chant of many voices. He listened in surprise. It was like a psalm unaccompanied by—

‘My God!’

The whisper broke from him hoarsely as the stunning truth came to him. They were in the church. The marriage from which he had promised to save the girl was even now taking place. A groan broke from him—then the thought leaped in his mind that even yet he might be in time. Even at the worst he could kill Standifer. He tried to rise to his feet, but could not until he had first crawled to the table, and by means of it raised himself.

Then, holding to the table, he tried to steady himself. His heart was beating most irregularly. The drug he had taken in the coffee seemed to be acting in waves. One moment he saw clearly, and the next moment his vision was blurred, whilst there was an intolerable drumming in his ears. He was not sure that he could walk; but he knew that he must try. And if he could not walk, he would crawl. He looked round for some weapon, and between the waves of dimness caught sight of the rifles in the corner, which he had forgotten.

One inarticulate sound of exultation broke from him as he saw them, and, making a great effort, he reeled towards them. His feet did not seem to be his own; he was conscious of intolerable weakness, and had a feeling that he was falling with every step, but he reached the rifles. He picked up one, his own. He knew that it was loaded, but he opened the breech to make sure; then, with one hand on the wall to steady himself, and using the rifle like a staff, he began to move towards the door. Just before he reached it something that gleamed caught his eyes, and he stared at it thoughtfully. It was an axe hanging by a leathern thong.

A new idea came to him. Weak as he was it would be hard work to make the church, and with his eyesight playing such odd tricks he might not be able to do what he purposed. But there was Carwyke—

Without finishing the train of thought he took down the axe, looped it over his wrist, and made for the door. He opened it with an effort, and looked out. There was no one in sight, but the chant still rolling from the church told him where the natives were. He laughed weakly, and stepping outside, still supporting himself by the logs of the house, made his way to the hut behind. The sentry was no longer there, and he guessed that like the rest of the tribe he must be in the church. Again he laughed, and, setting his rifle against the cabin wall, attacked the padlock with the axe.

The first blow he struck missed the lock altogether, and the second, though it was no very great blow, twisted the axe from his weak hands. It fell to the ground, and he stooped to recover it; and as he did so, overcome by dizziness, he crashed to the earth. Groping, he recovered the axe and strove to raise himself. But he had got no farther than his knees when he was startled by an apparition that came out of the woods immediately behind the village. He rubbed his troublesome eyes to make sure that what he saw was not a hallucination born of the drug which had been administered to him. No! the half-naked white man with a bandaged shoulder running towards him was real enough, and now he was quite near and was speaking to him.

‘What have yo’ done with ther girl an’ Mista Carwyke?’

He stared at this wild-looking figure, and recognised it. 'You are the Eskimo——'

'Where's Mista Carwyke an'——'

Mardock pointed to the hut, and the newcomer snatched the axe from his hand and attacked the lock. In three blows the staple that held it was smashed off, and the door was thrown open from within. The first to emerge was Bull, who stood blinking in the light. At his heels came Carwyke, who stared at the half-naked man, and then whispered unbelievably, 'Billy . . . Billy, is that you?'

'Yep? Where's Miss Norma?'

'I don't know, I——' Carwyke's eyes fell on Mardock, still on his knees, and he asked, sharply, 'Where is the girl?'

'In the church. . . . They are marrying her to Standi—— Oh, take the rifle there!'

Carwyke, already beginning to run for the church, leaped back, snatched the rifle from where it leaned against the wall of the hut, and then ran forward again at the heels of Eskimo Billy. They reached the entrance together and looked in. The place was full of natives squatting on rude benches. In front of the altar, with its candle-lit eikons, was a little group—a man and a girl, the man Standifer supporting the girl's drooping figure.

Just beyond them was a form in such splendid trappings that for the moment Carwyke did not recognise it for that of Arloff. The reprobate priest was in gorgeous vestments of silver and white; a jewelled cross of gold hung on his ample chest, and on his head was a gilt mitre studded with coloured stones and pearls. Carwyke stared at the gorgeous figure in wonder; then, as the priest half turned to the altar and the candlelight fell on the gross face, he made the recognition. As he did so a scarcely human sound broke from the half-naked man at his side, then a hoarse whisper—

'Ther Russian! I thank thee, God!'

Carwyke's mind had scarcely grasped the significance of the whispered words when the ex-whaler's rifle cracked; and as the flying death took him Father Arloff crashed in front of the candle-lit altar which he had so disgraced. A single startled cry from a woman's throat followed the shot; then for a moment there was deathly silence, during which Carwyke saw Standifer's astonished face, as, with Norma in his arms, he looked over his shoulder to learn who had fired the shot.

At once pandemonium broke loose. The hoarse guttural shouts of men mingled with the shriller cries of women, and in a mass the coppery-hued congregation rose from the packed benches and surged towards the door, shouting or shrieking as it came. The two white men in the narrow doorway would have been utterly helpless in the face of that rush had they waited for it. But they did not wait. Just as it began Carwyke gripped the ex-whaler's arm.

'Quick, Billy—this way! We must get Norma.'

He led the way at a run round the church, guessing that there must be another entrance at the altar-end. A small wooden porch caught his eyes, and for that he made; and just as he reached it, it was flung open and Standifer appeared, carrying the unconscious Norma in his arms. He stopped as he saw Carwyke and the half-naked Billy, and an oath broke from him.

'You——'

Carwyke slipped up to him. 'Give her to me!'

'I'll see you in hell first.'

Carwyke did not argue. There was no time. He took hold of the senseless girl, to drag her from the other's arms; but Standifer held her firmly with one arm whilst his right hand groped for the pistol in his belt. Before he found it Billy slipped behind him and jabbed at him with the butt of his rifle, and as he fell Carwyke dragged the girl from him.

'The canoes!' cried the prospector, as he turned towards the river. Next moment, when he saw the empty landing-place, a cry of dismay broke from him.

'What is it, Mista——'

'The canoes are gone. We are trapped!'

'Then make for ther house,' said Billy. 'I'll hold ther beggars back.'

(Continued on page 363.)

HOMESICKNESS IN THE TROPICS.

THE hot white ground is trembling in the sunshine,

The hot blue sky is burning up mine eyes;
My parched lips ache, my fevered soul is yearning,
Yearning for soft gray skies.

Oh for a cloud to hang upon the heavens,
A cool gray northern cloud to veil the blue!
Oh for a puff of wind from heathered mountains
That glisten with the dew!

Oh for a mountain river, wild yet playful,
With wise trout lurking in a shady pool!
Oh for the gray sunur drifting up the valley,
So soft, and moist, and cool!

Oh to lie down amidst the dew-damped bracken
(The little fleecy clouds sail past so near),
To watch the gloaming fall o'er hill and hollow,
To watch the stars appear!

Then to arise, and wander slowly homeward
Beside a burn whose prattlings never cease;
The dew upon my face and on the heather,
And in my bosom peace.

I long to hear the mother-sheep's sad bleating,
The wind among the pines, the curlews' cries.
My body aches, my soul is sick with yearning
For cool gray northern skies.

D. E. STEVENSON.

THE ART OF MAP-MAKING.

CARTOGRAPHY AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.

By GEORGE PHILIP, F.R.G.S.

I.

THE British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, in presenting the most comprehensive display that has ever been made of any nation or empire's wealth and resources, does not neglect the progress of our vital sciences or a comparison between our present achievements and the rude beginnings of the ancients in mapping the world.

The history of the art of map-making, which marches with the story of the gradual unveiling of the geographical horizon through discovery and exploration, falls naturally into five periods. Of the first, dating from the earliest times to the beginning of the Christian era, we have only vague records of maps of a conventional and primitive type, no traces of which now exist. In the second period, extending down to the twelfth century, the chief cartographical records are to be found in the hand-drawn maps accompanying the earliest known editions of the eight-volumed Geography of Ptolemy (150 A.D.), based on mathematical principles to a large extent derived from his predecessor, Marinus of Tyre (c. 120).

The mediæval period of map-making, ending on the eve of the great age of discoveries, was one of retrogression. Although the learned—among them Roger Bacon (1214–1294)—still clung to the scientific theory of the sphericity of the globe, this doctrine was regarded as heretical by the Church; and as the principal cartographers of the period were monks, the most characteristic maps were the so-called circular 'Wheel-maps,' of which the specimen in Hereford Cathedral, drawn by Richard of Haldingham about 1280, is an interesting example. Other mediæval maps were rectangular in form, such as the ninth-century Anglo-Saxon map of the world in the Cotton MSS. at the British Museum. The famous globe of Martin Behaim, produced in the year of the discovery of America and still existing at Nürnberg, may be regarded as the final specimen of cartography of this period, for though finely executed in colours, it follows all the current misconceptions of the time, and makes but little use of material then available, such as the explorations of Marco Polo, Conti, or the Portuguese navigators.

In striking contrast to these purely conventional maps prevalent in the period were the wonderfully accurate coastal charts which had been in use among the Mediterranean mariners from the days of the Crusades. These charts—known as Portolani—were based upon estimated bearings and distances from port to port; and in the next period (from the discovery of

America to about the end of the eighteenth century) their accuracy was still further increased by the introduction of the magnetic needle for taking bearings, and the use of the cross-staff or astrolabe for observing latitudes. An army of marine cartographers sprang up in the Italian and Catalonian sea-ports, and their charts formed the groundwork for the better general maps of the world and globes, which about this time began to be issued.

As many actual specimens as possible of these antiquities of cartography, and, where the originals are not available, accurate reproductions, are on view at the British Empire Exhibition. A study of them serves to increase our wonder at the achievements of the age of discovery. Such maps and charts would serve merely to confuse a modern traveller, yet our forefathers trusted in them, and by some miracle journeyed and came home. It was in the latter half of the eighteenth century that maps began to be printed from woodcuts. Later, copper engraving superseded the use of woodcuts, as copper plates were found to be a better medium for securing a higher standard of engraving, besides affording far greater facilities for keeping the plates up to date.

The application of printing to maps naturally gave a great impetus to their production. Waldseemüller, the foremost cartographer of the early sixteenth century, published a series of maps, including a large twelve-sheet map of the world, and among English map-makers of the time may be mentioned Lilly and Lluyd of Denbigh, who both issued maps of the British Isles. A little later Antwerp and Amsterdam became the great centres of map production, and the atlases of Mercator, Ortelius, Waghenauer, Hondius, Jansson, and Blaeu, and those of the French firm of Sanson, were the chief cartographical publications of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The only noteworthy British map-makers in competition with the Dutch cartographers were Saxton and Speed, who produced atlases of the British Isles, and Pont and Gordon, who issued a map of Scotland, while Halley the astronomer compiled, in compass variation and wind charts, two of the earliest cartographical contributions to physical geography.

In the following period, beginning with the eighteenth century, French map-makers at first took the premier place, especially Delisle and D'Anville; their chief British contemporaries being Desbarres (for coastal surveys—notably those of Captain Cook), Jeffreys (for American maps), Rennel (for maps of India), and Arrow-smith.

Although Hondius had founded a geographical establishment in Germany in 1702, it was not till the beginning of the nineteenth century that that country became the headquarters of scientific geography, a position which remained unchallenged until recent years.

II.

If, as this brief survey has pointed out, British contributions to the development of cartography, except in the realm of exploration, have been remarkably slender in the past, it is gratifying to be able to claim with confidence that the enormous strides made by British cartography in recent years have at least placed it on a level equal to that of the Continent.

This satisfactory result has been attained because British map-makers have availed themselves equally with, or even to a greater degree than, their continental competitors of the advantages and materials for scientific work denied to their predecessors of even a hundred years ago. What they have achieved is displayed in the British Empire Exhibition.

In our own times the achievements of scientific exploration have solved almost all the remaining problems of geography, the rapid extension of topographical, geological, marine, and other surveys, and the development of geography as the science that concerns itself with all the activities of mankind, have so enlarged the functions of the modern cartographer that he is called upon to produce not only maps delineating accurately the surface features of the earth, but also maps illustrating all the infinite variety of its physical, climatic, political, and economic factors and phenomena.

Further, the technical processes of map production have been enormously improved of recent years. The invention of lithography and chromolithography—the art of drawing and engraving on stone—in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the printing of maps drawn on ‘lithographic’ stones in a power-press, as a substitute for the old laborious process of obtaining impressions from the copper plates by the use of the hand-press, led to a great expansion in map production. More recently zinc and aluminium plates have largely taken the place of the heavy and costly lithographic stones, with their liability to fracture; the letterpress machine has been applied successfully to map printing, and various photographic and other processes—such as the art of cerography or ‘wax engraving’—have been adopted in place of the slow and costly method of copper engraving, effecting an enormous saving in production both of time and of money. Lastly, one of the beneficent results of the Great War was to stimulate the study of maps among the general public, and to lead to the invention of still more practical methods in map-making.

For, immediately the ‘war of movement’ was

superseded by trench warfare, the pressing need for new maps on a larger scale than any in existence was realised, and mapping from air photographs, and other new and interesting processes of map construction, to produce maps in the quickest possible time, were devised, exhibiting with the required detail the labyrinth of trenches, craters, dug-outs, dumps, railway, road, and waterway communications in the fighting zones; and also to meet the needs of modern scientific warfare for such purposes as shooting by the map, and the abstruse methods of artillery and sound ranging. It is a matter of pride to British cartographers to know that in meeting the demand for such maps our artillery map-makers showed greater resource than the Germans in applying new methods to map construction, and were able to produce the best maps issued in the war.

It is, however, not only in the production of military maps that modern British cartographers, as the British Empire Exhibition will show, challenge the pre-eminence of continental, and notably of German, map-makers. The British Ordnance Surveys, the first of which was started in 1791, in their range and technical qualities, are the best in the world; the Indian and other Government surveys of the Overseas Dominions, so far as completed, equal those of most European states; and through the activities of the topographical section of the General Staff, an invaluable series of reliable maps of the scattered portions of the British Empire is in course of publication. In marine cartography the British Hydrographic Office has taken by far the foremost share; and the Admiralty charts, based on naval surveys, cover practically every coastline frequented by shipping, and are used almost exclusively by the mariners of every nation; while in the mapping of the ocean bed, from the records brought home by scientific deep-sea exploration, Great Britain has contributed the leading share.

When we examine the recent cartographical output of British private geographical houses beside those of their German and other foreign competitors, we find that the best of our maps, atlases, and globes need no longer fear comparison, as regards either scientific value or excellence of technical production. Indeed, in some respects, notably in a clearer presentment of geographical facts—physical, political, and economic—they may be considered superior; and it is probable that the British map-maker has been readier than his continental rivals to avail himself of the newer technical methods and processes of map production. Certainly he no longer needs to go to Germany for his technical appliances, the offset, rotary and other new types of printing-machines now produced by British firms being at least equal to those manufactured on the Continent.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the high

standard now attained by British cartography will be duly noted by visitors to the British Empire Exhibition. The Cartographical Section not only effectively illustrates the best work

of private map-makers, but also presents a characteristic selection of the varied map publications of our survey and other government departments.

MR IMTHURN'S ASSISTANCE.

PART II.

MR JARROCK, followed by Buffery, who had wrapped himself up well against the weather, came down the steps into the pelting rain. He flung his cloak round his shoulders, and, with a scowl at the butler, made off rapidly down the street. Here and there the pavement was in good condition, but in other places it lapsed into broken spaces, and into pools of mud, where one had to walk more carefully. Buffery, hugging a bag of gold beneath his overcoat, tramped along behind his leader, musing on his destination. At last the general trend of the road made him come to a decision.

'We're going to Pear Blossom's,' he said to himself, 'where young Lacy shot himself; and a dirty hole it is, too. Just the sort of place he would choose. Well, they won't play any tricks on me.'

The gambling-house called Pear Blossom's was a tall edifice standing over a dark and dirty coffee-house. A wide, once noble, staircase led upwards past a first floor, on which were mysterious rooms never opened to the general public, to a second storey, where were the gaming saloons. These were large and spacious, decorated with second-hand finery of the time of the first George. Mr Blossom himself was a small, one-eyed man, narrow of shoulder, but very obese stomachically. He had gained his sobriquet of Pear partly from his physical shape, and partly from a habit of conversation by which he was often emphasising his astuteness. 'If I had a pair of eyes, sir, a pair of eyes, I couldn't see farther into a brick wall than I do with one, sir.' The name had stuck because of its delicious unsuitability. There was nothing white and pink or spring-like about Mr Blossom. A wit had said of him that he was the match of that blossom which had eventually become the apple which Eve had eaten, but possibly at that moment the wit had been suffering from the result of one of Mr Pear's villainies. The clientele of the place was recruited from the middle class of the hordes who infected the ring-sides and the race-courses of those days. A few were broken gentlemen, who, having run through their money, now subsisted on mysterious sources, sometimes at the mercy of their creditors; but the greater part were self-made men, if, indeed, the act by which they had become what they were could be called 'man-making.' Mr Jarrock, who still had an entry to any circle he chose, was indeed a rank above the place socially; and Buffery,

though not a man of deep analytical powers, did, in spite of his former statement, wonder why Jarrock had led him here. He gave a glance behind, and noted that a dirty-looking fellow was slouching along the road, evidently in their wake.

'If it's games he's up to,' thought Buffery, 'we'll have to better it.'

Jarrock shouldered his way roughly through the tap-room, the customers of which gave to him the deference due from evil manners to those of superior chances. He clambered up the wide staircase, followed by Buffery. On the break of the second storey he encountered Mr Blossom. The proprietor, his missing eye covered with a black patch, stared at Mr Buffery with the one remaining eye from beneath a ragged eyebrow.

'Why, it's Mister Buffery!' he exclaimed. 'I haven't seen you for a long time.'

'No,' answered the butler, 'and I hoped you never would. I sha'n't forget young Lacy in a moment.'

'Better the way it was, maybe,' said Mr Blossom roughly. 'A man who can't take a downhill turn on the steady won't ever last the course.'

'That's true, perhaps,' said Mr Buffery, 'but I never could stand shooting. If he had to, I wish he'd done it at home.'

'Stow it, Pear,' interrupted Jarrock harshly; 'let's get to business. Here's the purse, and if it ain't made out of a sow's ear, it's as near as possible.'

'Go on in, go on in,' said the proprietor. 'Try Tom's table. There's a quiet game going on there.'

Though it was yet afternoon, the rooms were well populated. Rough men in fustian mingled with clean-shaven, sly-faced fellows in dandified clothing; there were women, too, crouching over the tables, flinging down their coins with affected boredom, or with genuine anxiety, but all gathering in winnings with eager fingers which seemed to grip automatically at the gold. The room stank of stale scent and of tobacco. Jarrock dropped into a chair at a roulette table, while Buffery dragged another to his elbow. Jarrock brusquely took the first rouleau of a hundred gold pieces, and, tearing open the paper, thrust twenty of them carelessly onto a number.

'On a single number?' ejaculated Buffery.

'Mind your own business,' growled Jarrock.

In five turns of the wheel Mr Jarrock had lost his first hundred pounds; in ten turns, two hundred; and in fifteen unlucky whirls three hundred sovereigns had left Mr Buffery's bag. A crowd was gathering to watch this gambler who played twenty pound stakes on single numbers with such an imperturbable air.

Jarrock dropped his last ten sovereigns of the fourth hundred by chance on to the number seven.

'All on,' shouted the croupier, and twisted the wheel with his fingers.

The ball spun round the cup, the colours and numbers painted in the divisions disappearing in a whirling sparkle of gray. The wheel at last began to slow down; as the colours began once more to be visible the ball clicked, and the wheel came to a stop.

'Seven wius,' cried the croupier.

Jarrock said something under his breath. Mr Buffery, who had been drawing the fifth rouleau out of his bag, looked up. He noted that Jarrock had won, and a line of puzzlement creased his forehead. The word he had heard Jarrock utter was undoubtedly a curse. The croupier was about to hand Jarrock his winnings, but the latter cried, 'Leave 'em all on, Tom.'

Once more the ball began its race about the polished ebony bowl of the roulette. Once more the sharp click announced that Chance had again put down her finger.

'Seven wins,' cried the croupier.

The pile of gold which Jarrock had won now spread beyond the limits of the square on which the number seven was painted.

'See if she will win again,' cried Jarrock, in a voice of annoyance.

'Can't do it, Mr Jarrock,' answered the croupier. 'It's over the limit. And he thrust the pile of gold in front of the scowling gambler.

'Don't he want to win?' said Buffery to himself.

Jarrock clutched out a fist-full of money and banged it down onto a chance number. Mr Buffery at his elbow was gathering the sovereigns into piles of fifty. When he had eight piles he took from his pocket squares of paper, and methodically began to roll up the coins into rouleaux.

'Damme! What are you fiddling at? You annoy me!' exclaimed Jarrock.

'Why, sir! I am taking back Mr Imthurn's advances,' said Buffery. 'He only stipulated to pay your losses, if you remember, sir.'

'Why can't you wait till the end?' growled Jarrock. But by this time Buffery had completed his rolls, and had slipped them into his bag.

The croupier, too, had been watching this action, the while neglecting to spin the wheel. He now called out, 'What the devil is he doing?'

'Oh, it's all right, Tom,' said Jarrock angrily; 'the old devil's only skimming back his advances.'

'Well, see that he don't take more than he lent,' said the croupier, and went back to the game.

For two rounds Jarrock lost, but once more a lucky chance brought him another pile of gold; by leaving the money on the same number he again brought off the double.

This time without doubt he cursed.

'What is the matter?' wondered Buffery. 'He must be in a couple of thousands, and here he is a-cursing like anything. He can't wish to lose, yet it looks like it.'

Jarrock continued to win. Playing as he did on single numbers, of course, he failed many a time; but, after a run of bad luck, invariably one or two wins would more than recoup him all his losses. Strangely enough, while he was winning, his face was black and scowling, and this devilish expression only left him after a series of six or seven losses. From time to time he glanced eagerly at the clock. The half-hour had passed, and slowly the minutes dragged along towards the three-quarters. Jarrock began to play on eight or nine numbers at once.

'He's gone mad,' thought Buffery.

But of the several numbers one turned up, and Jarrock was richer than before.

At last Buffery dropped the bag of gold into the deep pocket of his undercoat. He gave a sigh of relief, and buttoned himself up against the rain which still beat on the windows, and against the wind which howled mournful songs in the trumpet of the chimney.

He stood up. 'Mr Jarrock, sir, I must be going,' he said. 'The three-quarters to five is past. I'll be glad to tell Mr Imthurn the successful result of his advance, sir.'

Mr Buffery bowed in his stilted manner to the room, and walked solemnly between the tables to the door. There he met Mr Blossom, who scowled. 'You got off cheap this time,' said the proprietor.

'Why, yes! I'm glad to say,' agreed Buffery, 'and no tragic occurrence neither. It almost takes the taste of the last time out of one's mouth. Though this one isn't a favourite of mine, so to say!'

'Jarrock's a damn fool,' growled Blossom savagely.

'He's a lucky one to-day,' said Buffery, and began to let himself down the staircase, slowly, because going downstairs caught his rheumatism.

After Buffery's departure Jarrock sat staring with a forced grin at the pile of gold before him. Then he jumped to his feet. 'Watch this, Tom,' he cried; 'I've got to speak to that fellow.'

'You bet I'll watch it,' answered the croupier. 'You bet I will.'

Jarrock went rapidly out of the gaming-room, and caught up with Mr Buffery on the first floor landing.

'Oh, Buffery,' he said, 'I must have a word with you.' He went to a door which, with a wrench, he flung open. 'Come in here, come in here,' he said; 'you needn't be afraid.'

'Oh, I'm not afraid,' answered Buffery complacently. He pulled out a large watch from his fob. 'But I can only give you five minutes, Mr Jarrock. Not a second more.'

Jarrock urged him into the room with jerky abrupt movements. He then slammed the door, turned the key, and began to pace to and fro, snapping his fingers. One could see that he was trying to gain control over a rage but half-subdued. Mr Buffery moved to the window. The tall panes were dirty, but he noted that the rough-looking fellow who had followed them in the street was stationed near the coffee-room door.

'If it's games he's up to——' said Buffery to himself; 'but why?'

'Look here, Buffery,' said Jarrock; 'how much do you want for that seven hundred and fifty?'

'Why?' cried Buffery, amazed; 'what do you mean, sir? Here you are, winning three or four thousand. What do you mean?'

'That doesn't matter,' cried Jarrock. 'I can't tell you everything. Come now—halves.' He stopped and stared Buffery in the eyes. 'Halves,' he repeated, 'or—come, you give me three fifty, keep four hundred for yourself.'

'But I don't understand, sir,' replied Buffery; 'why go out of your way to commit a useless crime? You're up several thousand. Why rob Mr Imthurn of a miserable three hundred or so?'

'Blockhead,' shouted Jarrock, losing control of himself, 'what does it matter?' Suddenly he realised that by this path one would get no farther. With an effort he changed his tone. 'Look here, Buffery,' he said in a more genial voice; 'I see that I'll have to be frank with you. That was a plant, that game. Of course, everybody knows Mr Imthurn's silly notion, so as I was hard pressed for money, Blossom and I put it up between us. I was to get the cash and lose it deliberately, playing on single numbers. We were to split, for him three fifty, for me four hundred. Damme, it's true that I want the money. I want it badly. I'll tell you straight enough it's prison if I don't get it. I wouldn't have played such a rotten trick, else. I gave Imthurn a chance, but he wouldn't take it, so I had to go on. But now I'm desperate. I tell you I must have the money. By Gad, sir, did you ever hear of such infernal luck? Did you ever see such a dirty piece of irony? I haven't played a game like that for years. Can't you understand what I've been through?'

'If you'd been honest you'd be a rich man,' said Buffery stolidly.

'What's the good of saying silly things like that? My God, I could tear you to pieces. And you looking on, like a fat pig, and grunting contentment, while all the while I was in reality losing, losing—oh, curse luck! No, look here, Buffery; I didn't mean all that. Come now, be sensible. Let us split the money. There isn't a ghost of a chance of your being caught. Imthurn will never know, can't know. You'll be four hundred to the good. Why, man, I'll even let you into my other game; you'll be a rich man. I tell you I'll make you richer than you ever dreamed of becoming, if you'll only let me have the three hundred or so to tide me over.'

'Why don't you get it from Blossom, if it's all you say?' answered Mr Buffery.

'Blossom, Blossom! Don't be a fool. Blossom wouldn't give sixpence to pay his grandmother's fare from hell to heaven.' His face took on a dark, threatening look. 'Look here, Buffery, I'm desperate. I tell you that you won't leave this room till I've got the money.'

Mr Buffery in answer stepped to the window. It was a tall French affair, and he wrenched it open.

'You can't get out that way,' cried Jarrock, with a sneer.

'Hi!' called out Mr Buffery to the street. The dingy loafer started from his lounging position. 'Catch!' cried Mr Buffery. Before Jarrock could impede him, he dragged the bag of gold from his pocket and tossed it down to the man, who caught it cleverly despite its weight. The loafer slipped the bag into his pocket and made off.

'What the hell are you doing?' shouted Jarrock, gripping Mr Buffery. 'Are you mad?'

'Why, no,' answered Mr Buffery, smiling serenely, as he shook himself loose from Mr Jarrock. 'That is one of my lads. I take him with me for safety. And now, Mr Jarrock, since the money isn't here, and since neither of us can give way to temptation, I'll say good-day to you, sir.'

Mr Jarrock glowered at the placid butler. He clenched his fists. 'I've a mind to give you a good hiding first,' said he.

'Why, sir?' answered the butler. 'Would it be worth it? The lad will come back with assistance, and I can keep my mouth shut without being killed. I'm sorry that I cannot give Mr Imthurn the good account of your winnings that I had hoped. But at least I can congratulate *him*, because the result to him is the same, sir.'

Jarrock, biting his lip, glowered at the placid man. Something in the butler's poise struck him. 'Were you ever a fighter?' he asked suddenly.

'Why, yes,' answered Mr Buffery; 'in my

young days I did do a bit at it, sir. Indeed, I was known as Battling Buffery.'

Jarrocks shrugged his shoulders, and opened the door. Mr Buffery, well muffled against the weather, coming out of the coffee-house was stopped by two men. He looked up, disclosing his features beneath the brim of his hat.

'It ain't him, Bill,' said one of the two.

It was now dusk, but Mr Buffery noted the uniforms of the men. 'No,' he said; 'if I guess right, it isn't him. But he's up there. You can get him, if you want him.'

'It's quieter this way,' said Bill's companion. 'Best to go quietly with nobs, and he is a nob, of a sort.'

'Ay,' said Buffery. 'Well, I'm glad I'm not him. It's a wet night to go to gaol, my lads!'

'We'll dry 'im as soon as we get 'im there,' said Bill's mate, with a coarse laugh.

'I'm sorry you can't take that pear-shaped one along too to dry,' said Mr Buffery musingly.

'He's too juicy,' replied the other. 'He'll last as long as he'll squeeze. Old Nick'll have the drying of him, I allow.'

Mr Buffery resumed his road. The wind buffeted him, and in spite of his wrappings the rain gathered in his hair and began to trickle down his neck. He could not get Jarrocks's desperate expression out of his mind. Suddenly he remembered the cup of bitter coffee he had made in the early afternoon.

'His drink's bitter enough at present, I should think,' said Buffery to himself. 'By Heaven, I wish now that I'd made him a really good cup!'

THE END.

LOOKING FORWARD.

By FRANCIS W. FARQUHAR.

WHATEVER they may be elsewhere, January, February, and generally March, are the most unpleasant months in northern lands. Green buds and snowdrops strive to cheer the disconsolate, but their beauty fails to atone for the cold wind and the bleak, colourless landscape. The days grow longer, and the light is hardly welcome, for it only serves to emphasise the nakedness of the fields; and country-folk feel inclined to draw down their blinds before the dusk comes, to blot out the dreary scene.

In themselves, these three months, with their wan sky and sombre earth, would appear well-nigh intolerable were it not for the fact that, as Mr Hardy has said,

Looking forward to the spring
One puts up with anything.

The winter solstice comes before Christmas, yet, once it is past, certain hopes, indefinite and half subconscious, inform the mind. Gales may sob bitterly among the bare branches, and the snow may lie deeper and deeper, but man knows that the year has turned, and nothing matters now. He puts up with anything and with everything. Spring is at hand; her arrival, tardy and delayed as it may be, is inevitable. Her harbingers have their charms, and their promise is not the least of their commendations. The fresh young sheaths in the hedgerow tell of the glories which are to be unfolded, while the chirp from the nest in the ivy sings of the days when the young ones will take their first crazy flight over the green lawn. Thus does Nature smite mankind with one hand and caress him with the other.

'Looking forward' is, indeed, the tonic which Nature herself prescribes for her children, and, if it be not abused, it is a medicine of greater

restorative power than is the brew of any pedant or quack. Many a grief is comforted, many a pain of heart or body is soothed, by the certainty that better times are coming. Just as the glow of a past happiness can warm the cold present, so does the beam of a future joy send a path of light across the waters; and the voyager is glad in the thought that ere long he will moor his ship in the haven.

Preparing for an examination may entail grinding toil and sleepless nights, but the student is patient, and derives energy and solace from the vision of the triumph that will be his when the last paper is completed and his name appears upon the board. The city clerk bends over his desk, and the miner hacks at the narrow seam; the brain of the one is fagged, and the sweat pours down the other's arms. Neither revels in his task, for it is dull, monotonous, and leaden. It is only the insistent looking forward to the day when enough money will be saved to render marriage possible, or to buy that little farm beyond the beechwood, that makes it possible to persevere.

Looking forward to the view from the summit helps to level the mountain track, but surely it is a mistake to live altogether in the future and to ignore the compensations of the present. Gazing at the shining towers of the distant city, the pilgrim trudges on stolidly, heedless of the glorious glen through which he journeys, and of the burn that bears him company. Anxious souls such as his may be fated never to reach their true goal, for no sooner do they achieve one aim than another beckons them forward on a fresh quest. There is a world of difference between ambition and discontentment, but it is not always easy to distinguish the one from the other. Nature's tonic must be used as sparingly,

and with the same discretion as the Arab's flask of water, or it will lose all its efficacy, and will aggravate rather than allay the parched lips. Looking forward is one of life's most precious possessions, and man should be ready carefully and thankfully to employ it when its succour is absolutely necessary—and only then.

Old men and women who read these lines may shake their heads in mournful scepticism and say, 'Tell us, to what can we look forward?'

The dreams of youth are not for us.' It is believed that life is a school, a training, long or short, for the mysteries that lie in the hereafter. Let those who are young 'put up with anything' in the hope that their lives may hold a prize, and, when things seem unendurable, old and young alike may well 'look forward' to that spring which, despite its mask of winter, will be the opening of a very wonderful summer.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MOTOR ROAD-SWEEPERS.

OF the few remaining horse-drawn vehicles left, one of the most prominent is the road-sweeper. It is true that a beginning with motor road-sweepers has been made, but until quite recently the horse has reigned supreme for scavenging the streets of our towns and cities. Where motor road-sweepers have been adopted, big annual savings have resulted, that in the City of Westminster, for instance, being estimated at £951. The sweepers used, however, have been big, heavy vehicles; a lighter type has been lately developed which is very suitable for smaller townships, as with its tipping body it can be used for general carrying purposes as well as for sweeping. The chassis calls for little comment, being very similar to that for a two-ton lorry. A four-cylinder motor of 25 horse-power is fitted under the usual bonnet, behind which is the driver's seat. Next comes a side-tipping body with a capacity of 60 cubic feet or 90 cubic feet of wet or dry road-sweepings respectively. At the rear of the chassis is a tank which holds 150 gallons of water for sprinkling dry roads ahead of the brush. From this tank the water is supplied to a sprayer under the front of the bonnet by a semi-rotary pump having an adjustable stroke to vary the quantity. One of the most interesting features of this motor-sweeper is a species of elevator for lifting the sweepings into the body. This consists of three rotating brushes mounted one above another, in a steeply-inclined frame. The top and bottom brushes run in the same direction, but the middle one rotates the opposite way, the effect being to project the refuse upwards in a zigzag course, to be directed downwards into the body at the top. These conveyor-brushes run at high speeds, those at the top and middle turning at 308 revolutions per minute, while the bottom one runs at 370 revolutions per minute. The diameter of the two upper brushes is 20 inches, that of the bottom brush 24 inches. The road brush, which is 24 inches in diameter, and 7 feet 6 inches long, turns at 140 revolutions per minute. As the brush is fixed diagonally across the vehicle, the mud swept into the scoop travels

across towards the conveyer. This vehicle has a sweeping speed of 6·3 miles per hour and a travelling speed of 9·9 miles per hour, while it can proceed backwards at 2·9 miles per hour. At a test in Westminster, a street, 11 yards wide and 90 yards long, was swept clean in nine minutes. Other trials have been carried out at Newport with equally convincing results.

BOATS FOR ALL AND HOW TO LOWER THEM.

Every one is interested in the safety of ocean travel, if not on his own behalf, at least on that of relatives or friends. So long as ships run into each other, or are battered to pieces on the rocks, so long will passengers and crews have to depend for their lives upon boats and the means for lowering them. It is one thing to provide boats for all, and quite another to lower them safely into the water when they are full of people. When the *Volturmo* was lost by fire in 1913 it was estimated that 120 persons were killed or drowned in connection with the launching of the boats. What sometimes happens when the ordinary means for launching are used is that the rope tackle at one end jams, while that at the other continues to lower, with the result that the boat is up-ended, and the occupants are thrown out. This occurred when some panic-stricken and unauthorised persons attempted to launch one of the *Volturmo's* life-boats. Such are the risks and conditions in daylight, when this disaster took place. At night the dangers and difficulties are vastly increased. The men on deck who are lowering a boat cannot see what is happening to it, and the hiss of escaping steam, with the din caused by the wind and the sea, may render communication impossible. Finally, panic may prevail, under which condition only 'fool-proof' boat-lowering gear can be depended upon. The makers of a recently-brought-out device for launching boats from ships claim that it is as fool-proof as such a gear can be made. The predominating feature is the control of the lowering operation from the boat itself. Moreover, the control is dual; that is to say, if the man at one end sees some danger which is invisible to the man at the other, he can stop the gear. Similarly, should one man be dis-

abled or fall overboard, the other can continue the lowering single-handed. In fact, so easy is the operation, that it has been performed unaided by a little girl. Every reader of *Chambers's Journal* will be familiar with the curved arms, known as davits, from which the boats of a ship are lowered by ropes and pulley blocks. Blocks are used in the new gear, but there is only one pulley in each, and the rope is of steel wire, which has no tendency to twist and kink when wet, as is the case with manila. After passing through the upper block the rope from each davit is led to a winding drum, both drums being rigidly attached to the same spindle. At each end of the spindle is a band brake, which is put on by a lever. A rope from the end of each brake-lever is led over a pulley on the davit and is given a figure 8 turn round a cleat on the lower block, which is, of course, in the boat. All the men in the boat have to do is to ease away their brake ropes, which relieves the pressure on the brakes and allows the drums to turn, thereby paying out rope and lowering the boat. Either brake is powerful enough to hold the drums from turning; hence either man in control can stop the lowering by holding his brake rope. If one man meets with an accident and leaves hold of his rope, it simply pulls round the cleat as the other man continues the lowering. No one is required on deck, and if an attempt to lower a boat were made by unauthorised persons the gear could be jammed. It will be noted that both ends of the boat are lowered at exactly the same rate, no matter how careless or flustered the men may be. The brake ropes are made fast to their cleats when the gear is out of action, and any tendency of the boat to run down by its own weight only puts on the brakes harder. Means are provided for lifting the boat off the deck, and for raising a boat full of people; but from the passengers' point of view the safety of the lowering gear is the most important feature.

A SIMPLE REFRIGERATING MACHINE FOR COUNTRY HOUSES.

Every butcher of any standing has a cold store for preserving his stock in hot weather, and there is an increasing demand for a similar provision in private houses. The majority of these cold stores are kept cool by ice, but during the last year or two small refrigerating machines have been introduced which will not only keep a store cool, but will also produce ice. In such machines cold is produced by the evaporation of a volatile liquid which vaporises freely at very low temperatures. For instance, if the evaporation of ether be accelerated by blowing air over it, the temperature falls quickly to below freezing point. But to carry out this method without loss it is necessary to condense the vapour back into a liquid after it has done its work. Compression is required for this purpose, along with

exposure to cold water, to remove the heat which has been abstracted from the air of the cold store or from the water in the ice vat. Methyl chloride is used in a machine of this type which has been recently brought out. The apparatus is entirely enclosed, and will run for a season without attention. At the top is an electric motor which drives a small compressor through a vertical spindle, the compressor being situated in a chamber below the motor. Projecting downwards from this chamber is a big cast-iron tube, with gills on the outside for abstracting the heat from the surrounding air. In this chamber is another tube, which nearly fits it, leaving only a small space between the two. The refrigerating medium is drawn up by the compressor in a gaseous state from the evaporator or the tube chamber mentioned, and compressed to a pressure proportionate to the temperature of the cooling water. It then passes from the compressor to the condenser chamber, which surrounds the compressor casing (which in turn is surrounded by circulating cold water), and is condensed there. As liquid, the refrigerating medium flows through a pressure-reducing nozzle into the evaporator or tube chamber. This reduction of pressure causes the medium to become very much colder, and, owing to the reduced pressure, to evaporate, thus extracting a large quantity of heat from the surrounding air. In this way, cold is produced; or, in other words, the surrounding air is cooled down. The gaseous refrigerating medium is now once again drawn up by the compressor, compressed, and again compelled to perform the same circuit. The heat taken up by the refrigerating medium is given off in the condenser to the cooling water flowing round it. This cooling water is, therefore, indispensable for the working of the refrigerator. Before despatch, each machine is provided with a charge of methyl chloride and the necessary lubricating oil. It is then hermetically sealed up, as re-charging or re-oiling is entirely unnecessary. Moreover, the working parts are of so simple a character that it would be almost impossible for them to fail. A well-insulated chamber with a capacity of 35 cubic feet is maintained at a temperature of 32 degrees F. by the smallest machine, when working for ten hours a day, while it will also produce simultaneously 10 pounds of ice. Cold stores with capacities up to 1200 cubic feet are cooled by the larger machines. Electric fans are provided in the larger stores to circulate the air past the evaporator of the machine.

AN ELECTRIC NIGHT-LIGHT.

In these notes for last month a gas night-light was described which enables a dim light to be maintained all night at a negligible cost. The price of electricity being now so high, economy in its use is of even greater importance than in

the consumption of gas; and, as metallic filament lamps cannot be made of less than 10 candle-power for the usual voltage, electric night-lights are costly luxuries; moreover, they give too much light. The reason why smaller lamps cannot be made is the extreme fineness and fragility of a filament that will give a low candle-power on a 220 volt circuit. There is no difficulty in making tiny lamps for cars and torches because the voltage is very low. In a new type of electric night-light which has been brought out recently, the voltage is reduced by a device in the lamp itself. This device, known as a 'condenser,' consists of very thin paper, coated on one side with tin, which is wound very tightly into a coil, the whole being then insulated by being soaked in paraffin wax. One of these condensers is embodied in the new night-light, and the low voltage thus obtained allows of making a robust metallic filament for a very low candle-power—in this case only $1\frac{1}{2}$ candle-power. The lamp consumes but three watts per hour, which means that one unit (1000 watts per hour) will keep it burning for 333 hours—or, say, every night for from three to eight weeks, according to the time of the year—at the cost of a few coppers.

WIRELESS FOR SHIPS' LIFEBOATS.

It has been recommended by the Merchant Ship Advisory Committee that a proportion of the lifeboats of every passenger liner shall carry wireless transmitting and receiving sets, with ranges of at least 50 miles. Such equipments would allow of summoning assistance after a sinking ship had been abandoned, while, since a direction-finding device would be included, those in charge of the boats would be able to tell any ship in the neighbourhood which way to steer to pick them up. In view of the almost certain demand for such sets the Marconi International Marine Communication Co. Ltd. have designed a suitable weatherproof equipment, which the writer of this paragraph was recently invited to inspect. The instruments are contained in a case constructed of three-ply wood, which measures 2 feet in width, 2 feet 6 inches in depth, and 4 feet in height. To make it waterproof this case is covered with canvas, which is glued down and painted. Power is, of course, required for transmitting messages, and this is supplied by a $\frac{1}{4}$ -kilowatt alternator driven by a petrol motor of about 1 horse-power, the two being coupled together, and running at 4000 revolutions per minute. They are fixed in the bottom of the case, where they take up a very small amount of space. On the right-hand side near the top and at the back of the case is the transmitting set, while nearer the front is the receiving set. It must be understood that wireless at sea is carried on in the Morse code; the wireless telephone, with which many of our readers are accustomed to 'listen-in,' is not yet used in

ships, at any rate for communicating with each other. The transmitting set, therefore, is fitted with a Morse key. Having 6 valves, the receiving set is closely associated with the direction-finder, which is fixed in the left-hand side of the case. This takes the form of a coil, roughly 4 feet by 2 feet, which is cased in wood and mounted edgewise on a vertical spindle outside the top of the case. The spindle projects downwards into the case, where it is fitted with a pointer which moves round a disc marked with the points of the compass as the coil is turned. When signals are picked up, this direction-finder will indicate the direction from which they are coming within very close limits of accuracy. The signals are picked up in the first instance by a double aerial stretched between two masts that are fitted in the bow and the stern of the boat respectively. These masts fold down when out of use and when the boat is launched. The case for the apparatus is placed in the middle of the boat between two thwarts. Normally the front is closed up and padlocked, but when in use it is opened up, and the operator sits on the thwart with his feet in the case. As the front faces towards the stern of the boat, it is not subject to driving spray. Although this point has not yet been finally decided by the Board of Trade, it is expected that the apparatus will reduce the capacity of the boat by only two persons. These sets should enhance the safety of ocean travel, for which other recent inventions have done so much. In fact, we shall soon be almost safer at sea than on shore.

A WALKING-STICK BABY-CAR.

Although plenty of push-carts for children are made to fold up, they still remain too cumbersome to be taken on shopping expeditions which involve riding on buses or trams. A collapsible baby-car, having a weight of less than three pounds, has been invented recently, which bids fair to overcome this difficulty. The contrivance is kept extended by a walking-stick, which also forms the handle. When the car is looked at from the side, the stick constitutes the elongated back member of a frame, forming a triangular wedge, with its apex at the bottom. The top of the frame springs from a fitting through which the stick passes, spreading out to the front, where the two ends are joined by a round bar. From this top frame is hung a hammock seat of stout linen, in which the child sits. A foot-rest of three-ply wood is supported at the correct height by the axle and by two straps hung from the round bar. The front members of the frame connect the ends of the bar with the axle, on which is a fitting for the end of the stick. The wheels are about $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, and are provided with rubber tires. The complete contrivance makes a comfortable and safe carriage for any child between the ages of $1\frac{1}{2}$ and 5 years. The frame,

wheels, and stick-fittings are of black enamelled steel. Thumbscrews hold the stick firmly in place; when these are unscrewed, the stick can be withdrawn and used as an ordinary walking-stick, while the top of the frame folds down between the front members, and the whole appliance is carried by the bar. An upholstered back is provided, this being fixed to the top of the frame in a convenient position to support the child's back.

A MACHINE FOR TRIMMING THE EDGES OF LAWNS.

After a lawn has been mown, it is necessary to trim the edges with shears if a neat appearance is to be achieved. This is an irksome task, and it is astonishing that only lately has a mechanical device been invented in which a revolving cutter driven by a roller does the work. In principle the action is similar to that of a lawn-mower, the grass being sheared off between a fixed knife and the rotating blades of the cutter. The roller, which is fluted and slightly coned, runs on the horizontal edge of the lawn. To one end is fixed a cutter in the form of a star, the blades of which overhang the roller. Both roller and cutter are mounted between the prongs of a steel fork at the end of a wooden handle which slants upwards to a convenient height. Also fixed to the bottom of the handle is a knife, the edge of which the blades of the cutter just touch. When the device is run along the edge of a lawn, the grass is sheared off between the revolving cutter and the knife. The roller, owing to its conical shape, keeps the stationary cutter part of the instrument closely in contact with the edge of the lawn. Provision is made for setting the cutters together when wear takes place.

A SAFE, LOW-PRICED HOME CINEMA.

Until the advent of a home cinema which was recently brought out, cinema apparatus has been somewhat costly, while the films could not be stopped at any particular picture for purposes of explanation because of the risk that the heat of the lamp would set fire to the film. The new instrument is sold at a very moderate price, and the lamp and the projector are so designed that the heating effect on the film when stationary involves no risk of setting it alight. With a length of only 20 inches, a breadth of 7 inches, and a height of 14 inches, this machine is very compact, while it weighs but 16 pounds. It gives pictures on the screen of from 4 feet to 6 feet wide. The various parts are carried on a cast-iron frame, which is screwed to a polished oak base. At the back are the two spools for the unused and the used film respectively. In front is a box containing the shutter and the intermittent-motion mechanism, which also carries the lamp and the projector. The machine is operated by a handle fixed directly into the central 8-picture sprocket, which feeds the film to the 'gate,' and afterwards passes it to the

take-up spool. The take-up spool is rotated by an elastic belt which slips easily as the reel of film becomes larger, and yet has grip enough to maintain a gentle pull. By removing the turning handle from the central sprocket and fitting it to the extended spindle of the top spool the film can be readily rewound after use, it being necessary, of course, temporarily to remove the spring belt. A bevel gear drives the shutter and the intermittent-motion mechanism through a horizontal spindle with a universal joint, the latter allowing for the vertical adjustment of the mechanism by a knurled wheel to vary the height of the 'gate' to suit the projector. A special type of metallic-filament lamp gives the necessary light, current being supplied by an 8-volt accumulator which lasts for 5 hours on one charge. Alternatively, an electrical resistance is provided for running the lamp off an ordinary supply circuit with any voltage between 100 and 250. The machine is well finished in stove black enamel, except the bright parts, which are nickel-plated.

BOOKS ON THE INSTALMENT PLAN.

Schemes for the supply of books on a system of easy payments have long been popular and very successful in America. Of recent years there have been rapid developments in the same direction in this country, and many of our readers will be glad to learn that the new edition of *Chambers's Encyclopædia* and the latest edition of *Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature* can now be obtained in this way. Four volumes of the *Encyclopædia* are already published, and these are supplied on a first payment of a few shillings. Volumes V. to X. will be forwarded as they are issued, and the payment for the entire work completed by a series of monthly remittances. The complete set of the *English Literature* is sent on similar conditions. Those interested should write to the Waverley Book Company, 96 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, for a prospectus; orders may be placed either through a bookseller or direct with the Waverley Book Company.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (a) a reply post-card, or (b) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, Chambers's Journal, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

FORESTALLED.

By E. R. PUNSHON, Author of *The Solitary House*, *Old Fighting Days*,
The Bittermeads Mystery, &c.

CHAPTER I.

WITH thunder on his brow and rage and fury in his heart, Big Tom Moore stood on the summit of the low hill he had just ascended, and watched where, in the distance, a faint trail of smoke stole timidly upwards against the far horizon, as if half afraid to sully the limpid purity of that clear northern sky.

To sight less keen than that of the hawk-like eyes of Big Tom Moore this thin line of smoke would scarcely have been visible from where he stood, but he saw it clearly, and knew well that it signified the utter ruin of all his hopes, the failure at the last moment of his great enterprise. For what else could that smoke mean save that in this valley where his fortune lay there were others before him?

He flung his pack on the ground; a bitter word burst from his lips; he lifted his right hand with a gesture full of rage and protest. 'It ain't fair,' he cried; 'it ain't no ways fair.'

For five long years of hardship and toil incredible he had sought this valley up and down the length and breadth of the wild north-west. Five years ago an extraordinary chance had put him in possession of information, almost of proof, that in it was hidden one of those pockets in which a store of gold of greater or smaller amount is heaped up by some freak of Nature. Long ago a pioneer had found traces, had tracked them to their source, and then had been prevented by illness and death from benefiting by his discovery. But the tale of his adventure had not died with him. Half believed, half scoffed at, for many are such stories that are told by the glowing stove in winter or round the camp-fire in summer, almost forgotten at last, it had still persisted till accident had placed fresh proofs of the truth of the tale in Big Tom Moore's possession. Then he had gone out to search; and after five years of toil and hardship such as few could have endured, he had at last found and identified the valley, and, as he believed, made sure of the exact spot where in all probability the pocket lay in the bed of an old water-course.

But when he made his discovery his stores were almost at an end; and supposing that a

secret Nature had guarded so long and so well would be safe for at least another three weeks, he had returned to the settlement for the supplies he needed.

There he had said nothing of his discovery, for he had no wish to bring a swarm of claim-hunters on his heels till he was sure of the exact position of the treasure. With some difficulty he succeeded in getting together the necessary outfit, chafing at every hour's delay and yet unable to let his impatience be seen lest suspicion be roused that he had made a 'strike.' But at last all was ready, and, storing his outfit in his canoe, he started alone up the river, taking many precautions to make sure he was not followed. Then, certain that no one had attempted to track him, he landed at the nearest point to his destination, hid his canoe under some bushes, made a cache of such of his stores as he could not carry, and making up the rest in a pack, started for his valley, full of sanguine expectations of the treasure that he felt so sure would soon be his.

And now all his hopes lay at his feet in ruins. For what else did that thin line of smoke tell him but that he had been forestalled? It was hard, it was bitter hard. He felt the blood drumming in his head; a passionate anger swelled within him, so that the veins of his temples stood out like knotted cords, and his great hands clutched convulsively in the air, as though closing on the throats of his forestallers. 'They'll have to git,' he muttered darkly. 'I'm not having any.'

Had he not searched for this treasure through long years of toil and hardship and disappointment? Had he not found it at last? Was it not his, this secret that Nature had guarded so many long years, and that surely he had been justified in supposing she could continue to guard for three weeks longer? Had he not a right to claim his own against these intruders, who at this very last moment were trying to thrust themselves between him and what was his?

'They'll have to git,' he muttered again.

Relieved at having come to a conclusion, he

went on with long, firm strides, a huge, dark ominous figure moving heavily through the clear sunshine that flooded all that lovely valley.

But the quiet beauty of the place, the grandeur of the surrounding hills in their clothing of pine and fir, the splendour of the far-off mountains, the loveliness of the quiet valley itself, that lay here in the heart of the hills like a perfect jewel hidden in an exquisite casket, were all alike lost on him. He gave them not a thought or a glance; he paid no heed to the stream that leaped so joyously at his side from rock to rock and pool to pool, nor yet to the little lovely flowers of the valley sward. Fiercely he strode on his way, his brow like thunder, his eyes two burning coals of fire, rage and resolution in his heart.

'They'll have to git,' he said. 'It's me or them for it.'

It would have been different, he told himself, if these intruders had already been in possession when he first found the valley. But that they should slip in like this, just when his back was turned for a day, was clearly intolerable. There was, of course, still the chance that the alarm might be a false one, and the smoke come from the camp of some passing Indian or from that of a stray hunter or trapper. But he knew well that this possibility did not in reality exist. This was not the time of year for trapping, and neither Indian nor hunter would be likely to have a fire going at this hour. No, it was a miner, a prospector, and the smoke came from a fire lighted to thaw out the gravel that even yet would be like iron with the winter's frost.

'And he'll have to git,' muttered Big Tom Moore through his teeth; 'that's all there's to it.'

And a little later he said aloud again, 'I ain't going to be done out of my rights.'

Straight on he tramped, aiming directly for the rising smoke that was much nearer now, and disdaining to turn aside for any obstacle. It seemed as though he took a savage pleasure in crushing down shrub and bush, as if he made a kind of symbol of refusing to allow any obstacle to turn him from his path.

Before long, for he had pushed on at a great speed, taking no more heed of the great pack on his shoulders than had it been a feather's weight, he came out on some rising ground almost exactly opposite the spot whence rose the smoke that he had seen from afar. Nor was he surprised to find that his suspicions were correct, and that these were certainly prospectors who had forestalled him, who had incredibly come to this valley that for so many years had lain silent and deserted, and that might well have remained so for three weeks longer.

They had even built themselves a rough

shack. Evidently their intention was to explore the place thoroughly. And they had actually started sinking their first shaft on almost the exact spot where he had intended to begin. It was too much, it was intolerable; they might have been spying on him—perhaps they had been. Anyhow, he was not going to put up with it. No! 'They'll have to git,' he muttered. 'So they will—them or me.'

He flung his pack down with a crash, and with long, firm strides pushed on towards the cabin. As he drew swiftly near the door opened and a man came out, a man nearly as tall as Big Tom Moore himself and quite as bigly built. He was older, though, for his thick dark beard was streaked with gray. But his great form seemed to have lost none of its natural power as he stood there in the doorway of his cabin, surveying with a slight surprise this stranger who in so remote and lonely a valley had made so sudden and unexpected an appearance.

'Hello, hello, Mr Man!' he called out loudly and rather boisterously. 'Where've you sprung from? Didn't know as there was a white man within fifty miles of here.'

Big Tom Moore took no notice. He came a little nearer, grim and resolute. He stopped and said, 'See here—you've got to git.'

CHAPTER II.

THE stranger first stared, and then began to laugh. 'Sure, you're crazed,' he said contemptuously.

'You've got to git,' repeated Big Tom Moore heavily; 'and mighty quick, too . . . see?'

'And for why?' the other asked, his laughter dying away, and his look now as grim and resolute as was that of Tom himself.

'Because I say so,' Big Tom answered; and then, with all his sense of injury and injustice breaking out, he cried angrily, 'I was here first—I was here three weeks ago—I only turned my back to get my stores up.'

'I don't know nothing about that,' answered the other doubtfully; 'that's all as it may be, and no concern of mine. I don't see your claim pegged out,' he added. 'Have you registered?'

'Huh,' said Tom, and repeated, 'I was here first, and you've got to git; that's all there's to it.'

'Nix,' retorted the stranger; 'this valley looks to me a real likely spot, and I guess you think so, too, or you wouldn't be so mighty keen on trying to scare me off. But that won't work worth a cent, and before I quit, I'll make sure whether there's any of the stuff hereabouts. Looks to me as if that creek hadn't always used to run where it does now, and I mean to have a try at finding its old bed; and if you don't

meddle with me, I won't meddle with you. Reckon we can both try our luck—the valley's big enough for both.'

'No,' said Tom, 'it ain't—not by a whole heap it ain't. You've got to quit. Only thing is, are you going quiet, or have I got to make you?'

The stranger looked at him thoughtfully. He was a big man himself, and he noted with a kind of unwilling approval the other's huge chest and shoulders, the swelling muscles of his arms, the grip of his firm feet upon the ground. Not without reason was his challenger known all through that country as Big Tom Moore; and as the stranger slowly removed his coat he remarked, 'Well, you must suit yourself if you want a fight. It ought to be a dandy fight, too—if we are let finish it,' he added with a slight air of anxiety, which at the moment Tom hardly noticed.

Tom took off his own coat and stood in shirt and trousers, as magnificent a figure of a man as the sun has ever shone upon or sculptor ever modelled. 'Ready?' he asked, and moved forward; and on a sudden, with a speed no one could have expected from so big a man, the stranger leaped within arm's length and dashed his clenched right hand full at Tom, catching him between the eyes with a blow so swift and terrible one would have thought no man could have lived against it, taken unawares like that. Even Tom, giant as he was, went reeling backward, dazed, shaken through and through, keeping himself upright more by good fortune than anything else. Indeed, had the stranger sprung, with that daunting speed he had already shown himself capable of, to follow up the advantage he had thus gained, he might well have ended the quarrel then and there, for, for the moment, Tom was in no condition to defend himself. Helplessly he rocked on his feet, exposed and defenceless, his hands hanging limp. But, instead of following up his advantage, the stranger stopped to laugh with sheer delight at the success of this swift blow of his that he believed to have been even more effective than was the case and to have won the fight before it had well begun—as indeed had happened with him more than once before. But this time it was not so, and while he stopped to laugh his triumph fled, his opportunity passed and was gone, for, indeed, laughter should come only when the struggle is over, not while it yet continues. The chance slipped by. Tom's momentary dizziness vanished; he shook his great head to throw off the effects of the blow, as a dog after a swim throws off the water from its coat, and once more he advanced, this time more warily.

'Heh?' the stranger exclaimed, astonished to see him coming back; 'you want some more, then?'

'More?' repeated Big Tom scornfully. 'Do

you think I count a tap like that?—not but that you brought it off pretty smart,' he added.

'I'll show you smart,' the stranger said, and leaped once more with that sudden, disconcerting swiftness of which he seemed to have the secret.

But this time with less success. For Tom was warned now and prepared; he guarded the blow the other aimed, and returned it with effect. Now they stood breast to breast, and like lightning they flung in swift hit and counter-hit till the whole valley rang with the sound of their blows and the tramping of their feet as the struggle swayed this way and that.

Backwards and forwards they went, their blows flashing to and fro, first one having the advantage and then the other, each in his turn giving and enduring hits beneath which lesser men would have crumpled up. Big Tom was bleeding from a split lip, a damaged ear; his adversary from a cut cheek and an eyebrow laid open to the bone. Tom's shirt was torn from neck to waist, and his skin beneath it, as smooth and white almost as a woman's, where sun and rain had not tanned it, was marked with more than one great livid bruise. His adversary, swarthier of skin, showed fewer signs of hurt, but just above his heart the skin was swollen and livid where again and again Tom's great fists had battered relentlessly. Half-unconsciously Tom's fighting instinct had made him shower most of his blows on that one spot, and a keen observer, had one been present, might have gathered from more than one sign that this policy was not without its results. Then one blow, heavier than most (though they were all heavy blows these two exchanged), that Tom sent smashing in, alighted on that same spot above the stranger's heart and sent him staggering backwards, so that, indeed, he must have fallen had he not kept his balance by reeling against the wall of the shack.

'Had enough?' grunted Big Tom, as for a moment the stranger stood there breathless.

For answer the other shouted aloud and ran in, received, but paid no heed to, a tremendous blow that took him full on the side of the head—it would have killed some men outright, but drew from him no more than a grunt—and seized Tom round the waist.

It was indeed a giant's grip that Tom felt thus laid upon him; it was a grip that might well have served to pluck up a young tree by the roots; it was a grip scarcely any other man could have endured. But Tom, with his feet firm upon the ground, withstood it as the mountain oak withstands the howling storms that strive to throw it down, withstood it still while its force seemed momentarily to increase, withstood it yet though his very bones seemed to crack and the idea came into his mind that he had more than the strength of mortal man who held him thus. Then, in his turn, with an

embrace as close and ardent as that in which a lover holds the mistress from whom he has been long separated, he clasped his own arms round his adversary and crushed him to him.

Thus silent, fierce, and deadly, tremendously they struggled, each tearing at the other with all the enormous strength that both of these great men possessed, till it was as though the very earth beneath them shook with the mighty efforts that they made.

But as yet the advantage was to neither; as the stranger had failed to overthrow Big Tom Moore, so Tom in his turn failed to uproot his opponent's feet from the ground on which they remained firmly planted. In vain Tom exerted every ounce of strength that he possessed; in vain his clasp about the other's body was such as the brown bear of the surrounding woods could scarce have equalled; in vain he called to his aid every last scrap of energy that nerve and muscle could provide. Like the gambler who puts the last coin of what was once a fortune on his last wager, so Tom flung every atom of his will and his strength into one final attempt to bear down his adversary, and now at last it began to seem to him that the other's almost superhuman resistance began to yield to his own surely more than human efforts. One last effort he made again, more fierce, more dreadful still than any that had gone before. But to meet it his opponent seemed to call upon some fresh reserve of strength that opened to his need, and then all at once it was as though

the energy of each man, exerted to the very limits of the possible, almost beyond them indeed, became simultaneously exhausted. Big Tom's grip upon his opponent slackened; his opponent's resistance slackened also, and he stumbled, tripped upon a little stone, and fell. With him fell Tom also, unable to help himself, and for a moment or two they lay side by side, like the dead, scarce breathing, powerless to move hand or foot, helpless now, both of them, to resist even a little child.

But Tom was, after all, the younger man, and by virtue of his youth it was to him that strength first began to return. He lifted himself slowly, he raised himself to his hands and knees, and glared at his opponent, and saw him glaring back at him with undiminished ferocity.

'Had—'nuff?' Tom panted.

'Nix,' muttered the other; 'I—I'll whip you—yet.'

He tried to get to his feet, and failed. Tom, more successful, succeeded in getting himself upright, but then his legs gave way under him, and he sank down on his knees. Two pitiable enough objects they looked, spattered with blood from head to foot, bruised, their clothing torn, panting, breathless, glaring at each other with a kind of dazed ferocity. And then, all at once, between them stood another form, that neither of them had seen approach, and a clear voice asked, with anger and disgust, 'What—ever—have—you been doing?'

(Continued on page 372.)

THE LORD ADVOCATE.

I.

WHEN the people of Scotland consented that their parliament should, with that of England, be merged in a new parliament of Great Britain, they were determined not to lose their identity as a nation. In particular, they were resolved to retain their ancient laws and their separate judicial system, and these remain to this day, in their substance unchanged. It is, however, in the practical administration of the law more than in the law itself that one notes the difference between the two systems that confront one another across the Tweed. In Scotland, for instance, there are no coroners' inquests, a private prosecutor is seldom seen, and there is no *Habeas Corpus* Act—whereas all these are regarded in England as essential to the safety of the subject.

The explanation is a simple one, namely, the existence of a personage who has no counterpart in England, and is generally known as the Lord Advocate. In civil matters he also appears from time to time. If the Crown claims salmon-fishings, it is the Lord Advocate who sues. If

somebody has received evil treatment from a Secretary of State, he need not present a petition of right as in England—he simply sues the Lord Advocate. That great officer of state, as he was before the Union and remains to this day, was not, however, the invention of some far-seeing early king. The office has grown and developed through the centuries, and the powers and responsibilities of its holder have varied from time to time.

From the beginning of law courts there have everywhere been pleaders and advisers skilled in the law to which the parties were appealing, and in eliciting—or obscuring—the true facts of the case, and, as a rule, receiving some tangible appreciation of their services. In Scottish records they appear under various names—prolocutor, procurator, advocate, which last, possibly from association with France, came finally to be preferred. The king, no doubt, had from time to time to employ some advocate, for he could both sue and be sued in his own courts; and Sir John Ramorny, who figures in *The Fair Maid of Perth*, is described in the 'Scotichronicon' as '*in arduis causis prolocutor regis*.'

But, so imperfect are the national records, it is not till the time of James III. that an official termed the King's Advocate appears in the person of Sir John Ross, of Mountgrennan. He was succeeded by James Henryson, who, in 1498, received from the king a life pension of £40, which seems to have become standardised as the official salary. And from that time the successive holders of the office are all known.

In the south end of the old Parliament Hall in Edinburgh there is a window of coloured glass, made, unfortunately, at a time when it was believed that such work could be done better in Munich than at home. It represents King James V. in state, with his mother, Margaret Tudor, on another throne near by, presiding over the first sitting of the Court of Session, in the Collegiate Church of St Giles, on 27th May 1532. Gavin Dunbar, Archbishop of Glasgow and Chancellor of the realm, is standing in front of the king. Kneeling beside him, Alexander Miln, Abbot of Cambuskenneth, is reading aloud the oath of office, which is being taken with uplifted hand by the Justice Clerk, behind whom is standing Adam Otterburn, the King's Advocate. The scene is, of course, due to the imagination of the artist, who knew no better than to represent the archbishop as holding a bishop's pastoral staff; but that something of the kind happened is plain from the official narrative of proceedings still extant in the Register House.

Up to this time the administration of justice had been in a confused condition. In England the King's Courts had very early absorbed practically the whole litigation of the country; but in Scotland the local courts of Barons and Lords of Regality still held their ground, while the Supreme Court itself had passed through various phases. The reform bears to have been proposed by the king himself, now twenty years of age, but its true author was probably the Chancellor, who had been his preceptor when a boy. The scheme was to set up 'ane College of cunning and wise men, baith of spirituale and temporale estate, for the doing and administracioun of justice in all civile actiouns,' and included the establishment of the Court of Session. It was welcomed by parliament and embodied in an act, which also gave, in advance, the force of statute to such detailed 'rewlis and statutis as sall pleise the Kinge's grace to mak.' These were drawn up by the Chancellor, the President, and other Lords of Session, 'to be obseruit and keptit be the said Lordis of Sessioun, Advocatis, and procuratouris of the samyne, and be all clerkis, scribis, maseris, and other ministeris of court in all tymys cummyne.' With the king's signature at the bottom of each folio they are carefully preserved in the Register House, and they also appear in fac-simile in vol. iii. of the *National Manuscripts of Scotland*.

II.

Of these regulations there are several which have a special bearing on the present subject. To secure the proper conduct of litigation it is provided that the only persons to be heard are the parties, or their procurators, if they so prefer; that certain existing procurators of repute, who are named, shall be admitted to plead in all actions, along with such suitable persons as from time to time the Lords shall admit to 'the office of advocatioun and procuratioun,' they in turn being bound to 'procure for every man for thair waigis,' unless they have some reasonable excuse, and sworn faithfully and diligently to exercise their office; and, finally, that no one shall stand inside the bar to plead except the King's Advocate.

From the beginning it was thus contemplated that, saving the right of every man to be heard in his own cause, no one should appear to plead before the Court of Session except such persons as after trial the lords might see fit to admit to the office of advocate; and it was also made plain that the advocates thus admitted had duties to the lieges and to the Court, as well as the right of audience. It was natural that a formal association of these selected persons should come about, with its own bylaws and its own head, known, to the puzzlement of strangers, as the Dean of Faculty. But the association was a voluntary one, and to this day has continued without any act or charter of incorporation.

The Court has all along done its best to secure a high standard of legal attainment and professional honour amongst those admitted to the office of advocate. A great lawyer is born, not made. But no man, whatever his intellectual gifts, can be a safe adviser, an effective counsel, or a sound judge, without a knowledge of the law which he has to apply. And that knowledge must not be merely a surface knowledge of statutes, text-books, and decisions. It must go deeper down towards the roots of things, so that the mind becomes possessed of the principles on which the law is based. Such a training is obviously very different from what is required for the equipment of a solicitor, whose work follows different lines. And such a training it has always been the aim of the Court to secure. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the great schools of law were in foreign lands—at Bourges and Toulouse, Leyden and Utrecht—and old petitions for admission to the office of advocate often set forth how the petitioners have been there. One in particular may be referred to. On 18th January 1659 a supplication was received from Mr George Mackenzie, student of law, making mention that 'he has these six years past been endeavouring to qualify himself for the office of an advocate, both by studying the Civil Law

abroad in the universities of France and Holland, and the Municipal Lawes at home.' It was thus not only from his native genius that in the vision of Steenie Steenson 'the bluidy Advocate Mackenyie, for his worldly wit and wisdom, was to the rest as a god.'*

The Court has for long utilised the Faculty to regulate the studies and test the acquirements of applicants for admission. From time to time the conditions have varied, and they will probably continue to change in order to carry out the purpose for which alone they exist. But it is still to the Lords of Council and Session that the aspirant presents his petition, and it is by their lordships alone, in virtue of the 'rewlis and statutis' of James V., that he is admitted to the office of an advocate.

III.

In the new hierarchy set up in 1532, the position of the King's Advocate is plainly recognised. Strangely enough to modern ideas, the actual holder of the office was also one of the original judges appointed by the act, and this conjunction of offices was not uncommon down to 1677. But even when not a judge, the King's Advocate was apparently made free of the consultations of the Court. In 1538 Maister Henry Lauder of St Germaines, who had succeeded Otterburn, tendered to the Lords a letter from the king directing that he should be allowed to attend their deliberations 'sua that he may heir and know sik thingis as sall happen to occur that concernis us.' But this qualification very properly follows: 'Exceptand always the occasionnis and causis for the quhilkis he beis advocat and speikis for at the bar allenarly.' And this was no dead letter, for in 1546, in a case 'persenit be him and at his instance as Advocate,' the Court found 'that the Advocate should ryse and pass to the bar and nocht vote thereon.' The Advocate was the same Henry Lauder, who had been made a Lord of Session in 1540.

This recognition, however, applied to the Advocate only as a counsel, and that solely in civil causes, with which alone the Court of Session was concerned. It had no reference to criminal matters or to administration of any kind. And even in civil affairs a special warrant under the royal sign-manual was necessary when the Advocate desired to raise an action in his own name as pursuer for his Majesty's interest. It was not till 1857, it may be noted, that this unnecessary formality was finally swept away, and his Majesty's Advocate made the proper pursuer and defender in all public suits. In the parliament of 1540, Mr Henricus Lauder, already

mentioned, appears as an *ex officio* member along with the other officers of state, and in his official character took part in the proceedings. Before long the next step was taken. The administration of public affairs at this time was in the hands of the Privy or Secret Council, and early in the reign of Queen Mary, Arran being regent, it was decided that 'my Lordis Thesaurar, Secretar, Comptroller and Clerk of Consell, and Justice Clerk and Advocatt of Consell be and remane continualie thairupoun.'

The King's Advocate had thus become more than the king's legal adviser and procurator in civil causes—he was a legislator, and associated with the general administration of the realm. In the sphere of criminal law he, however, had still no special place.

In the reign of James III. the King's Advocate no doubt appeared in treason cases before parliament, but that was only on behalf of the king, who in such proceedings was the true prosecutor. In ordinary crimes the prosecutor was the injured party or his representatives, appearing sometimes in person, sometimes by counsel, while occasionally the Advocate also appeared on behalf of the king, who was interested in possible fines and forfeitures. The results of such a system were not satisfactory. Private malice might press a charge unfairly against the accused—as in the infamous prosecution of Lady Glamis—while private cupidity might sacrifice the claims of public justice, and, on terms, allow an opulent malefactor to escape. Further, there might be no prosecution—even in cases of manslaughter, for it was common for the slayer to pay compensation to the dead man's kin, who in return granted what was known as a Letter of Slains, discharging their claims and agreeing to a remission being asked from the king. Forms both of the Letters of Slains and of the king's remission appear in a collection of styles compiled, after the Restoration, by George Dallas of St Martins.

IV.

Various attempts at improvement culminated in an act passed in 1587, which provided that 'the Thesaurer and Advocate persew slaughteris and utheris crimes, although the parties be silent or wald utherwayes privily agree.' The conjunction of the Treasurer with the Advocate was due, of course, to the king's interest in fines and escheats. But the basis of the change was the recognition of the fact that a wrong done to an individual, when criminal, is also an offence against the public well-being, and accordingly a crime against the state. This act, though it set on foot the system which still exists, did not abolish the private prosecutor. For long the normal practice has been for his Majesty's Advocate to prosecute. If he refuses to do so, any private person who alleges that a crime has been committed which is also a wrong against

* The Keeper of the Advocates' Library has recently pointed out that these words do not appear in the MS. of *Redgauntlet* presented to the Faculty by the present Lord Advocate, and must have been added by Sir Walter in proof.

himself may ask the concurrence of the Lord Advocate in a prosecution at his own instance. And if that concurrence be refused, he may apply for a remedy to the Court of Justiciary. As recently as 1909 such an application was made, and the Court being dissatisfied with the Lord Advocate's explanation, allowed the prosecution to go on without his concurrence, and a conviction was obtained.

Still more recently, when the crime alleged was not a wrong done to an individual but fraud on a government department, and the Advocate refused to prosecute, his conduct was assailed in the House of Commons, where he had to justify his refusal. In this case a civil action for damages was ultimately raised by the department concerned, and much public money wasted without result. These two modern illustrations show exactly the position. Through his subordinates—procurators-fiscal in particular—all criminal matters come before the Lord Advocate, not as a law officer advising the Crown, but as himself the master of the situation, though for his official conduct he may have to answer with his official life. There is thus a very wholesome check on any failure on the part of the Lord Advocate to do his duty, to whatever the failure may be due; while at the same time the possibility of vindictive or malicious prosecutions is practically excluded. So well has the system worked for centuries that proposals to introduce coroners' inquests, true bills by grand juries, and the like, are never heard of, especially as the Lord Advocate can always order a public inquiry into any sudden or suspicious death when he may think that expedient.

After the Union the affairs of Scotland were managed for a time by a special Secretary of State. That office ceased to exist in 1746, and from that time onward the conduct of Scottish business very often devolved on the Lord Advocate, though the Home Secretary was in law the responsible official. Much of course depended on the respective personalities of the Advocate and the Secretary, and, as is well known, Henry Dundas, who was Lord Advocate from 1775 to 1783, was during these years practically the uncrowned king of Scotland. In 1885, however, the institution of the present office of Secretary for Scotland relieved the Advocate of much of that class of work, and restored him to what may be regarded as his true historic position.

During its long history the tenure of the office has varied. Especially at the beginning there are several instances of joint Advocates. The inconveniences of this arrangement are noted in the commission of Sir Thomas Hamilton in 1587, but it did not end till Sir Thomas Hope became sole Advocate in 1628. There are also various instances of the office being granted for life, but as a rule the tenure was what it

has long been, namely, during the king's pleasure.

One curious episode deserves notice in this connection, especially as it seems to have been seriously misunderstood. Sir George Mackenzie was dismissed from office in May 1686. Some difficulty was found in filling his place, and Sir George Lockhart, the Lord President, it has been said, was directed by the king to act as Lord Advocate. It is difficult to understand how the Lord President could discharge the various duties of the Lord Advocate as these have been set out above. But the explanation is very simple. No such direction was ever given to the Lord President. The incident is thus recorded by Lauder of Fountainhall: 'At Secret Council there is a letter from the King, ordering Sir George Lockhart, President, to officiate as Advocate in this Parliament, that the royal prerogative suffer no diminution.' As a great officer of state the Advocate had a seat in parliament and certain duties to discharge there, and the king's order is, on the face of it, limited to the performance of that special function.

When reorganising the finances of the country in 1595 the committee generally known as the Octavians succeeded temporarily in getting the appointment of the Advocate into their own hands. And a little later Charles I. was deprived of the appointment of all the officers of state, including the Advocate. But in 1661 the king's rights were restored.

Since the modern party system sprang up, the office of Lord Advocate has usually been held by a member of the political party in power, and the king's pleasure has resulted in the Advocate going out of office with the government of the day.

CALL OF THE HILLS.

WE seek the foot of the rainbow
For fairy hoard of gold,
Or follow a dream's pale shadow
Till hope droops wan and old;
But high o'er Cotswold hills and downs
The winds blow clean and free,
And white roads climb from far-off towns
To all eternity!

Way down in the noisy city
Life's battle rages fierce,
And the victors know no pity
For broken hearts they pierce;
O'er fields of God's own west countrie
The clouds float softly by,
While larks trill out right merrily
The joys of earth and sky.

Ah, leave the sordid toil and strife,
Nor heed the old world's goal!
We'll seek the treasure-trove of life—
Pure hearts and strength of soul.
Where Cotswold beech and larch and pine
O'erhang the gray stone wall,
There's home, there's love for me and mine,
And rest, when shadows fall.

V. R. J.

THE SNAPDRAGON AND THE HUMBLE-BEE.

By W. F. CHARLES, F.R.M.S.

I.

MOST of us who have access to a flower-garden have, at one time or another, amused ourselves by nipping between the finger and thumb the neck of the flower of the snapdragon, thus causing the mouth-like formation of its corolla to open as pressure is applied, and to close with a snap when the pressure is released. This grotesque performance, which is operated by means of a series of spring coils within the mechanism of the flower, may have induced our somewhat superstitious forebears to confer on the flower the appellation of snapdragon. The flower itself, however, had quite another purpose in view when, during a long course of evolution, it proceeded to fashion its present form of corolla. The spring coil and various other ingenious devices which I shall presently describe are connected with the fertilisation of the flower, and are in operation for the purpose of facilitating the admission of certain privileged insects to the nectar stores secreted by the flower by way of reward for services rendered, or in order to keep away other honey-loving intruders, who would rifle these stores without performing any act of service in return.

Plants hold very different opinions as to the manner in which the fertilisation of their flowers should be effected. Quite a number produce the male and female elements in the same flower. These elements ripen at the same period, and fertilisation is effected. Self-fertilisation is probably false economy, and is generally regarded as a retrograde movement, as the offspring of such plants suffer the disadvantage of the loss of inherited instincts gained when cross-fertilisation is the method of reproduction; and as a consequence, self-fertilised plants become less able to compete in the race for existence. Cross-fertilisation plants differ also somewhat in their methods. Some plants, for instance, produce the female element on one plant and the male element on another; others produce the male and female flowers on the same plant; but the vast majority of flowers contain both elements, and effectually prevent self-fertilisation by causing one element, usually the stamens, to reach maturity before the other element, the stigmas.

Seeing that plants have a fixed position and cannot approach each other, some device must be adopted whereby the pollen of one flower may be carried to the stigma or (where there are more than one) stigmas of another. One group of plants, the Graminaceæ, which includes the grasses and the corn-producing tribe, relies on

air-currents to carry the pollen of one plant to the stigmas of another. In this case the flower is inconspicuous and produces no showy petals, the stigmas merely hanging out to receive the pollen which comes into proximity when carried about by the wind. This plan of wind-fertilised plants is successful in effect, but wasteful in operation; for it to be effective, the air must be laden with pollen, the bulk of which is wasted. (Incidentally, those humans who suffer from hay-fever ardently wish that the Graminaceæ would keep their pollen at home.)

The other members of the cross-fertilisation group employ insects to carry their pollen from flower to flower of the same species; and to repay and attract their insect friends, they produce honey which serves as a reward for their trouble and assistance. Some flowers do not seem to be very particular as to the insect which shall perform this service for them; such flowers have usually very open corollas and a large number of stamens, and consequently produce a proportionate quantity of pollen. Doubtless a considerable quantity of this pollen is lost by insects which do not travel consecutively from flower to flower of the same kind, and therefore do not effect fertilisation by the pollen carried away. On the other hand, various plants have so far developed themselves as to select a particular species of insect to assist them in the process of cross-fertilisation, and these plants usually modulate their flowers and secrete their honey in such a way, or adopt such a contrivance, that the honey is to be obtained by their accredited agents only. They also usually design some device either for punishing marauding intruders or for deterring them from entering their corollas in quest of honey. One of the plants which has developed along these lines is the snapdragon. Its methods of preventing theft, however, are on the deterrent side, so it is not so ferocious as its name implies. With this information we are now in a position to examine the snapdragon flower, and solve the problem of its curious structure.

II.

Long ago, before the flower assumed, in its entirety, its present shape, its leanings were undoubtedly in favour of establishing business relations with the humble-bee family, and of devising methods by which the humble-bee tribe alone could enter and partake of the honey provided by the flower for its guests. If we look carefully at the front of the flower, we find that the portion which forms the upper jaw is composed of two petals, united almost entirely together, the apices of which curl back, remind-

ing one of a cock's comb. The lower jaw is composed of three petals, also united together, except at the apices, where the three lobes, or portions not united, project downward, forming a structure something like a beard. This beard-like formation constitutes a platform which the flower has arranged for the visiting bee to settle upon. Having settled, the visitor proceeds to lever open the flower with its head and shoulders by overcoming the tension of the spring coils previously referred to. This is no easy task, and requires the force of a powerful insect to perform it. It has been ascertained, by actual experiment, that the force necessary to lever down the lower jaw is equal to forty grains in weight. The orange-striped humble-bee usually weighs about eight grains, so to open the flower a force equal to five times the weight of the bee is necessary, which is rather a formidable exertion. An orange-striped bee continually opening snapdragon flowers sooner or later shows marked signs of exhaustion. Having obtained admission, the bee creeps towards the throat of the flower, and pushes its long proboscis down a protected passage to the honey stores, which are concealed in the throat of the flower. Whilst the bee is busy abstracting honey, the stamens of the flower are also busy daubing its shoulders with pollen. This is carried away by the bee, and ultimately inoculates the stigmas of older flowers sufficiently ripe to receive it. The stamens, it will be observed, spring from insertions at the base of the corolla, and are prolonged to an arched recess in the roof of the upper jaw. There are four in all, two longer and two shorter ones, and there is seen between these two rows the stigma, supported on a long thread-like process called the 'style,' which springs from the top of the seed-vessel situated at the base of the flower. When the stamens have shed all their pollen they shrivel up, after which the stigma becomes sticky and ripe for fertilisation, which is effected by a second visit from a bee, fresh from a pollinating flower.

The advantage of this mutual arrangement between the snapdragon and the humble-bee tribe is that the flower, sure of its visitor and the effectiveness of the visit, needs only four anthers to produce the requisite quantity of pollen, since the waste is reduced to a minimum, and pollen production is of an exhaustive character.

III.

We have now arrived at an interesting, if somewhat theoretical, stage of our story, and the following questions may flash across our minds. Does the accredited bee during its wandering flight accidentally stumble across the flowers awaiting its visit, or is it guided to them by some mysterious agency? Is any indication given to the bee where honey is

obtainable, or are the individual flowers visited in a haphazard and indiscriminate manner? There is strong evidence to support the theory that the bee, even at some considerable distance away, is guided to the flower, and that the visits to individual flowers are not haphazard, but that the bee is made aware of the presence or absence of honey in any particular flower. Therefore the flowers visited are selected. When the flower is ready for the visitor, it advertises the fact by means of its perfume and its colour; the perfume indicates the direction in which the flowers are to be found, whilst the colour locates the spot. It may be urged, however, that the flowers of the snapdragon, like showy flowers of many other species, are devoid of fragrance. Quite so, so far as we are concerned; but our ability to smell, like our perceptions of colour and sound, is limited to our necessities, and because we are unable to detect a perfume in an apparently odourless flower, it may be that this is due to our restricted faculties, whereas the bee, with its finer susceptibilities, is not so handicapped. Indeed, I would go so far as to suggest that every coloured flower has its distinguishing perfume, and I will endeavour to support this theory, partly by comparison with the kindred senses of vision and hearing, and partly by facts proved by experiment.

Colour is made manifest to us by light-waves of varying lengths, but we know there are rays consisting of such short wave-lengths, and others of such long wave-lengths, that they are beyond our range of sensibility. We are sensible only to those rays the wave-lengths of which lie between these two extremes. The case of sound is analogous. Suppose the keyboard of a piano were extended at either end, we should at length reach points at which the vibrations at the one end would give rise to waves of such low frequency, and at the opposite end waves of such high frequency, that the sounds emitted would be inaudible to our ears. For a long time it has been considered that our recognition of odour is due to actual particles which enter the nostrils. This theory I regard as being unpractical and obsolete, and I believe our sense of smell is entirely due to our reception of odoriferous waves, which, when they reach us, are translated into the sense of smell. Further, it is a fact proved by experiment that when bees are captured over-night upon some particular species of flower from which they are abstracting honey and taken some distance away, quite out of sight of the flowers, on being liberated the following morning they fly back in a straight line either to the same flowers or to the same species on another plant, proving decisively that they are led there by their sense of smell, even when the flowers are inodorous to us.

The principle in flowers which gives rise to the formation of perfume is known as essential oil, which is secreted by the flower, and is volatile.

During the vaporisation of essential oil electrical disturbance is set up within the corolla of the flower, giving rise to the formation of ozone, a very chemically active form of oxygen. This ozone oxidises the essential oil, and the chemical energy thus brought into play sets up waves of odour of varying frequencies, which, to the sense of smell, is translated as perfume. These emanations of essential oil probably occur only conjointly with the secretion of honey, and at the time the flower is in need of the services of its visitor; thus we are able to see why a bee hovers over a number of flowers, and is able to pick out those which will repay its attention. But much of the essential oil produced and vaporised is passed into the atmosphere. This, travelling along, is oxidised at various points, at which are set up odoriferous waves, and in this way a wireless communication is established between the flower and the passing bee. This theory, I think, also explains why the perfumes of flowers become more intense after a thunderstorm: the atmosphere is then more than normally excited electrically, and, owing to the increased presence of ozone, the essential oil is oxidised nearer its base, so that the perfume is, as it were, concentrated within a very short distance of the flower.

IV.

If we return to the devices adopted by the snapdragon to keep out uninvited guests, the upper jaw of the flower, it will be observed, has a flange, and on the outside of this flange a groove. The lower jaw has a corresponding flange, which fits into the groove of the upper jaw, and so almost entirely closes the flower against marauding visitors, such as ants and other honey-loving insects. Round the inside margin of the lower jaw is a ring of matted hairy growths, which are undoubtedly there for the purpose of entangling the feet of insects which have penetrated the interior by stealth. Looking farther into the flower, we find along the palate two lines of hairy growths extending in a parallel direction towards the throat. Each of these hairs is surmounted by a swollen portion or capitate cell, barely visible to the naked eye, but readily seen if looked at through a pocket lens. Examined under fairly high magnification with a microscope, these cells are seen to be filled with a viscous fluid, and their surfaces are dotted over with rows of prominences or papillæ. The structure of these papillæ at the summit is very thin, and easily ruptured, allowing the sticky contents to escape. The use of capitate hairs on plants has been variously explained, but in this instance they are evidently there to defeat the object of marauding insects, particularly ants, the rupture of the cell and the oozing out of its sticky contents bringing about the discomfiture and defeat of the aggressor.

Looking still farther down the mouth of the

flower into what we may describe as the throat, we find encircling the base of the stamens, and effectually blocking up the passage to the cup-shaped nectar reservoir, almost immediately below, a dense mass of pear-shaped capitate hairs, with their apices pointing upwards. These are not constructed to be ruptured; but they prevent any robber insect from approaching this reservoir, though the humble-bee, for whom the nectar is reserved, readily obtains it by thrusting her long proboscis through this mass of hairy obstacles. The method of rupture of the papillæ-covered capitate hairs by ants—and it is against ants this device is directed—is most interesting, and has not, to my knowledge, been previously explained. It is brought about in the following manner. Many plants cover their surface, especially their flower-stalks, with dense masses of hairs, the object being to prevent ants from obtaining access to the flower; but as in other walks of life these offensive and defensive tactics resolve themselves into a competition, as between the safe maker and the safe breaker. Between the ordinary claws of the ant's foot is a small membranous organ, the purpose of which is to enable the insect to climb a slippery surface. This organ, called a pulvillus or cushion, is not peculiar to the ant. All insects, such as flies and bees, which are able to crawl up and down slippery surfaces like a window-pane are endowed with a pulvillus; but the ant, or at least the garden ant, has further perfected this climbing organ, and has developed within the pulvillus of each foot a pair of exceedingly minute claws, bowed like a pair of forceps, and with very sharp points, compared with which the most sharply-pointed needle is flat and blunt. With this instrument—the points of which the insect can readily thrust amongst the dense mass of hairs—and by grasping the hairs, it is able to pull its body along such hairy surfaces. At the same time, however, the papillæ of the capitate hairs in the corolla of the snapdragon are so easily ruptured that the flower has evidently prepared a trap for the insect's undoing. The snapdragon, however, is more merciful than some of its contemporaries, the robbing propensities of the insect being merely checked by nothing worse than wet sticky feet, which the ant abhors. Professor Kerner, the celebrated Austrian botanist, has called attention to certain delicate cells fringing the flowers of some species of lettuce, which when ants pass over them in quest of nectar are ruptured; a milky fluid exudes, and rapidly coagulates round the victim's feet, ensuring a slow and torturous death.

V.

Let us return now to the mechanism which causes the lower jaw to close with a snap after being pressed down. If very thin sections be

made of this structure longitudinally and examined under the microscope, two lines of parallel coils of vegetable fibre are revealed. These, in conjunction with the natural elasticity of the surrounding tissues, enable these fibre coils to expand and spring back exactly in the same way as elastic wire coils are used to pull back an open door; but in the case of the snapdragon the tension must be so finely balanced that it must be sufficiently strong to resist the attempts of other honey-gathering insects, such as the hive-bee, but not too strong for the strength of the humble-bee. If the tension varied either way, the fertilisation of the flower would become abortive, and the plant then would soon cease to exist. But it may be suggested that an insect not so powerful as the humble-bee might upset this spring-coil device by pushing the upper portion of the

corolla sideways from the lower portion, and in this way gain admittance. If, however, we look at the flower frontwards we at once notice that this possibility has been provided against by a small V-shaped notch in the lower jaw and a corresponding projection which accurately fits into it on the upper jaw, thus forming a tongue and groove arrangement, which, in union with the spring coils, acts as a bolt, and effectually prevents the flower from being entered by side pressure.

Clearly the spring coil and the tongue and groove arrangement are devices in which the human inventor was long ago anticipated by the snapdragon flower. In fact it is said with a considerable amount of truth that scarcely a human mechanical invention exists which has not its counterpart in the structure of the plant edifice.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

By OTTWELL BINNS, Author of *A Mating in the Wilds*, *A Hazard of the Snows*, *Clancy of the Mounted Police*, &c.

CHAPTER XVI.—continued.

CARWYKE hurried towards the house, passing two small groups of natives watching their fellows struggling in the packed doorway. No one interfered with him, and he had almost reached the doorway, when he saw the swaying, reeling figure of Mardock moving towards him, plainly with no knowledge of what had happened. He shouted to him.

'The house! The house, for your life.'

The reeling Mardock turned, stumbled, and then fell prone, but a moment later was crawling on hands and knees towards the doorway. Eskimo Billy, running in the wake of Carwyke, saw him, and remembering that at the moment of their meeting he had been trying to break open the door of Carwyke's prison, stopped to help him. Then, as he lifted Mardock to his feet, a pistol cracked behind them, and Billy fell himself. Carwyke heard the shot, and looking over his shoulder saw his comrade on the ground, with Mardock swaying by his side, and Standifer with a still smoking pistol in his hand. Tortured by apprehension he hurried into the house, set Norma down, and ran out to help Billy. As he emerged Standifer's pistol cracked again, and he heard the bullet whistle by him; but taking no notice of the fellow, he kept on, and picking up the fallen man, reached the house unscathed. In the doorway he turned and looked back. Mardock had risen to his feet again and was stumbling forward, whilst Standifer was making for the woods, though as yet the Indians, making no hostile move, were congregated about the entrance to the church, seething with excitement. Then, even whilst

he was looking, Standifer turned and raised his hand. The pistol cracked, and the reeling man fell prone and lay still. That he was dead Carwyke never really questioned; and after watching him a moment he backed into the house, and setting Billy down, hastily barred the door with a stout wooden bar which was plainly designed to hold it from outside assault.

That done, he looked first at the unconscious girl, and then at Billy. The latter opened his eyes at the moment and spoke. 'We got ther Missy!'

'Yes, but things are pretty bad. We're fairly trapped here, and can't get out unless the natives are willing. Where are you hurt?'

'Foot this time. Smashed, I guess. An' I got one in the shoulder up the river, but thet ain't of much account, though it knocked me silly at ther time. Better look after Missy, an'—'

'No! you first; Norma has fainted, I think—nothing worse. I'll take a look at your foot whilst these Indians are making up their minds what to do with us.'

The wounded man laughed weakly. 'Foot don't matter thet much if them beggars outside mean business. I reckon Missy an' yo' had better run for it.'

'No! Norma would never forgive me if—'

'Don't matter about me. I got ther priest, an' I've bin wantin' him for years. Yo'd best try an' get Missy clear out of this.'

'No use trying at present, I fancy. Listen to that,' he added, as a mournful wail broke

out, a long quivering cry that seemed to fill the world with sorrow.

'Yep! Thet's a woman. Keenin' for thet beggar Arloff! I'm glad. Thet means he's as dead as a bullet can make a man, I guess.'

'O-o-o-o-haa-ha-a-ha-aa-a-a-o——'

Carwyke listened for a moment to the woman's wail, which now was taken up by other voices, and a look of trouble came on his face. If the Indians so venerated their priestly tyrant as to mourn for him in this fashion there was little hope of ultimate escape for Norma and himself, whatever might happen to the wounded man.

'But——' he began, and broke off sharply to listen. The wailing had suddenly stopped. Instead of the rising and falling note that expressed infinite sorrow, there sounded the harsh voice of a man speaking rapidly and with vigour.

'Somethin' up!' said Billy. 'Maybe thet beggar ain't dead after all.'

'That is possible,' replied Carwyke. 'Indian women will keep up their keening for the dead for days. I've heard them. I wonder what's really happening?'

'Better take a look,' suggested the ex-whaler.

Carwyke considered a moment, then, moving towards the door, listened carefully. There was no sound of movement on the farther side; no sound at all except that of the guttural voice that was raised in harangue. Cautiously he slid the bar from its sockets; then, lifting the latch, opened the door an inch or two and looked forth.

The first thing he saw was Mardock lying in the foreground in exactly the position in which he had fallen, and beyond, close to the wooden wall of the church, bunched close together were the men, women, and children of the tribe, whilst in front of them stood two figures—one that of an aged Indian, the other a young man dressed in the fantastic garb affected by Alaskan shamans. The medicine-man was the speaker, and his eloquence rang sonorously in the silence. At that moment Carwyke would have given five years of his life for knowledge of the dialect in which the man was speaking, for it was clear to him that the fate of Norma and Billy and himself lay in the hands of this young orator. Absorbed, he watched the scene; and then Billy's voice broke out, 'What's up?'

'I can't tell. There's a fellow with horns on his head making a speech and——'

He broke off as the oration ceased suddenly, and then a shout went up from the assembled natives. A moment later the shaman turned his back upon the crowd and began to walk slowly towards the house, his hands raised in sign of peace.

'There's something going to happen, Billy. The medicine-man is coming this way.'

'Better pot ther beggar,' said the wounded

man. 'Shamans up here are sorta Mother Carey's chickens. There's trouble brewing.'

'I'm not so sure. The fellow's alone, and he seems friendly disposed; has his hands lifted.'

'Knife in ther parm of one ready for throw-ing, I'll bet. Beggar ain't to be trusted.'

'I don't know,' said the other doubtfully. 'There's no weapon visible about him.'

'Then hand me ther rifle, an' let ther beggar in. Reckon he'll do very well for a hostage, an' if there's any slimness——'

Carwyke ran back from the door and thrust the rifle into his friend's hands. That done, he hurried to the door anew. The shaman was now very near, and as Carwyke opened the door he halted. With the spreading ox-horns on his head, his other odd accoutrements and his painted face, he was a strange and rather fearsome figure, but that his disposition was friendly there could be no doubt; and as Carwyke lifted his own hands the native spoke in guttural English. 'Is it peace, white man?'

'Peace!' answered Carwyke.

At that the shaman dropped his hands and advanced. Carwyke stood aside and the Indian entered the house, to find himself covered by Billy's rifle.

'We got ther beggar! Shut ther door, Mista Carwyke.'

For one second the shaman's painted face revealed that he thought he was to be treacherously dealt with; and in that second Carwyke spoke. 'Put down that gun, Billy. We play the game fairly.'

'But, Mista——'

'Put it down, fool!' interrupted the other harshly. 'The man is our friend.'

'That be truth,' said the shaman, a flicker of friendliness in his dark eyes, as, turning from Billy, he looked straight at Carwyke. 'I came to say you may go, O white men.'

'Go?'

'Yes! The canoe will be brought to the landing. The stores will be carried down, and you and the white Klootchman, whom the friend of Arloff would have married, may depart. I have brought the people to that mind.'

The man's English was broken and disjointed, and the tenor only of it is given; but there was authority in his voice and bearing, and something about him carried conviction even to the mind of the suspicious Billy, who asked suddenly, 'We may take ther guns?'

'A rifle here is worth many skins. Two only may be taken.'

'Two's enough, I reckon,' grunted Billy, looking at the man wonderingly.

'You have arranged this?' asked Carwyke. 'Why?'

'I have been south to the salt waters. I have seen many white men, and I was their friend, for they were good men; and when the

snow was deep and the dogs were dead, and I was eating the bark of the trees, a white man found me and took me to his cabin.'

'Good man!' cried Billy enthusiastically.

'I pay back now what I received then, according to the promise given, though none was demanded. The priest whom this man slew was a bad man. He killed the shaman, who was my father, foully. He made us work for his profit; and he bought our furs at a poor price, which we took lest he should send us to the white man's hell. Now he is dead. That is good. I shall be shaman and the head man of the tribe in my father's place, and the bad priest's robes will be mine. I shall be the greatest shaman in the land, for I know much that the white men know.' He broke off, his dark eyes alight with the fires of ambition, and then he asked abruptly, 'Ye will go in peace?'

'Yo' bet we will, shaman.'

'In peace,' answered Carwyke gravely, extending his hand. The Indian took it, held it for a moment, and spoke again.

'Then the canoe shall be prepared, and the stores. But you go at once. There are those who were the friends of the priest who——' He broke off. 'You understand?'

'Yes,' answered Carwyke; 'and we will leave when the canoe is ready.'

The shaman nodded. 'That is wise. I will gather the people in the church till you have gone, that there be no shooting in the back.'

He turned at the word, and, walking to the door, passed outside. Scarcely had he crossed the threshold when Billy spoke. 'Do yo' trust ther beggar, Mista Carwyke?'

'Yes,' answered Carwyke, without hesitation. He knew nothing of Father Arloff's hints to Standifer of coming trouble among the Indians, but the man's words and bearing had convinced him of his sincerity. 'The man means every word. And——'

He broke off as a moan came from Norma, and he turned swiftly to her. The girl's eyes were open, and she was looking about her in a dazed, bewildered fashion. Instantly he dropped on his knees and raised her in his arms. 'Don't worry! You are safe, Miss Norma. In a few minutes we shall be leaving here, and Billy and I will look after you.'

Norma looked at him with uncomprehending eyes; and for a moment he feared that the shock of recent events had been too much for her mind. It was Billy who guessed the truth.

'Missy's been doped,' he said. 'Look at her eyes an' yo'll see, Mista Carwyke. They'd never hev got her in ther church but for thet, I'll swear. An' ther fellow Mardock had swallowed a knock-out drop, too, or I'm a fool. He was all abroad when I came on him tryin' to break into thet log-shed where yo' was fastened, an' he couldn't talk worth mentioning.'

Carwyke looked at the girl in his arms carefully, and after a moment decided that his friend was right. For a moment anger surged within him as he thought of the vile means Standifer must have used in the endeavour to gain his will; then, lifting the girl, he carried her to the blankets in the corner, where he laid her whilst he attended to Billy's foot. The soft-nosed bullet had passed right through it and smashed the middle cuneiform bone, leaving an extremely nasty wound. There was little that he could do at that moment except bandage the foot tightly, for the surgery that was needed was quite beyond him.

'Tidy smash-up, ain't it?' asked the sufferer.

'Yes,' Carwyke answered sympathetically.

'I'm afraid you'll go lame for life.'

Eskimo Billy laughed. 'Then thet devil Standifer is finely cheated. He meant me never even to dot an' carry one again.'

Remembering Billy's remark about his shoulder, Carwyke removed the rough bandage to examine the place. The wound was a clean one, and, thanks to the healing air of the north and the recuperative power of the man's healthy flesh, was already mending. He bound it afresh, and by the time he had finished the task the young shaman was back at the door. 'The canoe waits,' he said. 'I will help the naked-shouldered one to the bank.'

'No hurry,' broke in Eskimo Billy. 'Ain't there a shirt of that priest's I could borrow. I ain't no picture for Missy's eyes like this.'

'What did you do with your anorak, Billy?' asked Carwyke curiously, as he turned to look for any garment that might serve to cover the other's naked shoulders.

'Used it to get down here in,' answered Billy cheerfully, without offering any further explanation.

Carwyke did not press him further at the moment, but continuing his search in what had evidently been Arloff's sleeping-chamber, found a gray flannel shirt and a mackinaw coat, which he carried to Billy, who promptly put them on, and fell to laughing at their bigness. Then, Carwyke carrying Norma and one of the rifles, and Billy, also with a rifle, leaning heavily on the Indian's shoulder, they passed from the house.

Except for Mardock's body, the open place in front of the river was deserted; and in a silence that was broken only by the half-suppressed wail of a child which came from the interior of the church, they moved towards the bank. Their progress was slow, and before they reached the canoe the crying child was hushed, and the intense stillness of the village once more impressed itself upon Carwyke's mind. But for the reassuring look on the grotesquely painted face of the shaman he would have interpreted it as being inimical; and, as it was, until they reached the river-bank he did not so much

as look round. Going down to the canoe, he placed the drugged girl carefully in it, watched Billy shake the shaman's hand, and heard him voice his gratitude. 'Thanks, shaman; yo're a white man, I reckon.'

Then, whilst the Indian glanced at him inquiringly, Roy Carwyke pointed to the dead man lying in the open with clouds of flies buzzing round. 'That man was our enemy at first, but at the last he was a friend. It is not meet that he should lie there, or have the burial of a dog.'

The horned head nodded understanding. 'He shall have the burial of a warrior after the ancient tribal custom, and the women shall mourn him for three days. I, who am now the shaman, will order it so.'

'Thank you,' said Carwyke, for one moment visioning Mardock with a spear by his side, and food for his journey to the happy hunting-grounds, whilst copper-skinned women wailed dirges in the woods. Then he took his place in the canoe. The shaman thrust it out to the current, and waded back to the bank, and with the strange silence unbroken they swung forward. Once more did Carwyke look back, to see that strangely bedizened and horned figure standing on the bank watching them. He lifted his paddle in a farewell salute, the Indian waved in return, and then Eskimo Billy's voice broke the silence. 'A bloomin' medicine-man! Ther Lord be good to him, as Missy's father would hev said.'

(Continued on page 377.)

THE REMARKABLE TRAGEDY OF DUNSTAFFNAGE.

By M. E. M. DONALDSON, Author of

Wanderings in the Western Highlands and Islands, Islesmen of Bride, &c.

MOST visitors to Oban find their way to the royal Castle of Dunstaffnage, nearly midway between that town and Connel Ferry. The guide-books tell them little else than the old fiction, exploded by Dr Skene, that Scotland's ancient coronation stone, now in Westminster Abbey, once reposed here. Few people, however, are likely to find in this information a sufficiency of thrills to lift from them the sense of depression which the very dejected and neglected ruins of the castle generate. Its principal historical associations are soon told. In 1308 the Bruce took Dunstaffnage from the rebellious Macdougall, Lord of Lorn, and garrisoned it for the Crown; the famous 'Donald of the Hammer' attacked the castle to avenge his father's murder on Eilean Stalcaire by 'Colin the Green,' the then constable; and the renowned Flora Macdonald passed a few days within its walls as a prisoner on her way to Leith. If this were all, however, it were little indeed, and quite insufficient to arouse a living interest in the old castle and its vicinity amongst the majority of people. Since most guide-books—after their wont—omit to mention the most interesting thing to be seen at Dunstaffnage, probably only an inconsiderable percentage of visitors find their way to the chapel, situated, very unusually, apart from the castle in a wood some 160 yards short of it. This building, however, is much more interesting than the castle itself, and not only so by reason of its architecture, which is of an order very superior to that prevailing in typical West Highland churches.

When for the first time I approached the chapel, I at once became acutely conscious of entering into an atmosphere that suggested the brooding spirit of some bygone incident, mutely

striving to tell of a tragedy beyond the ordinary. The material environment was not sufficient to account for this impression being made upon me, though, indeed, the dark firs so closely shadowing the ivy-covered shell set the seal of gloom on the place. When I entered the ruined chapel I found I had passed out of the eerie atmosphere without, so that I was doubly sure that it was not due to the only incident of which I then knew—one only partially associated with these ruins.

That incident concerned the end of Old Colkitto, the rascally father of the great Montrose's famous lieutenant, Young Colkitto Macdonald. Old Colkitto's lurid career closed in 1647 at the siege of Dunaverty Castle in Islay, the gentleman then being seventy-seven years old. Seemingly it was owing to treachery that Old Colkitto was made prisoner and confined for a while in Dunstaffnage Castle, Campbell of Dunstaffnage, its hereditary constable, being apparently an old acquaintance of his. This circumstance, however, did not avert, or even mitigate, his fate. Evidently with an eye to fitting as nearly as possible the punishment to his crimes, the old pirate was hanged from the mast of his own galley. This extemporised gallows was placed over a cleft in the rock through which the road to Connel now cuts, the rock itself being then part of the 'hill of hanging,' without which no Highland castle was properly equipped. Tradition says that, in accordance with his dying request, Old Colkitto was interred near to the place where Campbell of Dunstaffnage himself would be buried, that so they might be enabled to exchange snuff out of each other's snuff-mulls! Obviously the memory of an incident of this

nature would at once dissipate any sense of overhanging tragedy—if, indeed, a hoary villain like Old Colkitto was capable of creating an atmosphere at all approximating that of which I was sensible.

On the second occasion I had the same experience, for which, again, I still knew nothing to account. The atmosphere once more conveyed, by the intensity of its oppression, the idea of striving to become articulate. Before I returned the third time, however, it was a matter of great satisfaction and intense interest to me to have discovered the explanation of these eerie impressions. It was the tale of a very strange tragedy that had enveloped the chapel in an atmosphere so local that its absence from the interior was equally extraordinary. The apparent reason for this will be obvious later.

But since the vicinity of the chapel of Dunstaffnage was but the scene of the climax of a series of little-known happenings in Highland history, a brief account of these interesting incidents must precede any relation of the remarkable tragedy of Dunstaffnage. This tragedy is concerned with the history of the lordship of Lorn, founded by Dougal, progenitor of the Macdougals, and the eldest son of Somerled, Lord of the Isles. It was through lack of an heir, and the marriage of the two co-heiresses of the last Macdougal with two Stewart brothers, that, in 1386, the lordship of Lorn passed to the Stewarts.

Sir John Stewart, locally known as 'Lipper (leprous) John,' and reckoned the third of Lorn, had, by his first wife, three daughters only. These in due course were married to three lairds of the Campbells, a family that had not yet attained to the power they subsequently acquired through the exercise of those methods that are associated with the clan. But amongst the three husbands was Colin Campbell, who had already become first Earl of Argyll, and he, with the astuteness never lacking in his house, was ever on the outlook for subtle means whereby to strengthen and consolidate the Campbell position and influence. But Sir John Stewart's dispositions soon made it very evident that he had no idea of allowing the lordship of Lorn to pass out of the Stewart family. By every step he took to secure the lordship after his death Sir John proved himself to be a man of great ability and foresight, with one purpose, steadily pursued, kept ever before his eyes.

It was apparently after his first wife's death that, on his way back from the Tryst at Crieff, Sir John met in Glenfillan a wedding-party of the Maclarens of Ardveich. The Lord of Lorn joined the merry company, and promptly fell in love with the daughter of the chief. By her he had a natural son, Dugald, and it was this son whom Sir John wished primarily to succeed him. But before taking the necessary step to legitimise the boy, the Lord of Lorn sought to

entrench Dugald's position by every means that his far-seeing wisdom could dictate. Danger he anticipated might arise in three quarters. There were the ambitions of Argyll, all the more to be guarded against because the methods by which he advanced them seldom appeared on the surface. There was the envy of the chief of Clan Dougal, who was in the undignified and anomalous position of being without either castle or lands in the country where, formerly, his ancestors held full sway. There was Sir John's next heir, Walter, the eldest of his four brothers, a weak and unreliable man, who would prove a pliant tool in the hands of any one who chose to make use of him. Thus the Lord of Lorn's first concern was to deal with all these threatening contingencies by making various dispositions designed to placate these several potential enemies. The successive steps by which Sir John sought to assure Dugald's position are of interest, if only to illustrate the shrewdness and other statesman-like qualities that characterised this Lord of Lorn.

Dugald was born in 1445. In 1448-49 the marriage contract was drawn up by which Sir John's three daughters received honourable provision of lands, all carefully specified. Sir John next proceeded, in 1451, to draw up a deed granting, with great generosity, to his kinsman, John M'Alan M'Coule (the ancient form of Macdougal), several lands in Lorn, all duly enumerated, and conferred on him and his successors the hereditary bailiesship of Lorn. But as events were to prove, the drawing up of this deed was not equivalent to drawing the Macdougal tooth, as Sir John had fondly hoped. The Lord of Lorn then came to an understanding with his kinsman, James II., by which he resigned all his lands into the hands of the Crown, only to receive them back in order to render his position impregnable. This was accomplished by two charters that Sir John received from the Crown, both dated 20th June 1452, securing to himself and his lawful heirs male, whom failing to his four brothers successively and their lawful heirs male, beyond whom even further heirs male were designated, the lordship of Lorn and all other dignities appertaining to Sir John which, together with their lands, are all most clearly set forth. It is abundantly plain from all this that Sir John Stewart took every possible precaution both to exclude his daughters from any share in the lordship of Lorn, and to ensure against its alienation from the Stewart family through their marriages.

All these prescient settlements having been made, the time had come at length when Sir John Stewart could consummate his dispositions by taking the step that would legitimise his only son, Dugald. Thus in 1463 a messenger was sent to Ardveich (on the north shore of Loch Earn) summoning Dugald and his mother

to meet the Lord of Lorn at his fortress of Dunstaffnage, where the marriage was to take place. The bridal party, with pipes playing and banners flying, duly set out on the journey, supported by an escort of Stewarts from Lorn and Maclarens from Balquhiddar. According to a Maclaren tradition, on the way Dugald was intercepted by an old spaewife, who asked, 'Whither are you going to-day?' Dugald replied, 'What is that to you, old woman? I am going to receive some little justice.' 'Well,' returned the spaewife, 'I have something to say to you. I have had a dream that as you have been known for eighteen years as Dugald of Ardveich, so you will be for twenty-eight years known as head of the Stewarts of Lorn.'

There are still extant some Gaelic verses written by one of the clan bards to commemorate this memorable occasion. Freely translated, they run as follows:

'That day you left Lochearnside with your gentle mother on your arm, you were a hero tall and powerful, and well did your mountain dress adorn you.

'Before you was a banner and a pipe playing gladly; your sword naked and gleaming in your hand; your company the youth of Clan Laurin—men tall, sprightly, and full of activity.

'Young Dugald, akin you are to him now wearing the royal crown; and in your pulses is flowing gleefully the blood which makes you of a mighty race.

'Great will be the feast in yon Dun in the west when, with graceful courtesy, you both reach it.

'Now may health and bliss never failing attend the wife now leaving for Dunstaffnage!'

It was on 20th December 1463 that this wedding, constituting one of the most remarkable marriage ceremonies on record, took place. Naturally to the nuptials of the Lord of Lorn came his kinsmen and clansmen from far and wide, and amongst the former was Alan M'Coule, second son of the chief Macdougall. The Stewart tradition states that it was when the wedding procession was nearing the chapel that M'Coule sprang suddenly out of the crowd, and thrust his dirk with fatal effect into a vital part of Sir John. That the murderer and his accomplices were able to escape was doubtless due to the paralysing effect that this utterly unexpected happening must have had upon all the company. Dugald Stewart, as a true Highland son, would have instantly gone in pursuit of his father's murderer but for the officiating priest's earnest representation. He urged the necessity for delaying thoughts of vengeance in order that the marriage might still take place. Sir John still breathed, though his moments were obviously numbered. Indeed, so far gone was the bridegroom, that it was only with the priest's assistance that Sir John was able, in an expiring

effort, to place the ring on his bride's finger in the presence of the awe-stricken gathering of people.

Alan M'Coule, the murderer, was clearly actuated by the desire to be rid of a formidable obstacle in the path of Macdougall ambitions, for Sir John's generosity had done nothing to abate Macdougall designs to recover their lost lordship of Lorn. Probably Argyll made skilful use of this knowledge, for there is little doubt that, if Alan M'Coule's deed was not directly instigated, it was at least encouraged, by Argyll himself, who, as usual, carefully kept in the background. It would appear, too, that Walter Stewart, an easy tool in Argyll's hand, was also privy to the assassination. As next heir to Lorn if his brother's marriage were frustrated, he had everything to gain by the murder, which Argyll was astute enough to see was also the first step towards the attainment of *his* own ambition, likewise the acquisition of the much-coveted lordship of Lorn.

With the incident of this strange wedding in death, Dunstaffnage passes out of the story, the sequel of which, however, may be briefly summarised in order to complete the tale of the last Stewart Lords of Lorn. The incident of the extraordinary happening at Dunstaffnage spread into every quarter of Lorn, though those whose plottings were temporarily foiled by the marriage ceremony were able to prevent the news reaching the Scottish capital. In Lorn itself, Dugald Stewart was at once accepted by all the clansmen as their rightful lord, and during his lifetime the men of Lorn followed him most faithfully. But behind his back in Edinburgh Dugald's claim was disputed by his false uncle, Walter, who, with the support of Argyll, as Justiciary of Scotland, succeeded in securing recognition of his claim. Though no one in Lorn would follow Walter, the irresistible force of might overrode Dugald's right, and he was compelled to give up to Walter the greater part of Lorn, retaining only the district of Appin, of which he became first chief. Now the climax of these complex intrigues is reached. In return for Argyll's support, Walter, whilst retaining other Stewart possessions and titles, made over Lorn to the wily earl, who thus, by tortuous methods and without striking a blow, attained his ambitions, so that now the Duke of Argyll includes the lordship of Lorn among his titles. As for poor, unfortunate Dugald Stewart, his unquiet career came to an end in 1497, when he fell in a battle in Glenorchy.

Dunstaffnage, as the scene of this double death-blow—to Sir John and virtually to the Stewart tenure of the lordship—may rightly be regarded as the shrine of Lorn memories of old time. And for those who know the tale of this wedding tragedy, the ghost of Sir John Stewart will always seem to haunt the frowning precincts of the ruined chapel of Dunstaffnage.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

SMALL-GAME SHOOTING IN CANADA.

PART I.

I.

SOME years ago a friend of mine built himself a barn on the border of one of our great northern lakes. He called it a bungalow, and I understand that, since then, it has been improved into a really good shooting-lodge. At the time I speak of, the planks whereof it was composed were thin, and you could see the stars at night through the cracks and the knot-holes.

We got caught there one winter, having succumbed to the temptation of an unusually late fall and stayed on too late into the month of November. The duck-shooting was superb. The mallards had been fattening on the stubble until they weighed about four pounds apiece, and dropped into the lake with a resounding splash that was satisfactory evidence of a clean shot. The cold snap came on quite suddenly. One day there was just a thin glassy fringe round the shore-line, and the next we were breaking ice for nearly three-quarters of an hour, by down-driven thrusts of improvised poles and the butt-ends of our paddles, before we could get the canoes into open water. By three o'clock in the afternoon we had to turn it up. I had on all the clothes a man could well accumulate on his person and yet leave himself free to get his gun to his shoulder. But the wind perforated corduroy coats and woollen sweaters as if they had been thin summer pyjamas, and every drop of water on the gun-barrels congealed at once into a sort of clear, solid jelly.

We put out from our 'hides' and paddled vigorously round, picking up our dead birds, in the hope of rekindling a little warmth in our frozen bodies, if possible, by sheer hard exercise, but it was no good. The duck were flying beautifully, but our fingers were almost too numb to handle the paddles, let alone the guns. And so, reluctantly and half-ashamed, we returned to our shack, and spent the rest of the day cramming wood into the stove with reckless prodigality.

Next morning our water-pails were solid ice and our sponges lumps of coral. We spent that day on land, shooting prairie-chicken, without much success, for the birds were wild and we

were too busy walking fast in order to keep warm to be careful about approaching them. The following day we piled all our camping-outfit onto a big farm-wagon, which is called a 'democrat' here, and started off for our long drive to the railroad. We had a big bag of game with us, the result of some weeks of shooting, and it fell to my lot to pitch bunches of frozen duck and prairie-chicken from the cart onto the platform of the little station. I can hear now the ringing smack with which they landed on the planks; if you had had your back turned you would have sworn I was throwing wooden decoys. Half-an-hour later we were heaping maledictions on the nigger-porter for overheating the car, and shedding all the clothes we could consistently with the conventions of civilisation. We swore a solemn oath never to be caught that way again, and we have kept it, largely because the barn is now a pukka bungalow, and, with a proper supply of wood, you can be comfortable there in the coldest weather.

All this is the dark side of the shield; there is another, and a very different one. It was only a year or two later that my companion started off in his canoe one morning and came back to lunch with thirty odd duck. In the afternoon he picked up ten brace of prairie-chicken, and, on his way home, shot over a small swamp and bagged about the same number of snipe—all to his own gun. Now just consider how much an Old Country man would pay in rental for such shooting as that implies.

The railway 'folders' and the moving-picture exhibits of shooting in the Dominion usually 'feature' moose, caribou, and wapiti, or mountain-sheep and grizzly bears, and pay little attention to the 'small deer'—grouse, wildfowl, snipe, woodcock, &c., in which Canada abounds. The number of big-game hunters is limited, if only because it is a rich man's sport. Such shooting as I have been talking of really costs a resident very little more than the price of his cartridges.

I have shot duck in times gone by, year after year, when a party of eight or ten of us, including sometimes women and children, camped for weeks on the shores of one or other of the big lakes. We were twenty or thirty miles from

the nearest white man, and we took very little with us in the shape of provisions, beyond flour, tea, sugar, oatmeal, maple syrup, and a certain amount of bacon, in case of accidents.

There was a wooden building, very much like a small cricket-pavilion, facing the lake and about a couple of hundred yards from the water's edge. At each end of this was a small room where the women and the children slept. The main space (where the spectators would sit in a pavilion) was our general sitting-room. This had a kind of wooden curtain, which could be let down at night, and, as it opened outwards, could be propped up by poles, thus converting the front into a sort of veranda during the daytime. We found it better eventually to build a separate hut for a dining and store room near-by, and erected that ourselves with such tools (mainly a couple of axes) as we brought with us. Here we kept all our provisions on shelves, as we were pestered by a number of Indian train-dogs, whose owners were camping on the opposite bank of the river. The brutes would swim across at night and devour anything they could get at—they would bite through a can of tomatoes or preserved fruit as though it were paper.

The door bothered us for a time, as there were no hinges to be procured within fifty miles, till at last some genius suggested cutting strips of dried bacon-rind and nailing them on to serve the purpose. This idea was hailed with enthusiasm, and we spent a long time swinging that door to and fro to show how beautifully it worked. A couple of nights later we heard a terrific row round the hut, and lay in our tents chuckling gleefully over the superior efficiency of the human brain. The racket lasted so long, however, that we turned out to drive the dogs away. Then we discovered that those four-legged burglars had eaten our door-hinges, and were on the table pulling our shelves down. After that we loaded a number of cartridges with coarse salt, and made things so unpleasant for them that they remained on their own side of the river.

II.

The first night we arrived in camp we stretched a net, about four feet deep, across the mouth of the neighbouring channel. We turned out in the morning about daybreak and ran across the sand for a swim, after which we got into our flannels and walked up and down the beach eating our porridge. Then we got out the canoes and overhauled the net. One day we failed to find it, and concluded it had been torn away by a heavy gale from the north which had been blowing all night. Two or three days later we spotted one of the floats in the reeds up-channel, and then recovered the net, so full of fish that it took us more than half a day to disentangle them. We always threw back what

we didn't need for food, but there was never any lack of fresh fish for breakfast.

After that we got into our canoes and started for a two-mile paddle up the river till we struck a cross-channel leading into the big swamps.

To the average Old Country man the word 'swamp' suggests mud, but, although there were mud-banks here and there, these swamps were mainly great lagoons of fresh water, stretching away for miles inland, and studded all over with islets of reeds. It was the easiest thing in the world to lose yourself there—the Hampton Court maze was mere child's play compared with them; but with a general idea of the points of the compass one could always find one's way out. Still we did once hear plaintive cries for assistance about daybreak, and found a nearly crazy man who had been out all night. He was on foot, had lost his way, and was leaning on his gun, afraid to move lest he should sink in the soft mud. He was too exhausted to shout, and was moaning and weeping, and—as usually happens on these occasions—was within ten easy strides of the mainland, and had never been in any real danger.

Once away from the main channel we would pick a promising patch of reeds with plenty of clear water round it or in front of it, so that we could see where our birds fell, and drive the canoe right into it with two or three strong strokes of the paddle. Then we grasped a handful of reeds, twisted them round so as to serve as a rope, and tied them round the thwarts, fore and aft, so that the canoe became a steady platform to shoot from. If there were two guns on board, one man faced forward and the other astern, each having his cartridge-bag open on the bottom of the canoe in front of him. By this means each could cover half the horizon and, when he saw ducks approaching, could quietly warn his companion to be on the look-out, right or left, as the case might be.

On a windy day wedges and skeins of ducks would be flying in all directions, and I have shot till my gun became so hot I had to dip the barrels in the water to cool them. The main difficulty lay in collecting the birds afterwards. At this job an Indian was worth a dozen white men. I remember well my first experience of this work. At the end of an hour I must have had a dozen birds or so down near my first 'hide.' Then my Indian paddler suggested collecting these and moving elsewhere. Five minutes after we had picked up the first bird I couldn't have found the original 'hide' again, let alone the remaining birds. And yet my Indian picked them up unerringly one after the other, twisting and winding up and down narrow channels and across open spaces as if he carried a complete chart in his brain—which he probably did. On these occasions our lunch consisted usually of a bar of chocolate and an apple, although on

a very long or cold day we would take a kettle and some tea. How we were going to boil that water was a mystery to me in my tenderfoot days, and yet it was quite simple. The Indian produced a small faggot of sticks from somewhere (an Indian will boil a kettle with the wood a white man will use to start a fire), grabbed a handful of reeds on each side of the canoe, bent them over and plaited them together into a sort of platform. On this he disposed his little faggot, arched over more reeds on which to hang his kettle, and the water was boiling cheerfully before the reeds were more than barely singed.

We usually wore old flannel or duck trousers, and woollen sweaters of some shade that matched our surroundings. One day I remember I had on a green sweater speckled with yellow, just the same colour as the reeds. On my head was a straw hat—price thirty cents in the general store of the nearest settlement. Round the hat I had twisted a garland of reeds, and, as these grew higher than my head all round me, I flattered myself I was pretty well concealed. I had broken a clear space in front of me so that I could see to shoot, and I was considerably less surprised than were the duck when a flock of teal volplaned down very nearly on to my hat-brim. At about eighteen yards they opened up just right, and I pulled both triggers quick, one after the other, and had two miss-fires. I shall never get such a chance again as long as I live, and I spent the rest of the afternoon composing the speech I was going to make when I returned to civilisation to the man who sold me those cartridges. They were made by some new manufacturer in the States, and I have no doubt that to-day he is a billionaire as the result of selling defective ammunition to the Allies through the earlier years of the war.

Another day I nearly got a chance of bagging a bird and a fish with the same shot. Perhaps it is as well I didn't succeed, or my reputation would have been that of the man who killed the big tarpon. He had it stuffed and presented it to his club, and overheard a visitor one day remark, 'The man who caught that fish is an infernal liar.'

The way of it was this. I was crossing a stretch of open water in a canoe, with my gun in my hand, and an Indian paddling in the stern. There was a solitary duck ahead of me, and I paid very little attention to him at first, as I was quite sure he would be up and off before I got within shot of him. Still he remained where he was so long that I had begun to consider the chance of a long shot, when he suddenly dived with a tremendous swirl. There was something queer about the way he went down, and the Indian got very

much excited, crying out, 'Big fess! big fess!' His keen eyes had spotted a huge pike grabbing the luckless bird from below. He asserted positively that he would come up again, so I got my gun ready and kept a sharp look-out on my left, which was the direction in which he was heading when he disappeared.

Unluckily he broke water about twenty or thirty yards on the other side of me, and it is not easy to swing round quickly when you are kneeling, cramped up in the bows of a canoe. Before I could shoot he was down again. He came up a second time, but too close for a shot, so close indeed that the Indian struck at him with his paddle and only just missed him. That was the last we saw of him, but had he got up where I was expecting him to on the former occasion, I could hardly have missed him, and as the pike was hanging on like a bulldog, I should in all probability have bagged the brace.

Every day or two the squaws from the Indian camp used to paddle across with pails full of wild raspberries or wild plums, which they would sell for a few cents, or trade for tobacco or discarded clothes. The annual shoot afforded an excellent opportunity for getting rid of old socks, flannels, and such like; we would wear them to rags and then pass them on to the Indians, who accepted them gratefully, and wore them on Sundays to the little mission church, hidden away in the willows, where they had a native preacher who had been a member of one of the expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin.

Furthermore, we usually took a small supply of medicines with us in case of sickness. I never remember an occasion on which we needed any ourselves, and, on the last day, we used to parade the neighbouring Indians and distribute all the stuff we had no use for. The medicine was always in request, especially the seidlitz powders, for they had an idea that the effervescence was exhilarating. When the preacher came to dine with us, as he always did once or twice a week, we invariably gave him a dose of paregoric to drink with his meal, and his grace both before and after was so fervent and long as to make us rather ashamed of ourselves. Nothing in the world would have induced him to touch alcohol, for he was a very conscientious old gentleman, but somehow the production of the paregoric bottle unfailingly provoked a beatific smile. Being Indians, they were quite incapable of storing up for a rainy day, and they always finished the medicine then and there, dividing it up into equal shares. We took care to be ten or twenty miles away before the trouble began.

(Continued on page 394.)

FORESTALLED.

CHAPTER III.

SLOWLY the red mist of wrath and battle faded from before Tom's eyes. He blinked feebly, like one dazzled by a sudden burst of unexpected sunshine. He passed his hand over his face to wipe away the blood and sweat that prevented him from seeing clearly. He perceived that there was standing between him and his adversary a small and lovely figure, that of a young girl, very graceful in her bearing, with clear-cut, delicately-chiselled features, her head crowned by a mass of golden curls, and with wonderfully bright blue eyes, in which wonder and surprise were now beginning to give way to a flashing indignation. Lifting one tiny hand with a gesture that was somehow oddly formidable, as though it indicated a strange and hidden strength that she possessed, she said in a clear and ringing tone, 'What has been happening? What have you been doing? Dad——?'

'It warn't me, Joyce; it warn't, honest,' declared Tom's late adversary with undisguised anxiety.

Tom, staring bewilderedly at his enemy, saw that the fierce glare of combat had faded from his eyes, that his lips were no longer grimly set, but curved into a timid and propitiatory smile, that his whole air and manner had changed all at once to a deprecatory bearing that might have been that of a dry-goods salesman trying to explain to an angry customer why he had been selling inferior stock at a high price. And this change in one whom he had known as so stout and strong an adversary astonished Tom very greatly, and would have astonished him still more, only that he felt that some sort of similar change had happened to himself.

He felt Joyce's clear and severe and indignant eyes rest upon him for one scorching moment, and he wished they wouldn't. Why should she look at him as though he were some specially obnoxious worm? To his relief she turned that disconcerting gaze of hers from him to her father, and said coldly, 'Please tell me how this happened.'

'Came for me like a mad bull, he did,' declared her father, 'hollering and shouting most outrageous, and first thing I knew, there he was, trying to use me for a punching-ball. What could I do, Joyce? Put yourself in my place,' he begged her. 'Wouldn't you have done just the same as me?'

'You promised me faithfully,' Joyce said coldly, but little touched by this pathetic plea, 'that you would never fight any one again.'

'I know I did,' confessed her father sadly, 'seeing you made me, but this wasn't no fight.

He just came for me like a mad bull, and, before I knew it, there I was, trying to keep my end up and no more.'

'Well, I call it disgraceful, and very disgusting as well,' declared Joyce, only half accepting these excuses. She whirled round on the still bewildered Tom. 'Who are you?' she demanded. 'And what do you mean by it?'

Tom blinked again and gasped, but did not speak. It struck him as the most curious and interesting circumstance he had ever known, that though he was still upon his knees his head was almost on a level with hers, and he found himself watching with wonder the golden glory of her curls above her white and level brow.

'Well?' she snapped indignantly.

He tried to say something, but when he opened his lips no words came, and then he perceived, with a shame and horror beyond words, that his shirt was split from throat to waist.

'Oh my!' he muttered, his whole body one enormous blush, and sinking in upon himself in a way that the heaviest blow had never made him do, he put out a desperate and grasping hand to reach his coat.

'Can't you speak?' demanded the girl. 'Are you dumb as well as savage and a brute?'

Even in the anguish of his tormented modesty that feared hers had been troubled, Tom heard and writhed at these rebuking words. But in fact he was for the moment dumb and utterly unable to speak. However, he managed at last to reach his coat, and he felt a little better when he had pulled it over his shoulders.

Joyce turned to her father and said, 'Is he really dumb? Do you think he can't speak?'

'Dumb nothing,' declared her father emphatically. 'You just ought to have heard the way he hollered when he went for me the way he did. Plumb crazy he may be, but about as dumb as a roaring bull.'

'Well, but,' argued Joyce, 'why doesn't he answer when I speak to him?'

'Expect,' remarked her father virtuously, 'he's ashamed.'

Tom, still upon his knees, threw a menacing glance at his adversary. It meant, all right, he wouldn't forget that, and when the chance came—— But, unfortunately, Joyce caught this look thrown at her father, and was evidently most unfavourably impressed. Certainly she had made her father promise to quit fighting, and she meant to keep him strictly to his word—no excuse accepted—but all the same evidently he had to be forgiven if he had simply been attacked by a dumb maniac, as she was now

beginning to suppose Tom must be. But she felt she must try once more to see if she could get a reasonable answer out of the big, hulking fellow.

'Will you please tell me,' she demanded, 'who you are, and what you want, and why you were fighting my father?'

'I didn't know he was your father,' declared Tom; 'hadn't a notion in the world.'

'And I wasn't fighting him,' urged Joyce's parent. 'It was—self-defence,' he cried with a sort of joyous triumph at having at last found a phrase so splendidly exculpatory—'just self-defence.'

'I was here first,' urged Tom. 'I only told him he had to git. Of course I hadn't an idea in the world he was your father.'

Joyce made a helpless gesture with both hands, as if abandoning the attempt to understand, and her father exclaimed, 'There, you see. Ain't that just what I said? "Git," he says, and before I could ask him civil and kind-like what for why, he caught me a wallop in the eye, making it same as you see. What else could you have done yourself, Joyce, but hit him back just as hard as you knew how?'

'You hit me first; you got the first one in,' protested Tom, stung to protest by this shameless perversion of the truth.

'Well, as it seems you can speak when you want to,' said Joyce, 'will you please tell me who you are, and what you want?'

Tom subsided into silence again. He felt quite unable to explain who he was—always a large and difficult question—and as for what he wanted, why, he hardly knew that himself—only that whatever it was, he wanted it very badly. But he felt strongly that it was not fair to throw a man into such a conflicting whirlpool of wonder and emotion, and then fire off at him questions of so bewildering a nature.

So he did not answer, and Joyce thought he was sulky, and surveyed him with a disapproval more marked than even before. Nor was he at the moment an altogether prepossessing object, for he was covered almost from head to foot with perspiration, blood, and earth, his clothing was torn, his features bruised and swollen. Indeed, in spite of the fact that neither man was really damaged to any serious degree, the amount of blood they had managed to extract from each other, and the general condition of themselves, and of the scene of conflict, would have done credit to a miniature battlefield. With her little air of disgust she turned away. 'Horrible,' she said; 'I think the man's a fool as well as a brute.'

'That's about it,' declared her father with an unctuous approval that made Tom yearn for the chance to hit him twice as hard and twice as often as he had so far succeeded in doing. 'You've got him just about sized up, Joyce.'

'I hain't, neither,' Tom burst out.

Joyce swung round on him abruptly; and a little as if speaking to a peculiarly ill-conditioned child incapable of understanding anything except severity, she said, 'You can speak when you want—just listen. Tell me who you are, and what you want, and why you attacked my father?'

'I didn't,' protested Tom. 'I only told him he had to git.'

'Why?'

'I was here first,' Tom urged. 'I've been looking for this valley for five years—how I've looked! Well, when I found it, I just turned my back to get my stores up, and he slipped in—it made me mad. If he had been here first I wouldn't have said a word—but for him to slip in like that when I had only turned my back after five years' search! Well, I told him he had to quit, that's all.'

'You had no right,' decided Joyce. 'There was no one here when we made our camp ten days ago, and there's no claim pegged out. We've as good a right here as you, and as good a right to try out where we want to.'

Tom, who by now had got to his feet, shuffled uncomfortably. This was putting things in a new light. It occurred to him that possibly in the shock of his disappointment he had acted too hastily. He did not speak, and Joyce surveyed him with increasing severity, more and more unfavourably impressed every moment. 'If you think you've any grievance, you can complain to the Mounted Police,' she said; 'but surely the valley's big enough for us both?'

'Just what I said to him,' declared Joyce's father, much pleased, 'and then he went for me like a mad bull. "Git," he says; and I says, as polite and nice as pie, that if he hadn't any real objection, and it wasn't really troubling him too much, we should think it awful kind if he would be so good as to be so obliging—'

'That'll do, dad,' interrupted Joyce, who did not recognise in this speech her father's usual style.

'My, he can lie,' declared Tom with a certain awe; 'most as well as he can fight.'

'Apparently,' said Joyce, 'from what you say, you think you have some claim on this valley, and you make a brutal attack on us to try to force us to go away. Well,' said Joyce firmly, 'we aren't going, no matter what you do.'

Not going! He hoped to goodness she wasn't. Why, the mere suggestion was enough to throw him into a panic. Heavens above, if necessary he was prepared to drop upon his knees again to beg her to remain.

'Please understand that once and for all,' continued Joyce with undiminished firmness. 'We are not going away from here to please you.' (To please him, the overwhelming, the

incredible irony of it!) 'We intend to try out when and where we think fit, and if you don't interfere with us we sha'n't interfere with you. You seem,' she went on slowly, emphatically, and devastatingly, 'to be an exceedingly unpleasant person. You can't answer when you are spoken to; you appear to be as stupid as you are sulky and brutal; you try to drive away people who have as much right here as you; you make my father fight you when he had promised me ever so faithfully to quit fighting for good; and,' she added thoughtfully, 'you look very horrible and disgusting as well. So will you please go away and not come near us any more.'

She paused, a little breathless. Tom had not missed a word she said, any more than the condemned criminal misses a word of the doom that sentences him to death. With the air of one who has said, and said well, all that is necessary, she turned again to her father. 'Just look at your shirt,' she exclaimed despairingly—'and it's the best one. And your trousers, too—and the only pair you've got. It'll be hours before I can make you look decent again. Gracious, your eyes and your ear as well. And whatever can I make a bandage of when we're so short of everything? If it isn't simply just too bad.'

CHAPTER IV.

RUEFULLY enough, indignant and depressed, Tom watched the two vanish within their shack, and then he went a little way off and sat down under a tree and tried to think things out.

The chief sensation he felt was that of an extreme and bitter resentment against the eternal injustice of things, especially as exemplified in the recent brief address wherein Joyce had summed up his character and his career. How she hated him, how she despised him, how completely the flash of her eyes and the ringing tone of her voice had wiped him out of the list of those created objects worthy of her consideration! He supposed that for her he no longer even existed, and this impression made him very sad and very angry. He perceived that for his part he disliked Joyce more than he did any other living creature.

This surprised him somewhat, for the sensation was not one of which hitherto he had been aware, but now he experienced it with overwhelming strength. 'Brute, am I?' he muttered darkly; 'and disgusting, am I? and very ugly as well—and she don't want to have anything more to do with me? Anyway, I don't want to have any more to do with her, the little wild cat.' This expression pleased him greatly, and he repeated it aloud. 'Wild cat,' he said; 'that's what she is, and I'm sorry for any man that marries her—I am so.'

He shook his head gravely as he reflected on the awful future before the man who married Joyce, and he only wished he had a chance to pound the fellow, whoever he might be, into a jelly, the jelliest jelly that ever was. Not, of course, that he had the least wish to marry a wild cat himself, but the mere thought of any one else doing it—at least when the wild cat bore the name of Joyce—was frankly intolerable. Any such person would have to be—well, simply hammered.

'And then likely she would be madder than ever,' mused Big Tom Moore disconsolately. 'Wonder why girls is so powerful set against fighting when it's the easiest honest way there is to settle things.'

He shook his head sadly over this unfortunate feminine prejudice; and then as he meditated on the many mysteries through which leads the path that mankind has to tread, he remembered having heard of a man of the name of Billy Mervyn, generally known now as Old Man Mervyn, who was well known in the country as a prospector, and who was often accompanied on his trips by his daughter. Presumably, therefore, these two were Old Man Mervyn and his girl. And the shaft they had begun to sink was as near as possible on the precise spot where Tom himself had intended to start operations.

Not that Tom felt he cared about finding the gold now—or about anything else in the world for that matter. Life had become for him a bare and bitter and melancholy desert in which it was impossible to take any interest. When one was a brute, and a great stupid as well, and very ugly, too, what is there left to one but to sit apart and brood upon these lamentable facts?

He rose slowly, and proceeding to the creek, there removed from face and body the signs of the recent conflict. Then, with a certain amount of trepidation, for he was not sure that the door of the shack might not suddenly open and Joyce emerge to overwhelm him with a fresh torrent of denunciation, he returned to recover his pack, which he had thrown down near it. He went about this business very slowly; he stopped to cough once or twice, he kept an eye steadily on the shack, but nothing happened, and he felt he disliked Joyce more even than he had believed before.

'Thinks I'm no account,' he muttered; 'thinks I ain't worth even looking at; means to have nothing to do with me! All right. We'll see about that, we will; and, anyways, I was here first, and I ain't going to be scared away by no wild cat calling names.'

This decision arrived at, he felt much better and more cheerful. That was, he supposed, because by such a determination he gave himself still a chance to be the first to find the gold; and the idea that the rise in his spirits was also due to the fact that his decision

involved remaining in the vicinity of Joyce, and consequently seeing her again, never once occurred to him, for he was convinced that he detested her more than words could tell.

'No wild cats for me when I've made my pile,' he thought as he started work. 'It'll be hard luck days all the time for the man who marries her.' He drove his pick into the ground with a kind of vicious energy, as though he were aiming the blow at his deadliest enemy, as in imagination he was, for he pictured that blow as arriving on the head of Joyce's possible future husband.

He had been working for some time, and he had made good progress, for even at ordinary moments there was no better man of his hands to be found in all that territory, and to-day he was working like a man inspired, when he became aware that some one had drawn near and was watching him incredulously. He worked all the harder for that; earth and stones fairly spouted beneath shovel and pick, and then he heard a voice, of which he felt he knew every accent only too well, cry out loudly, 'Oh, look! look! No white man would do a thing like that.'

'Huh!' said Tom; and in the hole he had dug, in which he was sunk nearly to the waist, he leaned on the handle of his spade and glared defiantly at Joyce and her father.

For he knew that he was wrong; he knew that he was hopelessly in the wrong—and he didn't care a fig. This spot where he had begun to dig was but a few yards away from that where Mervyn and his daughter had started to sink their shaft, and to begin work so close to another man's shaft was to outrage every courtesy and convention of the country. No self-respecting prospector would ever have dreamed of committing such an outrage. If you suspect another man has made a strike, you may, of course, follow, to obtain your share of his good-fortune, which, after all, he has no right to keep entirely to himself. But you must respect the decencies; you must not begin your work right on top of his; you must give him fair-play and elbow-room. And all this Big Tom Moore knew as well as any man, and would, the week before, have hammered or pounded to a jelly, or otherwise rebuked and corrected, any living soul suggesting he would ever ignore these general decencies. But now he just didn't care, and there he stood and glared at Joyce; and she said again, her voice vibrant with indignation, 'No white man——'

'Huh!' said Big Tom Moore, and sent flying a fresh shovelful of earth.

Old Man Mervyn was hovering impatiently in the background, held back only by Joyce's restraining hand; but this shovelful of earth was more than he could bear, and he came forward furiously. 'Joyce,' he wailed, 'I'm bound to let up on that promise—I am so—he

ain't got no right, no sort of right whatever. Joyce, let me start in and lay him out.'

For a moment—a moment and no more—Joyce wavered. The case was flagrant. No decent man would do such a thing. If ever an appeal to force was justified—and her father could whip almost any one, and had already declared and protested that he had been on the point of whipping this stranger when her appearance had ended the battle—perhaps for just this once. . . . She recovered herself just in time, for her father had seen her hesitation and was already in the act of removing his coat.

She checked him with a quick gesture. 'Remember—you promised,' she said warningly; 'you promised you never would, never, never——'

'Joyce,' he urged pleadingly; 'I never meant——'

But she took no notice, and drawing a step or two nearer to Tom leaning on the handle of his shovel, she cried, 'Oh, aren't you ashamed to be so mean?'

'Huh!' said Tom slowly. 'When a fellow's been told he's a bully'—she nodded with heartfelt agreement—'and a skunk'—and again her agreement was obvious—'and ugly as well, not to mention a whole heap of other things . . .'

'Exactly,' said Joyce. 'I'm so glad we're both of the same opinion.'

Tom glared more horribly even than before. He had not expected that, and he realised that he was outmatched. In words she scored, but words wouldn't make him budge. He said sullenly, 'Well, then, when a fellow's all that, you can't wonder at what he does.'

'No,' agreed Joyce, even more amiably, 'you can't. It's only hard luck for us, just as it would have been if we had wanted to try out a place we found full of snakes.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Tom, quite staggered, for he had never supposed she would go so far as to call him a snake, and he felt that now indeed the limit had been reached.

'But we sha'n't quit for all that,' she declared, 'so you needn't think it.—Dad, we're playing in hard luck, having a——' She paused to search for the appropriate word, and at last, though with obvious hesitation, compromised on 'man,' '—in having a man like him around, but we'll just take no notice and go right ahead.'

Old Man Mervyn sighed. 'Things being as they are,' he said, 'I can't think you're acting right, Joyce, in holding me to a promise that, anyway, I only made because I had to, you saying you would go for a teacher down east if I didn't; and if only you'll give the word I'll undertake to lay him out that flat he won't take no interest in nothing more for a month of Sundays.'

'Huh!' said Big Tom Moore disdainfully, but also warily watchful lest a sudden attack should take him at a disadvantage.

'Dad,' said Joyce, 'a promise is a promise, and can't ever be broken. Now we'll start work.'

They turned away, and went back to where they had begun their shaft. Old Man Mervyn descended it. By the aid of a rough windlass they had installed, Joyce hauled up the earth her father shovelled in below. The silence of the valley resounded only to the blows of picks upon the hard gravel, to the fall of loose earth

thrown from shovel or pail, to the creaking of the windlass as Joyce hauled up bucket after bucket; and still Tom worked like a man possessed, burrowing ever deeper and deeper towards the former bed of the stream, where he hoped to find signs to tell him whether the rich pocket for which he sought was above or below—or had any real existence at all.

(Continued on page 388.)

A CHRISTMAS HAIL-STORM AT PRETORIA.

By DAISY MOUNTAIN.

THE 25th of December 1923 will be a long and bitter memory in many Pretoria households. Nothing like the hail-storm that visited the Transvaal capital about 6 P.M. on the afternoon of Christmas Day has ever been experienced by the oldest inhabitant, and the havoc and damage wrought in one short half-hour was unparalleled. The damage to Pretoria Central, Sunnyside, and Arcadia was roughly estimated at something like £400,000; this, of course, included damage to furniture and fixings by the rain which followed and poured through holes made in roofs by the hail-stones.

The area of the storm was confined solely to Pretoria and suburbs, although the 'Reef' suffered in a lesser degree a few days later.

Christmas morning dawned bright and sunny. There was a slight cooling in the atmosphere, which, after the heat of the preceding days, was most agreeable, tending to increase the Christmas spirit of joy and goodwill. Folks wished each other a bright and merry Christmas in happy anticipation of the festive celebrations and pleasures awaiting in their homes, little dreaming that before the sun had set the scenes of mirth and merry-making would be changed to havoc and misery, whilst their pretty red-tiled houses would be battered and damaged, and in several instances families rendered homeless, their roof and furniture destroyed.

About midday the weather got very oppressive and sultry, but, this being nothing unusual at the time of the year in South Africa, little or no attention was paid to the fact. However, ominous black clouds loomed up on the horizon later on, and a hail-storm was predicted; as a matter of fact, two storms sprang up at the same time, travelling in opposite directions. The one, after passing the other, turned back and joined forces, with results most disastrous for Pretoria, as the clash appeared to take place very low down and directly over the town. After the storm had ceased the heavens appeared as a vast whirlpool, storm-clouds, all broken and churned up, whirling and moving in all directions—a truly awe-inspiring sight—with the rays of the setting sun low down on the western horizon.

At six o'clock the storm broke with a heavy

hail-storm. At first this was nothing out of the ordinary. Soon, however, loud reports like rifle-shots at frequent intervals coming from the iron roof convinced one all was not well. With dramatic suddenness the hail-stones changed to solid blocks of ice the size of tennis-balls, and, in some instances, frozen irregular chunks of snow, which, hurled from the sky, smashed in splinters on striking any hard substance. This deadly fusillade poured from the heavens in one continuous stream. The noise was terrific and deafening, reinforced by the force and fury of the wind. Green and purple streaks of vivid lightning caused a sight which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed the storm.

At Union Building many windows and tiles were smashed; otherwise the edifice suffered slightly considering its size. Government House, a little farther on at Bryntirion, was badly damaged, and some valuable furniture destroyed by the rain which poured through the holes in the roof. The Girls' High School at Arcadia, the Land Bank in Market Street, and the railway station were badly damaged. One hail-stone which fell at the station turned the scale at 1½ lb.

The pretty red-tiled newly-built houses round Berea Park were absolutely ruined, and presented a pitiful sight, the roofs being covered with sail-cloths and canvas until more tiles could be manufactured, all the reserve stocks of both tiles and window-glass in Pretoria being exhausted before the following day. Unfortunately this class of damage was not covered by insurance, but the town council took steps to help the sufferers. The loss to householders (many of whom had put their all into building their homes) must have been enormous, and the track of the storm supplied work galore for the unemployed and for trades-people to make good the damage.

Hours after the storm had passed the ground appeared to be covered with thousands of tennis-balls, and many of these hail-stones became frozen into blocks of solid ice along the kerbs and in other open places. The most surprising aspect of the storm was the small number of casualties. Two natives lost their lives by drowning in the Aapies River, which came down

in flood, and another was badly injured by hail in Church Street. One lady living in Arcadia unfortunately lost her life through shock brought on by fright and terror, and several cows had their hide pierced and horns broken off.

Lights and telephones failed, and the tangled masses of electric-wires that were brought down made walking no easy matter. Trees were stripped of their branches, and a promising fruit-crop completely vanished.

Boxing Day showed a brilliant sun shining from a sky of cloudless blue, with no signs of what had happened a few hours previously except the devastation and battered ruins of roofs and gardens. The despised and humble

corrugated iron roofs had bravely withstood the battering and hammering which had wrecked their more pretentious neighbours, and remained whole and intact. Truly the iron roof had come into its own.

The stability and strength of corrugated iron had stood the test of Nature's worst, and an outstanding feature in roof-repairs at Arcadia to-day is the stripping of tiles for the lesser glories of the staunch and reliable corrugated-iron roof.

Viewed in the retrospect, one cannot but admire the grand beauty and force of the storm, which was a stupendous display of Nature in a violent and terrific mood.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE GREAT MOMENT.

FOR a time, as he paddled, Carwyke spoke no word. He watched the woods on the bank carefully for any sign of Standifer or Bull, but saw nothing of either, and then quite suddenly Billy gave warning. 'Mista Carwyke, there's somebody in ther wood on ther right. It'll be as well if we work to ther other side o' ther river. If it's either o' them rascals there's no sayin' what tricks they'll be up to, as they're both runnin' free.'

Carwyke directed the canoe's course towards the farther bank, and then they paddled quickly, and, helped by the current, made a good pace. An hour passed, during which neither of them spoke; then the canoe gave a lurch, and the prospector saw that Billy had slipped forward. With an effort the man recovered himself, and Carwyke noticed that the poor fellow's face was drawn and gray. 'Billy, what——'

'I jest can't keep it up, Mista Carwyke,' said the man brokenly. 'This foot o' mine is jest blazin', an' I've a queer buzzin' in my head.'

Carwyke hid the anxiety he felt. 'Drop out awhile,' he said easily. 'Go to sleep, if you can. I'll manage.'

Single-handed paddling of the laden craft meant little more than keeping her head straight and moving with the current; but he understood how the man was suffering, and could urge him to no other course. Again for a time they moved on in silence, which was broken by the sufferer.

'Guess yo're wonderin' how I showed up jest when I did, Mista Carwyke?'

'I've wondered a good deal how you were able to follow so closely, Billy.'

'Twas simple enough, Mista Carwyke. Ther anorak I was wearin' was sealskin, an' I stripped it off, singed the fur away in ther fire yo' left, an' then stitched it over them holes in ther canoe, with strips cut off. There was lots of

gum in ther pines, an' I caulked it with thet as well as I could. It wasn't much better nor a sieve when I'd done, an' when I got afloat half ther time I was over ther ankles in water; but it served, an' I drove it as fast as I dared.'

'I didn't think the canoe could have been repaired under a couple of days' time.'

'It couldn't—not to last. But what I did to it served the purpose an' helped me to follow quick. I reckon thet first shot of mine gave them rascals ther jim-jams.'

'Something like it,' answered Carwyke, with a laugh.

'Yep! I'd meant to get one o' them, but I didn't till ther next camp. I had an idea of followin' an' pickin' ther beggars off, one by one, as I should hev done if Standifer hadn't knocked me out. I lost time there, an' I was in a sweat thinkin' I'd lost yo' when I saw ther church, an' landed an' took to ther woods to spy out ther land. I saw Mardock come out of ther house, an' I guessed then thet yo' an' Miss Norma weren't far off. I guess I must hev fallen asleep in ther bush where I was hidden, for ther next thing I saw was Mardock walkin' like a very sick man, leanin' on a rifle an' carryin' an axe. I saw him tryin' to knock off ther lock of ther door of ther cabin where yo' were, an' where before I'd seen a buck sittin' with a gun, an' I guessed there was somethin' there thet he wanted pretty badly; an' when I asked him where you and Miss Norma was, he told me—though he was wrong about Missy, or I didn't get him right. 'Twas I thet knocked off ther padlock an' let yo' loose, him being too far gone with drink or dope to do much.'

'He did his best. He sent us to Norma.'

'Yep! I guess he did ther right thing at last. Must hev got across with Standifer.'

'Perhaps he had interfered to save Norma, or why did Standifer dope him, if doped he was?'

'Ain't got a doubt about thet. I've had ther knockout drop in my time myself; same as many a poor sailor-man who's been crimped from the waterside saloons at 'Frisco—an' I know. . . . Thet devil Arloff was a surprise to me, though. Maybe I oughtn't to hev plugged him——'

'He deserved it!' said Carwyke feelingly.

'I knew thet, but I was thinkin' of Missy too. He might hev married her to thet scoundrel if I hadn't shot him when I did.'

'That is very likely.'

'So I reckon I did ther very best thing!'

'Yes! We might not have been here now if you had not fired, and Norma might have been Standifer's wife.'

'Widow, yo' mean.'

'No, I mean——'

'I'd hev shot Standifer, as I would a wolf, before he should hev taken Miss Norma off.'

The man lapsed into silence, and after a little time, looking at him closely, Carwyke saw that he was sleeping. He paddled steadily on, watching the right bank for any sign of Standifer and Bull, and keeping an eye on the river ahead on the alert for rapids. The land was unutterably silent. The woods on each hand seemed to be without life, though now and again a wedge of geese passed overhead, and round a craggy hill in front a pair of eagles wheeled. The river, as he noted, was broadening a little. Ahead a spruce-covered island lifted itself like a battleship, and on the right there was a murkiness in the sky which told of unseen forest fires. They were moving through a land of hills, and on the high ridges there was the gleam of snow. The mystery of the wild brooded over the silent landscape. The still woods, sunlit on their tops and with occasional gleams in their deep shadows, might have been part of some picture through which this river ran, and induced such a sense of unreality that more than once he felt that he was dreaming, and that the things he saw had no external reality.

The events through which Carwyke had so recently passed began to seem very far away, and no part of the present at all. The river winding through the hills was a symbol of life, as it appeared to him in those hours. For a few minutes its separate reaches opened out before him, the enclosing spruce in parallel lines on either hand, and when the reach was covered a bend in the water's course opened a new vista, and, on looking back, the way he had come was hidden. 'After all,' he whispered to himself, 'it is what lies ahead that matters.'

His mind, losing the somnolence set on it by the silent wilderness, quickened to the thought of the future. Whither this river led he had no idea; and what the future held was hidden. But from time to time his eyes rested on the sleeping girl, who in the last two months had

passed through so many harsh experiences and perils. The mystery that surrounded her was still unexplained. Standifer's determination to make her his wife in spite of her active dislike, and the excitement of Nicholovitch on learning her name, had their spring in something other than the sheer attraction of her beauty, and what that might be he could only guess. And a guess was—just that and no more.

As he thought, he visioned her walking across the tundra, expectant, lingering for his coming, and heard Eskimo Billy's words, 'There's Missy lookin' back for yo'.' Had he been wise not to follow? Was it not quixotic folly to let a scruple decide the future? There were practical considerations to be faced. When they reached civilisation—if they ever did—what was he to do with her? Knowing nothing of the great world, ignorant of the perils of the predatory cities, he could not set her adrift in the care of a man who had spent most of his life in the fo'c'sles of whaling-ships, and who, however devoted to her interests, would in certain situations be incapable of defending her. Her friends? He thought of the teeming millions of the States, and realised the difficulty he would have in finding any one on whose relationship she would have a claim; then again his eyes sought the girl, sleeping now like a child, with the sunlight gleaming on her golden plaits.

Quite suddenly he made up his mind. He would set aside the scruple which had its genesis in the mystery which surrounded her, and which might never be solved. He would follow the dictates of his heart, and if the girl gave him her love, become her rightful protector, as Billy had urged he should.

That decision made his fears for Norma's future fade, and he began to weave rosy plans for the years immediately ahead. He had lived a gipsy life, roving at will, seeking the gold at the rainbow's foot, and marriage usually meant an end of such wanderings; but it would not be so in his case. Norma was a fit mate for a man who loved the wilds. Cities were unknown to her, and after the excitement of her first experience she would tire, and pine for the solitudes, for the bleak shores of the misty seas and the wide desolation of the tundra. She was a child of Nature, and he would teach her to love the things he loved—the scarped hills, the great woods, the rushing rivers. He glanced down at her where she lay sleeping. The loose neck of her Eskimo garment had slipped back, revealing the whiteness of her skin below the ring of tan, and with his brown eyes alight with dreams, he began to hum the song he had hummed before far back on the tundra:

'Here shall I build my cedar house,
A city with gates, a road to the sea—
For I am Lord of the Earth!
Hew! Hew!'

Some day he and Norma would build a home in the wilds, together. His ears heard the ring of the axe, and the crash of the felled trees; his eyes visioned the rising walls of the log-house. He heard the thresh of the snow outside whilst they lay warm within, and his hopes whispered that some day, in that home in the wilds, a child would be born to them, a strong son of the wilderness—

A groan from Billy broke in on his dreams, causing him to return swiftly to the stark realities of the present. The wounded man still slept; but he moved uneasily, as one tormented by the unreal life of dreams or by the realities of pain. He stared at the man closely. His face was flushed, and there were twitchings that spoke of racked nerves. If Billy were to fall ill, or the wounds from which he was suffering were to take the wrong course, to continue the journey would be almost impossible. He would have to pitch a camp, and with Norma's aid nurse the man back to health; and with the short summer past its zenith, that contingency held possibilities that he scarcely dared to consider.

A winter in the wilds, in the circumstances in which they were placed, would be a hazardous undertaking. The Indians had been generous with stores—generous to the limit of the canoe's capacity—and this looked like a good game-country; but, for all that, contemplation did not make for peace. And if they were delayed, there were other possibilities that might operate. Standifer and Bull were both at large. They might or might not be in a position to follow and resume hostilities, separately or together, and Standifer was a determined and ruthless man. Once on their trail, he would follow it to the end. And if Billy were helpless, a shot from behind a tree would put himself out of action for ever, leaving Norma utterly at the scoundrel's mercy.

At the thought he turned slightly and considered the backward reach of the river. So far as it was visible it was empty and silent; but for all that he ceased to content himself with steering only, and drove the paddle hard to get an increased way on the canoe.

(Continued on page 392.)

QUENCHING A CITY'S THIRST.

THROUGHOUT recent months the silence of the Westmorland valleys has been broken by the scrape of the spade and the blow of the pick. Should the traveller pause to inquire the meaning of this unusual activity, he will be told that it is the pipe-track workings.

A small army of men is busily engaged laying another of the large iron arteries which supply Manchester with the most indispensable of all life's necessities, drawn from the natural resources of the English Lake Country.

The continued tendency of the population of Great Britain to congregate in large cities for the purposes of trade and employment has thrown a heavy responsibility upon local authorities, whose duty it is to provide a water-supply at once adequate and pure. It must be realised that if manufacturing and municipal requirements are added to those which are merely domestic, an allowance of some thirty gallons per day must be made for each inhabitant of a modern city; and, even in a well-planned system, there is always a good deal of waste before the water can reach the consumer. The sinking of deep wells is expensive and often unsatisfactory, and it may be stated without fear of contradiction that no river of any size in England yields water sufficiently free from pollution to be fit to drink without previous treatment.

Thus it is that many large communities have found it economical to derive their water-supplies from sources which are remote, but otherwise satisfactory. It is a good many years now since

the Manchester Corporation acquired Thirlmere, and any opposition which there may have been to taking over the lake for so prosaic a purpose as a water-supply has died long ago for want of justification. Those who have had the good fortune to visit the English Lake District will recollect that Thirlmere lies beside the road from Keswick to Grasmere, just before Wythburn is reached, with its old inn and quaint chapel. Beyond this point the descent of the pass called Dunmail Raise begins, carrying the wayfarer swiftly down from the barren highlands to the comfortable and wooded vales about Windermere. Thirlmere lies, then, in the high country to the north of the pass, a large, narrow, rather bleak stretch of water close under the rugged shoulders of Helvellyn, and having on its western shores a great barrier of fells and mountains rising higher and higher, like giant steps, to culminate in Scafell Pikes.

A stranger would scarcely guess that this is the reservoir of a great industrial centre ever so many miles away. It is true that the lake has been somewhat altered, deepened and extended, with a good road made about it; but the small, gray, stone building where the flow is controlled is inconspicuous and half-hidden among pine-trees. There is nothing about Thirlmere to suggest the hustle and bustle of far-away Cottonopolis, with its clogs and shawls, prosperity and poverty, gaiety and gloom, except perhaps the red-painted gates and posts and notices—guides only to the initiated of the line of the pipe-track.

Wherever the pipe-track passes, from its Cumberland home, through Westmorland hills and dales, and on into Lancashire to fulfil its great purpose, the line is marked by red fences and red gates and red Corporation notices, with occasional stone buildings where regulating-chambers are required.

The work in progress at present is concerned with the fifth pipe. Ultimately another lake will be linked up with the supply.

Hawes Water, on account of its comparative inaccessibility, is little visited by the ordinary tourist. It is situated among the hills to the north-west of Shap Fells, and drains a host of dales more famous for their excessive rainfall than for anything else. One of them, indeed, bears the name of Wet Sleddale.

What kind of water comes from these lakes? It is obvious that such waters can suffer but little contamination, and what little finds its way into them is destroyed by two great natural agents of purification—dilution and storage.

Bacteriologists are in the habit of judging the standard of purity of a water by the number of germs of intestinal origin which can be demonstrated in it, these germs being natural inhabitants of the intestines of men and animals, and falling under the group name *colon bacilli*. Closely related are disease-producing organisms, such as the bacilli of typhoid and dysentery.

Now it has been shown that not only is any danger from these diminished by dilution, but that when good water is stored in a lake, any of these intestinal organisms which happen to be present tend to disappear, or become changed into forms which are difficult to recognise, and which have lost their capacity for doing harm. Chemical analysis, too, can detect impurities in water, and trace their source with considerable accuracy. These 'Upland Surface Waters,' as they are called, are commonly of great chemical and bacteriological purity—that is, so far as disease-producing agents are concerned—and hence furnish a most desirable supply.

Manchester is not the only great city which has had the courage to seek its supplies at a distance. Liverpool and Birmingham derive their water from Wales, and Bristol from Blagdon Lake in Somerset. Blagdon Lake is well stocked with brown and rainbow trout, and affords capital sport for the angler. Some years ago six and eight pounders were fairly common events, but the size of the fish seems to have fallen off lately.

The Yorkshire towns have, for the most part, good moorland supplies near at hand. Edinburgh is fortunate in having a supply of excellent water in the neighbouring Pentland Hills, but this had to be supplemented by a reservoir damming the Talla Water, in the upper Tweed valley, some forty miles to the south. Glasgow, also, had to look far afield, and obtains water of extreme purity from Loch Katrine. So pure is this water that it was

feared that it might act upon and dissolve the lead of the house-pipes, a peculiar property of very pure, well-aerated water. In practice this has not been found to occur, at all events to the extent of causing symptoms of lead poisoning. Moreover, it is interesting and comforting to learn that the presence of very small quantities of lime and silica check this undesirable solvent action.

The art of conveying water long distances in aqueducts was practised by the ancients, and was brought to a high state of perfection by the Romans, the remains of whose work may still be seen in France and elsewhere. More modern aqueducts, or 'leats,' as they are termed locally, may be seen in Devonshire. Not long ago the water from Burrator, an artificial lake on the southern slopes of Dartmoor, made by damming the head-waters of the river Meavy, was conveyed to Plymouth in this way. But the supply is now piped, thereby avoiding much leakage and possible contamination.

It is rather surprising that London, the largest city of all, should have a supply which requires careful supervision and treatment before it is passed to the consumer. The bulk of London's water comes from the Thames, the New River, and the river Lea. Such water cannot be regarded as fit for domestic use in the crude state, and its purification is brought about in two ways. Firstly, it is stored or 'impounded' for a period, to let the suspended matters settle and to allow disease-producing organisms to disappear in the manner referred to. Secondly, the water is filtered through a thick layer of sand superimposed upon gravel and coarse stones. Among these last open the mouths of the delivery pipes for filtered water.

It may sound paradoxical, but the effective filtration of the water depends upon the presence therein of lowly animal and vegetable organisms, mostly harmless, and upon their being deposited and growing on the surface of the sand. Not until the sand is covered with a greenish gelatinous layer of living matter does the filter work at its best; and it is only when this growth becomes too thick, and filtration consequently too slow, that cleansing is necessary or desirable. On an average an acre of filter bed is capable of dealing with rather more than a million gallons of water a day. The principal installation for the purification of London water is at Hampton.

Britons are sometimes prone to compare their country with others to its disadvantage, but they have at least the satisfaction of being able to turn on the tap in most towns and cities as and when they please, and without serious regard to the quantity or quality of the contents. Experience of countries where water is unusable or too precious to use makes one appreciate all the more the blessings of a good and sufficient supply.

G. B. P.

'BLAIRO.'

THE STORY OF A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP IN THE WILD.

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN, F.Z.S., Author of *Habits and Characters of British Wild Animals, Tracks and Tracking, &c.*

I.

PAT MUDD, who rejoiced in the very appropriate occupation of mole catching, caught the young badger in a running noose, cunningly placed on a runway for the reception of one of the family. He was quite a little fellow, and had no thought of biting, so that Pat might just as easily have carried him home under one arm. But, being an Irishman, Pat chose to tie a string to one of Little Brock's hind-legs, and with a leafy sprig in the other hand he proceeded to drive his captive home—down the white highway and so through the village street. No pig would have been so docile, for the little badger jogged quietly ahead, only once or twice making a half-hearted dash for freedom, and so the village was reached, where the strange scene created no little surprise and merriment. Time and again Pat stopped to talk to an interested wayfarer, whereupon the little badger, tired out, would sit down till a tap from the leafy wand indicated that it was time to move on; and when once a dog dashed out at him snarling, Brock just rolled himself in a ball, his nose between his fore-paws, remaining thus till the dog was sent about its business.

Pat was anxious to sell the badger, and to convert the proceeds into liquid refreshment, but it was not with the highest hopes that he turned his steps—naturally, I suppose—towards the Castle. Even lairds do not buy things simply for the sake of getting rid of their superfluous cash, and Pat could think of no special reason why the laird should want to own a badger. He was in luck's way, however, for at the approach to the house he met the laird's children, and the rotund little captive, jogging so obediently ahead of its captor, won their hearts. Little Brock was placed in a doll's perambulator, where, gladly enough, he burrowed down among the rugs and pillows.

'What about—er—vermin?' inquired the lady accompanying the children.

'Never bother your head, ma'm,' Pat advised. 'There was once a sportsman offered a hundred pounds for a genuine badger flea, and no one could supply one. A hundred pounds, mind ye!'

This was true, for of all wild beasts the badger, in spite of libellous tradition, is unquestionably the cleanest.

II.

So Brock became the pet of the Castle children, but from the hour of his arrival he knew no

captivity there. An adult badger will lift flagstones too heavy for a man to shoulder, and though little Blairo was so small and seemed to have no idea of escaping, it was decided not to take the risk of his tearing a way out of the kennels. The coal cellar, to be sure, would hold him, but he would probably burrow down among the coal and hide himself. They were, indeed, rather at a loss as to where to keep the young badger now that they had acquired possession of him, till some one thought of the courtyard. That was paved with flags four or five feet square, and from every side of it the dungeon-like walls of the Castle rose to the eaves. A bear could not have escaped from that courtyard, so a box of straw was placed in one corner for warmth and shelter, and there Blairo was quartered for the night.

Dawn showed that he had not been idle, for he had scratched the moss from the walls all the way round, and worn a distinct footpath on the green and seldom-trodden flags. Also, he had attacked a fern rockery in one corner. The rockery was centuries old; so were the ferns it contained—or, rather, had contained. The stones and the earth were littered broadcast, as were the shells of scores of snails. No, Blairo had not been idle during the night, and small wonder that he did not want his breakfast!

At first the little badger regarded himself as most blessed when the children left him alone. He did not want to wear a dog-collar and to be taken out for walks, so he would not stir from his box when they called to him, but merely curled himself the tighter in his characteristic attitude, sucking one fore-paw. Soon, however, he learnt to listen and to wait for them, and when the massive door of the yard creaked open on its rusty hinges, he would jog over and stand with his fore-paws on his master's or his mistress's knees for his collar to be buckled. Then, through the house he was taken—sometimes to the breakfast-room, where delicious scraps of bacon fat and such like delicacies were forthcoming. He was a comical little fellow, with his broad back, his little bowed fore-legs, and his stump of a tail, and his ways were winning and amusing in the extreme. If made to do anything he did not want to do he would sit down hard and refuse to budge. Next, when further pressure was applied, he would try to stand on his head, turning somersault after somersault; after which he would tackle the undesirable task with such vim that he usually upset the calculations of every one.

The children's parents became very fond of the little creature, and ere long it was customary for Blairo always to be present at breakfast-time. He would eat practically anything given him, but best of all he loved marmalade—preferably marmalade with a wasp in it; and thanks to his natural trick of turning somersaults, Blairo was easily taught to perform this feat as a request for food. On some dainty being held just out of his reach, he would sit up and gaze at it. Strangely enough this attitude had the effect of making him giddy, and slowly, quite unconsciously, he would topple over backwards in the most laughable manner, evincing much surprise as he met the floor full length. Then, becoming impatient, and a little annoyed because every one had laughed at him, he would turn several somersaults 'out of spite.' This always resulted in the food at once being given him, so that in due course he learnt to cut out the preliminaries, and to come straight away to the somersaulting. And when there was an extra delicious aroma Blairo was one continuous somersault.

These strange antics this quaint little beast more than once performed before royal spectators, and all who saw him loved him for his quiet good-nature, and for his slow, droll ways.

At one time both the children were laid up with some childish ailment, and it was during this period that, for the first time in his life, Blairo was heard to give tongue. During the greater part of one morning he sat in the centre of the cold courtyard, miserable and immobile, and howled like a dog. Having thus expressed his opinion, he retired to the innermost corner of his box, and refused to leave it. That evening the courtyard door was found ajar, and the badger was gone. The whole household turned out to look for him. The cook looked in her cupboards and behind her pastry boards; the scullery maid sought behind the buckets and inside the wash-tubs; the butler traversed the length of the drive, beating every rhododendron bush, to spread the news to the lodge and thence to the village; the stable boys organised a hunt on their own, which rapidly deteriorated into a rat hunt. But Blairo could not be found, and at sundown the lady of the house went quietly to the children's room to break the sad news.

Suppressed giggles greeted her, and anxious though the little people might have been to keep their secret, the novelty of the situation made secrecy impossible. So little Blairo was finally discovered cuddled down in the warmth at the feet of one of his playmates, and on being forcibly removed he somersaulted all the way back to the courtyard.

III.

But, great as were the times that Blairo had indoors, he enjoyed himself even more when afield with his playmates, for there he had

another playmate—Turk, a little wire-haired terrier of his own size. Turk was only a puppy, and he had never resented the badger, as the other dogs resented him till they became used to his presence. Even then they tolerated him with superior disdain, but from the first Turk threw himself whole-heartedly into the little badger's friendship. From Turk Blairo learnt to wag his tail—or rather to wag his whole stubby little body, since there was really not enough tail to wag; and from Turk he learnt to be a little demonstrative—to offer a lick of greeting and to look a little pleased. Otherwise he was just a solid little stoic, while Turk was excitable, volatile, and an optimist of the first water. Always the two accompanied the children, and great were the games they had. One of the youngsters would turn up a stone and cry, 'Beetles, Blairo! beetles!' while simultaneously the other would tear open the crown of an ant's nest and shout, 'Ants, Blairo! ants!' And the little badger, unable to judge distance accurately, would amble towards one, then back towards the other, undecided which way to go, while the terrier charged up and down, colliding with him, rolling him over, till finally Blairo sat down in solid disgust, and would have nothing more to do with any of them.

As the nights became colder it was decided that Turk should share Blairo's bed for warmth, and so this strange friendship between dog and badger grew in strength, until truly they were inseparable. Certainly they quarrelled at times, and Blairo bit Turk rather severely once or twice, while he himself carried more than one scar on his tender nose. Yet that winter they were the closest chums, sleeping, eating, and living side by side, and spring found Blairo a big powerful beast, though as peace-loving and as quiet as ever.

Still the possibility of his biting the children had to be considered, for, tame though he was, he sprang from wild ancestry, and there is no telling with such pets when the veneer of civilisation may fall aside and the wild beast rise again. The bite of a badger is no slight matter. It might result in a crippled hand if nothing worse; but so attached were the children to their pet, so faithfully did Blairo keep the peace, that the inevitable separation presented a problem. It would be unfair to turn Blairo out in the wild, for, regarding man as a friend, he would certainly suffer a rude and remorseless awakening; moreover, his food had always been found for him, and he would probably be unable to fend for himself. So a half measure was decided upon. The box was placed on the lawn, and for a long time the badger and his canine chum regarded it as their special home.

With free run of the estate, Blairo's wild instincts were slowly waking. He took to wandering a little farther and yet a little

farther afield, but always accompanied by Turk. The keeper at first held strong objections to a creature 'with fangs like those' being given free run of his sanctuary of sanctuaries; he held that even if the two did not destroy his birds they disturbed them, and that, at any rate, some night the dog and the badger would run amock on the sheep pastures. But none of his fears came true, albeit many a night the excited 'yap-yap' of Turk was heard as he accompanied his plantigrade friend.

The amusements of the two were simple ones. Every night they made their way to the rookery, where Blairo would amble about, looking for dead rooks, while Turk hunted mice or yapped hysterically at the frogs and toads started in his rambles. Once or twice they found a rabbit fast in one of Pat's snares, while Blairo enlarged most of the rabbit holes, and, accompanied by Turk, crept in and out of them for hours. Certainly they did not feed themselves, nor would their hunting ever be sufficiently serious for that, so long as there was food enough at the Castle.

IV.

One night they fell in with a gipsy man whose name was Vap. What he was doing in the Wilderness we had better not inquire, but, having a 'strange way' with him, he won their hearts, and an hour or so later Blairo was safely boxed up in a three-ply tea-chest, while Turk, since he refused to leave his friend and bade fair to give the show away, was contentedly sleeping on a sheep-skin inside the caravan. And at daybreak the caravan creaked off in its year-long voyagings, and disappeared down the hard white road along which Blairo, with a string to his hind-leg, had first journeyed into the world of men.

No hue and cry was raised this time. Many times before Blairo had been absent from home two or three days, choosing to sleep in one of his rabbit burrows, though certainly it was strange that Turk also had disappeared. High and low the children searched about all their accustomed playgrounds, but when dusk came they returned heavy-hearted, for their pets were gone. Thereafter the question of their whereabouts was dismissed with the query 'I wonder?' and no one seemed to regard it as within the range of human possibility to fathom this mystery of the wild.

Twenty miles from home Turk was turned out with the order, 'Go home with ye, dorg!' He was chased with a whip and pelted, but he knew very well that Blairo was in the box on the top of the caravan, and he refused to go home. So, perforce, he became part of the outfit, but whereas, hitherto, he had been a white terrier, he mysteriously acquired a black fore-leg and one black ear, which entirely changed his appearance and his expression. Perhaps

this was why the mother of the tinker clan took to calling him 'Twink'!

He was a sagacious little dog, quick as a weasel, and now, truly, a new phase of life opened for him. He learned the trick of seeing without being seen. He learned to regard every man as a foe unless he knew him to be a friend. Sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by a lurcher, he ranged wide over moorland or covert while the line of creaking caravans followed the white highway. No one ever saw 'Twink'; only the tinkers knew that he was there. And on the shafts at Vap's side was a greyhound, swift as an antelope, watching lynx-eyed, though often she appeared to be drowsing. And she, too, knew that 'Twink' was there on the windward side, and that if he found anything he would see to it that it fled across the road, whereupon the greyhound would leave her perch in one lightning bound.

There were nights, too, of wild thrill and deadly peril—nights when 'Twink' was sometimes called to lie low in mortal fear of the man with the gun, and watching there among the leaves, he would sneak back like a coyote, making his way to the road by circuitous routes, there, with his nose to the ground, to follow up the line of the caravans. So Turk or Twink, as you choose, a gipsy and a poacher by instinct, became a gipsy's and a poacher's dog, and all this wisdom came to him because, early in his career, Vap saw to it that he came to associate the appearance of a stranger with a gun with the stinging blow of a charge of shot. In short, one of Vap's camp mates, disguised in tweeds, fired at him in order to teach him the first lesson which the poacher's dog must know.

V.

As for poor little Blairo all this time—his life was in a very different setting, though on the whole he did not fare so badly. The gipsies had enough respect for him to keep his quarters clean, and so he never endured the outstanding misery of so many captive badgers. Luckily, also, he was quite content to sleep away three-fifths of his life, so long as he had sufficient food, and he was as happy in his tiny box as most animals would have been with a whole cage to sport in.

When the show came to rest and the tents were raised, the one which contained Blairo bore a startling and surprising placard, one of those notices by which a knowledge of 'natural history' is grafted into the public mind. It read:

MONSTER BADGER

Which terrified the District with its
Destruction of Sheep and Cattle, and
Caused so much alarm as to cause Parties of
Men with Dogs and Guns to essay its
Capture, in which they succeeded
After a Desperate Fight,

TO BE SEEN HERE ALIVE.

And those who paid their sixpence were treated to the vision of poor little Blairo squatting stolidly in the centre of his little wire pen, occasionally raising his head to look about him with his little almond eyes. Sometimes he turned somersaults, but not often, for on the whole he seemed rather fed-up with life. His arena was strewn with cods' heads, and the woman who exhibited him stated that badgers live chiefly on fish when in a wild state, an assertion which hardly seemed to tally with the information on the poster without.

At such times, when the show was at rest, Turk would curl himself up just outside the wire pen, and there sleep the hours away, and sometimes he and Blairo would lick each other's noses through the wire. But in truth the heart of Blairo was becoming very, very heavy. He did not like the flare of the paraffin lamps; he hated the ceaseless tread of strangers; he was sick beyond everything of cods' heads. So one night when all was quiet he tore a great hole in his box and stole out into the starlight, and Turk, who was doing sentry-go, ran up to greet him.

VI.

So, through the dimly lighted streets, over the gleaming pavements, these two strange little adventurers went their way, and a policeman on night duty swore next morning that he had seen a bear cub and a terrier running flank to flank. But no one else saw them, for it was a quiet little market town, and when day came they slept curled together in the heart of a hardwood forest. Once footsteps drew near, and it was now that Turk's recent training stood him in good stead—he stole secretly away to a more remote thicket, and Blairo followed him.

The tinkers, fearing that they might be called upon to foot the bill for a sheep-worrying affray, did not advertise their loss, and for many nights Turk and Blairo were alone in the Wild. Turk seemed to be going somewhere, and Blairo patiently followed. They made a circuit of one great town, the myriad lights of which lit the heavens for miles away; once their progress was barred by a mighty river, and in the chill of daybreak they crossed it by a man-made bridge. But the weeks of confinement had softened Blairo's paws, and often he curled himself up in the most perilous places, refusing to stir, while Turk went off to explore village rubbish-heaps, thus keeping down his ever-growing hunger.

But Blairo was becoming hungrier and hungrier. He knew not where they were going, for it was Turk's bump of locality which was guiding them. Turk's was the master mind, and all Blairo knew was that he was too restless to rest, too hungry to eat, and too lame to walk. Those feet of his were meant to tread the cool mosses and the moist leaves, not life's hard and gritty highways, and the day came when little

patches of red marked his steps, and when, every few paces, he would lie down to lick and suck his paws. Still that strange little pair stuck together, as they had stuck so long, borne up by a common impulse, perhaps by a common love, till in the still and starless night there came to their nostrils a scent they knew and for which they were searching—the scent of the pine and the heather.

They had not travelled very far, and certainly Turk alone could have achieved the journey in a day or so, yet, cold and starving though he was, he had stuck to his slow-footed little chum for many, many days—slower than ever now that winter sleep was calling to him.

So, one day, a little faded skeleton of a dog, with one faded black ear and one faded fore-leg, sat in the bushes near the Castle door till the door was opened. Would his little master know him?

'Turk! Turk! Our little Turk!'

They were on their knees now, his little master and mistress, their arms about his neck, while Turk showered his kisses upon their cheeks. 'Where's Blairo?' queried the boy. 'Ants, Blairo! ants!'

But the gray bundle in the box on the green-sward did not stir. They went over and thrust in their hands, but he slept on, one red and swollen fore-paw in his mouth. They pulled him out, fearful that he was dead, but still he slept and sucked his paw. They changed his bedding and bundled him back to an unbroken accompaniment of snores, but when some one appeared with a saucer and shouted in his ear, 'Marmalade, Blairo!' he sat up with a start, and very wearily, very drowsily, turned a half-hearted somersault.

ICHABOD.

WHEN earth was new and fancy flew

On wide, unfettered wings,

Man still could see the witchery

Within the heart of things:

The nymph that glows within the rose,

The sprite that greens the shoot,

And early strews the pearly dew

On leaf and flow'r and fruit;

Could see the gnome that mines the gloam,

The elf that lights the morn,

And gilds with gold the broomy wold,

The crocus, and the corn;

The naiads slim and dryads prim

That haunt the valley glade.

The fauns that prance in wanton dance

And revel in the shade.

Now earth is old, and fancy cold;

Man neither sees nor hears:

Pan pipes forlorn, and Triton's horn

Resounds in heedless ears.

No more is heard the honeyed word

Of leaf to budding flower;

No more is seen the kiss between

The shadow and the shower.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS.



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GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.

By Professor GEORGE FORBES.

PART I.

I.

THE situation for Greenwich Observatory in the park, on the summit of the hill, surrounded by foliage, was well chosen; and the structure designed by Sir Christopher Wren, the friend of Sir Isaac Newton, and himself no mean astronomer, has an unmistakable charm. The building itself, as seen from the gates of the park, in its bold and comely outline against the sky, strikes a chord of harmony with the ever-present and ever-successful struggle in pursuit of the real eternal truth that has been waged within its precincts during an existence of 250 years, under the reign of nine successive Astronomers Royal.

The most salient part of Wren's building is the wide octagon tower, surmounted by meteorological instruments and the time-ball, by whose fall at one o'clock the chronometers of our merchant ships can be set, when they start from the Thames on voyages to all parts of the globe, for guidance in getting their longitude while at sea.

In contrast to this Jacobean portion of the edifice, we also see from here Sir William Christie's great dome, enclosing the powerful 28-inch refractor—a feature still more suggestive of the astronomer's night-labours with the stars. The oriental character imparted to this fine dome—by the overhanging of its spherical form beyond the building on which it rests—adds grandeur to our first view of this home of the oldest, the truest, the most enthralling of all the sciences.

The modern part of the observatory, also due to Christie, is not seen from the park gates, nor until we have passed through the door in the old brick wall enclosing the grounds. These grounds include observatories, libraries and work-rooms, as well as the residence and clean garden of the Astronomer Royal.

On the first Saturday of June—the date has hardly ever been changed—the learned 'Visitors,' who have the right, under the Admiralty, to control the operations and policy of the observatory, assemble in the great octagon room of Wren's building to hear the annual report of the Astronomer Royal.

On this 'Visitation Day' invitations are extended to a large number of those concerned with the progress of astronomy. During the afternoon they are free to wander all over the place. When they inspect any instrument, or the room in which astronomical photographs are displayed, they find a courteous assistant on the spot, ready to supply all the information that may be sought.

Let it be supposed that the reader of these lines has secured this greatly-valued privilege of inspection.

He enters that solid doorway in the brick wall, which is flanked by standards of length built into the wall on the left; and by the great Greenwich mean-time clock, with twenty-four hours on the dial, on the right, a constant object of curiosity to all passers-by.

He finds himself in the open courtyard, facing both the residence and the octagon tower, with an outside wooden staircase to the roof. On his right are small observing huts, housing instruments generally for temporary observations. But, on his left, he is almost touching the wall that encloses the most important instrument in the world for fundamental astronomy of position, the Greenwich transit circle, located, where we now stand, on the zero of longitude for the whole world, the Greenwich meridian.

The passage to the left, between the transit room and the eastern wall of the grounds, leads to the oriental dome of the 28-inch telescope and, farther on, to the great new building on the top of which are the 26-inch refractor and the 30-inch reflector.

Do you prefer to look at these, or to stay in the old part of the observatory, where are all the principal instruments for measuring time, and also the exact positions of the heavenly bodies?

Most people would desire to see first the big telescopes used for magnifying and showing distinctly the markings on the sun, moon, and planets, their satellites and Saturn's rings, the shapes of comets and nebulae, and hundreds of millions of stars, some isolated, some in revolving pairs, some in clusters, and most of

them massed in the star-clouds of the Milky Way.

These objects cannot be seen during this inspection, but we can have a look at the telescopes that are such a source of joy to the really keen astronomer.

There are two classes of telescope used by astronomers, 'refractors' and 'reflectors.' The rays of light from a star which pass through the object-glass of a refractor are converged by it to a point at the focus, where they might be received on a sheet of ground glass as in a photographic camera, and be examined with a magnifying-glass, or eye-piece. But the ground glass is not wanted here, so the telescope consists essentially of an object-glass and an eye-piece. These are the important parts of a refractor. On the other hand, in a reflector, the light from a star which strikes the hollowed or concave surface of a speculum, or mirror, is also converged after reflection to a focus. But, for examination by the eye-piece, these rays must first be reflected, by a second mirror, out of the telescope tube, to prevent the observer's head from shutting off the star's light from the speculum. This may be done in more ways than one. In the Newtonian design the observer looks through a hole in the side of the telescope tube towards a small diagonal mirror. In the Cassegrain design he looks through a central hole in the middle of the speculum towards a curved mirror in the axis of the tube.

The size of the telescope is usually stated as being the diameter of the object-glass or of the reflecting mirror. At Greenwich, the largest refractor is the 28-inch. There are larger ones in America. At Lick Observatory, the great refractor is a 36-inch, at the Yerkes Observatory of Chicago, a 40-inch.

For larger telescopes than these, reflectors are always used. Lord Rosse's, in Ireland, was a 72-inch. So is the splendid one at Victoria, British Columbia. The only one in the world bigger than these is the 100-inch, at Mount Wilson, in California.

II.

Let us now have a look at the great 28-inch refractor in the oriental dome. Climbing the steps inside the building, we pass the chronometer-room on the first floor, with its heated chambers and its ice-cooled chambers, where chronometers and watches are tested for the Admiralty under varying conditions of temperature.

On the top floor we reach the great room with its spherical roof, left open over one segment of the sky by means of a shutter. The whole of the dome is mounted to turn on a circular rail at the top of the wall. Thus, with very little effort, the open shutter can be brought in place so as to expose any part of the sky.

Inside this room the huge telescope is mounted on a lattice girder frame which rests in an inclined direction that points up to the pole of the heavens. This girder is mounted upon pivots at the top and bottom so that it can turn about its axis. The telescope itself lies inside this girder framework, and is pivoted at its middle to the girder; thus it can be rotated so as to point to stars that are at any distance we please from the north pole of the heavens.

The girder, too, can rotate about its pivots; and by these two rotations the telescope can be pointed to any star in the heavens. Only in the direction of the pole is the view obstructed in this form of mounting.

Lastly, the lower end of the girder is connected by geared wheels with clockwork mechanism that rotates the whole framework with the telescope at a regular speed to follow a star when, without this device, the telescope would be carried, by the earth's rotation about its axis, away from the direction where the star is, and the star would pass out of the field of view.

This mode of mounting the 28-inch refractor is extremely rigid. But the equatorial mounting of the other telescopes will be seen to differ from it, and to render the polar region of the sky accessible to our vision.

This splendid telescope has been of great service, especially in the study of a remarkable class of stars that are seen to be double, wherein the two stars are found to change their relative positions. A lengthy series of observations, extending through many years, has demonstrated that they are revolving round each other in elliptic orbits, as the planets revolve round the sun, but often taking hundreds of years to complete a revolution, instead of one year as our Earth does.

This discovery of solar systems among the stars was one of many great discoveries in sidereal astronomy made by Sir William Herschel 150 years ago. The telescope we are looking at is one of those that have splendidly carried on Herschel's work. Sir William Herschel's discovery was the first indication given us that Newton's law of gravitation is universal, and that it extends beyond the solar system.

In some cases, a study of these binary stellar systems has enabled astronomers to calculate the masses of the constituent stars. It is a remarkable fact, or coincidence, that the masses of the stars so far examined are, in almost every case, nearly the same as the mass of our sun.

The most difficult and, in the present state of accurate astronomy, the most desirable datum that is sought for is the distance of the stars. Now Mr Jackson, the chief assistant here, saw that if he accepted the above condition of equality of masses of stars as being generally near the truth, he would then be able to tell the distance from us of any binary system. In this manner

he has calculated the distances of many stars with a greater probability of accuracy than others had been able to attain by more doubtful methods. In this and in many directions, our great national observatory at Greenwich continues to maintain its splendid reputation of 250 years.

In the days when I was a worker at the observatory, under Sir George Airy, the largest telescope was only a 12-inch refractor, in this same building now occupied by the 28-inch. At that time the dome was cylindrical in form, very ugly, like a gasometer. The bulging form given to the new dome has the merit of beauty, but it was really an ingenious device for making room for the much longer telescope.

III.

Without further delay, let us now go to inspect the contents of the great new observatory which occupies the south end of the grounds.

This building contains not only two great telescopes, but also the accommodation required for the staff of assistants, in their daily occupations of calculating and summarising the work of the observatory. It also contains the study, or office, of Sir Frank Dyson, the Astronomer Royal, a man who has proved himself here, as he had already done as Astronomer Royal for Scotland, at Edinburgh, not only a worthy upholder of the traditions of unrivalled accuracy and continuity bequeathed by his predecessors at Greenwich, but a leader as well in the modern extension of outlook into the structure and evolutions of the stellar universe. Among his many activities his name will always be associated with his observations to discover the proper motions, magnitudes, and distances of the stars, and the relation of their distribution to the plane of the galaxy. It was mainly owing to his energy that, during the total eclipse of the sun in 1919, our British observers were enabled to prove that the rays of light from a star, while grazing the sun, are deflected towards the sun, out of their course in a straight line.

Entering the new building, we ascend the stairs and go first into the dome of the great Thompson equatorial at the top of the building.

The mounting of this double telescope differs from the 28-inch, and follows a more usual type of construction. The polar axis, pointing to the pole of the heavens, is not supported at an upper pivot. It is held and directed entirely by a cast-iron pedestal on the floor which contains the driving-clock. At the top of the polar axis, and at right angles to it, is the declination-axis. The peculiarity of this instrument is that two large telescopes are mounted, one at each end of that axis, and by turning on this declination-axis, each telescope can be directed to a star near the pole or at any angular distance from the pole. Each telescope serves as a

counterpoise to the other on the declination-axis.

One of these telescopes is a 26-inch refractor; the other is a 30-inch reflector. No description can afford the same satisfaction as a personal inspection by the fortunate person who is free of the observatory on Visitation Day.

Such a visitor will climb to the gallery that goes round the room. Standing up there, he can look down into the open mouth of the 30-inch reflector, and see the light of the sky brilliantly reflected from the silver surface of the great mirror. The mirror itself is made of glass, ground to the proper shape, polished, and then silvered by placing it in a bath containing a silvering solution. After that, the silver is polished.

The visitor on the gallery, looking down the tube, can also see the smaller reflector, which reflects the image of any heavenly body to the outside of the tube, and so to the eye-piece, or else to the photographic plate. He can likewise see the hole in the middle of the mirror, through which, on the Cassegrain plan, the rays can be so reflected by a small mirror higher up in the tube.

This reflector has accomplished much splendid work, and one of its greatest triumphs was the discovery, by an assistant, Mr Mellotte, of the eighth satellite of Jupiter.

Galileo discovered four conspicuous moons revolving round Jupiter. They form beautiful objects even in a small binocular—four dots all in a line with the planet. Of late years five more have been added, making nine in all. The fifth one revolves very close to the great planet. But the sixth and seventh, outside the others, were detected on photographs with great skill, for they are extremely minute (seventeenth magnitude).

It then became important, at Greenwich, to observe the exact positions of these two satellites, from night to night, so as to determine their orbits conformably with Newton's theory of gravitation. For this purpose the 30-inch mirror was resilvered and polished, and it was then used for the research on the sixth and seventh satellites. Mr Mellotte, the assistant whose duty it was to take these photographs in hand, noticed upon many negatives, night after night, a very faint spot always nearly in the same position with respect to the sixth and seventh satellites. It could not be a photographic fault, for it was repeated so often. It could not be a star, for Jupiter and his moons, in their orbit, changed their background of stars every night. At last all doubt was dispelled. This almost invisible dot of the eighteenth magnitude, invisible in the telescope to the human eye, was undoubtedly a new satellite, Jupiter's eighth moon.

After examining the position of this satellite upon different nights, in order to compute the

orbit in which it travels round Jupiter, the chief assistant, Mr Cowell, found that it revolves in an orbit outside all the others, highly inclined to the planes of these others, and, most remarkable and unexpected, he made the announcement that it goes round Jupiter in the

opposite direction to all the others that were then known.

If this were all that the 30-inch reflector had discovered, Greenwich Observatory would still be proud of it.

(Continued on page 409.)

FORESTALLED.

CHAPTER V.

THUS the work continued, and day after day the rivals toiled in that lovely, lonely valley, never speaking a word to each other, never exchanging a glance even, Old Man Mervyn and Joyce ignoring Big Tom Moore as utterly as he ignored them, so that a passing stranger might have imagined some magic spell had been laid upon them to make them unaware of each other's presence.

If the two men chanced, as sometimes happened, to meet face to face, they sauntered by with elaborate unconcern; if Joyce and Tom encountered each other, not so much as the flicker of an eyelash showed that the girl was even conscious of the young man's presence. She would walk right by with a general air of taking him for one of the valley trees or for one of the big rocks that littered its surface. Once, when they found themselves going to the creek together for water, they walked the whole way there almost side by side, since for either to draw back would have betrayed consciousness of the other's existence. They dipped their pails together; they rose and returned to their camps that were not fifty yards distant; and it would have been impossible to tell that either man or girl had so much as seen or heard the other.

The shafts they had begun to sink were completed without either yielding any trace of gold. They started afresh, working across the valley in the same direction, so that these new shafts they sank were almost as close as the first had been; and these also they completed without discovering any sign of gold.

So they continued, day after day and week after week, working their way across the valley, and never once admitting by word or sign, by look or gesture, that they were conscious of each other's presence. Even the snatches of talk between Joyce and her father that the wind sometimes bore to Tom's ears never betrayed on their part the least consciousness of his existence. Their talk was as it might have been if not a living soul were within fifty miles; and Joyce would carry a heavy burden of dry wood for their camp-fire right by where Tom was sitting in the shade, and put it down to rest, and pick it up again, and go on with the most perfect air of not even knowing that he was moodily watching.

Indeed at times he was almost driven to believe that he had grown invisible to her, and that the sound of his shovel and pick never reached her ears, so perfect was her manner of no longer being aware of his presence in the valley.

'Guess I can stand it as long as they can, though,' Tom used to mutter to himself; but for the first time in his life he was beginning to sleep badly, and now he often lay awake far into the night, watching the glory and the wonder of the shining stars above, and remembering with what mysterious grace had moved that small, swift shadow he had watched gliding to and fro in the uncertain light of the camp-fire burning not fifty yards away from his own.

'Reckon she never stays awake,' he thought bitterly; and later, a little before dawn, because he could not sleep and was weary of lying still in his blankets, he rose and wandered aimlessly away into the night that was still black and intense, but that was nevertheless shot through with a faint hint and promise of the coming day, to which the swiftly revolving Earth was turning herself, as the beloved to the arms of her lover.

Big Tom Moore was not a man who hitherto had ever thought much of the beauties of earth and sky, or of those of the swift returning seasons, amidst which his life was passed. Though he would have told you, perhaps, that town stifled him, and by town he meant any little settlement of a few score wooden huts or frame shanties, where it would have seemed to most that the winds blew as freely as in the depths of the wilderness.

But that beauty was his companion all his days was an idea that had never occurred to him; and it was only during these last few weeks that he had begun to find a certain vague and strange pleasure in watching the splendours of the dawn or the crimson beauty of the sunset, or that the thought had come to him to step out of his way so as to avoid treading on any of those small clusters of flowers that studded the valley here and there, and that looked like baby stars fallen from heaven to shelter in this quiet place till they grew bigger.

Now it was almost unconsciously that he took his way towards a certain spot whence could be obtained the first glimpse of the magnificence

of the Sun, as the great hills in the east swung slowly back with the revolving Earth to reveal his steadfast glory. Already a glow was spreading there in the east above the hills to tell of the joyous day the Earth was hurrying to meet. A cold wind blew keenly down the valley, and then, as he came out from the midst of the trees into this open space he was making for, he saw Joyce standing there, her face upturned to watch the coming wonder, so that already the growing light showed it glimmering, palely beautiful.

'Oh—oh!' he exclaimed, extraordinarily surprised.

Her self-control was better. But possibly the sound of his footsteps approaching through the trees had warned her, and she was less taken by surprise. Not a muscle of her face moved, not an eyelash quivered. His cry might have been unheard, his arrival unperceived. To all appearance she did not even know that he also was there, come to watch the dawn.

A great anger stirred in him. She had no right to act like that, to behave as if for her he did not even exist. No matter what he had done or how he had offended, it went beyond the limits that she should stand there unmoved to watch the dawn and ignore him standing by her side.

But he would not, he told himself, be driven away. He would stick it out, even though to do so needed a courage and resolve greater than any he had ever required when fortune had frowned persistently on his enterprises, or when, perhaps, some hard-fought fight had seemed to turn against him.

He walked forward deliberately a yard or two till he was on a level with her and almost at her side. She took no notice. She remained still and motionless. He could hear her breathing, and he noticed that it was quick and irregular, but never dreamed that only by such an effort of courage and resolve and will as he himself had needed did she keep her place there, side by side with him in the lonely night, to watch the wonder of the coming dawn.

Tense and silent they stood thus, for a very long time as it seemed to them, while in the east the glory grew, and the great hills bowed lower and lower as they swung slowly into the presence of the Sun.

Then at last the miracle was accomplished, and the Earth, faint with her long quest through the blackness of the dreadful night, had found her lord the Sun once more. With a little sigh Joyce stirred, and held out both hands as if to bathe them in that golden sunshine, and in a moment she turned and was gone, and Tom followed slowly after.

'Anyway,' he thought, 'I've watched sun-up with her.'

This thought, that came into his mind like a ray from the risen sun itself, surprised him greatly, for he was not used to have such ideas,

and he was still more astonished to find that somehow it filled him with a queer and poignant exultation.

'She may let on she don't know I'm there,' he thought, 'but all the same she knows we watched sun-up together.'

He went back to his camp and made his breakfast; and again the smoke from his fire and from theirs rose straight into the calm air, aloof and hostile, two straight black columns that never met or mingled.

Again they went out to their work and toiled all the day with less than fifty yards between them, and went down to the creek for water, and in the evening returned to their camps to sup and sleep, without once having, by word or sign, shown any consciousness of each other's presence.

And when these shafts also had been sunk to a sufficient depth without revealing any trace of the precious metal that they sought for, they moved on again, and began once more still fresh shafts, and still in close proximity.

Joyce and her father had the great advantage that by working together they could help each other, while all that Tom did he had to do himself. But he had the advantage of knowing better what to look for, since it was one great legendary pocket of gold for which he sought, and consequently he did not sink his shafts as deeply as they did theirs, and he 'tried out' the gravel less carefully. Then, too, he was a magnificent worker, so that on the whole he kept up very well with his two rivals, and when this new shaft they had sunk proved another failure, he also was ready to abandon his and start again.

Side by side like this, still utterly ignoring each other, they worked their way across the breadth of the valley, striving to hit on the ancient course of the little creek that bubbled by. And by this time, since so far no hint of any probability of success had come to reward their efforts, they were all in reality willing enough to give up and proceed to some more hopeful spot. Only on neither side was there any intention of being the first to quit.

'I don't know what for we're trying out this valley the way we are,' Old Man Mervyn used to grumble at night by the camp-fire. 'It don't seem anyways likely to me.' And to himself Tom used to mutter as he fried his bacon for supper at night, 'This place ain't no good. The tale I heard about it is all lies. Wish I had never listened to the blame yarn.'

This latest shaft, too, that they had sunk Joyce and her father abandoned, and began a new one, so close now to the side of the valley it seemed this shaft must be their last. Tom had been a little behind with his, and had hardly dug more than three or four feet down, but he abandoned it when they abandoned theirs, and moved on with them, keeping always about the same distance to one side.

'I knew he would,' Joyce thought gloomily. 'It's just too awful.' And once again she was tempted to release her father from his promise. 'He ought to be whipped, and dad says he could do it,' she thought; 'and it would be just lovely if he did, and I don't see you could call that really fighting—only they would hurt each other so awfully, and I suppose I mustn't let them.'

Then she sighed regretfully, and a sudden cry her father uttered startled her and made her run swiftly towards him. Evidently Tom also had heard that loud and quick cry, for the stroke of his pick ceased for a moment and then stubbornly began again.

'Brute,' she thought to herself. 'Dad,' she called, running.

The accident was not serious, but still sufficiently annoying. Old Man Mervyn had been in the act of lifting a big stone they had come to as they started their new shaft, and it had slipped back and bruised his foot badly, so badly that he was able to walk only with difficulty, and would be clearly incapable of work for some days.

CHAPTER VI.

THOUGH Big Tom Moore had continued his digging with such apparent unconcern, yet he was quite well aware that an accident had happened, and he was in secret a good deal disturbed. 'Maybe it's bad,' he thought.

It is as much a point of honour among the pioneers of the wilderness to give each other every help in their power when an accident happens, as it is among sailors to run every risk in order to help those in danger at sea. 'What has happened to him to-day may as likely as not happen to me to-morrow,' is the dominating thought in each case; and though this special accident might be only trivial, Tom felt he must find out for certain.

He reflected that he would have to go to the creek for water soon, and why not now? Throwing down his shovel, he jumped out of the beginnings of the shaft he had started, and picking up a pail, sauntered away towards the creek. Not for the world would he betray any interest if the occasion did not really demand it. In a moment or two he came in sight of Old Man Mervyn painfully limping campward, his hand on Joyce's shoulder, evidently hurt and in pain, and, equally evidently, not in any way really seriously injured.

'Stubbed a toe or something,' Tom thought with a certain relief; and strolling on towards the creek, he noticed the big stone at which Mervyn had been working when the accident happened. Tom guessed at once what had occurred. 'Trying to prise that rock up, and it slipped and went on his foot,' he thought. 'Well, that ain't much, though I dare say he'll

have to lay up awhile. Wonder what the girl'll do about it?'

He drew a little nearer. The stone was a big one, certainly far beyond Joyce's ability to deal with. She could both dig and use the pick fairly well, and were that stone out of the way no doubt she could go on with the work for a time. But while it lay where it did, and so long as she had no one to help her deal with it, Tom did not suppose that she would be able to do much.

He looked round guiltily. Joyce and her injured father were out of sight now. Suppose he heaved that rock aside for her? She would be able to get on then. Probably she would never know what he had done—in any case she could hardly object. Subconsciously he had the idea that it would be pleasant—even curiously pleasant—to listen as he worked at his own shaft to the sound of pick and shovel near, and know they were wielded by Joyce.

He bent over the rock. A big one, certainly. Still, if one got the pick well under it and gave a good heave, that ought to shift the thing, especially as it did not seem very firmly set. However, the task proved harder than he had anticipated, and it took him quite a long time, and demanded the exercise of all his strength and all the skill he had in moving heavy weights, before at last it heaved ponderously up—and there where it had lain was a colour in the earth that made him forget all else in a wave of sudden excitement.

With all his strength he drove the pick once and once again into the earth. Eagerly he stooped to look more closely. There could be no doubt now. It was gold, and gold in rich profusion. The tale that had made him search so long and so tirelessly for this valley was no idle invention. It was true, true beyond all his hopes and dreams. In a frenzy of excitement he worked on feverishly, fiercely. The point of the pick struck a stone—a soft stone—it was a nugget weighing at least a pound. And there were others too, plenty of them. At last he had found the famous 'pocket' of gold he had dreamed of so long—discovered it at last in the mouth of a shaft that had been sunk by another and not by him.

A clear, indignant voice broke in on his ecstasy of astonishment, of wonder and of joy, a clear and angry voice that cried out loudly, 'How dare you! What are you doing there?'

He glanced up. Joyce was standing looking at him with cold indignation and surprise and scorn. Then all at once her expression changed, as suddenly she caught sight of the treasure he had unearthed. She saw in his hand the first nugget he had found and that he had picked up to examine more closely. She pointed a trembling finger at it. 'Oh, oh,' she stammered; and then she called out, very loudly, 'Thief, thief, thief!'

(Continued on page 413.)

HERALDRY AND MEN OF LETTERS.

By C. A. MALCOLM, M.A., Ph.D.

IS heraldry becoming more popular with the average reader? Is there a demand by thirsting students of the 'noble science' for systematic instruction in its elements? It would seem so, if the prospectus of the London County Council's educational scheme is a criterion. For that body has already begun a course of lectures on the subject. The idea is excellent, and we may look for developments in other places, so that by-and-by a rudimentary knowledge of what heraldry stands for may be possessed by a much larger section of the public than one finds now.

In mediæval times every one knew something about heraldry. The knight going forth to battle or to tourney, armed at all points, could be recognised only by the coat-of-arms painted on his shield, or by the crest that surmounted his helm. His 'signature' to a deed was identified only by these same arms on seals, for gentlemen then considered themselves 'above' the monkish habit of writing their names.

Thanks to St Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line.

Even in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when widely different conditions prevailed, the educated person was not ignorant of the elements of heraldry. As Froissart and Montaigne in France, as Dunbar, Henryson, and Sir David Lyndsay in Scotland, and as Chaucer and Spenser in their day had made use of the herald's tongue in their works and had adopted in their several ways each a coat-of-arms, so did in time Shakespeare and Milton. Scarcely a comedy or a tragedy of the great master but contains an allusion to the symbols of heraldry. And you will recollect that he induced his father to apply to Heralds' College for a coat-of-arms in order that he, William Shakespeare, might then obtain arms for himself as a 'gentleman.' John Milton made it a rule to have all his agreements with publishers attested, not merely by his name but by a seal bearing his arms, 'Argent, a spread eagle with two heads gules, legged and beaked sable.' In other words, on a silver ground was a two-headed eagle with spread wings, the heads being red, the beak and legs black.

With knightly days receding, the charm lent by distance seems to have grown stronger—at least to students of history and to the romantic poets. Not only the sight of an old stone-cut escutcheon placed over an ancient ruin, but the quaintness of the heralds' terms deeply impressed the imagination and the language of many of the modern poets. Thus Keats, in *The Eve of St Agnes*, makes Porphyro hurry through the

dim hall, where noble escutcheons were revealed 'in all their thousand heraldries.' The window that threw 'warm gules on Madeleine,' that lady's 'azure sleep,' the 'argent moon and sable night,' all point to the poet's love of and indebtedness to heraldry.

It may be objected that it was only among poets of aristocratic leanings that such a fervid care of heraldry was nurtured. Well, here is one of the most democratic gentlemen of all ages to prove that the charm was shared by him. Robert Burns, far enough from 'the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,' writes to his friend, Allan Cunningham: 'I lately lost a valuable Seal, a present from a departed friend, which vexes me much. I have gotten one of your Highland pebbles which, I fancy, would make a very decent one, and I want to cut my armorial bearing on it. . . . I am a bit of a herald and shall give you, *secundum artem*, my arms: "On a field azure, a holly bush, seeded proper, in base; a shepherd's pipe and crook, saltier-wise, also proper, in chief. On a wreath of the colours, a woodlark perching on a sprig of bay tree, proper, for crest. Two mottoes: round the top of the crest, "Wood Notes Wild"; at the bottom of the shield, in the usual place, "Better a wee bush than nae Bield."' "

Heralds' College or Lyon Office in Edinburgh would have insisted on an alteration of the azure of the poet's prospective arms by substituting for the azure field one of silver or of gold (*Argent* or *Or*); for it is one of the canons of heraldry that a colour must never be placed upon a colour, nor a metal upon a metal.

It is pleasing to note that this very coat-of-arms devised by Burns was, with the alteration of the azure field for a silver field, actually registered by his kinsman, Dr James Burnes, a famous officer of the Indian Medical Service, and brother of Sir Alexander Burnes, both of whom were murdered while on duty in Kabul in 1841, after brief but brilliant careers. And again, the coat-of-arms was 'matriculated' in 1905 by a descendant of the poet's brother Gilbert, the azure field being then changed to gold and the shepherd's pipe to a hunting-horn.

Though neither Wordsworth nor Byron paraded heraldry in his verse they were each alive to its claims, and each had his coat-of-arms properly registered. The Poet of the Lakes symbolised his quiet, melodious life by showing a shield bearing 'Argent, three church Bells azure.' Byron had his family arms altered to 'Argent, three bendlets gules.'

Sir Walter Scott, as might have been ex-

pected, was a student of heraldry, but, though he adapts it to his various purposes with great effect throughout his verse and prose romances, he is not free from committing heraldic blunders. There he was the antithesis of Thackeray, whose use of all the 'blazons' is always correct.

For the most pictorial treatment of the subject one must go to Tennyson. Take, for example, the following lines from 'Merlin':

I once was looking for a magic weed,
And found a fair young squire who sat alone,
Had carved himself a knightly shield of wood,
And then was painting on it fancy arms,
Azure, an Eagle rising or, the Sun
In dexter chief; the scroll 'I follow fame.'

There you have the soaring spirit of heraldry in blank verse by one who was a herald after the manner of Heralds' College, one who, indeed, mourned:

Poor old heraldry, poor old poetry, poor old
history, passing hence
In the coming deluge drowning old political
common sense.

None of these men of letters was a close student of heraldry in the sense that Sir George Mackenzie, the Lord Advocate of King Charles II.'s time, was, who in addition to his hateful political services, his legal and moral studies, found time to write a *Science of Heraldry*; nor in the misguided way of Sir Walter Scott's character, Sir Arthur Wardour, in 'poring over Guillim o' nights.'

Enough for them the meaning of the symbols, the fascination, the glamour of all that heraldry stood for. They would have agreed with Ruskin, and with the London County Council, in urging the teaching of heraldry to 'all young men and maidens, because it provides a key to the past.'

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER XVII.—continued.

SOME time in the afternoon Norma stirred and opened her eyes. She lay in such a position that Roy was the first thing upon which her gaze fell, and he saw a look of wonder leap in her face, and then the blue eyes kindled with gladness. 'You?' she whispered. 'You?'

'Yes,' he answered smilingly; 'and Billy.'

'Billy?' she cried in joyous surprise. 'I thought that he—that he——'

'He was wounded only, not sufficiently to prevent his following us. But he has been hurt again since, and has a nasty wound in his foot.'

A swift look of trouble drove the gladness from the girl's face, and she asked quickly, 'How did it happen?'

'Standifer shot him.'

'Standifer?' The look of trouble became accentuated as recollection surged in her mind, and then she spoke a little fearfully. 'Where is he now?'

'I do not know for certain. After Billy had shot the priest in the church——'

'In the church?' As she cried the question her brows contracted as if in the effort to remember, and Carwyke answered quietly, 'Yes, you had been drugged, I think; and that rascally priest was in the act of marrying you to Standifer when Billy and I reached the church. Billy shot him at the altar, partly to save you, partly because he was the man who years ago stole his Eskimo wife from him at Unapik.'

'I can't remember,' said the girl thoughtfully. 'Everything seems confused. I remember Mr Mardock coming to my room and giving me a pistol, and telling me to shoot Standifer rather than marry him, and I remember him asking me for it at breakfast when I was feeling very strange; but whilst I was giving it to him,

Standifer leaped right across the table and flung the other man against the wall—but after that things are mixed up, and—and—oh, I think I remember hearing a rifle, and I seem to see some one in shining raiment falling towards me.'

'That would be the priest. He was a gorgeous figure.'

'I can't remember anything else.'

'Just as well you can't,' answered Carwyke quietly.

'But tell me what happened?' pleaded the girl.

'Mardock evidently recovered from the drug which, as I guess, was given to him and you earlier than was judicious. I think he must have felt himself incapable of doing much for you himself, and he was trying to release Bull and me when Billy showed up to his help. He guessed what was taking place, and set Billy and me running for the church. Billy shot the priest, and as Standifer came out of the church with you in his arms, between us we took you from him. I ran with you to the house, and then saw Billy helping Mardock. Standifer was firing with a pistol, and hit both Mardock and Billy, killing Mardock outright. I carried Billy to the house, and barricaded the door. After what Billy had done, I never thought we should be allowed to leave the place alive, but we had great luck. Many of the Indians hated Arloff, and there was one, who had been south, and whose father the priest had killed, who came to our help, and induced the others to let us go—and here we are!' he ended lightly.

For a moment Norma remained silent, then her eyes sought the backward trail. 'Standifer and that other man are following us?'

'I do not know. They are somewhere in the woods, but whether they have the means to follow us, I can't tell. Anyway, we must be well ahead of them, and if it were not that Billy seems to be in rather a bad way we should have little need to worry over them. But if Billy gets worse, and we have to camp——' He broke off, and, without finishing the thought, asked, 'I wonder if you could handle a paddle?'

'I think so,' answered the girl, raising herself cautiously, and then, as her head spun a little, clung with arms outstretched to each side of the canoe.

'You feel dizzy?' he asked.

'Yes; but it is passing.'

'If you can work the paddle it would help enormously. The farther we get down-river before we camp the better.'

'I will try,' she said simply; and presently she shifted her position, swayed a little, but, taking up the paddle, bravely set to work.

The canoe drove forward at a quicker pace, and the apprehensions that had been in Roy Carwyke's heart died down a little. Norma was very capable, and if they were imprisoned by winter in the wilderness would be a helpful rather than a hindering presence. The one haunting fear that remained was that relating to Standifer. If he followed, great care would have to be taken, lest by any chance the scoundrel had secured a rifle. Billy's exploits proved what a single armed man carefully shadowing a party might do, and the thought that now the conditions might be reversed was an uncomfortable one. The man Bull did not trouble Carwyke quite so much. He was just as likely to attack Standifer as to follow them; and, in any case, he had not the other's measure of intelligence, nor, as a sailor, his experience of the wilds.

Billy's voice broke suddenly on the stillness, and he looked quickly towards him. As he did so, apprehension surged afresh in Roy's heart. The man's face had a deep flush, and he was moving restlessly, whilst the words that came from him were disconnected and meaningless. Norma shot an anxious inquiring glance over her shoulder.

'Paddle your hardest,' Carwyke said. 'We must keep on for the present; but soon I am afraid we shall have to camp—for Billy's sake.'

For another hour they drove forward, and at the end of that time, the wounded man's babblings having become almost continuous and his eyes having the unmistakable glitter of fever, they turned up a quiet creek of sluggish current, and a mile from its junction with the river landed, not far from an open place in the woods. It was a desolate spot enough, but it suited their purpose very well; and having made a bed of spruce and thrown over it a blanket, they carried the sick man to it.

Whilst Carwyke built a fire and prepared a meal the girl watched over Billy, damping his

hot temples with the cold river water, soothing him when he was restless, and listening to the jumble of words that came from his dry lips. Once or twice she caught her own name; and once he shouted, like a man who has stumbled on a startling thing, 'Ther Russian! I thank thee, God!'

Presently, however, as he grew quieter she was able to go to Carwyke's assistance, and she was engaged in pounding coffee-beans between two stones when, noting a glance of Carwyke's in the direction of Billy, she asked, 'You are troubled? You think we shall have to stay here a little time?'

'A day or two, I expect—longer if Billy is not better. We must do what we can for him. He has done so very much for us.'

'Yes,' she answered simply.

'We shall have to keep watch,' he said, 'though I do not think there will be need to do so to-night, except so far as Billy is concerned. We have come a long way, and if either of those two men is trailing us, he will not be here yet awhile.'

They ate the meal in silence, and remembering that Billy must have been without food for practically the whole day, the girl managed to get him to drink a little soup, though he asked only for water. That the food did him any good Carwyke was more than doubtful, for very shortly after taking it he was delirious again, shouting wild words that seemed to ring through the stillness of the wilderness. Norma gave him water, bathed his forehead, and soothed him with voice and hand, until the violence of the delirium gave place to an intermittent, low-voiced babble.

Carwyke stood watching her, a tender light in his eyes. The sick man fell silent altogether for a space, though his eyes, a-glitter with fever, stared wide-open at the trees above him, seeing neither the man nor the girl. In the silence that had fallen Norma looked up, to find Carwyke's eyes watching her, and a sudden flush dyed her face as her eyelids dropped. In that moment Billy began to babble anew. At first the words were disjointed and meaningless, conveying absolutely nothing, then one sentence sounded with startling clearness—the very words that Carwyke had remembered in the canoe. 'There's Missy lookin' back for yo'!'

Norma, who could scarcely have understood the reference, looked up at Carwyke, and what she saw in his eyes again brought the swift blood to her face. The man, knowing his moment had come, took a step towards her. 'Norma!' he whispered. 'Norma!'

She rose quickly from her knees, facing him, a light of shy expectancy in her blue eyes. 'Yes,' she whispered back.

'I love you, girl,' he said hoarsely. 'I never meant to tell you till—till we were out of this. I am not sure I am acting rightly even now.'

But—but I think you must have known. Did you?’

‘Yes,’ she answered simply, as became one so virginal.

‘I want you—will you marry me? When you get to the great world outside you will need some one. Will you? Will you?’

‘Yes,’ she whispered again, without shyness, and with a great gladness in her eyes.

He took her in his arms, and found that she was trembling. ‘Afraid?’ he asked softly.

‘Oh no,’ she answered back. ‘I think it is because I am so glad.’

And then, their enemies behind and the perils before utterly forgotten, he kissed the lips that, trustfully as a child’s, were lifted to meet his own.

(Continued on page 402.)

SMALL-GAME SHOOTING IN CANADA.

PART II.

III.

THE most luxurious shooting I ever enjoyed in the North-west was some years ago, when a party of us travelled on a private train. It was a branch-line, which has since been absorbed by one of the big trans-continental railroads, and two of us were high officials of the Company, so that we could move about pretty much as we pleased, there being comparatively little traffic in those days. The train was made up of a private car for ourselves, a sleeping-car for the men, and a baggage-car for the setters and general equipment.

Our usual plan was to travel at night and shoot during the day, but sometimes it was necessary to move from one ground to another by daylight. On these occasions it was our habit to put the private car in front, tail foremost, so that we could sit on the ‘observation platform’ and look at the scenery. ‘Chicken’ are very fond of coming down to a railroad track, especially towards sunset, in order to dust themselves. When we sighted a covey ahead we would pull the communication-cord, stop the train, and climb off to shoot. Generally, however, we were up before daylight, and spent the morning after duck in the small lakes that abounded along our line of route; we returned to the train for lunch, and put in the afternoon with the dogs, chicken-shooting.

There was an American in the party who was the most hopelessly selfish shot it was ever my misfortune to encounter. (He shot one of the party in the face eventually, and came quite literally within a hairbreadth of destroying his eyesight; then, with commendable presence of mind, accused another perfectly innocent gun of being the culprit. Luckily the victim himself and another eye-witness spoke up and exonerated him.)

We soon gave up any attempt to get him to walk in line, and always encouraged him to start off on a solitary beat of his own. Even then it usually occurred that when our dogs had found birds and were working slowly on the line, he would appear suddenly from nowhere, and drift across our beat as if we didn’t exist.

He owned a rather good-looking Gordon setter, who had been trained not only to retrieve but also to sit up with the dead bird in his mouth, so that his master could take it without stooping.

One day, when we were driving to our ground in a farmer’s cart, we came suddenly on a huge stubble-field that appeared to be covered with snow. At the first glance we half thought this was the case, and then discovered that the snow was really flock after flock of ‘waveys,’ or white geese, and white cranes scattered amongst them. Of course they rose in a great cloud before we got within a couple of hundred yards of them.

That evening, when we returned to dinner, we missed the Yankee and another man, an old Harrovian, nobody having seen anything of them for two or three hours. We were too hungry to wait, and they arrived, tired and rather cross, when we were about half-way through dinner.

They were curiously reticent about their proceedings until late in the evening, when, under the soothing influence of cigars and whisky-and-soda, they became more communicative.

It appeared that they had conspired to steal a march on the rest of us and get a shot at those waveys when they returned to the stubble late in the afternoon. In order to accomplish this knavish trick they had slipped away, hired a buckboard from a neighbouring farmer, and made a bee-line to the stubble. Once there they dismissed their driver, climbed up to the top of a rick, and covered themselves over with straw. The New Yorker was peculiarly pathetic in his description of their subsequent sufferings. They lay full length, and the straw tickled him everywhere; the mosquitoes were the very devil; he wanted to smoke, and the ex-Harrovian wouldn’t let him; he wanted to swear, and every time he opened his lips the ex-Harrovian kicked him in the mouth with his heel and fiercely told him to shut up. This went on for a couple of hours or so, till it got so dark they couldn’t have seen to shoot, even if there’d been anything to shoot at, which there wasn’t. So they lowered themselves sadly and stiffly to the ground, and found their driver

waiting to see whether they wanted a lift to the train. He had been there all the time, with his horse hobbled close by, while he walked to and fro smacking his shoulders to keep the circulation going, like a London cabman. He was a Galician, or a Mennonite, or something, and it never occurred to him that he was acting as a highly effective scarecrow.

This business of shooting from a private car was, for obvious reasons, more common among American millionaires than among North-western Canadians, and it is in connection with one of the former class that there happened the funniest shooting episode I can remember.

I will call him Baumann, though that is not in the least like his real name. He arrived in one of our Western cities in a private car with silver door-handles and hinges. He had a letter of recommendation to the local manager of a big business, in which he held considerable interests. This local manager I will call Coppinger. Now Coppinger was really a very good fellow, with only one fault—that he was a Personage, with a capital P, and that he was too well aware of the fact. He was stout, with a fair beard, carefully trimmed to a point, a florid complexion, and a thick neck. When he spoke of younger men in his own line of business, he would say, 'Very promising young man, So-and-So; very promising indeed.' Then he would plunge in thought again, and add reflectively, 'I taught him all he knows.'

Apart from that he was a kindly, if dignified, host in his own house, and he made such a favourable impression on Baumann that he was invited to join the party. Coppinger declined gracefully on the score of business, thinking it unnecessary to explain that he hardly knew one end of a gun from the other. Unluckily for him, his directors down east got wind of it, and wired to him to accept, for reasons of policy, so that Coppinger had to change his mind and go.

For two or three days he rather enjoyed himself; there wasn't much shooting, and he managed to get along without making any conspicuous *faux pas*. Then came a day when Baumann decided it would be pleasanter to lunch in the open, and the party sat themselves down alongside the railroad track, and had their food brought out to them. Baumann was sitting on his 'hunkers,' with his plate between his knees, eating like a hungry Indian. Coppinger had, by a miracle, killed a brace of prairie-chicken, right and left, that morning, and was inordinately puffed up in consequence. He strolled up, carrying his gun loose and easy, to address some pleasant remarks to Baumann, and let off one barrel just between the millionaire's legs. He didn't hit him, but he started a sort of eruption of dust and pebbles which peppered all over his plate and his person.

Baumann was annoyed. He cursed with an exuberant fluency that spoke well for his early training. To say that Coppinger was confounded is pitifully inadequate. Had the accident occurred to an ordinary individual it would have been bad enough, but that he, Coppinger, should have been selected by a malignant fate to commit such an enormity—it was unbelievable. He started to apologise, and he went on apologising, and the more he apologised, the madder Baumann got. At last the millionaire could stand it no longer, and he announced that he would be everlastingly—Heaven and Baumann alone know what—if he was going to be shot at by his guests; he would return to the car and finish his lunch by himself.

So off he started, followed by Coppinger, still apologising. Baumann climbed up the steps, followed by Coppinger, still apologising. Baumann turned down the narrow passageway into the aisle, with Coppinger's apologetic hand on his shoulder, vainly trying to soothe his outraged feelings. How it happened no one will ever know, but Coppinger loosed off the other barrel just past Baumann's ear, and pulverised a priceless mirror at the end of the car. Baumann hurled himself sideways onto a sofa, clapped his hands over his ears, and went into a sort of fit; he was still kicking when the rest of the party arrived, but quite speechless.

Two or three years later I heard a first-class idiot make a distant reference to the subject one day in the club, when Coppinger was lunching at the same table, and I cut in quickly and switched the conversation. I had seen Coppinger's face, and I remembered that thick neck.

IV.

It has always been a mystery to me that shooting accidents were not more common in the West. In the early days most of the townsmen were Easterners, and many of them had never previously handled a gun in their lives. Several of them, whom I knew personally, learned to shoot straight enough, being naturally adapted to do so, but I could count on the fingers of one hand the number who became properly 'gun-broke.' It was quite hopeless to try to accustom them to take proper precautions in carrying their weapons, in drawing their cartridges, in keeping line, and, lastly, they never could learn to keep their mouths shut.

A man has to be caught young to learn all that. If you catch a boy waving a loaded gun on a line with your head, you can send him home, and he won't do it again; but if you catch a grown man doing the same thing, you may swear at him, and he may or may not apologise, but he'll do it again the next day. As for hunting mute, I have heard a man lectured for ten minutes on the subject, and

on the necessity of keeping line. I have seen him drop a bird immediately afterwards, stone dead and lying in plain view some twenty or thirty yards ahead of him. Uttering a jubilant roar, he will rush forward to pick it up, while frightened coveys are rising everywhere within earshot, but not within gunshot. Then he will stop and swing round with his gun at his shoulder, only to find he has forgotten to reload it.

I have a vivid recollection of a day when I was breaking trail through snow which was nowhere less than knee-deep, and into which you constantly sank up to your waist. I happened to glance behind me, and found my companion laboriously planting his feet, one after the other, exactly in my footsteps. He was carrying his rifle at full-cock, level with his hip, and pointing directly at my spine. When I asked him if it was loaded, he replied, with pained surprise, that of course it was; and when I asked him to draw the cartridges, he was quite annoyed.

Another day I was paddling in the bow of a canoe up a river that was full of snags and 'dead-heads'—that is, submerged logs. I turned my head to speak to my companion in the stern, and found a ten-bore gun, with the safety-catch off, balanced on the thwart behind me, so that the barrels were within an inch or two of my back. Just as a precaution I asked if it was loaded, rather expecting the man to be indignant at such a fool question. He calmly replied that it was, and that he was keeping it there in case a duck flew over, when he could drop his paddle and pick it up. When I pointed out the danger of a sudden jolt from our running on to a snag he was quite angry, and said the gun was all right, because he had his eye on it. It was only by threatening to run the canoe ashore, and get out and walk, that I induced him to draw the cartridges, and then I think he concluded my nerves must be out of order.

Once I was out duck-shooting on one of the big lakes in company with a Hudson's Bay official and—among others—a distinguished lawyer who was afterwards made a judge. It happened that he and I were told off to shoot opposite to one another across a big stretch of open water. Each of us had a paddler, his being an Indian, and mine a rather raw white boy, a deck-hand on one of the Company's steamers. Our canoes were tied up in the reeds as usual, but each of us was in plain view of the other. For the first hour or so all the duck flew across on his side, and I never got a shot. He, however, was blazing away merrily, and his shot were dropping like hail among the reeds all round us. My boy got a bit rattled at first, till I explained to him that, at that distance, dropping shot were harmless. After that he amused himself by collecting such of them as

actually fell into the canoe, until he had got a small handful of them.

Then the luck changed, and the birds began to fly across on my side. I hadn't fired more than two or three shots when I heard a distant shouting, and saw my friend signalling frantically. Thinking that this meant that word had arrived for us to move elsewhere, I reluctantly cast off and paddled across to him. When I was within earshot, I was greeted with a perfect storm of invective. What sort of man did I call myself to go out shooting? Didn't I know better than to shoot straight another man? Was I aware that it was only through the interposition of Providence that I hadn't killed himself and his Indian? and so on, *da capo*. When he stopped to take breath, I said mildly, 'It's all right, S., the shot wouldn't hurt you at that distance.' That started him off worse than ever. 'At that distance? Wouldn't hurt him? What did I know about distance? Didn't I know that distance across water,' &c. &c., and again he asseverated that only luck had saved him from death and me from blood-guiltiness.

When he had ended the second lesson I turned to my boy and asked him if he still had those shot. He had, and I told him to produce them. Then I explained, slowly and patiently, just how we came by them; that these were only a sample of what we had in the canoe at the moment, to say nothing of the copious downpour which had rained into the reeds behind us; that I had no reason to believe that my gun shot any farther than his did; and that, anyway, after I had been steadily bombarded for over an hour, I thought it was only fair I should have a chance to shoot back. My boy gurgled softly, and even his Indian grinned behind him. But S. never forgave me.

V.

Most of the swamps where we used to shoot and camp have now been taken up by 'clubs,' who have more luxury and less shooting. To repeat our experience we should have to strike farther north. Even in our time there was a so-called club whose members went regularly, year after year, to a point within two or three miles of one of our camps. As a matter of fact it consisted of half-a-dozen friends who had selected a likely spot and, so to speak, squatted there. They were a cheery lot, and we knew them all well. One of the party had a turn for mechanical engineering, and had built an engine for a tidy-sized launch, which took them down and back a bit faster than we could manage in canoes, though, to us, the canoe trip was half the fun. They were keen enough, in a way, but a bit lazy, and shocking bad starters. Five minutes in the early morning for a long canoe journey will often save an hour or more later in the day. They did themselves well, and usually had a fair supply of whisky, though they were

by no means hard drinkers. It happened one year that they had left the arrangements for the return trip to the last possible moment. The fact that there was more whisky still on hand than it seemed desirable to carry back to civilisation may have had something to do with this. Anyhow, it was pretty nearly dark before they got under way.

Their course lay nearly due north for a couple of miles along a narrow side-channel, and then they had to turn sharp to the left into the west channel of the delta to get into the main river. The country is perfectly flat, and there is hardly a landmark to be distinguished, even by daylight. By the time they got to the bend it was pitch-dark, and, once in the delta, they had to feel their way carefully in order to avoid snags and shoals. They were too cheerful to worry about it, and lay comfortably on deck on their tents and bedding, smoking, chatting, and chaffing the engineer, who poked up his head at intervals and demanded a small drink to wash the coal-dust out of his throat. She was steering beautifully, not a snag did they strike, and the engine was running as smoothly as even the engineer could desire. It was against stream, but at their ordinary rate of speed they expected to reach the settlement where they meant to pass the night in about four hours.

The time passed quickly, but at last some impatient member of the crew struck a match, looked at his watch, and wondered when they were going to see the lights of the village. Nobody paid any attention at first, and then another man began to sit up and take notice. He remarked suspiciously that they were taking a devil of a time to pass a particular bush on the opposite bank; he'd had his eye on it for the last fifteen minutes and they hadn't gained an inch. That scared them, and they all sat up and got busy. They were still at the corner of the first bend, where they had run her nose

right into the reeds, and for the last four hours they'd been bucking the mainland of the Dominion of Canada.

In a very few years I expect to see Old Country men establishing bungalows of their own over here. Besides all the indigenous small-game, they will be able to shoot pheasants, which were introduced from the Orient into the island of Vancouver, and have since spread to the mainland, and are steadily working east. Pretty much the same thing has been done, with similar results, in the case of the Californian quail. In 1908 a number of Hungarian partridge were imported into the United States. In April of the following year, and for some years subsequently, a number of these were brought into Alberta by the enterprise of local sportsmen. No shooting was permitted until 1913, and they are now there in thousands. They average about fourteen to the covey, and have been found to thrive in British Columbia.

The visitor from the Old Country may not find all the luxuries which attend some forms of shooting over there. He can hardly expect to have his birds driven to him, and he will probably have to work his own dogs and find his own game. He will probably like it. There will be no head keeper to tell him exactly where to take his stand, and he probably won't miss him. You won't find ponies to take you from one butt to another, but there's nothing to stop you driving all day over the prairie in a buckboard if you choose to do so. You will find that the dogs here will range a bit wider than you are accustomed to, having been trained to do so for this very reason. The dogs are bred from the best kennels in the United States and in the British Isles. Lastly, you will be seeing a new country, breathing a new air, and learning a lot of new tricks about shooting and other things.

THE END.

BLOOD AND SALT.

By JOHN EYTON.

I.

'FOR all thy days and their days, thou and thy sons shall seek to slay Kale Khan and the children of Kale Khan—sleeping or waking, sitting or walking, in the valley or on the hill—for that Kale Khan's father stole the daughter of thy father's father and so made enmity for ever—'

The words were spoken in Pushtu, strangely soft for such a message, by a father to his son. They were following a straggling flock of sheep along the stony side of a brown hill, near the source of the Tochi River, where Waziri land meets Khost. The father's name was Zikhariah

Khan, and the son's Yakub Khan, and both carried out in their faces the Hebrew quality—origin too, maybe—of their names. Each had dark eyes, deep sunk, low browed, close set; each a long nose curving disdainfully down and drawing up hard lines from the corners of the mouth to the nostrils; each a cleft in the forehead, caused by constant gazing into distances; each a thin upper lip, a thick lower lip, a little chin. In feature the son was the pattern of the father, and in stature he had the same promise. Their differences lay in this—Zikhariah was shaggy and red; Yakub was slim and smooth and dark. The former wore a brown pugaree carelessly twisted over his red

locks, which, roughly shorn, straggled in odd lengths on to his dingy white shirt. Round his body he wore a cartridge-belt, on his legs full pyjamas of the same hue as his shirt, on his feet cloth bandages lapped across and across. He carried a Martini rifle, slung over his shoulder for all to see, and a long knife, less visible, at his waist. He walked with free big strides. The son, a boy of sixteen, was clad in shirt and pugaree of dark blue—good setting for his smooth face and coal-black hair—and he carried a bow and arrow, half weapon, half toy. He walked behind his father.

Theirs was a hard life, set in barren ways. There was no wide companionship for them in a place where family feuds barred a semblance of free intercourse—where the fittest survived, like animals, through alertness, and alertness only. Their one interest in life was that interminable war with Kale Khan and his kindred across the valley which lay now at their feet—a deep red ravine, where a slender stream threaded the shingle and the rocks. Before he had seen six years, Yakub Khan had seen some of the fruit of that feud. He had seen his father stop dead on that very hillside, unslinging his rifle, and fall flat on his face. Instinctively he had followed suit and had seemed to understand why. He had watched a little figure among the rocks by the stream, and a moment later had seen that same figure crumple up and roll over, face to the sun. Then as a young leopard frisks first on to his mother's kill, he had run up to the dead man and dabbled in blood.

Since that day Yakub Khan had seen many men so crumple; seen, too, the spurt of red earth at his feet and heard the song of a bullet from across the valley. He had never been surprised. Death stirred him. Escape stirred him. The first made him hot, the second cold; but both sensations were born, as it were, with his blood.

There had been no schooling for him, as there had been none for his father. The only lore that father handed on to son was this daily, hourly, repeated legend of feud and fight and treachery, spread over three generations. This was the education of Yakub Khan, and this he might have handed on in turn to his own son, had it not been for one circumstance—he betrayed his blood.

II.

It happened in his eighteenth year. They had driven their sheep down the long road by Dardoni and Miranshah, Edak and Saidgi, to the sheep market in Bannu bazaar; and at the gate of the bazaar, called the Takhti gate, he had met face to face a dark girl riding on a donkey. She had sombre eyes, the colour of blue grapes, and a very perfect chin. He was on fire for her at once, and followed her and told her of his love, for she had looked at him

questioningly in passing. Nothing loth, she named a palm grove on the Kurram Road, and a time. Then she rode on.

But when he met her in the palm grove, and gave her roses for her hair and scented leaves, she was strangely backward. She would be wooed, not won. She put her fingers to her lips, and glanced at him mysteriously, and spoke of the morrow. She would not even say her name, for all he gave her his. Then she slipped away from him, and he turned in the gathering dusk for the road. Before he had gone ten paces he came face to face with his father.

There was a look on his father's face that he knew well—a drawn, hard look, such as he connected with the killing of a man.

'Know'st thou with whom thou art dallying?' asked Zikhariah Khan.

'She would not tell me,' his son answered.

'And with reason, for she is the spawn of Kale Khan—and thou art—a traitor.'

As he shot out that word, he seemed to gather himself for a spring. His thin hand went to the haft of his long knife—Yakub Khan saw death very near. There was no hope in argument, he knew well—no possible plea of ignorance. He had offended against the law.

He saw his father's hand fumble for an instant, as if the knife were caught in the folds of his clothes. In that instant he turned and fled through the trees, expecting to feel the knife-blade between his shoulders. He heard his father crash through the undergrowth in pursuit, and dodged to the right, and to the left, and to the right again. Then he knew that he was running alone. But he still ran.

III.

Yakub Khan had been saved from death, and Zikhariah Khan from being a second Rustum, by no greater thing than a loose pyjama string. He was doubly saved, did he but know it, for on the morrow the daughter of Kale Khan waited long in the grove, with a bright little knife concealed in her bosom—while, to make assurance doubly sure, Kale Khan himself was at hand, with a horse-pistol.

But Yakub Khan was far up the Tochi Pass by then. He joined the Dardoni Militia. Upstanding, keen-eyed, wiry, he had no difficulty in passing the recruit's test. Nor were his motives greatly questioned, for he was not the first who had walked warily in on a morning and asked to throw in his lot with the Sircar. Blood feuds and love affairs were among the main recruiting agents.

So in time he came to put on khaki, and, because he was wiry, they gave him a horse, and found that he shaped well. Time came when he went out on *gasht* (patrol) over the hills, riding in the little troop which picked its way among the rocks, knit to his lean, clever pony—as fine a figure as any.

He had qualities—as his squadron officer, Captain Agar, found. He was discreet, talked little, and gave no trouble. Further, he was as hard as the hills could make him, keen as a hawk with his eyes, and amazingly steady on the range. Soon he was tried as an Acting Lance Duffador—one stripe on his arm—and did so well, and had withal so quiet a manner of keeping order in his little charge, that thereafter he went from strength to strength. He became a jemadar—the youngest in the corps—and got his troop.

Captain Agar, who was a good judge of men, had a personal liking for Yakub Khan, for he had a quiet humour about him. The jemadar could touch tender spots when he was so minded, having been at pains to learn the family history of every man in his troop, without revealing his own. He did remarkably well, too, in an affair of pickets in the neighbourhood of Spinikaisura fort, when part of his troop turned doubtful. It was this affair that gave him the reputation of being specially reliable. Captain Agar, who had seen men go back after five, ten, fifteen years' service—refusing to die in uniform—would have bet long odds that Yakub Khan would never be one of them.

'Yakub Khan's ours all right,' he would say, when possibilities were mooted.

While Yakub Khan was rising in the estimation of his British officer, his father was not idle in the hills. Goaded by the thought of his son's apostasy, he made such havoc in the family of Kale Khan that he became quite a prominent figure on the border—where status is often judged by the number of nicks in the rifle butt. Five years had furrowed his forehead deeper, flecked his red beard with gray, hardened his eyes, and drawn the blood from his lips. But five years had quickened his mind. He was a lone figure, with no axe to grind, and, moreover, with a pleasing quality of sheer implacable hate that appealed to the tribal *jirgha*. They liked sting and fire in a speaker.

But when he learned that his son was eating the salt of the Sircar, he came into his own. He began to preach *Jihad* (Holy War) as it had never before been preached south of the Kurram. Men called him 'mullah' then.

His word went forth through the hills, and the bitter and the hard-faced and the hungry came in to hear him, and hearing him, stayed. Little by little a *lashkar* (force) of some six hundred men was collected. Zikhariah Khan was one of the leaders, and he saw to it that the objective should be Dardoni fort—the walls that held his son. In all that motley band he was the most single-minded, for, whereas others had come in for excitement, or loot, or advancement in this world or the next, he went out to bring back his son's head. Nothing less than that, he felt, would wipe out the stain.

The *lashkar* was led swiftly and silently

across the hills, to occupy a series of rough stone *sangars* (entrenchments) commanding the Dardoni plain. These *sangars* were sited on either side of the gorge which opens on to the wide expanse of grass and shingle, treeless and waterless, in which the fort stands.

So, on an evening in October, the fort patrols brought in word of men swarming into the gorge from the west, dotted already on the hill-sides. And, at the same time, the tribesmen were looking down on the high walls of gray mud, and the square perimeter, and the barbed-wire entanglement which constituted Dardoni fort, and sighting their rifles for sniping. As night fell, a bullet whined high over the transport lines. The night was still and starry. The hills were black shadows, the plain a sweep of gray. But far up in the gorge little lights twinkled like red stars as the tribesmen lit their fires.

IV.

The officer commanding the garrison preferred to fight by day-light. He was quite content that the tribesmen should eat their dinner, so long as they would permit him to eat his. In fact, it was practically an understood thing that there should be no serious business before dawn. All night the fort looked very quiet. Not a light showed. There was no sound of men. Only occasionally in the transport lines a mule scuffled, or a horse whinnied. But, in the small hours of the morning, two companies of infantry, under Captain Beasley, stole silently through the east gate and wound, like a long ghostly snake, up a path behind the hill. It was their duty to take up a position in the rear of the enemy.

Then, just before dawn, Captain Agar's squadron of mounted men moved out by the west gate, with a clank here and a jingle there, but no sound of voice. As soon as they were clear of the perimeter, the first troop dropped into a trot and went forward to patrol the advance, two sections flitting away to right and left to cover the flanks.

The first troop was Yakub Khan's.

V.

The rest of the story is best told by Captain Agar himself, since he wrote of it—in a letter to his father in England—with the event still vivid in his memory.

After giving the dispositions and a short account of the local features, with a rough sketch, he continued as follows:

'We were across the plain before there was any light to speak of, and I doubt whether they saw us before we saw them. Yakub Khan was well ahead—say a hundred and fifty yards—and had got his troop nicely extended. I kept well up, for I was anxious to be in touch with Yakub Khan. As you will see from my sketch,

the plain narrows into a steepish gorge west of the fort, and the *lashkar* was dotted about along the sides of the hills overlooking the gorge. I believe they had all been asleep, but they evidently woke up when Yakub Khan approached the gorge, for there was some wild shooting, and I could see a few old shaggy warriors bobbing among the rocks. Then they saw the main body, with the result that there was a lot more shooting, and the hills were like bee-hives. However, they stuck to the high ground. Yakub Khan wisely dismounted his troop and got his horses away. I did the same and extended the squadron.

'Well, it was a case of advancing by short rushes and making much ado about nothing till old Beasley should get busy in the rear of our friends—and this we proceeded to do. It hotted up pretty quickly, and I got orders from Creighton to withdraw—on to the main body. In fact, I was just instructing my signaller, when the really dramatic event of the day happened.

'An old chap with a great red beard—tall as Tiwana—suddenly shot up from behind a rock and came jumping down the hill like a markhor, yelling and brandishing a sword half his own length. He headed straight for Yakub Khan's troop. I simply cannot describe the agility of the man, nor his utter disregard of danger—for the troop were plugging it in hot and strong—but on he came, his clothes fluttering, as if he had wings, his eyes staring, and his great beard blowing out like a flag. I think both sides stopped to watch him—I know we did—expecting every moment to see him roll over like a rabbit with a bullet in his head. But he had a charmed life, if ever any one had. He came right on to the troop.

'Then we all gasped. Yakub Khan came out alone to meet him. I thought he had gone mad.

'You know I thought a lot of Yakub Khan—brave enough, but with more commonsense than to expose himself for a star turn like that. I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw him doing the V.C. stunt on that old madman of a mullah. But there was more in it than I knew of at the time, and I sha'n't blame you if you take a pinch of salt with this.

'Yakub Khan had nothing in his hands.

'When they were five yards apart, both of them stopped dead. The shooting had died down. I am sure that every man in the hills, and every man of ours, had his eyes starting out of his head over this *tamasha*. I know I had. I heard old Beasley's men open the ball far ahead, as if I were hearing something in a dream. For five minutes we completely forgot our battle, our horses, and ourselves. I know you will say that I deserve to be court-martialled—but I couldn't help it. I was watching the most absorbing play I ever saw.

'Well, as I say, they stopped and faced each other. The old chap raised his sword, looking like a picture of some biblical warrior, and Yakub, with a sort of dramatic gesture, pulled his coat open, literally baring his breast for the blow. So they stood, the one threatening, the other inviting, for what seemed ages. They must have spoken—though God knows what they said—for the old man pointed at Yakub, and Yakub in a sort of frenzy began tearing off his kit—one thing after the other. In a second or two he was standing there in his shirt. I understood that. He was not going to die in uniform. But why?

Then it ended. Yakub Khan seemed to urge the old chap to make a job of it, for he moved forward a step. The red-beard waved his sword. I could see it flash. Then it fell with a clatter among the rocks. He had chucked it away!

'You won't believe it, but those two fell into each other's arms. Then, in a second, they parted and dodged up the hill and out of sight—my best troop officer and their leading mullah, Dad! Father and son!

'We made hay with the *lashkar* after that, but we never saw that pair again. They must have wriggled away together through the hills—and, knowing one of them and having seen the other, I'm not surprised. But the romance of it! No one talks of anything else. The battle's a mere side-issue. Already there is a new Border legend—a true one this time—of how a father and son quarrelled, of how the son ate the salt of the stranger, but the father raised *Jihad*; of how they met, and both were so brave that they couldn't kill each other, and how, after all, blood tasted stronger than salt.'

GHOST SHIPS.

IN the star-strewn hours of midnight,
When the world is wrapped in sleep,
I think the ghosts of all old ships
Arise from out the deep;
With sails of cobweb fineness,
And masts of beaten gold,
Merry crews on every deck,
Lost cargoes in each hold.

And many a valiant sea-lord,
Drowned in the long ago,
Returns from some far haven
To the barque he used to know.
Not all the countless ages
Could lull their hearts to rest,
And their slumbering souls give answer
When the sea-call thrills each breast.

So, when the moon is waning,
O'er the highroads of the sea,
And the singing winds bring echo
Of some mermaid melody;
When in the hush of morning
The stars pale one by one,
The phantom fleets go sailing home
To ports beyond the sun.

E. M. BEVAN.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

WATCHERS ON THE HILL-TOP.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT FANTASY.

By HILDA SKAE.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT.—In the obscurity we cannot see the fern seed freckling the under side of the fronds that brush against us as we climb. The shortest night of days long past no doubt saw bonfires on all the heights, and young men and maidens trooping from the village yonder to take part in ceremonies whose meaning was lost in the mist of ages; mysterious rites through which their forebears sought to propitiate forces of good and evil. In the half-ruined priory within the churchyard walls the prior and his military monks held the vigil of St John, patron of the day and of their order. In the palace by the drowsy town may have lain a king of Scotland, with, perchance, a beauteous queen, sleeping the sleep of the just after a long day's hawking with their ladies and nobles—for we are looking down upon part of the ancient hunting-ground of the Scottish kings.

Stone pillars, still erect, mark the boundary of the sanctuary where fugitives might claim the protection of the monastery in bygone times. In the hall, traced now only by a row of crumbling stones, no longer do the Knights Hospitallers give stately entertainment to emissaries from the mother-house in the far-off islands of the south, or on cold winter nights afford a shivering outlaw a warm meal and a seat by the fire. Roofless walls are all that is left of the palace where the lovely ill-fated Queen of Scots first saw the light, while her father, dying on the other side of the Forth, muttered of his heritage, 'It cam' wi' a lass and it will gang wi' a lass.'

The oak and the pine that sheltered the tracks followed by king and noble chasing the deer are gone. New villages have arisen; the solitude has become peopled with farms and manors; but the peaks of which they caught glimpses from the forest glades still rise towards the sky. Fantastically shaped summits are among them, outlined against a heaven where in the summer-time night subdues but does not altogether conquer the forces of day. The scattered woods on valley and hillside are derived, it may be, from the very acorns that dropped at the feet of king or churchman

when duty or pleasure took him through the forest.

The hush of a summer night broods over the vast panorama. In the hollow sleeps the house, nestling among its trees. From its chimney a drowsy trail of smoke wavers up in the air. On this side the woods climb steeply up to a little below the crest of the hill, where granite crops up, gray and lichen-clad, among the heather and the juniper bushes. Perfumes of wild growths hover around. Through the stillness faint sounds are creeping: the windless, stirring of trees; the far-off movement of water; and, nearer at hand, the breathing of cattle and of black-faced sheep asleep among the boulders.

The night sky looks tranquilly down upon far-off streaks of blue, indicating the course of the river, the 'mazy Forth' whose windings are partly concealed by the irregularities of the ground. Towards the east broadens out the wide estuary opening upon the North Sea, its banks studded with towns and villages and its waters with dim islands. On the farther side sleep the Ochils; and scattered chains run westwards until they join hands with the Campsie Fells and with the mountains of Rob Roy's country. Above their ridges in clear weather the Highland hills rear their lofty summits against the sky.

The wide strath, meeting place of Highlands and Lowlands, has been the scene of immemorial strife. Far in the west glimmers faintly on its rock the castle of Stirling, built to hold the turbulent clans in check. Walls and battlements are steeped in traditions of Mary, Queen of Scots; of her helpless infancy; of her impetuous wooing by Darnley. Down below, among the shadows, sleeps the field of Bannockburn, where the freedom of the north was won. Just visible in the summer twilight, the Wallace Monument watches from its crag. Jacobite and Hanoverian met in strife among the uplands; then a century and seven decades of peace was broken into by the Great War.

Over the sleeping towns and villages the eye travels to where, below the mighty span of the great bridge only discernible now as the faintest tracery in the darkness, the fleet of the Empire

kept its unresting watch. The war vessels are dispersed now; the iron nets have been removed from the mouth of the river; aeroplanes no longer hover night and day upon the horizon; once more the strath sleeps in safety.

A wandering breath stirs the leaves of the copse, answered by a movement among the trees of the old house. A sigh passes. On a low height stands out in the obscurity a pillar that has not long been there. Other memorials, dwarfed by distance, come dimly in view beside villages and on the heights, silent witnesses, pointing upwards to the night sky.

The scars of war heal slowly. Of the great houses slumbering beside their trees but few shelter the same sleepers that lay there before the War. The old manor that lies in the hollow, breathing comfort in its placid sleep, has not long been the dwelling of the watchers on the hill. Inhabited by a joy-loving and open-handed race for so long that warmth and geni-

ality seem inherent in its very walls, it knows its former masters no more. He who was the heir sleeps in Gallipoli; his only brother beneath the waters of the North Sea; the old man was carried to where the Knights Hospitallers rested before him and lies there—the last of his race.

New faces are in the old homes. The cloud-vapours wreath and disperse themselves dreamily beneath the midnight sky. The Wallace Monument keeps watch and ward upon its hill; the Castle looks down upon Bannockburn; and by a sudden transformation for an instant all seem to become memorials, silently asserting themselves in the glimmering summer night. There is a whisper among the leaves; a breath of wind passes, precursor of the dawn; the night has become magical on the vigil of St John and the turn of the year—and there is fern seed on the under side of the fronds in the wood.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE MAN IN THE WOOD.

'If ther boy only has ther sense——'

In the stillness of the northern night, with Norma sleeping on the farther side of the fire, Roy Carwyke sat watching the sick man, and listening with pity to his delirious outbursts. To what did he refer? Were there other things in the ex-whaler's life of which he had not spoken, relationships that had nothing to do with the bleak life of Unapik, but that forced themselves upon him in these delirious hours, or——

'I been sorta father an' mother to ther kid.'

As the words broke on his ears Carwyke understood to what boy the other words had referred, and smiled a little when, looking across the fire at Norma, he thought of the news he would have for this self-constituted and faithful guardian of the girl. Billy would be pleased; it would do him a world of good when he was able to hear it; and Roy found himself wishing that he could in that very moment convey the information to the faithful fellow's fevered mind.

Billy fell silent again. For a time the watcher imagined that he was sleeping naturally, and lighting a pipe, became immersed in his own thoughts. Twenty minutes or so crept by, then he was startled by sudden laughter on the part of the sick man, and heard him say chucklingly, 'It'll be a fair knock-out when I tell him, but I ain't going to do it till——' The sentence went unfinished, but a moment later a new one was begun. 'He'd cut his tongue out first if he knew! Ther durned pride. . . . It fair passes belief thet a nice feller can be such a fool.'

Again the sick man's babble dribbled away to silence, but it left Carwyke wondering. He had no doubt the words referred to himself, though their meaning was hidden from him. But what odd thought was it that had moved the sick man to this delirious merriment? Was it of something conjured up by his fever-ridden brain, or was it of something that had external reality? He could not guess, and, hoping to find some help from the other's ramblings, he listened carefully, but in vain.

Now Eskimo Billy was on a seal hunt, and in his excitement it was as much as Roy could do to hold him down; then he was back in the past, whispering words of amazing tenderness to that Eskimo girl for love of whom he had chosen to live in the igloos of her people on the bleak Arctic coast; another time he was living afresh through quite recent events; and once he gave a hoarse cry that reached Norma—half-awakened her, so that she turned in her sleep.

'Ther Russian, by——'

There were other things, revelations of the man's most intimate life, broken references to things he had endured in grimy fo'c'sles, to his far-away boyhood down in the blue-grass country, to Mr Mannering, with whom he was arguing some serious point, and interspersed among them were mere strings of disconnected words, inarticulate sounds which stood for words that went unshaped. But there was no reference to anything that would help to elucidate the problem set by his previous words, and though Carwyke listened with exceeding carefulness, he learned nothing further. Presently

a silent spell took the place of the fevered volubility, and after wondering for a long time without advancing any nearer to the heart of the mystery, growing a little cramped, Roy rose, and walked to the edge of the camp.

The northern horizon was aglow as if with the reflection of some great volcanic fire; and whilst westward the sky was of duller hue, to the east it was like ruddy gold. There was a faint murkiness in the air—a suggestion of damp exhalations, which, however, did not obscure the view of the hills and the long woods or the straight reach of the creek above the spot where the camp was pitched. No living thing gave any sign of its presence, and the ripple of the water merely accentuated the oppressive silence. In his wandering and solitary life as a prospector he had moved often through such silence, and had grown accustomed to it; but to-night as he looked southward with contemplative eyes, he would have given much to have heard that silence shattered by the roar of the trans-continental express, or the clamour of steamers' bells and sirens. It was so far to the point where the wilderness merged with the cultivated places, and he had not the vaguest idea whither the river they followed was leading, except that it was bearing steadily southward.

He stared across the river to the silent woods, a grave thought in his mind. If they were delayed many days a winter in the woods would be inevitable, and the terrors of such a winter he knew well. One thing, however, brought consolation. Both Norma and Billy were accustomed to the extremest of all winters, and here among the wooded hills no storms could equal those which raged across the open tundra. They also were children of the wilds and—

A musk-rat splashed in the water, the plop of it breaking the intense silence. In the same instant there was the sound of movement behind him, and, turning swiftly, he saw Norma moving towards him. He went to meet her, a protest on his lips. 'It is not yet time, Norma—'

'No,' she interrupted, with a smile. 'But I awoke, and, as I cannot sleep again, you must rest while I watch Billy.'

'But—'

'I insist; and again the smile came on her face. 'You are my man now, and it is my duty to cherish you. I know how tired you are, Roy, and I will not lie down again until you have slept. So there!'

'Rank rebellion,' he said, with a laugh.

'No; commonsense. If either of those two men is following he will not be here yet awhile, and in case it should be possible to continue the journey to-morrow you must have rest, or we shall not be able to go fast or far.'

He was compelled to admit the cogency of her words, but glanced towards the sick man doubtfully. 'I am afraid we shall not be able

to start in the morning. Billy will be in no condition to travel.'

'Possibly not. But if those men should come to-morrow and find you worn out—'

He set his hands upon her shoulders and laughed. 'You shall have your way, Missy. I did not think you could be so insistent.'

She flushed a little, but made no reply, and he spoke again. 'You must wake me if anything unusual occurs, or if you require help with Billy. He is quiet now, but he is likely to be delirious—'

'I shall not be afraid,' she said simply, 'with you at my side.'

Her confidence in him moved him even more than his answer betrayed. 'Please God, you shall never need to be.'

He kissed her once, and together they returned to the fire, the girl seating herself by the sick man, and Carwyke rolling himself in a blanket, to pass into sound dreamless sleep almost immediately. Three hours later he was awakened by the girl's low-voiced cry. 'Roy! Roy!'

He sat up immediately, all his senses alert. 'What is it?'

'I heard a rifle-shot.'

A second later he was on his feet. 'Are you sure, Norma?'

'Quite sure. It came from the woods up there.' She waved a hand northward as she spoke. 'It was a long way off, but I am sure it was a rifle-shot.'

He looked at her doubtfully. She was a stranger to wooded country, where sounds often occur that might mislead unaccustomed ears. 'Perhaps it was a dead tree falling. In these woods—'

'No,' she interrupted positively. 'I am sure the sound came from a— There, again!'

Right on her words had come the sound that to Carwyke's experienced ears was unmistakably made by the discharge of a rifle.

'You heard?' Norma whispered. 'It was—'

'Yes. But, as you said, it is a long way off.'

'But who can it be?'

'Some Indian hunting—or a half-breed trapper. There must be such up here, though we have seen no sign of any. There's nothing to worry about, Norma, dear.'

'No; but—'

The distant rifle spoke again, and on the heels of it came a series of fainter reports, then once more the deep unbroken silence settled on the world.

'What is it?' she whispered, as she caught sight of his face. 'What does it mean?'

'How can I tell, dearest? Except that it seems clear that at least two people are firing, and that one of them is using a pistol, there is nothing to be known.'

'You think they are fighting?'

'I don't know. It is a queer thing to happen up here. It may mean that Standifer and Bull

have met. Whilst we were in the church Bull may have got hold of a rifle.'

'Perhaps they have killed each other,' she whispered hopefully.

'The Kilkenny cats, hey? It may be so. Bull was no friend of Standifer's. If it is so, all the better for us. Or, if only one of them has survived, it will make things easier—though we shall not yet be out of the wood. There is one thing, however, that is rather disturbing.'

'What is that?' asked Norma quickly.

'It is that they should be within sound of a rifle-shot of us, supposing that they are behind the shooting. We travelled a long distance yesterday—thirty miles at least—and they could not have made a third of that distance through these woods, and if they had built a raft they would have travelled little faster than the current, which means that one of them must have secured a canoe. When I carried you from the church there was no canoe at the landing. Probably all had been withdrawn to prevent you or myself or even Mardock escaping. In that case Standifer might know where they were cached, and, finding things going against him, may have secured one and made his getaway.'

'But he must have been in front of us.'

'Not necessarily. He may have made a line in the woods, carrying the canoe with him, and launching it out of sight of the village. He would not be able to move very fast on the land, and we may have been well down the river before he reached the bank again.'

'In which case he would be behind us?'

'Yes.'

A look of trouble came on the girl's face. 'Oh,' she whispered, 'I hoped we had done with him for ever!'

Carwyke laughed reassuringly. 'I imagine we have, in any case. Standifer cannot know of Billy's sickness, and if he has a canoe and is able to travel, he will drive it down-river on what he believes is our trail. He will scarcely stop to explore all the creeks on his way down. It will be some time before he discovers that we are not ahead; and by that time his own safety may have become his first concern.'

The troubled look on Norma's face persisted. 'He may wait for us.'

'He may—but I do not think it likely. He will know what it means if the summer passes and he is caught in the heart of Alaska unprovisioned and unprepared for the winter, and he—'

A little spate of delirious words broke from the sick man, and as both turned to look at him, a new fear leapt in the girl's mind. 'And if we are caught—'

The man laughed with forced lightness. 'Oh, I am an old hand in the woods, and both you and Billy are accustomed to Arctic winters. We shall have to build a cabin and hunt for

our meat. There must be plenty of game up here—'

'We have seen little,' broke in Norma.

'True; but when we look for it we shall find it, and the dark months will pass quickly enough when we are together.' He laughed again as if he found the prospect as cheerful as it was really bleak, and then, as she continued thoughtful, he hummed a line of the woodcutters' chanson—

'Here shall I build my cedar house—'

'What is that you sing?' she asked, diverted from gloomy thoughts, as he had hoped she would be.

'It is a song I sang to myself on the first morning after our flight from Unapik. You turned and looked at me just before I left the camp, and that song came to me as I walked up-river, though I had not thought of it for years. Let us sit down by the fire, and I will tell you of the dream of mine it voices.'

The girl sat down and, seated at her side, Carwyke told her of the home he hoped they might together build after she had seen the life of cities. Deliberately he painted his dream-house in glowing colours, and Norma, her fears forgotten, listened enchanted.

'I know there is money waiting for me, so there will be no difficulty—'

'Oh,' cried the girl, 'it will take much money?'

'A fairish amount,' he answered, with a smile.

'But there will be no difficulty, no?' laughed the girl gleefully, and clapped her hands.

'I hope not,' answered the man. 'The mine in which I have a half-share promised well, and the man who was working it is an honest man.'

'But even if your mine hasn't been a success, we shall still build our cedar house,' said Norma, with joyous confidence.

'Yes,' he said; 'it will mean harder work, and—'

'No! No!' she laughed. 'We shall wave a fairy wand, and, like the city my father used to speak of, our walls shall rise to music.'

(Continued on page 421.)

DAWN.

Now the gray tide of dawn has brimmed the hills,
 Paled the blue deeps of night, and drowned the stars.
 The shadowy bowl of earth is vast and dim,
 And low upon its brooding rim sleep the long hills
 Wrapped in the mist of morning-time,
 A broadening band of gold along the East
 Made tremulous through wind-stirred leaves,
 Long bars of rifted cloud of palest lavender,
 And then

A silvern rill of sound into the cup of silence falls,
 A thrush among the aspens, and the faint sweet
 scent

Of lilac wet with dew.

The Eastern pines are stirring in a golden haze,
 And so there dawns in fragrant peacefulness
 Another day.

A DAY WITH THE HAUSHABI.

I.

IT was my misfortune during the winter of 1918, immediately following the Armistice, to find myself part of a small mixed column trekking aimlessly about the Aden hinterland, showing the flag, and generally mopping-up the remaining small isolated Turkish posts, which up till then had not surrendered, by reason of their being too far from any allied garrison.

About Christmas, the column being in semi-permanent camp, I availed myself of a few days' leave to penetrate north into the tangle of arid mountains which form the link between the well-cultivated lands of the Lahej delta and the highlands of south-west Arabia. Besides enjoying a bit of rough shooting, I wanted to explore the wadis* and passes debouching into the fertile Lahej oasis, and also to cement a friendship, started many years before, and considerably strained during the War, with the sultan of the protected tribe immediately adjacent to British territory.

Christmas week saw the three of us (myself and two sporting doctors, equally keen on probing the little-known) camped in the rocky plain at the foot of Jebel Manif, the first of the many peaks rising sheer out of the surrounding desert. The camp was pitched at a suitable distance from the wadi, the happy hunting-ground of the most malicious anopheles; shade being a negative quantity, the surrounding rocks and hills reflected the sun's rays with the intensity of a frying-pan. Our work, however, for the past few years had not led us along the paths of luxury, or even comfort, and the misery of the long hours while we lay beneath our tent-flaps, and the heat simmered on the plain and the frying-pan dispensed its lingering charms, was forgotten in the enjoyment of the hour when the sun dipped behind the ridge of the *jebel*,† and we stretched our sunburnt limbs and sallied forth to enjoy the last few grateful hours before darkness enveloped the valley.

It was at the close of one of those evenings that, trotting back to camp thoroughly pleased with our mixed bag of pigeon, sand-grouse, and teal, we saw from a distance that things were not normal in our small camp. Where we had left a couple of sowars and a cook, there was now a large knot of people, evidently Arabs, from the flutter of white clothes. Increasing our speed, we swept down on the crowd which had dared to penetrate the privacy of camp, and kneeling our camels outside our tents, dismounted and strolled over to see what the fun or the trouble was. A respectful crowd of *jebellis* ‡ parted as we drew near, and we learnt that Ali Mana, the

Haushabi sultan, hearing of our proximity, had come down from his mountain stronghold at Musaimir to meet us, and hoped that we would return with him on the morrow and accept his hospitality, as he hoped to accept ours this night.

As this was the very fellow we were out to fraternise with, we accepted forthwith his invitation, and departed to gather together my most knowledgeable sowars to deliberate on what special preparations the occasion demanded. Ali Mana was resting for the moment in a tent vacated for his use; there was therefore a small respite for the local entertainment committee to consider the necessary social obligations.

It appeared inevitable to kill at least two sheep to feed him and his followers, who numbered some twenty, also to prepare a more comfortable tent, and to mattress the ground for him to recline on, chairs being yet quite uncouth in Musaimir. Local musicians and dancers were summoned from the neighbouring villages. This was too easy, as it had been with the greatest difficulty we had avoided the nightly attentions of the local choral society, whose terpsichorean efforts we had unfortunately encouraged the first night, and deeply regretted each successive night.

A bath, a change, and then the sunset drink beneath a star-studded sky, a delicious breeze rustling down from the hills compensating for the tortures of the day. All the discomforts and long hours of torment by sand and sun are forgotten when the desert thirst, nurtured throughout the whole gasping day, comes into its hour at sundown. At peace with the world we awaited the coming of Ali Mana.

II.

There were the usual salutations and a good handshake, and soon we were all chatting on the best of terms. Dressed very much like any other hill Arab, only in rather cleaner cloth, with a lean wizened face, short red beard, and thin wiry frame, Ali Mana explained to us that since the Turkish occupation of the delta he had had no opportunity for intercourse with the British, and welcomed this chance of reopening friendly relations.

We were very careful not to dilate too fluently on these relations, as since the Turks had crossed the Anglo-Turkish boundary and marched south through the Haushabi country, and we had not extended to the Haushabi the protection promised by treaty, nothing remained for them but to throw in their lot with the invaders, or have their crops, villages, and herds wiped out. For the last four years this tribe had therefore been fighting actively against us, not of their own free will, but because any other course meant

* River-beds.

† Mountain.

‡ Hillmen.

extermination, the Turkish expedient in such contingencies.

We were now in the ascendant, hence the desire of the under dog to lick his new master's hand. We were therefore very careful during our stay with the Haushabi to refrain from allusions which might conjure up the past and recall memories of faithful tribesmen and villages bombed out of existence by our planes.

The sultan left us at the hour for the evening meal, and joined his tribesmen round a large fire kindled in one corner of the camp, presumably to fall upon the fatted sheep which had been killed in his honour. Towards the end of our simple meal the wailing of an Arab pipe and the insistent throb of a tom-tom announced the arrival of the local musicians, and we joined the crowd round the fire, in the vain endeavour to show interest in the monotonous gyrations we had witnessed so often before.

There is no evolution in the Arab dance, and like all Eastern dances it is guaranteed to bore one rigid after the space of time it takes for the novelty to wear off. There is nothing of the sensuous undulations, the spotless diaphanous clothing, and the gorgeous setting of an Eastern dance so familiar to the London theatre-goer. The oriental imaginings of a London producer are no more redolent of the East than the Savoy characterises a Limehouse lodging-house.

The setting I have always in mind of an Arab dance is, above all, the vault of star-studded sky, the flames leaping up from the *jowari**-fed fire; the circle of faces in the glow of the firelight; the cross-legged musicians nursing their instruments, and coaxing out a discordant monotony of notes; two or three of the oldest female inhabitants busy warming the tom-toms, to stretch the skin more tightly over the frames.

The dancing couple are as serious as any couple at a sergeants' dance, the next dancers treading time to the music, awaiting their turn to enter the circle of light, each man with his *jambia*† held point downwards on the thigh, fingers interclasped with his partner's in true Western style. Of the onlookers, some are tensely excited, some asleep, but all are imbued with the unquenchable spirit of the East: we are prepared to sit here apathetically happy until the dancers tire, or we fall asleep.

We distribute largesse among the crowd, and intimate that it is our pleasure the entertainment should end. This is necessary, otherwise they would dance and the musicians play till dawn. The fire is quenched and the crowd breaks up. A ceremonious good-night to the sultan. The bed beneath the open stars stands ready. The last impression before losing consciousness is the breath of the desert wind on one's cheek, and the occasional challenge of a sentry from the heights above, where the sultan, never

trustful in the night watches, has placed his tribesmen.

One is on the very threshold of sleep when an appalling din from a neighbouring tent brings one to one's feet, groping beneath the pillow for a revolver. One hoarse voice insists above the murmur of others, and calls upon many unknown Arabs for help. Voices answer from the rocks above, and camels and goats join in the general pandemonium. It only wants one shot from an over-excited Haushabi and our little party will have ceased to exist.

We rush over, and find the greatest volume of sound issuing from the guest-tent, in which we discover an indignant sultan ripping into fragments with his *jambia* the mosquito-net which kind and thoughtful hands had endeavoured to lower around his wizened form. We explain that, far from endeavouring to net him in its toils, our one kindly thought was to preserve his epidermis, almost bullet-proof after fifty years in the Wadi Tiban, from that dreaded scourge the anopheles.

Our explanation accepted, but still mistrusted—I noticed two of his followers remained within call—we again seek the comfort of our flea-bags, and mentally condemn all sultans to die a painful death.

III.

We were astir with the first glimmering of dawn, the camels loaded and all ready for a start long before the first rays of sunlight lit up the sombre valley. The tribal pickets had been called in from the heights and were gathered in a chilly knot around the fire. We decided to push on ahead with the sultan, attended by our orderlies and two of his bodyguard, and leave the baggage and the remainder of his men, who travelled on foot, to follow more leisurely. Ali Mana was riding a small, useful Arab stallion, which cantered just ahead of us over rocks and pebbles, a great revelation as to what an unshod horse, bred to it, can do over hard ground.

We travelled by the same route taken by the Turks in their march from the Yemen into the Aden hinterland in August 1915, by the rough and stony track over which they brought their horse, foot, and guns through an almost sterile country at the hottest season of the year, a remarkable feat of audacity and endurance, the feasibility of which was dismissed by local intelligence in their appreciation of the military situation by the words: 'Invasion of the Aden hinterland from the land side is extremely unlikely and practically impossible.'

This very route was travelled by Husein Bey, Bimbashi of the Sanaa military district, in October 1913, ostensibly in order to arrange Turkish credit with the Aden merchants. He avoided the Aden authorities and returned by the above route *via* Mawiyah and Taiz, alleging that the usual thoroughfare by way of Mokha and Taiz was

* Sorghum, or Indian millet.

† Knife.

closed by the tribes. There is no doubt that this journey was in the nature of a strategic reconnaissance.

At occasional halts we came on piles of used cartridge-cases, where over three years ago the local Arab friendly had put up an ineffectual resistance, hourly expecting promised British co-operation. More especially were these in evidence near the ruined watch-tower of Tannan, where the track narrows to a few feet, the gloomy, inhospitable ranges of *jebel* towering on either hand to well above three thousand feet. Hold this and you possess the key to unlock the door to the Lahej oasis, and eventually the fortress of Aden.

As we trotted along in the shadow of the great ridge running east and parallel with the track, bunches of Haushabi tribesmen left the rocky peaks on our left and ran forward to greet the sultan with their customary salutation, kissing him behind the knee, and then joined in the ever-increasing cavalcade behind. It transpired that these precautions were necessary to prevent molestation from the Subaihi, an adjacent unfriendly tribe ever ready to plunder a Haushabi *kafila*, and only too anxious to test a newly-acquired Mauser on the august sultanic person.

Past Jol Mudram, where the village turned out to give us a great reception, the majority of the local youths running alongside us for a mile or so, occasionally loosing off their rifles into the air, the bullets raising the very hair from our scalps, and the adjacent hills ringing with sound.

The subsequent route followed can bear little description. A typical Arabian hill-track, strangely reminiscent of the North-West frontier. Rugged boulder-strewn heights, sparsely covered with mimosa and acacia bushes, loomed on either hand; underfoot the rocky apology for a track occasionally dipped steeply into an arid wadi. Dreary and deadly monotonous, almost menacing, a lifeless country devoid of vegetation or game!

After several hours of increasing heat we passed beneath the frowning buttresses of *Jebel Mana*, and descended once again to the cultivated bed of the *Wadi Tiban*. The appearance of crops denoted the proximity of a populous village.

After many lean months spent straining one's vision over white, hot deserts the eye rested gratefully on the bright green *kirbi*. Here we met the first outpost from the village, presumably placed to warn the inhabitants of *Musaimir* of our approach. His method was to fire off an antiquated rifle over our heads as soon as our backs were turned. I always maintained it distinctly unfair, but, in the light of after events, it served to prepare us, or rather to further unnerve us, for what was to come.

From the top of the far bank we could see the village, about a mile up the rocky valley, and the sultan cantered forward to prepare his

subjects' welcome. As we drew near the collection of stone and mud huts clustered round the central keep we saw that the mass of the female population were gathered on the roof towers, and the males at the gate leading into the courtyard of the palace, if it may be so termed.

To our horror we saw a guard of honour of some twenty *jebellis* raise their muskets in the air to accord us welcome; some few merely fired from the hip, and the valley rang with the roar of the discharge and the whizz of the ricochets.

IV.

We dismounted in the courtyard, and were conducted to the winding staircase leading to the first floor. At the foot of the steps our attention was drawn to a brass cannon, a present from Queen Victoria to the late Abdali Sultan as far back as 1860, captured by the Turks, and handed back again on the Armistice. We passed it hurriedly, with many a backward glance lest it should emulate the example of the solitary sentry in the wadi and the guard of honour. Climbing the winding stairway, we found ourselves in an open veranda leading into several well-garnished rooms. Into one of these we were ceremoniously ushered, and there left to our own devices.

A look round showed us a well-swept room, devoid of all furniture save a confusion of cushions and mats of divers colours heaped upon the floor. Choosing two or more apiece, we were soon reclining in perfect oriental comfort, removing putties and boots from tired limbs, and opening up our scanty store of bread and tinned food. An unceremonious entrance of the *daffadar*,* to warn us of the approach of food, resulted in a panic to hide the already opened stores and bottles.

To produce our own food was a great breach of manners, so, hastily tucking it out of sight under the cushions, we lay back in feigned unconcern and true oriental indifference to food.

A small procession entered, bearing Arab mats heaped high with curried chicken and meat, honey, chupatties made from local *jowari*, thick savoury soup and mountains of rice. A mat apiece by way of a plate, and we all helped ourselves from the central pile of food. In the absence of cutlery we had recourse to our fingers, intense hunger adding zest to our meal.

The only means of conveying food in any quantity to one's mouth was to roll a handful of rice into a ball, dip it in honey, and then gather what one could from the surrounding dishes by a process of capillary attraction. By this time the overcharged rice-ball was stone cold. At the termination of the meal we were well up to the elbows in honey and gravy, and the greater part of our faces a congealed mass of chicken

* Cavalry sergeant.

and rice. Nevertheless I have seldom tasted such a savoury mess, and we issued forth to wash in one of the many *chatties** placed outside for our use; our ablutions were watched with interest from the roof-tops by the entire Haushabi harem.

With distended stomachs, swathed in our mosquito-nets, surrounded by the debris of the fly-blown feast, we stretched ourselves luxuriously on the cushions and slept the sleep of the overfed until the heat of the day had abated, when we issued forth with an escort of twenty hillmen to scale Jebel Musaimir, a rocky eminence rising steeply on the far side of the wadi west of the village.

An extensive view stretched north, up the valley, dominated by the towering peak of Jebel Warwa. A cluster of dark dots, strung out one behind the other, crossing the Mavia plain, denoted a caravan from the Turkish Yemen. South, the foreground was blocked by the massif of Jebel Mana, but beyond shimmered the deserts of the hinterland, while seventy miles away gleamed the waters of the Gulf of Aden, and a cluster of fleecy clouds hid the barren pinnacles of little Aden. Elsewhere, as far as the eye could see, rose range upon range of bare *jebel*, rocky valleys and arid watercourses; a scene entirely devoid of any soothing feature, with nothing to bring relief to the strained and tired vision; a typical Arabian landscape, fierce and merciless, yet strangely alluring.

A rough landscape sketch, and, still surrounded by our escort, we stumbled down the rocky hillside to find a pool in the wadi for our nightly bath. Getting rid of our over-attentive escort, we found a convenient rocky pool, and as the sun sank behind the western pinnacles and buttresses we cooled our tired limbs in the grateful Tiban waters. Gradually the banks filled with Arabs, and by the time we rose from our ablutions to dry ourselves with our only shirts, each rock had its knot of interested spectators, chiefly women, furtively peeping at the red-faced men with the white bodies. Covered in confusion, we hurriedly dressed and beat an undignified retreat to the sanctuary of the palace, where, in the privacy of our apartments, we finished our interrupted toilet.

The small guest-chamber was alive with mosquitoes, so we settled down on the open veranda, surrounded by high walls pierced with narrow loopholes, and the hum of the Arab populace and the strange odour of Eastern cooking rose from the courtyard and habitations below. A strange situation: three Englishmen accepting the hospitality of an Arab sultan actively fighting against us three months before, whose last lodgers were our late enemies the Turks. With no white man nearer than Lahej, sixty miles away, we felt strangely isolated, and

distinctly interested as to the future behaviour of the Haushabi during the course of the evening.

Arabia is essentially a land of swift abductions, and the value of hostages as a means to enforcing an end is universally appreciated.

After all, this is the jest of living, not the drab monotony of an ordered existence which knows no uncertainty.

V.

Later, as the lamps started to twinkle in the village beneath, and the sunset glow faded into a perfect desert starlight, the *wazir* came to us to announce the sultan's desire for an audience. Deeming it more fitting to receive him in the oriental splendour of the becusshioned guest-chamber, we withdrew to the mosquito-haunted room, into which he was shortly ushered.

The visit was highly ceremonious, as he brought with him his son, a stripling of about twelve, the *wazir* or prime minister, and two of his most trusted sheikhs. The three of us and my interpreter faced them on the cushions in an atmosphere that baffles description. A smoking hurricane-lamp illuminated the circle of faces, throwing all else into shadow. The pungent odour of Colonel M——'s cigars, which he resourcefully produced and tactfully offered to the sultan, only to bring about his own confusion, as Ali Mana insisted on his sharing one with him, puff by puff; the drone of the myriads of mosquitoes—all produced a feeling of intense somnolence, against which, for the sake of decency, we struggled frantically.

After half-an-hour we signified our desire to close the audience—fortunately still the prerogative of the white over any dusky guest—and the mosquitoes, gorged with blood, settled down to digest their meal. We dined on the roof from our own stores, and eggs and chickens from the village below. Afterwards we threaded our way down the rickety steps, through clusters of sleeping armed Arabs, into the palace courtyard. There, in the glow of the firelight, we saw Ali Mana, his son, and the leading members of his court, seated on chairs and stools, watching the dancers, who were none other than the troupe who had importuned us nightly with their gyrations at Nohat Dakim. This, then, was the promised dance tendered as a bait to induce us to visit Musaimir. Oh, Ali Mana! No wonder you fail to meet our inquiring gaze as we look vainly round for the promised Circassian girls and Taiz dancers.

Our disappointment was soon mellowed by the right proportion of whisky and wadi water, and I tasted for the first time 'kat,' the local herb so coveted by the Yemen Arab for its exhilarating effects, also for its power of inducing sleeplessness and a state of nervous activity necessary to carry one through an extra heavy night. Ali Mana is a slave to the habit, and every few moments fresh bunches of this weed were placed

* Earthen pots.

before him; and with the instinct of a true host he plucked me the tit-bits, which he watched me devour with envy.

Apart from a pleasing sensation of internal warmth and well-being, equally attributable to the whisky, the 'kat' had no apparent effect that night, but left me struggling with a green mouth and a distinctly nauseating taste the next morning.

The scene was indeed a strange one, in a wild and typical Yemen setting. The frowning palace walls rising on all four sides wrapped the courtyard in gloom, save where a stray moonbeam filtered through a narrow loophole and threw a brilliant ray upon some darkened corner. In contrast to this pure light was the glow from the fire burning brightly in the centre of the courtyard, which suffused with a ruddy flicker the dancers and musicians and the crowd pressing eagerly forward to catch a glimpse of the entertainment.

One caught the flicker of flame on *jambia* and sword-blade; occasionally some belated desert-dweller, leaving his camel tied to a convenient boulder, would enter, and casting off his coat of skins—the usual garb of the hillman—join the crowd around the fire.

As the entertainment dragged and required revivifying, I prevailed on one of my companions, a true border Scot, to initiate the Haushabi in the intricacies of a Highland fling.

After much persuasion and a renewed uncorking of the revitaliser, he leapt to his feet in the circle of light, and scattering the dancers and most of the fire, broke into a wild and rather unsteady fling. Fortunately the band stopped automatically, and for a few moments the crowd, roused from its lethargy, watched with an eager interest, which soon lapsed once again in 'kat'-induced apathy.

Having shot our terpsichorean bolt, nothing

now remained for us but to make a dignified exit. We soon gained the privacy of our upper chamber, and washed the 'kat' from our mouths with a liberal whisky-and-soda in an atmosphere freed of restraint and conventional politeness.

As the anopheles were out to kill, we sought the protection of our mosquito-nets. Gradually the fires and lights of the village were extinguished, all but one, which burned the whole night through in the upper room of the main building, where Ali Mana gave himself up to an orgy of 'kat.'

From our beds, beneath a clouded moon, we lay and watched the constant play of light and shadow on the desert, which stretched away to infinite distance. Occasionally the moon struggled clear of the clouds, and the vast empty spaces were bathed in light until they merged into the velvet shadows of the distant hills.

Morning came, and we bade farewell to our host and his household, and once again threaded the many arid miles back to camp. The sun being well up, and the fever mists dispersed from the wadi bed, we left the main track and visited our favourite bathing-pool, nicknamed the Cauldron. Here, to the music of the stream gurgling between the boulders, we bathed our hot and camel-cramped bodies in clear cold wadi water.

Only those whose ways have been set in a land of sun-scorched deserts can truly appreciate the sight and sound of the merest trickle of running water.

Thoroughly refreshed, we trotted homewards, filled with an even firmer conviction that *Arabia Infelix*, with its crude scenery and even cruder people, still holds a subtle charm, and an indescribable lure for the seeker after the little-known.

L. M. H.

GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.

PART II.

IV.

THE twin telescope on this mounting is the 26-inch refractor. It is largely used to take photographs of stars, for showing their relative positions on the negative. The mode of inserting a plate in the focus should be inspected. The telescope mounted alongside, and used as a finder, or as a guiding telescope, while the large one is taking a photograph, is the old 12-inch, which, in my days at Greenwich, was the largest telescope in the observatory.

If we were asked what is the greatest research to which the 26-inch has been put, the answer would be 'the systematic measuring of the distances of stars from us by the ordinary method

adopted by surveyors, but with the use of a base whose length may sometimes reach 186,000,000 miles.'

This is the distance between two positions of the earth six months apart, due to her revolution round the sun. If one star of a group that appears on the negative be much nearer to us than the others, photographs taken six months apart exhibit a minute displacement of it with respect to the others. These displacements (called 'parallaxes') are measured with great accuracy under a microscope, and already the list of parallaxes published by the present Astronomer Royal forms a notable addition to our knowledge about the stellar universe. Fifty years ago such a catalogue of stellar distances was

unattainable, so difficult were the observations by heliometer, which was then the best instrument for the purpose. The invention of the gelatine dry plate in photography has given the opportunity, and astronomers have seized it. For understanding the structure of the heavens and the movement of the stars, there is no class of facts more urgently required by astronomers than these stellar distances. The good start that has now been made by photography is promising, and already much has been done.

V.

Having inspected all the wonders of these twin telescopes, and particularly the superbly ingenious mechanism of the clockwork for driving the telescopes round the polar axis smoothly and regularly, you will find a host of objects of interest displayed in this great building on Visitation Day.

You can look at some of the negatives of the great photographic chart of the whole heavens that was completed by Mr Franklin-Adams.

You can see a model, in wire, showing the path of the eighth satellite round Jupiter since its discovery. Jupiter is so far removed from this outer satellite that his controlling power is feeble, whereas the gravitation-attraction by the sun, a thousand times more massive than Jupiter, is a powerful disturbing factor. This is shown on the wire model by the twists and deviations of the wire from a true ellipse, in which figure it would travel if it followed Kepler's law.

Then, on the ground floor, on this day, charts can be seen relating to sunspots and magnetic storms, all illustrating the latest discoveries about the wonderful, unexplained, eleven-year period of sunspots, terrestrial magnetism, and auroræ.

But the most interesting side-show of all is to-day displayed in the astrographic room. Here you can see the micrometers in use for measuring the relative positions of stars on the photographic plates, whence we derive the parallaxes and distances of the stars.

And all round the room may be seen the wonderful astronomical photographs that have been secured, both here and abroad, of the sun, of total eclipses, of comets, of star-groups, and those marvellous pictures of nebulae that have revolutionised our notions about the universe during the present century.

VI.

Our steps now naturally turn back to their starting-point, where the instrument most representative of Greenwich Observatory stands on the zero of longitude. This is the transit circle. Its purpose, besides getting true time for correcting the clock-error, is to enable the astronomer to define with the utmost accuracy the direction in which any one of the heavenly bodies lies with respect to all the others.

The work now being done by this instrument, and the work that has been done by it or its predecessors since 1676, for nearly two hundred and fifty years, is the work for which Charles II. founded Greenwich Observatory, now the premier observatory in the world. This was about the same time that he founded the Royal Society, now the premier scientific body in the world. He had been impressed by learning that the longitude of a ship at sea could become known if the moon's place among the stars could be predicted. He was convinced that the commerce of Britain and the safety of her mercantile marine would gain from the development of this scheme. For this reason he founded Greenwich Observatory.

From that date to now the positions of the moon, planets, and stars have been recorded here with more continuity, and generally with greater accuracy, than anywhere else. Hence mathematicians are now able to foretell at any time the position that will be reached by the moon at any time in its monthly track round the earth, among the stars. Thus the moon is like the hour-hand of a great celestial clock, and the circle of stars lying along its track mark the hours in Greenwich mean time. Sailors and explorers carry with them the *Nautical Almanac* containing these predictions. In this way the traveller in distant lands or seas can learn the true Greenwich time at any moment when he can see the moon. He can also find, very easily, by observation, his local time. And the difference between ship's time and Greenwich time gives the sailor his longitude. This makes the traveller independent. He need not then rely upon a chronometer to show the Greenwich time.

Look now at the transit circle; it is a telescope with trunnions at its middle, like a cannon. These rest upon V-shaped bearings rigidly fixed on the foundations. The trunnions must be level, and must point east and west. The telescope can turn round on its trunnions to any elevation above the horizontal position, to catch any star at the moment when it passes the 'meridian,' which is an imaginary north and south line in the sky. The observer can measure on a divided circle the altitude to which the telescope points. He can also record the exact moment when the star passes the meridian wire in the focus of the telescope. These two records suffice to define the direction of the star as compared with all others.

It would take up too much space here to describe the beautifully accurate details, in construction and use, which render the observations made with a transit circle as nearly perfect as anything depending upon human workmanship can be.

Improvements are constantly being introduced. But to-day there is only one transit circle in the world that is acknowledged to be superior to the Greenwich one.

It is a matter of pride to us, and especially to us Scotsmen, that the most perfect transit circle in the world is the one designed by our countryman, Sir David Gill, set up by him at the Royal Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope, and completed in 1901.

That splendid Scot was the finest astronomical observer of his age, with a genius for designing instruments and using them, so that all errors, known or unknown, should be nearly cancelled out. With unbounded energy he built up the Cape Observatory from rudimentary beginnings, and, after twenty-seven years, left it in 1906, only when he had made it the premier observatory for all purposes in the southern hemisphere, and the finest observatory of position in the world.

To indicate the perseverance and skill of David Gill, three researches of his at the Cape should be mentioned.

He took a bar of steel, 4 metres long, to Paris, and compared it with the standard metre there. He took it to South Africa, and measured with it a base-line on the ground. Starting from this base-line about two miles long, he surveyed the country over several degrees of latitude, and so he measured the diameter of our globe.

Using part of this diameter as a base, he extended his survey to get the distance of the sun, and the diameter of the earth's orbit.

Using part of this last diameter as a base, he extended his survey to get the distances of a number of stars, all measured in terms of the Paris standard metre.

Any one of these researches might have taken a lifetime. And each required skill of the very highest order. He did them all, to the admiration of the world.

VII.

To return to our inspection, there are three other instruments deserving more detailed description than can be bestowed upon them in this article. There are the Altazimuth, the Astrographic telescope, and Cookson's zenith telescope.

The moon cannot be well observed on the meridian when it is near to the sun. Consequently, the observations of the moon used to be defective during that part of her orbit. In order to increase the reputation enjoyed by the Greenwich lunar record, Airy set up an *altazimuth* for getting her position when not on the meridian. It is really a glorified theodolite. The calculations required for deducing, from observations of this kind, the true longitude and latitude of the moon are a little severe. Fifty years ago it used to be narrated that every assistant who up to then had had this duty had either committed suicide or died in a lunatic asylum. I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement. But the fact of its being made

shows that the work of reduction was not considered child's play.

The *astrographic telescope* is one of eighteen made, after a congress of astronomers at Paris in 1887, by many countries to enable them to take part in a systematic charting by photography, and cataloguing, of the stars of heaven at this period of the earth's history. It was an ambitious scheme, and has for the most part been carried out with splendid success.

The Greenwich astrographic telescope was dismantled in 1922, and carried out to the antipodes to test the Einstein theory during the total eclipse of the sun. Bad weather prevented its use then. Such are the kinds of disappointment that astronomers learn to bear.

The *Cookson zenith telescope* and its mounting are floated on mercury; so that, even if the instrument be turned about the vertical through 180° , the photograph of a star in the zenith still comes on the same part of the photographic plate. It is used for finding, with great exactitude, the direction of the vertical, and the latitude. It has been discovered that, all over the world, the latitude varies from month to month, and from year to year. In other words, the axis of the earth about which she rotates moves about in the earth itself. This floating zenith telescope is perhaps the most perfect instrument for measuring the amount of this shift.

It might perhaps be truly said that the most important instrument in the observatory is the sidereal clock, which is corrected by star-observations. Without it, the transit circle itself would lose its value. The clock-room is full of interest to the specialist. So is the wireless-room, where the exact time, as indicated by sidereal clocks in foreign observatories, is received from Paris or Bordeaux, or elsewhere, and can be compared with the Greenwich clock. But the great attraction lying in these rooms is of so very technical a character as to be unsuitable for these pages. The chronograph is a revolving drum covered with paper, upon which an electric pen makes marks. These are made by electric signals from the sidereal clock, and also from the transit circle when a star is on the meridian wire. This enables the assistant to find the time, true to a small fraction of a second, when the star crossed the meridian.

By this visit to the observatory we have gained some insight into the instruments and processes available to the astronomer, but there is one thing that can only be dimly visualised by a mere inspection. This is the great skill, patience, and tenacity that must belong to every astronomer who adds by his discoveries to the glory and fascination of his beloved science.

For without that personal devotion no man can become a real astronomer. There is always something lacking in the man who makes use of the Queen of Sciences for his own advance-

ment, or in the quibbler for priority of discovery. The heavens declare the glory of God. The observatory shows the handiwork of man. And further, it shows the almost God-like humility and perseverance of astronomers who, with

incredible precision of measurement and the absolutely accurate reasoning by mathematical processes, go on from truth to truth in the interpretation of the wonders of creation.

THE END.

PELORUS JACK.

PELORUS JACK is not the name of a person, but of a fish (if a dolphin can so be called)—perhaps the only fish that ever had a special Order in Council enacted for his benefit.

The word dolphin is sometimes rather loosely applied, and may be said to embrace the grampus and the porpoises which are commonly found on British shores. Of course, the dolphin is not a true fish, but a mammal, and it appears to have something akin to human feelings, for when trapped it utters distressing and human-like cries. Pelorus Jack was of the class known as Risso's dolphin, the scientific name for which is *Grampus griseus*. For the long period of thirty-five years—so far as is actually known, though the real period is believed to be longer—Pelorus Jack acted as pilot of all ships sailing through French Pass, on the voyage between Nelson and Wellington, New Zealand. When the steamer was making its way through the narrow channel of the Pass, passengers leaning over the bow-rails would suddenly see a giant fish shoot upwards from the depths of the ocean and take its position directly ahead of the ship, and only a few feet below the surface, being distinctly visible. He would settle down to the serious work of piloting the ship through the narrow channel, keeping some twenty or thirty feet in advance of the bow. After all dangers had been passed, Jack would dart off to one side, turn, and watch the ship pass, and then go back to the depths, waiting there until another ship called for his safe-conduct. He was about fifteen feet long, had a bluish nose, a humped forehead, and a narrow fluked tail. His general colour was bluish-white, tinged with purple and yellow, and with irregular brown-edged, scratch-like lines in all directions. These scratches were supposed to be caused by his wrestling encounters with cuttle-fish, which form part of the dolphin's food-supply.

Jack was attached only to certain ships, for he knew them all by sight, and was shy of new steamers, showing himself solely to those that had already visited the Pass, and he totally ignored all sailing-vessels. It is a curious fact that whales (which belong to the same family) pursue the very opposite tactics, as they approach sailing-vessels with confidence, but seem to be frightened away by the propellers of steamers. Can it be that the rhythmic beat of the propellers has an attraction for the dolphin? We know from the ancient story of Arion, as well

as from more authentic sources, that the dolphin is susceptible to musical sounds. Or is it love for the companionship of man!—another trait of his character which is supported by tradition. The albatross will follow a ship at sea for days together; but this is not from mere curiosity, nor from the desire for companionship in the lonely waste of the ocean; it is believed to be owing to the fact that the bird is aided in its soaring flight by the swirl in the air created by the vessel as it cleaves its way through the waters. This is a very probable supposition, as can be confirmed by any one who from the deck of a steamer has watched the flight of an albatross.

Certainly, Jack showed evident signs of joy on recognising steamers which were old acquaintances; he would gambol playfully round their bows and leap in the air, his antics reminding one of the joyful bounds of a dog who recognises and welcomes a long-absent friend. Sharks are said to follow ships in order to seize the remnants of food thrown overboard. The habit was perhaps acquired by the chance capture of the scraps which are thrown overboard every day, and all animals soon come to recognise those sources from which food can be habitually expected. But this attraction did not exist for Pelorus Jack; it was said that he never partook of food when on his journey.

We have all heard of the story of Arion, who was robbed by pirates and thrown overboard, when he was rescued by a dolphin, which bore him safely to shore. Before he was thrown overboard, he asked of his captors as a last favour that he might be allowed to play on his lyre, and it is supposed that the tuneful strains attracted the attention of the dolphin. The story, if not strictly true, is probably founded on fact; nor, indeed, is it any stranger than the authentic accounts given of Pelorus Jack and his devotion. This tradition of the friendliness of the dolphin for man is found in the folklore of many peoples—even among the Maoris of New Zealand, whose 'sea-god' and marine protector of man was a dolphin.

Once or twice foolish tourists tried to shoot Jack, hence the Order in Council specially protecting him and all his family 'in the waters of Cook Straits, or the bays, sounds, and estuaries adjacent thereto.' Apparently the New Zealand Government was somewhat puzzled as to the nomenclature to be employed in describing him—'the fish or mammal,' says the Order.

Jack's career was not without accident. In 1905 he was hurt by the bow of the steamer *Penguin*, and for months afterwards was absent from his beat. However, he reappeared later, but in future carefully avoided the bows of steamers. The scar caused by the blow was clearly visible ever afterwards. Shortly before the outbreak of the Great War Jack disappeared, and, so far as the writer knows, he has never been seen since. Whether he died a natural death, became a victim to the many perils of the deep, or simply went out of business, is not known. In any case, he had a long innings.

That the dolphin is not a true fish but a mammal is evident from the fact that it breathes by lungs, emits cries of distress, and suckles its young. Moreover, in true fishes the maternal instinct is almost or entirely wanting, while in the dolphin it is developed to an abnormal extent. Fishes and reptiles generally lay their eggs and then leave them, relying on Nature to hatch them and provide for the young. With the dolphin it is far otherwise.

There is a species of fresh-water dolphin found in South American rivers which is proverbial for its maternal solicitude. If a young one of this species is killed or captured, it is easy also to kill or capture the mother, for she will not abandon her offspring. These dolphins are said to have the habit of clasping their young to the breast by means of their flippers when suckling, and a mother-dolphin, emerging from the water with her

infant clasped to her breast, may well have been the origin of the fabulous accounts of mermaids.

The manifestation of grief shown by the fresh-water dolphin when her young one is killed or wounded is said to be most painful to witness. A friend of the writer's, who had been an eye-witness of such an incident, gave orders to his native labourers not to kill or injure any of the young dolphins which were to be found in a river that traversed his property. Finding that his orders were disregarded, he worked on their superstitions by telling them that the killing or injury of a young dolphin was certain to bring bad luck to the person who perpetrated the injury. It was useless to make any appeal to their sense of humanity (of which they had little or none), but this appeal to their superstitions was more effective, and the young dolphins were left unmolested. It is probable that the dolphins which inhabit the sea are quite as affectionate as those which frequent the inland waters or rivers, but unfortunately we have not the same facility for investigating their habits.

Evolutionists tell us that all vertebrate animals were descended originally from mud-fishes. If that is the case, then the dolphin, after evolving into a terrestrial animal, must have again taken to the water. That its habits were formerly terrestrial is proved by the fact that it breathes by lungs, and will be drowned if kept long under water. But such metamorphoses are common in the history of evolution.

FORESTALLED.

CHAPTER VI.—*continued.*

TOM went very red, and then deathly pale, as pale as she was herself, save for those burning spots of crimson in the centre of each cheek. He flung the nugget down and scrambled out of the hole, the beginning of the shaft, in which he had been standing. He faced her, his eyes meeting hers that accused him so fiercely. 'I'm no thief,' he said.

'What are you doing here?' she retorted. 'That's our claim. No honest man comes poking in some one else's claim—that's our claim.'

'Registered it?' he asked; though why he said this he did not know, only that he had to say something, and it was evidently no good uttering denials she would not believe, or protests she would not listen to.

'We will, at once,' she answered; 'and if you dare touch another thing, I'll go straight to the Mounted Police.'

'Oh, will you?' he muttered.

So that was what she thought of him! Well, he supposed, he might have expected as much.

'Yes, I will,' she repeated. 'Oh, I never knew men like you existed—the very moment my dad hurts himself—coming sneaking round

—thought you were safe—thought it was all right with dad hurt and only a girl left—oh, you coward, you thief!'

There was something almost daunting in the intensity of her anger and her contempt. He felt himself shrink before her as though he had been the guilty thing that she believed. And it was no good trying to explain. She would never understand, or believe. He stood looking at her with a kind of dull and sullen reproach that had in fact very much the effect of the consciousness of guilt she took it for. She turned upon her heel with a gesture of a monstrous scorn, and walked quickly away.

He experienced an impulse to run after her, to catch hold of her, to force her to listen to him and to understand. But this impulse died away at once, smothered beneath the immensity of the depression he felt. It was all no good—she would always and for ever think of him as a sneak-thief. How she had looked at him as she turned away! Not from the most loathsome reptile that crawled upon the surface of the earth would she have turned away with such an air.

He made up his mind to quit right away.

Impossible, intolerable, to remain any longer in her neighbourhood when she thought of him in such a way, while her clear blue eyes burned for him with such an utter scorn—no, he would get off just as soon as he could be ready.

He began to collect his belongings, to make up his pack ready for morning. While he was thus busy with his preparations he noticed Joyce watching him. Perhaps she would be satisfied now, he thought dully. He saw that she went back into the shack and brought out her father to look, too, though he was able to drag himself outside only with evident difficulty and pain. But no doubt she thought it worth it, to see their enemy departing, the man she believed to be a thief. Possibly she would think his departure less utterly contemptible than somehow most of his actions seemed to appear to her. He could not hear what they were saying, but he could see that they were talking with a good deal of animation and excitement. Congratulating themselves, Tom supposed bitterly, on his departure. Only they did seem to him to be showing their interest and excitement rather more plainly than was necessary. He went on with his preparations, and when he looked again Joyce had vanished, and her father was sitting there alone, watching Tom with a very gloomy and angry expression.

'Don't look a bit pleased, even if I am clearing out,' Tom thought to himself, slightly puzzled, for he did not understand why Joyce and her father should show either so much excitement or so much anger. He would have expected them to be too much taken up with their good fortune to have any thought left for him, and yet it seemed as if they were thinking of nothing but him and his preparations for departure.

A little later Joyce appeared again. She had a stick in one hand and a small pack on her shoulders. Tom was more puzzled than ever. Surely she could not be intending to leave her father? He could not be so bad that help and a doctor were necessary? No, that was not possible. Only, then, why had Joyce the appearance of being about to take to the trail?

In her free hand she held two small stakes. Carrying these she went to the scene of the recent discovery and drove one in, then paced the requisite distance and drove in the other. Evidently she was staking out their claim. But now, instead of returning to her father and their camp, she pushed on at a rapid pace down the valley. Tom watched her wonderingly till her small figure had finally vanished from sight, while in the west the sun slowly sank, and in the east the darkness of the coming night spread slowly over the earth.

'Well, if this don't beat all,' Tom muttered, utterly bewildered. 'Sure, she ain't never going to be such an all-fired little fool as to start off to make town now, . . . and, sure, her dad would

never let her. It'll be night in half-an-hour, and every chance she'll miss her road in the dark and get lost, or maybe break a limb.'

Indeed, her enterprise appeared mad enough if, as almost seemed to be the case, she had really started off to town to register their claim. Why could she not at least wait till dawn? No fear of their being forestalled, he thought bitterly, as he had been, since no one—then as in a flash he understood. They had seen his preparations for departure; they knew he knew about the gold, since it was he himself who had made the actual discovery; they both believed him to be a villain; and they had supposed, when they saw him preparing to leave, that he was intending to get to the government office first to register the discovery and the claim as his own.

'Mean—they think me mean, all right,' he thought bitterly.

No doubt they had supposed he would think this quite easy, since Old Man Mervyn had hurt his foot and only the girl was left. So, desperately, she had started out in face of the coming night; and all through the darkness she would be pressing on across the wilderness, so as to be the first to register the claim that meant fortune for her father and herself, the claim she believed Big Tom Moore intended to try to rob them of.

There was nothing to be done. He could never overtake her before dark, and in the dark he would never overtake her at all. It was awful to think of her making her way through the lonely wilderness, through the lonely night, mile after mile, hour after hour, without help or guidance, a little lost figure against the immensity of that wild land, of the all-surrounding night. He felt as though he could not bear it, and yet there was nothing to be done.

'First thing in the morning,' he thought, 'I'll make for the river, get my canoe out, and I guess if I hurry, going with the stream and paddling hard, it won't take more than five hours to make town. If she's got there, all right; and if she ain't, I can scare up search-parties to go out and hunt. But her dad ought to be lynched for letting her. It's the maddest thing—close upon fifty miles across wild country in the dead of night, and her a slip of a girl like she is!'

CHAPTER VII.

THAT night, as he had come to do of late, Tom slept badly, or, rather, did not sleep at all. It was as though he saw perpetually a small, lonely figure wandering through the dark night by stream and tree, by hill and valley, surrounded by all the strange terrors of the wilderness, lost against that enormous background of the darkness and the wild, and yet never ceasing by the faint guidance of the stars to pursue her determined course.

Plumb crazy,' Tom muttered, wiping his forehead, on which, in spite of the chill night air, thick beads of perspiration gathered. 'There ain't one chance in a hundred she'll ever do it. Fifty miles in the dark across such country! She'll miss her way and never be heard of again—she'll fall and break a limb, and lie till she starves.'

While it was still night he rose and made his fire and breakfasted, for he knew he would need all his strength. Then by the light of the fire he gathered together what he needed, and in a darkness that was still profound—for the night was heavy and the sky often overcast with clouds—he started off.

He did not make good progress. The night betrayed him at almost every step, making him blunder into thick bushes from which he could extricate himself only with difficulty, or stumble against trees that had the effect of leaping out of the darkness to attack him with heavy blows. Or else, while he was cautiously avoiding trees and rocks, he would put his foot into some hole in the ground and go sprawling. He had trusted to the stars to guide him till the sun appeared, but clouds often hid them, and he had to wait till they appeared again, or else risk taking a wrong direction. But the worst enemy of all was the feeling of confusion and helplessness he experienced as he stumbled and blundered along.

For what use was his strength or his tried skill in woodcraft when he could not see to put one foot before another? Of what good to him was all his long experience the darkness would not let him use? Softly the night mocked him; it seemed to laugh at him from every side, to envelop him with a quiet and silent scorn that hid the grimmest terror, for once at least his foot, as he pushed it cautiously forward, swung in space, and he found presently that he was on the edge of a sheer cliff with a twenty-foot drop to rock beneath. Another step forward would have sent him crashing to his death, and as he sprang back into safety he wiped his streaming face and wondered if all these perils of the night had been escaped by Joyce.

'It's no good,' he thought; 'I must wait for sun-up. But I'll bet she never did—not her.'

And again he had a vision of that small, undaunted, indomitable figure pressing on through the wild—through every terror of loneliness and the night.

Fortunately, dawn was not far off. Before he had been waiting long, the first glimmer of light showed in the east, and even through the black night around there ran, as it were, a rumour of the approaching day.

As soon as it was light enough to distinguish tree from rock and level ground from broken, Tom started off again. He made good speed now that the friendly day had come to his aid, and before very long he was in sight of the river. As he hurried along he made rapid

calculations. So long to paddle down-stream, the current helping him. A certain time to tell his story and get search-parties organised and started. Of course, all that might be quite unnecessary. Joyce might come walking into the settlement and ask coldly what all the excitement was about—but he did not think so. At any rate, he calculated that up to the present she could not have covered, at the most, much more than half of the way. No one could travel either far or fast in the dark, and, judging from his own experience, he doubted if, in fact, Joyce had been able to cover during the night more than eight or ten miles. Perhaps not so much if she had met with any accident. 'Her dad ought to be lynched for letting her,' he thought again.

All the same, he felt more cheerful now. At any rate he was doing something, not merely waiting and watching for day. He would soon have his canoe launched; he would soon be scudding down the river with all the speed paddle and current could give together.

As he came within sight of the bushes under whose shelter he had hidden the canoe he gave a loud cry of anger and dismay; for there was the canoe, lying out in the open on one side, and it needed only a single glance to see that a big hole had been knocked in its bottom.

He ran forward furiously. His mood was murderous for the moment. Who had done this, and why? What sneaking skunk had played him such a trick, and why? A fury of dim threats filled his mind. When he came a little nearer, he saw on the soft ground by the river's edge a line of footprints, sharply marked, clear small prints, such as he had seen too often by the side of the creek in the valley he had just left not to recognise at once.

Joyce had been here before him. Those were her footprints. Under the spell of the strange and sinister misunderstandings in which somehow they seemed always entangled she had come here first of all, and had herself destroyed his canoe by which he had hoped to help her. Her motive had been to prevent him from using it to forestall her in registering the claim. She would not use it herself; her pride had not allowed her to run the risk of being accused of being what she had called him—a thief; so she had not taken the canoe, but she had felt justified in preventing him from using it.

If it was to be a race between them to see who could reach the settlement first with news of the discovery of the gold, at any rate she meant it to be a fair race; her strength and speed against his, her courage and resolution against his. She had no idea of letting him drop easily down the river in his canoe, while she toiled wearily across all those miles the wilderness stretched between her and her goal.

'If she don't beat all,' he muttered.

It was almost like a challenge thrown at

him, he thought, as he stood staring at the hole gaping in the canoe. 'Beat me if you can,' she seemed to say; 'but fairly, on equal terms; the same conditions for us both, even though you're a man, and a big one, and I'm only a girl.'

'She do surely beat all,' he muttered again. 'But I'll take her up, and, what's more, I'll get there first.'

And as he stood there in the early dawn, with the river at his feet and the vast untrodden wilderness around, he swore a great oath that he would reach the settlement first, or never look on Joyce's face again.

He turned, and, plunging into the woods, resumed his journey, guiding himself by the rising sun, and when the great, close-growing trees hid the sky, then by the hundred signs that tell those who know them which way to take.

His direction lay south of west, and this he kept to as closely as was possible, choosing to crash his way straight on rather than to turn aside for any obstacle.

As a rule the country was fairly open, but at one time he was climbing over great piles of fallen trees, heaped up ten and twelve feet above the ground as they had fallen through the centuries, with death or a broken limb as certain penalty for any slip he might make. And at another time he would be scrambling and sliding down the rocky side of some steep ravine where one false step would have sent him crashing to the bottom, or else picking his way through swampy ground where at any moment a stroke of bad luck might have seen him up to his middle in mud. 'And she,' he thought, as he still hurried fiercely on—'she came this way by night—'

It seemed to him almost certain she must have met with some accident. She could never have escaped all these dangers in the darkness. Perhaps she was lying somewhere quite near—the thought urged him to greater effort.

When the ground was open he ran; when he came to another ravine he hurled himself down its steep sides, heedless of the risk of accident; and still mile after mile slipped behind him, while still the sun rose slowly in the heavens. Once he had the good fortune to find a stretch of ground so smooth and open he could run on it for nearly an hour. He had flung away his coat long ago; he had tossed aside every ounce of unnecessary weight. A strange wild figure he must have made as thus, bare-headed, coatless, he fled through the wild as for his life; and still mile after mile he tossed behind him, and still the sun rose slowly in the heavens, and still the settlement lay far ahead.

He came to where the river crossed his path again, making a big loop. The shortest way would be to swim it, the quickest might be to go round, more especially as to swim now

would mean swimming again when the river turned once more. He was still hesitating as he hurried on, and then to his astonishment a voice hailed him—a voice from the wilderness that had seemed to him so alien and aloof, so indifferent to his hurrying speed and to his dreadful inner terrors. Turning sharply, he saw an old, white-bearded man standing under a tree near at hand, a pioneer of the wild, who was perhaps a hunter or a prospector like Tom himself.

'Hello,' this stranger called, 'you're in a mighty hurry! What's happening? There was a girl, a crazy girl, just now—'

'Did she pass here?' Tom asked sharply.

'She did,' the other answered. 'Who is she, and what's the trouble? I hollered when I saw her, for I reckoned something was after her the way she hustled, but she took no notice; and when she got where you are standing, blamed if she didn't jump straight in and swim across!'

'Did she?' asked Tom. 'How long ago?'

'Oh, maybe an hour, and maybe two, or it might be more or less,' answered the other vaguely; 'jumped right in and swam across, she did, and me not being able to swim, I couldn't follow. Say, I reckon—'

'Ah, you can't swim!' interrupted Tom. 'I can.'

As he spoke he sprang into the water, leaving that old man standing staring, more utterly bewildered and amazed even than before.

The current was strong, the river broad, and Tom by no means a good swimmer. Somehow or another he managed to splash his way across and reach the other side, though when he drew himself out of the water and lay down on the bank to rest he was nearly exhausted. But soon he was on his feet again and hurrying on, heartened to know that Joyce had passed that way, and that, so far at least, she had escaped accident.

(Continued on page 427.)

SOUVENIR.

(The Blind Poet to his Love.)

WHEN the love-sick winds are laden with a breath
That is brief,
And the roses in your garden bleed to death
Leaf by leaf,
Will you gather in those hours,
From the death-bed of the flowers,
'Mid the weeping of the showers,
Aught but grief?

On the faded crimson flower-beds, as you pass,
You may find,
Hid, like some sad souvenir, Love, in the grass
By the wind,
Like some jewel from the skies,
On the rose that ruined lies,
This—a tear-drop from the eyes
Of the blind.

W. L. FERGUSON.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

ANOTHER great sporting season, as it is declared, is being opened now. Each summer in these years we listen to the same kind of proud and hopeful announcement. It is one with which Britain, of all the greatest sporting traditions and achievements, is specially pleased to be so closely associated. People speak of the new extensions of sport and the splendours of a season's programme packed with international contests, as if thereby the world was leaping to its most brilliant destiny, and all else, the general affairs of nations, anxious though they be, should stand aside and be disregarded. The arguments for the attitude have a certain kind of plausibility. The strain of life is great, and we cannot always be thinking of France and Germany, nor yet of our taxation. Then there are our sporting instincts to be served; it is all considered to be very good for us, even though there be more thousands for the watching than units for the playing. And this is to be one of the greatest of all sporting years, because it contains the Olympic games, which are being held in France. Thus the international side and its advantages are stressed, and it is the excuse for all great international engagements in games, lavishly and more lavishly staged, as they are, with enormous organisation and expenditure, that they are good for us all in the international political sense, that they conduce to amity among nations, than which nothing is more needed now. There is a somewhat doubtful sincerity in this contention. It seems strange if games are to be brought in to do business at which statesmen most meant for it fail. It is hard to believe that if M. Poincaré sets us against him in some respects, the difficulty may be in any measure mitigated by the appearance of Mlle. Lenglen on the tennis-courts of Wimbledon. Some fancy it might be the other way, and that if sporting publicity were more developed in France, where it is nothing compared to what it is in our own country, M. Poincaré might be seriously concerned to repair the ravages that are caused by the inimitable Suzanne, who has certainly a rather provoking way with her, an exaggerated conceit as some say, a disposition to caprice and fault-finding. It is not so easy to

produce perfect political results from these international games. It is true that some of them are making a world appeal, and all the better for the world. Perhaps the best and most popular games we know are cricket, the two footballs, lawn-tennis, and golf. Of these the last two are everywhere now. Association football is all over the Continent to an extent few people realise at home; and the manner in which France now excels at Rugby football is one of the most remarkable sporting phenomena of the times. It almost seems that, music apart, there is nothing capable of making such a general appeal to all peoples as games. Enormous sums of money are being spent in Japan at the present time upon the construction of splendid golf-courses; and in the United States—and nearly everywhere—this game, of the subtlest and most powerful fascination and the most glorious traditions, is established as it is in its own home, and more so. This very internationalism is forcing it now to a new era and great changes in organisation and tendencies. I am half afraid for golf, that I have loved and played for all my life that counts. When I first saw football matches in Spain, some twelve years ago, saw how exactly a football match and football players, caparisoned like our own, reproduced the scene at home, making the Castilian ground look like a bit of Britain, a sense of the universal appeal and the common character and instinct of games was realised acutely. The spread of games is good for all the nations; but when it is a matter of international rivalry national temperament is insufficiently considered, and also the further point that, despite all that is said, sporting standards and instincts are by no means the same in all countries, and that, with so much intensified publicity being done, nations emphatically do not like being beaten. They are prone, despite themselves, to make excuses, and from excuses accusations spring. It happens always.

* * *

At the back of the mind of those who set about the starting of our modern series of so-called Olympic games there was, perhaps, a certain dim ideal of a purification and ennoblement of modern sport as it is being indulged in by the people. Although this effort comes within the memory of such as are still able

to participate in sorts of games themselves, publicity, propaganda, professionalism and commercialism in sport, the overwhelming and deadly combination, had scarcely started. The Metropolis, from which most of such evils spring, had hardly looked at Association football except as played occasionally by amateur teams; and in Scotland, Lancashire, and the Midlands an attendance of four thousand people at a match was considered creditable to the game and the community, whereas forty thousand might be expected to-day. The danger may have been scented then, though the advent of a period when nothing should be held safe from commercialism and publicity stunting could scarcely have been apprehended. More definitely a vague and somewhat shoddy political pretension was made that such things as these Olympic games would be conducive to world understandings and beautiful international amities. But mostly there was no great motive or object; there was just the effort to organise a new sort of show, attach an ancient name to it, as we would call a theatre a Coliseum, and endeavour thus to work upon an artificial sentiment. The atmosphere, the spirit, the flavour of those Olympic games of old can never be revived unless the world by catastrophe goes back to a re-beginning and there is a grand purification from materialism in its crudest form, and all the tricks of publicity. Not that the old Olympic games—of the character and circumstances of which not one person among many of those associated with the modern thing has any notion—embraced, upon any standard, such a really perfect sporting idealism of unselfish effort and disinterested achievement as is imagined or assumed. There were politicians in those days also, and whenever or wherever there are politicians there is guile in some degree, and the least desirable of human characteristics and tendencies are exerted and exploited. The politicians, at the root of so many evils, had surely a finger in the old Olympic games, just as you will see them plausibly and insidiously concerning themselves with what takes place this year. The many archaeological excavations that are carried out in these days reveal more traces of the ancient politicians. Some months ago I was at Pompeii again, after an absence of ten years, and found that in this splendid ruin new excavations and remarkably skilful and intelligent reconstructions were taking place, having for their effect a complete reversal of some old assumptions concerning the aspect and construction of this once beautiful Roman city, and the manners and methods of its inhabitants. Among them it is discovered that on the walls at the time of the great catastrophe from Vesuvius were bold announcements which the politicians had had painted there, appealing to the electors for their votes, and stating their qualifications, the number of people they employed at their

works, and so forth, in just the same old way. Greece likewise had its insidious politicians; indeed they exist as soon as civilisation emerges anywhere. One time the Greek games, exerted towards the production of the perfect form of masculine physical beauty as displayed in Greek art, were, no doubt, as has been said, the noblest spectacle in the world, but from that they degenerated sadly, and all sport with them, the politicians being evidently associated with the decline, until at last the stage of fights between wild beasts in amphitheatres was reached. Even as our new Olympic games are begun, without any possibility of their exerting any beneficent physical or artistic influences, a certain savagery is observed in some of our so-called sports, and corruption is rampant. Perhaps, while any sense of pride remains in man, a true Olympic ideal is unattainable, for such an ideal should essentially exclude all selfishness and ambition. One should strive, with a great independence and unaided effort, for a victory that should be stripped of all distinction save the fact of victory and perhaps the wreath of bay, while, following it, there should be a speedy and modest lapse to obscurity. It is a humanly impossible ideal, but by sincerity a fair approach may be made towards it, such as is seen in our University contests, and displayed splendidly in the protest of the Scottish Rugby Union a few months ago against special material awards, even though comparatively small in amount, to the members of a Welsh team that had distinguished itself. This gesture has stood finely alone amidst an increasing mass of vulgarity and decadence as a sign for purity and sincerity in sport.

* * *

I should like to see how the people of the cinema, with all their ubiquity in investigation and in matching, would represent one of the old Olympiads when they were held in that region of Elis, when Olympia was next to Arcadia in the east, and really far away from Attica and Athens. Olympia, gloriously situated in the valley, was called 'the fairest spot of Greece,' and there, according to the Greek idea, the communities of Hellas associated together, and by these games, as a part of a religious festival, celebrated their belief that Zeus was best honoured by discipline of both body and mind, and that the human body had its glory scarce less than that of the spirit and the intellect. The city of Elis was some thirty miles to the north, and it was to the gymnasium of Elis that the athletes who were ambitious to participate in the games had to proceed first of all in order to be trained and tested. This period lasted about ten months, and it was through this preparation that the real athlete was made. It was not a case of men achieving distinction, breaking records and the like in their own regions, and then being sent by the public sub-

scriptions of their own people to participate chiefly in the games. There would obviously be local encouragement and perhaps some assistance, but in the nature of things the better and more beautiful simplicity of life in those days, eight centuries or more before the Christian era, in conjunction with what may be called the religious basis of the festival in general, must have conduced to the establishment of a far finer ideal than is possible now, even if men and means were much less vulgar than they are. Games and athletic contests were not organised as now, commercialism and publicity in sport had not begun, and though victors became heroes, there were no newspapers to advertise them two or three times a day, telling of what they ate, and of the literary works that they most graciously favoured, nor yet to marvel that after months of hesitation two boxers might be brought into the ring together to fight for a few minutes for money prizes of a value equal to the fortunes of wealthy men. They had a better sense of worth and proportion in Hellas then. Yet the Greeks were not all purity and idealism, and it was inevitable, human nature then as now being assertive, that the victors, their bosoms filled with pride and their minds surging with new ideas born of the intoxication of popular acclamation, should consider how they might make the most of it. In the early Olympiads valuable prizes were given, but eventually this prodigality ceased, honour was refined, and all that was bestowed upon the victor, that being splendidly enough, was the garland of wild olive that with the golden sickle had been cut from the sacred tree that Hercules had brought from beside Ister's dark fountains, that it might be a shelter for all men and a crown of noble deeds. When the athlete had won, the crown was laid upon his brow, a palm was given into his hand, the trumpets blared, and the herald gave out his name, his country, and all the essential particulars concerning him. His name was passed for registration in the Greek calendar, and as he proceeded to the temple of Zeus flowers were strewn in his path, gifts were tossed towards him, and the strains of the old song of Archilochus rose in the air. Propaganda and the press, the wealth of nations, and the results of what we call progress can do many things, but they cannot reproduce the thrilling ecstatic emotion of those great hours, when, as Cicero said contemptuously, an Olympian victor received greater honour than a triumphant general in Rome. Such was this hero-worship then that once when Brasidas, the great general who had saved Sparta, returned to Scione, he was given such a reception that it was said that he, wearing a wreath of gold, was honoured as greatly and fervently as if he were an athlete! The different regions gave new honours and rewards to their athletic heroes on their return, according

to their principles and ideas. The Spartans would give to their man the most glorious place in battle; the Athenians might give him a substantial sum of money and the means of existence for the remainder of his life. The sculptors made statues to exhibit the divine beauty of his limbs; the poets composed songs in praise of him. Once at least, when an athlete went home victorious to his native place, a new opening was made in the stone walls of the town that he might enter by it and not through the common gate. 'Die, Diagoras,' they said to him who had himself been an Olympian victor, and had lived to see two sons of his crowned victors too on the same overwhelming day, 'for there is nothing less than divinity left for thee to yearn for.'

* * *

There has lately been a picture in the papers of Mr Dempsey, the American fighting man, lying asleep in grand and wealthy idleness upon the sands of a seaside resort where people looked upon him with awe, and subsequently it was announced that he had been received at the White House by the President of the United States, the only one that day; but Mr Dempsey, though he can win fifty or sixty thousand pounds with half-a-dozen punches of his famous 'right,' did not go out to the Great War, which the American newspapers considered to be strange, and he will never know real glory like that won at Olympia of old. I remember that in 1912 I was crossing the Atlantic westwards in the same ship that was carrying the American athletic team back home from the Olympic games in Europe in which they had been competing. I talked to some of what they had seen and done, and one thing I clearly remember is that two of them jointly and severally complained that the German competitors in some events were not as clean as they might have been, and that this idea occurred to them especially when swimming races were being conducted in the baths. Those Americans were of opinion that the Olympic games did not 'cut much ice,' and never would. When our ship came up to the quay at New York those Olympians assembled on deck, and, in a lusty chorus, cried out one by one the letters 'A-M-E-R-I-C-A,' and then three times shouted the great name they stood for. It was a proud and a worthy gesture. But there was no answer from the quay. America had not then entered upon her great winning streak; she had not really started to lick all creation, and nobody seemed to care. The quay was not carpeted, no band played 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' America was as unmoved as the Statue of Liberty out at the harbour mouth. The athletes just stepped ashore, and opened their baggage for the customs men to see most carefully if they had brought anything back from Europe for which they should pay special duties, and a runner from St Louis told

me he was most mightily anxious about some cutlery at the bottom of his trunks. It is different now; the Great War has intervened, and in many ways America has advanced. She goes first in nearly everything, and she is acquiring dignity, with a bold sense of it, as we perceive particularly in the new style of immense and massive architecture that she is adopting; but whatever sincere homage and respect she may pay to the great traditions of old Europe, she can never acquire a trace of the rare Hellenic feeling of the Olympic games. She can only reflect wonderingly upon the white tents of the ten judges of Elis who had been appointed to determine upon the games, and who had been preparing themselves for many months for their duties. To them came the athletes after their ten months' training in the gymnasium at Elis, and gave the required proof of the goodness of their character, which had to be spotless, and of their Hellenic birth. Later, when they trod the line, the people were asked to challenge any of them whom they suspected of a fault. They had to swear that in three trials, verily sacred as they were, they did exert no trickery in any form whatsoever. And so they strove. At one Olympiad, Ladas the Spartan fell dead as he leaped to the end of the foot-race. There was boxing, but it was well controlled, and there were no traces of the horrors of the combats of the Romans. Here at Olympia, if a competitor died in the contest his opponent was disqualified, and might, according to his deserts, be visited with severe penalties. The introduction of the great chariot-races at the twenty-third Olympiad, constructed on such a scale that only the rich could enter, and the wild excitement and sometimes horror when the chariots made their sharp turns, and often were upset, marked some change in the spirit of the games.

* * *

So of old. Then, according to one's feeling, compare the spirit and the circumstances of the Olympic games as they are being conducted in France this year. More pertinently, perhaps, think of the possibilities of all our sports in the not distant future when commercialism, exploitation, and publicity advance much more and rapidly, as is inevitable, it seems, if we bear in mind the manner in which all progress, as it is called, is applied to these affairs. It may be realised what a tremendous difference the telegraph has made to sports of every kind. Can it then be guessed what effect the new wireless broadcasting business may not have upon some form of what is called sport? Nowadays the most acceptable information upon games to a large section of the public is that which the players distribute before and after the events, by their pens, wielded in deputy by others for them, and in other ways. After one of the big fights—big with the money, big with the talk, but little in

their duration and less in their sporting quality, for but lately a prospective winner struck at his opponent when he was down—it is the printed words of the contestants that are most sought for. It is natural, perhaps. They might have liked the idea at Olympia, had there been newspapers then, though I fancy those ten stern judges, who set themselves to inquire into the character and dispositions of the men who came before them as competitors, would have had something to say upon a thing like this. When in some public institutions there may be seen every afternoon from two o'clock till four a large number of persons to whom is attached the proud and particular name of sportsman gathered round the tape telegraph-machines, waiting for the results of races which it would be too much trouble or inconvenience or expense to go to see, and when there may be seen the same spirit and practice in a varying degree applied to other forms of sport, the tendency and the ultimate consequence may partly be perceived. Some say that the prize-fighting business is flagging, and that it is necessary that new excitements and novelties should be attached to it. It appears possible, then, such is the public craving, that long before the fight, for days or weeks, perhaps, the contestants will tell you all about it, and what they feel and think, and what they propose to do, by means of the broadcasting. Sandwiched in between an item of grand opera and a lofty speech by the prime minister, one who goes by the name of Young Kidd of White-chapel may tell you at 9.20 what he has had for dinner, may report upon the state of his hands, and will expound emphatically, and with as little sincerity as modesty, perhaps, the plans by which he proposes to smash to many bloody bits his rival, Corporal Sloggs of Bermondsey, when they meet in the ring on the date that has been announced, the big purses awaiting them, the lords and ladies in attendance, and the fierce glare of intense lights beating upon them for the purposes of the cinema shows which must have the fight-film on the following night, this being one of the most important parts of the whole enterprise. This being done, it is difficult not to believe that during the contest Kidd and Sloggs will not be required to speak some words of description and comment into the broadcasting business attached to the corners of the ring. Then after the first round—if it lasts longer than that, for these people do not like to prolong their contests as in the good old days when the pugilists would hammer at each other for fifty or sixty rounds—Kidd will murmur to a hundred thousand homes or more that he thinks that in the next round he may get in an upper cut that will knock his man senseless, and Sloggs, hearing the declaration, will comment with another, deriding him, exposing him. There is such a keen remembrance upon the manner in which these warriors have been accustomed to

engage with each other upon questions of prizes and money, and even upon the fighting prospects for many days and even weeks in advance, through the usual mediums of publicity, all being considered for the good of the cause, that it is difficult to resist completely an idea that so eager will they become in those ring declarations and explanations that they will forget to go on with the fight; and there would be the excuse, after all, that the public at its fireside, and some of it in bed, liked this kind of thing, these most succulent intimacies. And we, too, should hope for it, for in this manner might the business at last be ended. Something of the kind, modified according to conditions and circumstances, might probably be expected in relation to other sports and pastimes. Why should the Association football-man stand up

with fifty thousand others around the arena on a wet and chilly afternoon, courting all the fevers, when he, too, might loll at the fireside—or in the bar, if he liked that better—and listen to a famous International describing every kick and movement, how the goals were scored, and all about it? The world, as we all feel, is on the edge of great events, of more and more startling discoveries, of ingenious applications, of most modern changes. Our games, through which, as we all know, we won Waterloo, and many an historic battle afterwards, will participate in the great development. All publicity and propaganda and all officialdom indicate that they should and must. The public, with its craving and with its exhaustless demand for novelties, decrees. The public is master, and the players are but a little and a temporary part.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER XVIII.—*continued.*

ROY looked at her curiously, wondering what was in her mind. Her face was flushed and her blue eyes were dancing with the excitement of some secret thought. What it was he could not even guess, nor did he try. It was sufficient that he had banished from her face the fear which had shadowed it, and that for the time being she had no thought of Standifer. So he talked on, until the sick man called for attention; and when once more Billy relapsed into silence the new day had begun, and it was time to replenish the fire and prepare the morning meal.

Through that day Carwyke, without betraying his anxiety, kept watch. Once he walked through the woods to a place where the creek joined the main river, and carefully surveyed the reaches of the latter, to find them empty of life. Gradually as the day passed his fears of any intervention by Standifer or Bull died down, though every hour or two he walked a little way into the wood, and stood to listen carefully for any sound that might indicate the coming of the men whom Norma had such cause to fear. The girl was not blind to these comings and goings, and understood the cause of them very well. As he returned from one of his little excursions she voiced her knowledge. 'You are afraid these men will come, Roy?'

'No,' he answered confidently. 'Not afraid; I am merely taking precautions that we shall not be surprised. No man can come through these woods silently, and I go out to listen.'

'And you have heard nothing?'

'Nothing whatever.'

'Then perhaps they will not come.'

'If we get through to-day and to-morrow without their putting in an appearance, I shall

be very sure of that. Our only anxiety then will be Billy.'

'He is worse, I think,' said Norma, a little quiver in her voice.

'That is the fever,' he replied, with an assurance that he was far from feeling. 'It must move to its climax, I suppose. The foot is going on nicely, I think. In a day or two he will probably be better.'

'I pray God he may,' whispered the girl fervently.

As events befell, it was a week before the fever passed, and Billy's pale eyes, opening after healthy sleep, looked out from his worn face with the light of reason in them. He was weak, but he had the strength to ask, 'What's up, Mista Carwyke?'

'You've been ill, Billy—fever, you know, and we had to camp.'

'Camp with them rotters——'

'Lie still,' commented Carwyke, 'and I'll tell you a little that has happened. It isn't very much, but I think you'll find it interesting.'

He told of the shooting they had heard on the first night of their camping. The invalid listened carefully, his eyes closed, and when the story was ended he asked abruptly, 'How long since was it?'

'Eight days.'

'And yo' ain't never heard or seen anythin' since?'

'No.'

'Then, whatever happened, I reckon they're off ther pay-roll.'

'Yes, I think so. And there's another thing I have to tell you, Billy. When we hit civilisation, Norma and I are going to be married.'

'Glory!'

As the sick man cried the word, his worn

face was alight with pleasure, and he thrust out a weak hand. Carwyke took it, and as he did so, saw the pleasure in the other's face give way to a look of apprehension.

'What is it, Billy?' he asked quickly.

'Guess I've been bug-house for a while. Did I talk a lot, Mista Carwyke?'

'A whole lot!' said Carwyke, with a laugh.

'Private life, an' all thet, hey?'

'Some of it,' laughed his friend. 'You must have been a lively spark; but there was nothing that you need be ashamed of. There are worse sinners.'

Billy did not seem particularly comforted by this assurance. His gaze was fixed oddly on Carwyke's face, as if there was something that he sought to learn there, and as he noticed the stare Carwyke dropped his laughing manner. 'What's up, Billy?'

'Talked a lot about Missey here, too, I reckon?'

'A goodish bit.'

'Say anythin' in particular?'

'Nothing that mattered.'

'An' I didn't say nothin' about her father?'

'Never a word that I heard. But what's got you, Billy? Is your head bad again?'

'Nope! An' nothin' hev got me,' the sick man laughed sanely enough. 'Put this cross-examination down to rude curiosity. Naturally a feller who's been gassin' for a week is anxious to know what he's said; an' it ain't nice to hev said things yo'd a deal sooner not hev said, an' thet without knowin' it.'

Carwyke laughed his understanding. 'I know what's biting you, Billy. I knew a parson once who wouldn't have gas at the dentist's because of the things he might say when coming out of it. But as I told you, there was nothing that you need blush for.'

Billy heaved a sigh as of deep relief. 'It is good ter know thet,' he said, and his eyes grew less keen. Then he made a movement and

added, 'Lor, I feel like a new-born infant. A fly could walk over me.'

Carwyke laughed. 'It's something that you're here for it to walk over, old man. You've had a real bad time, and more than once I thought you'd cross the divide. But you'll soon mend now, and as we're quit of Standifer—'

He broke off sharply as a sound came from the wood. Then he rose quickly to his feet when the sound was repeated, and as some heavy body crashed through the undergrowth he jumped for his rifle and jerked a shell into the breech.

'What is it?' whispered Norma.

'It might be a moose—a bear—anything,' he whispered back. 'But I think it is a man.'

'A man!'

He saw the sudden fear leap in the girl's eyes, but he did not reply. His eyes were fixed on the wood whence the sounds came. The crashing continued. Once there was a stumble, and then a little interval of silence. All three of them waited tensely for what was to follow, and a moment after the noise made by the progress of the unseen individual in the wood was resumed. Two minutes later Carwyke saw a man advancing between the trees without any attempt at concealment—a man who swayed drunkenly as he walked. On he came, apparently unconscious of the nearness of the camp. There was a dirty bandage round his head, and as he came nearer his clothes were seen to hang in ribbons, his face was gaunt, his eyes were sunk deep in their sockets, his cheeks and chin had a swarthy stubble. It was not until he was quite close that Carwyke recognised him, and when he did, he cried out in sheer surprise, 'Standifer, by Heaven!'

And at his cry the man stopped dead, his hand against a tree to steady himself, staring at Carwyke and the others with burning eyes.

(Continued on page 445.)

THE SAPODILLA TREE.

By F. J. L. MURE.

THIS tree, reputed as being a native of Central America, is also found growing in other parts of the tropical world, including Southern Mexico, British Guiana, and the West Indies.

The fruit, when ripe, should be picked and kept for two or three days, thus making it soft and mellow, and a more luscious and agreeably cool fruit is hard to find in the tropics. Both tree and fruit go under different names in different countries—which is rather confusing. In Jamaica it is known as Naseberry, Nispero in Venezuela, Sapatilla in Santo Domingo, Sapote in Central America and in

Peru, Sapodilla and Bully Tree in British Guiana.

The tree exudes a milky sap when the bark is cut, and it is from this latex that the product known as 'chicle' is obtained; but it has to go through a process of purification before it becomes the gum of commerce. The purification process consists of removing all impurities, such as vegetable matter, silica, &c., without in any marked degree affecting the original flavour, weight, and plasticity of the crude gum, after which the purified product is mixed up with suitable artificial flavouring essences and sweet-scented oils.

It is on record that as much as six million pounds avoirdupois of crude 'chicle' was imported into the United States in a single year, all of which, it is believed, was manufactured into chewing-gum. Nowadays, however, a cheaper article has been obtained as a substitute, and the demand for 'chicle,' although still great, is somewhat lower.

In British Honduras the government collect an export-duty of three cents per pound on 'chicle' passing through Belize, which brings in a revenue somewhere in the vicinity of £20,000 a year. The greater bulk of blocks of this gum shipped from Belize comes in transit from Guatemala and Mexico for shipment to the United States and Canada.

The Sapodilla tree luxuriates on loam, clayey loam, and sandy loam soils; in fact, it will grow on most soils containing a mixture varying from twenty-five to eighty per cent. clay, climatic conditions and surroundings under which it is grown being predominating factors. Up to the

present day no attempt has ever been made to cultivate this tree on plantation lines, and the entire quantity of 'chicle' collected for commercial use has been obtained from trees growing wild. (The term 'wild' is applied to the 'true' sapodilla and not to the 'bastard' variety.)

As each tree will yield about nine pounds of crude gum, it is logical on this basis to conclude that a cultivation on systematised plantation lines would turn out to be a paying proposition, but consideration should at the same time be given to the fact that beyond the requirements of the United States and Canadian manufacturers of 'chicle' there is no market.

From a general utility point of view, the Sapodilla tree could be profitably grown on cocoa, coffee, cane, and such-like plantations, where the crops would be the better for or actually require wind-breaks and shade trees. Under such circumstances the cost of production of the gum would practically be just the cost of collecting.

THE CAPTAIN'S MATE.

By G. B. DOWN and J. VICTOR.

I.

THE liner *Delaware*, New York for London, was a little to the westward of the Scillies. Her commander was pushing her ahead, so as to arrive in port in time to pay off the crew and complete the business of the voyage as speedily as possible.

He was having a final slumber before entering the Channel, when a quartermaster roused him and presented a note from the chief officer informing him that they were just running into a thick fog-bank.

The captain swore. The task of picking up a given point upon a treacherous coast is always dangerous, and a fog increases the difficulties tenfold.

The whistle bellowed forth its deep warning as the skipper buttoned up his coat and climbed the ladder leading to the upper bridge. He glanced quickly round in every direction, and then turned to the chief officer. 'Ring down half-speed.'

The order was obeyed.

'Got a man on the look-out?' he asked next.

'Yes, sir.'

Both men kept under the shelter of the weather-dodger, continually peering ahead into the impenetrable mantle of white.

The captain was a thoroughly efficient mariner, but did not, as is common with some experienced men, underrate the danger and responsibility of the situation. 'Take a cast of the lead and continue doing so every half-hour.'

The other departed, and after a short absence returned to the bridge, holding the piece of soap from the bottom of the lead for his superior's scrutiny. 'Forty fathom—rocky bottom,' he reported.

The skipper nodded, and the chief officer handed the soap to a quartermaster with instructions to lay it in the chart-room.

Slowly, with almost human caution, the ship went ahead into the damp, misty folds, and on her bridge the dreary vigil was resumed, both watchers keen, alert, and silent.

With startling suddenness the silence was broken by a rousing tune. It was only the bugler sounding the summons to dinner, and almost before the echo had died, the second officer came up to relieve the chief.

'I sha'n't be down to-night, so you'd better take my place; make things lively, and tell the purser I'll stand the drinks. You might send my servant up with the menu,' said the skipper as his chief officer went down.

II.

In the saloon dinner progressed merrily enough, thanks to the efforts of those in authority. The chief officer, the purser, and the doctor, each at the end of a long table, kept up a lively round of conversation, and any nervousness caused by the bellowing fog-horn was soon dispelled. Corks popped, glasses clinked, and the ship's band gave selections from the latest musical comedy.

And the man upon whom rested the safety of the vessel with her human freight was en-

veloped in fog up on the bridge, chafing at the delay.

The fog was annoying. If it delayed the ship much he would be unable to conclude his duties and commence his holiday leave. And he had pressing reasons for wanting leave.

Twenty years ago he had left the paternal roof in anger. His father—a stern, narrow-minded man of Puritan instincts—made the mistake of trying to force his son into a profession for which he was wholly unsuited. The youngster had many excellent qualities, and would doubtless have made a name for himself in the Army or the Navy, instead of which his father decided on the Church.

At college John, entirely uninterested in his studies, did not achieve the success which his father anticipated. The only good results he obtained were in the sports field. Always extravagant and a trifle headstrong, he incurred debts which strained the paternal exchequer considerably. He had a similar effect upon the stock of paternal patience, which culminated at last in a bitter quarrel between them, the young man being ordered out of the house and forbidden to return.

He drifted into a bad set, and after a time, finding himself penniless, joined a barque, bound for Australia, as deck-boy.

As the years passed, and he slowly climbed the ladder of his profession, his bitterness vanished, though some of the evil habits contracted during those early days still remained. It was known among his intimate friends that he was addicted to drink, and more than once it seemed almost by a miracle that the ship under his guidance had escaped disaster.

He sometimes found himself thinking of the old home he had left, with its well-kept lawns, the roses and the fruit-trees. And above all, he wondered if his mother was still there. He remembered his sister too—little Joan. Thirty years old she would be now, and most likely married, with kiddies of her own.

He had pondered these things a lot during the last months, and curiously enough on the outward voyage of the *Delaware* were some passengers who knew his native village on the Kent coast. From them he learnt of his father's death. They also spoke of the widow and her daughter, and the chance information set his thoughts working furiously.

At New York he cabled asking if he might come home, and received the answer on sailing morning, 'It is our dearest wish.—MOTHER.'

All the way across the sweet simplicity of the answer called him, and he chafed now at the unlooked-for lengthening of the passage.

III.

The chief officer went up to relieve the second, leaving the passengers still at the tables talking over their coffee.

The usual 'last' dinner toast was just being proposed when there came a sudden crash, followed by a long, scraping noise. Then the ship stopped and listed over to port.

With one accord they all rose, and, amid a few feminine shrieks, started for the entrance, where stood the second mate, cool and smiling.

'What's the matter here? You all seem in a great hurry. There's nothing seriously wrong, so I should advise you all to sit down and finish dinner; besides, I detest dining alone,' he added laughingly, well knowing that his chance of dining at all that evening was very remote.

The purser backed him up admirably, and their coolness inspired the passengers with confidence. As they resumed their seats the second officer escaped unnoticed to the deck. He went direct to the bridge. The engines were going astern, but without effect, and the carpenter reported several feet of water in the fore-hold.

As the long Atlantic swell pounded at her side the ship bumped uneasily, and the skipper knew she was doomed. It was a catastrophe liable to overtake any mariner, and no human foresight could have averted it. But neither shipowners nor the Board of Trade are prone to consider strandings with undue leniency, and the skipper knew it. He knew also that it was time for action and not for vain regrets.

'I'll remain in charge here, Mr Hammond; you help the chief with the boats—he's gone to tell the purser about getting the passengers up. The starboard boats can't be used with this list on her. Women and children first as usual,' he said, walking to the telegraph and ringing the engines off.

The helmsman still stood at his post in the wheel-house, and the skipper motioned him away. Never again would the ship answer to the touch of man.

Gradually the wind increased and the fog lifted, revealing a light away on the port bow. With the rising wind the sea became more violent, and the *Delaware* threatened to break up.

'Send up a rocket there, one of you,' said the captain, and turned to the chief officer.—'Get the boats away as soon as you're ready; tell them to look out for rocks near the shore and steer for that light.'

IV.

Several of the crew remained after the boats had got away, and the skipper addressed them kindly. 'Well, my lads, this old ship won't hold together much longer; you've done all you can, and it's every man for himself now.'

One or two answered, more from force of habit than anything else, 'Ay, ay, sir!'

Silently and slowly, almost reluctantly, they discarded their footwear and dropped over the side, one by one.

The chief officer stood by, watching. The

magnitude of the disaster was very apparent to his nautical mind, and a great compassion for the skipper possessed him. They had been juniors together in the line, working up the ladder to their present positions, and were good ship-mates, although the subordinate viewed many of his senior's escapades with disfavour.

'It's no use waiting—she's a total wreck—like my ticket,' the captain said bitterly. The other did not reply. He realised that it was one of those occasions when silence is more eloquent than speech.

'There's one thing more you can do, John,' the skipper continued, taking a letter from his pocket. 'Take this letter in case I go west. Take it and deliver it personally; you'll know what to say.'

'Ay, ay, sir!'

'Come into my room and have a parting drink—I've not had one since dinner, and goodness knows when we'll have another.' Sympathy dictated assent, and the chief followed without a word.

The seas continued their ceaseless bombardment, and the *Delaure* was slowly breaking up. The decks were swept clean, the starboard boats were all damaged, and the funnel was liable to carry away at any moment.

'We may as well make a start,' the captain said, helping himself to a second drink; and then added reflectively, 'Wonder if those other poor beggars got to land all right?'

Strange to relate, he was the only one injured in the attempt to get ashore. A blow from some floating wreckage rendered him unconscious, and the half-submerged rocks near the shore would have completed the work but for the ready aid of a coastguard.

V.

Joan Thornham stood looking out of the window on to the little garden sparkling with frost in the wintry sunshine.

She was tall and slim, brown-haired and gray-eyed, with an elusive something in her expression that strangers put down to coldness. It was really the mark that ten years of a rather lonely life, spent in nursing her invalid mother, had left, and in repose her face was often very sad.

She had several times that morning looked towards the end of the short road, though there were no real grounds for believing that her brother would come that day. They had no idea of the name of his boat, and if one judged from the time that had elapsed since his cable had been received, he could have been home some days before.

But her mother was so certain that she would see her boy again that day. She had talked of little else, and it was evident that only the hope of the prodigal's return was keeping her alive.

Joan herself could scarcely remember her brother. To her he was a dim memory of a

happy, jolly boy coming home from school for his holidays, and a slightly clearer memory of a young man whose college vacations cast a gloom over the home, and made the father strangely irritable.

The old doctor, who had known Joan from childhood, had shaken his head sadly that morning. 'It's only a question of hours now, my dear. I hope the boy will come to-day.'

She watched him now as he went along the road, and then, just as she was turning from the window with a sigh, a stranger came in sight. He swung down the road, looking at the names on the gate-posts. As he came nearer and she saw that he was big and broad and sunburnt, Joan gave a sob of relief and flew to open the door. He was coming up the path now, and as he reached the door, Joan, her eyes full of happy tears, put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

He did not speak, and she drew him into the little hall. 'Oh, my dear,' she said, 'how glad I am you have come, but you are only just in time. I think mother has just been keeping alive till you came. She can't see you, John—her sight failed a year ago; but if you knew how she has wanted you to come!'

She led him softly into the sick-room. 'John has come back, mother,' she said gently.

The old lady turned her head in his direction and held out her hands as if to embrace him, and he knelt down at the side of the bed. 'I knew he would come to-day; now I can die happy,' she said faintly.

She took a hand of each and murmured, 'God bless you both!'

The words were scarcely audible, and they were the last she uttered. An hour later her feeble hold on life relaxed, and she slipped peacefully out of this world to rejoin her husband and tell him of the prodigal's return.

VI.

The prodigal himself was very silent, and seemed ill at ease. 'I should very much like to have a talk with you when you can spare time,' he said to Joan that afternoon.

'I'll come in a very few minutes,' she replied.

He paced up and down the little sitting-room, wondering how he could best tell her his news, and before he had come to any conclusion, she came in.

She stood before the fire, shivering slightly, and he saw that she was very pale, and there were dark shadows of fatigue under her eyes. A sudden feeling of compassion for her loneliness filled him, and made his first words sound almost brusque.

'My name is John,' he said, 'but I am not your brother.'

'Not my brother!'

'No. My name is John Warrender; I was

chief officer on the *Delaware*—your brother was captain.'

Joan stared at him reflectively. 'Then why did you pretend to be my brother, and where is he?'

'I never really meant to; but when you told me how ill your mother was, and how she had been wanting your brother to come, I thought perhaps there would be no great harm in just letting her think he had come—I could see at once that her time was short, and perhaps it comforted her a bit.'

He went on to tell her of the wreck in the darkness and fog, of the captain's injuries which had proved fatal, and gave her the letter entrusted to him.

Joan stood holding it, apparently listening to him unmoved; but she was trying to arrange all these new facts in her mind. She had lost her mother, but had found some consolation in the thought that she had a brother to turn to. Now that comfort was gone. For him, personally, she could not grieve overmuch, as he was little more than a name to her; but suddenly she realised that she was now quite alone in the world. And this man, whom she had taken for her brother before he had time to speak, and whom she had kissed so warmly, was a stranger!

Warrender stood looking at her rather miserably, trying to read her thoughts, as she still gazed into the fire. 'You know,' he said at last, 'your brother and I were real friends for years. I should like it, Miss Thornham, if you would let me try to take his place a bit, now that he is gone, and look after you.'

'That is very kind of you, Mr Warrender, but you must not bother about me. You have only just landed, and I am sure you must be wanting to get to your home.'

'I have no home,' said Warrender simply; 'I have no people. And when I'm in England, I just put up at some hotel; so if I could be of any use to you, I can just as easily stay near here.'

VII.

A few days later Mrs Thornham was laid to rest in the churchyard beside her husband, and that evening, sitting over the fire, Joan thought gratefully how Warrender's help and presence had lightened her own load, making the last few days much less dreadful than they would otherwise have been.

While she was still deep in these thoughts he came in, bringing with him such an atmosphere of cheer and kindness that the little room, which had seemed so empty, and quiet, appeared quite changed. 'Well, Miss Thornham,' he said, 'I have come to say good-bye. My owners have given me a command, and I must be off to-night. I think we have pretty well settled up all your business now; and if any-

thing goes wrong, you must write to me—this paper will tell you how to address me.'

Joan took the slip of paper. 'I shall never forget all your kindness to me, Mr Warrender, and I wish I could hope ever to repay it.'

'There is nothing to repay,' said Warrender; 'only too glad to help you. But if you really would like to do something for me, Miss Thornham—'

He hesitated, and Joan looked up expectantly. The firelight gave warmth and colour to her pale face, and her pretty gray eyes were animated. John Warrender, looking down at her, felt a sudden pang that he had no home to come back to after his wanderings, and no woman like this to make some place a home for him. Perhaps it was this thought that made him speak more eagerly than he had intended.

'You wouldn't write to me, I suppose, Miss Thornham? I don't mean only if things go wrong, but just letters to tell me what you are doing, and—and—that sort of thing,' he ended lamely.

'Why, yes, of course I will if you would like it, Mr Warrender.' Then she added mischievously, 'I beg your pardon, I mean Captain Warrender—I'm really glad you've got promotion.'

He laughed, a boisterous hearty laugh, feeling bolder now that his overtures had not been repelled. 'So am I—it will make quite a big difference in my position in many ways. A captain, though, always wants the help of a chief officer—a good mate,' he said, and left Joan standing in the porch wondering.

And so it happened that these two became fast friends, and when Warrender walked into the cottage quite unexpectedly some months later, he found a welcome that must have satisfied the most exacting of friends.

Joan was in the kitchen cooking when she heard his voice in the little hall, and she called out to him gaily to come in and help. 'Come right along in; but I can't shake hands with you yet—I am smothered in flour.'

Warrender strode in, almost filling the little kitchen. He looked at Joan, enveloped in a big white overall, her face flushed and happy with excitement; then, without a word, he leant across the narrow table and kissed her.

'But really, John, I can't think how you could do such a thing,' said Joan, an hour later—an hour filled with talk and happiness as they sat in the firelit sitting-room—and with Annie in the kitchen, too.'

'Well, darling,' said John, evidently unashamed, 'I really don't think it was half as bad as what you did. You kissed me, you will remember, before we had even spoken to each other. And I didn't look half so shocked then as you did this evening!'

FORESTALLED.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONCE again Tom had to swim the river, but this time the task was easier, as he found a spot where it was much narrower. Then towards evening, when he had been on the trail twelve full hours, and Joyce nearer twenty, he had a glimpse of her in the distance, beginning to climb the long, slow slope of the hill on the farther side of which the settlement lay between it and the river.

The sight gave him renewed strength. He settled down to a steady run, for here the ground was fairly level beneath the shade of great, scattered trees, and soon he was able to assure himself that he was swiftly overtaking her.

After a time he saw that she had become aware of him. Her slow, staggering walk, to which her rate of progress had sunk, changed and quickened. She even attempted a run. The settlement was not far now, and her lead was still considerable, so that even though his appearance in the distance had been for the moment a great shock, she reassured herself with a conviction that her success was certain. He could not, she thought, catch her up before she reached the settlement that was only the other side of the hill. But the slope she was ascending tried her terribly; and when she ventured to glance behind her again she was terrified to see how quickly he was coming, and with what long, swift strides he seemed to be covering the ground. For he had forgotten his fatigue and weariness; he was running almost as strongly as though he had but that moment started.

And she was near exhaustion, how near she had hardly known till this need for new and fresh exertion had arisen. A dreadful weariness oppressed her. Only by an intense effort of will could she contrive to lift again each foot once she had set it down. But still a dull determination drove her wearied body and aching and exhausted limbs. She was conscious of hardly anything except that she must press on—on—even though each breath was a stabbing agony, and each movement a torment.

Then misfortune overtook her, for as she looked round to see how much nearer her relentless pursuer had drawn, she put her foot in a hole and fell. And where she fell, there for a time she lay, conscious of nothing save the intense relief of lying still. But then recollection came to her—she remembered. She got to her knees and looked back, and with panic she saw how much nearer her pursuer now seemed, and how much more swiftly he appeared to be coming.

She staggered to her feet then, and ran unsteadily on her way. The summit of the hill

was quite close now. Soon she would have reached it, and the worst would be over, since then there would remain only the comparatively easy descent to the river's edge where the settlement lay. Surely, surely, she thought with desperation, it could never be that she was to fail with her goal in sight, almost within arm's-length.

But the sound of swift footsteps behind drew ever nearer and nearer still. She dared not look behind, for she remembered how she had fallen that other time and lost so much precious time. But now the summit was within a yard or two, now she had reached it, and there in full view below lay the few scattered houses that composed the settlement, within their midst the square frame building where government business was carried on.

A thrill of exultation passed through her; her long and dreadful journey through the night, and the dawn, and the heat of the day had not been in vain, for here was her goal that now she would soon have reached. Upon her ears fell ominously the sound of heavy footsteps coming swiftly up behind her.

She began to run, but already he was at her side. She gave him one swift glance of uttermost anger and defiance, and then she settled down to run as she had never run before.

At first, taken quite by surprise, he was out-distanced. But then he increased his speed; with long strides he caught her up, and for a little thus, side by side, they raced down the hill.

For full two hundred yards they ran together side by side, their elbows almost touching, their breath almost mingling, yet never exchanging so much as a single look, so that it was almost as though each was unaware of the other running there.

But this effort that she had made was Joyce's last. Her speed slackened, her stride faltered, she reeled as she went, she almost fell, but recovered herself again. Despair came upon her, for she was beaten, and she knew it. The earth seemed to rise and sink under her feet; the trees and bushes she passed were merged in an indistinguishable mist; only the fierce determination of her passionate will kept her still upright and her feet still moving. How she hated her rival for the steady length of his stride and his firm and upright bearing! The thought came to her that he, running so freshly and so strongly, could outdistance her feeble, staggering trot any moment he chose; and that if he had not done so, it must be because he wished to torment her by letting her get as near their destination as possible before finally drawing ahead.

That was like him, she thought; so cruel, she sighed; and as her strength gave way at last she fell forward on her face and lay there, prone, while the bitterness of failure and defeat rolled in over her soul like a sea.

Suddenly she was aware that something was happening to her. She felt arms placed gently round her. She felt herself being carefully lifted. This surprised her greatly, and vaguely she realised that she was resting, not uncomfortably, on something soft and warm. Also it appeared that she was being borne along, for she was dimly aware of a sense of movement, and somehow she was reminded of days long gone, when she had been a child and tired, and her mother had carried her in her arms.

That was an absurd idea, of course, but all the same it was lovely to lie still, quite still, and to feel thus strongly held and carried, to be free from that awful need for driving on exhausted muscles and fainting nerves, beautiful to lie like this and rest and be still.

On a sudden, as her faintness began to pass and her mind to clear, she realised that it was in the arms of a man she was being carried, that it was a man's shoulder on which her head rested as once it had rested on her mother's—and that this man was Tom Moore, Big Tom Moore, her rival and her enemy, from whom she had raced and fled all through a night and a day.

'Oh, oh,' she muttered, trying feebly to free herself; 'oh, put me down.'

But his reply came soft as the whisper of the wind through the trees at noon. 'Lie still, my heart,' he murmured; 'my own love.'

This so utterly astonished her that she obeyed instinctively and lay still for a little, lost in utter wonder. She had an idea that perhaps she had gone mad; she fancied she might be delirious; she thought she dreamed; and again she tried to struggle, and called out loudly, 'Put me down; put me down at once.'

And again the soft, slow, caressing answer came. 'Lie still, my heart, my love. We are nearly there.'

She could not understand it. Why did he say such things, and why, when he said them, did they vibrate so oddly in her heart?—just as if—

It was altogether bewildering—beyond comprehension—how strong his arms were, how firmly he held her, how comforting it was to be borne along like this, held in these strong, protecting arms. How much better than to have to toil painfully forward alone, every ounce of strength needed to cover each fresh yard of ground.

She surrendered herself utterly. Her fatigue possessed her so, she felt nothing could be better than to be held thus tenderly and carried thus gently—nothing else mattered.

They had reached the settlement now, and people were all running and staring. They all

knew Big Tom Moore, but to see him thus emerging from the forest carrying a girl in his arms, with her head upon his shoulder, was an amazing thing. But he took no heed of their staring, and gave no answer to the questions they called out. Like a conqueror he strode on with the girl in his arms, and came to the square frame building over which the flag floated, and where now two or three men had come to the door to watch with wonder his approach.

When he was quite near he paused, and put Joyce down and said, 'This young lady wants to register. She and her dad have made a strike. She had to come herself, and hurry, because her dad hurt his foot, and they were scared a skunk who knew about it, a scallywag, a fellow mean all through—and very ugly as well—would try to get in ahead.'

CHAPTER IX.

JOYCE'S fatigue was so great it was all she could do to complete her business. But when that was done, and after they had given her a little food and some strong coffee, she felt better. By this time the whole population of the little place had assembled, for news that a 'strike' had been made had already spread abroad, and nearly every man was preparing to rush off to the spot described by Joyce in order to seize his share of the good fortune she had won.

'Some of the boys is starting to-night,' one man said to her. 'Sure thing, that mean fellow you was afraid of will have to get a move on if he wants any kind of a look-in.'

'Ah, yes,' said Joyce slowly. 'Yes—that mean fellow—well, never mind about him, but do you know where—'

She paused, and blushed slightly as she remembered how she had made her appearance in the settlement, borne in Tom's arms, with her head resting on his shoulder. But though she did not complete her sentence they understood her well enough, and one of the bystanders said, 'The big fellow as toted you along? I don't know—where is he?'

But what had become of him no one knew, till finally he was discovered in one of the adjacent shacks, one belonging to an old chum of his. In spite of his exhaustion he was beginning to make preparations to resume his journey down the river, and was trying to secure a canoe and stores on credit, since he had no money left. When some one came in and told him Joyce was inquiring for him he answered gruffly, 'Tell her I am all right. Tell her I'm hitting the river-trail right away.'

They all stared at this declaration, and one man ventured on a jesting observation which brought him a prompt challenge to fight, a challenge as promptly declined. Some of them

went back and told Joyce what he said, and she answered, 'You mustn't let him go; please don't. Tell him I want to speak to him very much indeed. Tell him I feel too ill and bad to come to him; if he won't come, tell him I said "please."'

'If that don't fetch him,' they told her, 'we'll roll him in a blanket and tote him along that way.'

But this extreme measure proved fortunately unnecessary, and presently Tom made a slow, an embarrassed, and an exceedingly stiff and limping appearance in the room where Joyce was resting on an improvised couch.

'I—I only wanted to thank you,' said Joyce.

'Huh!' grunted Tom. 'Nothing to thank me about. I only came along to see you didn't get lost—a plumb crazy trick it was, starting off the way you did.'

'Are you scolding me?' asked Joyce meekly.

'You might easy have got lost,' declared Tom with undiminished severity, 'and starved, or broke a limb and starved, and no one ever known a thing—or—'

'Only I didn't,' interrupted Joyce; 'did I?'

'No,' said Tom.

'And I got there, didn't I?' continued Joyce.

'Yes,' agreed Tom.

'Thanks,' said Joyce softly, 'to you.'

'Wasn't much I did,' said Tom gruffly.

'Well, guess I'll be going. I'm off down-river to-night.'

'Oh, you can't,' declared Joyce. 'Why, there's all sorts of things to see about, and I feel so bad someway I don't think I can, so you must.'

'But——' he began. 'I've no call,' he said. 'Of course you have. Isn't there the claim?'

'That's nothing to do with me, and there's plenty of folk.'

'But when the claim's half yours,' she interrupted; and he in his turn interrupted quickly, 'It isn't. What do you mean?'

'What I say,' she flashed. 'I registered in our name and in yours as equal partners.'

'You, you,' he cried furiously—'you never dared!'

She sat upright and glared at him. 'Tom Moore,' she said, 'you just understand there isn't anything I don't dare.'

'By gosh,' he admitted reluctantly, 'I believe that's true. But this'll have to be put right. I——'

'It can't be altered,' she interrupted; 'it's done. I just knew somehow you would want to slip away, and now you can't, because you're our partner, and if you aren't there, we can't do anything at all.'

He had moved away towards the door, but now he came slowly back to her. He had become very pale, and when she saw his face all at once she was afraid. 'Oh, oh, Tom,' she whispered.

He knelt down beside her, and somehow, he hardly knew how, his arms went round her once again. 'Joyce, Joyce, my heart, my own love, do you mean it?' he whispered.

'I think I always did,' she murmured, her face hidden against his coat. 'Ever since we watched sun-up together—only I did try not to,' she added, with a little contented sigh that at last that struggle at least was over.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SUPERSEDING THE FOG SIGNAL.

APART from strikes, fog is the railway traveller's worst enemy. It is impossible with any arrangements at present available to maintain the full speed of trains in a thick fog. Punctuality must be sacrificed if accidents are to be avoided. On the electric lines what is known as the 'electric fog repeater' is used during fogs. This device is fixed in advance of the signal it 'repeats'; that is to say, the train reaches the repeater before it arrives at the permanent signal, and the distance between the two is great enough to allow of the train being pulled up. It gives a brilliant light of the same colour as the permanent signal, and at the level of the driver's eyes. These fog repeaters are switched on by the signalmen when fog comes on, and their colour alters with that of the permanent signals. They can, however, only be used where a supply of electricity is available. Most of the signals on our main lines are out

of reach of an electric supply. To overcome this difficulty, a fog repeater worked by acetylene has been devised. This takes the form of a hollow cast-iron standard, enlarged at the bottom to house the cylinder of compressed gas, and fitted at the top with the lantern. The gas used is acetylene dissolved in acetone. To economise in gas, the light is given in flashes, the intervals between the flashes being longer than the flashes themselves. With 200 flashes a minute, however, there is not the slightest chance of a driver passing the repeater without seeing it. In fact, the flashes arrest the attention more certainly than a steady light. These repeaters are controlled by electricity, but the current required is easily supplied by a battery. A pilot light is left permanently on, and the flashing mechanism is worked by the acetylene. All the signalman has to do, therefore, is to switch on the flashing device on the approach of fog and to control the colour as required. The electric 'repeaters' have enabled the electric

railways to dispense with fog signalmen, and there is no doubt that the acetylene variety will be equally effective. One charge of acetylene enables the 'repeater' to flash for thirty days of twenty-four hours each, which even during a foggy winter would be equivalent to a three months' service; while with a clear season it might last for six months.

THE PASSING OF THE DRUMSTICK.

Although it looks simple enough to the uninitiated, it is only a highly-skilled performer who can satisfactorily play the drum and the supplementary instruments that go with it. The makers of an invention to supersede drumsticks claim that the average person can become proficient with this device in as many days as it takes months to learn the correct handling of drumsticks. The device consists of two wooden knobs or beaters mounted at the ends of metal rods. The opposite ends of these rods are fixed into wooden blocks, which are mounted on springs at the side of the drum. Standing up from each wood block is a finger-plate of thin metal strip bent into the form of an inverted V, but with a rounded apex. Simple manipulation of these finger-plates produces any drum-beat required, including a perfect roll. Check springs are fitted at the back of the wood blocks, and a stop is fixed behind the finger-plates to prevent too big a movement, which might strain the springs. The device is played with one hand, leaving the other free to play other instruments supplementary to the drum in an orchestra, or to hold the drum in the case of marching. This clever substitute for drumsticks was invented by Miss Violet Alma, who is a well-known musical performer.

THE SMALLEST MOTOR LAWN-MOWER.

The earlier motor lawn-mowers, of which an example was described in our issue for August 1921, were produced only in the larger sizes. A smaller machine has been brought out recently that will interest both the professional gardener and the man who looks after his own lawn and garden—at any rate, if a tennis-court is included. With a 16-inch cutter, this mower is driven by a $1\frac{1}{2}$ horse-power two-stroke petrol motor of the air-cooled type. A cross shaft above the cutter is driven by the motor through a roller chain, while further chains, one at each end of the shaft, drive the cutter and the roller respectively. To facilitate turning the roller is in two parts, which are driven through differential gear, like the rear wheels of a car. The machine is started and stopped through a clutch which is controlled from one of the handles. Owing to the weight of the motor this mower makes an excellent garden roller, and a clutch is provided for putting the cutter out of gear when it is being used solely for this purpose. The starting handle turns the motor shaft through multiplying gear

at a comparatively high speed, which ensures good sparking. The pinion of this gear automatically disengages itself from the gear-wheel connected to the starting handle when the motor starts, a device which is common in electric starters. A cylindrical petrol tank is mounted above the motor and a tool-box at the back. One of these little motor lawn-mowers transforms the arduous task of mowing a big lawn into a pleasant occupation, while the cost for petrol is so little as to be scarcely worth mentioning.

POULTRY HOUSE CLEANING MADE EASY.

Every keeper of poultry will agree that the cleaning of the houses is the most unpleasant part of the business. A new poultry house of special design greatly facilitates the cleaning process, and possesses other good features. Intended for six hens, this poultry house is 6 feet long by 3 feet wide. It is divided horizontally into an upper portion for roosting and a ground floor which forms the run. The outstanding feature, and the one that makes cleaning so easy, is the mounting of the house on four wheels, which run on wooden rails 12 feet long. By moving the house from one end of the track to the other one half of the run is exposed, and can be raked over and the litter changed. Cleaning is also facilitated by making the nest-boxes, the perch, and the dropping-board movable, and hingeing one side of the upper storey. The lower part is enclosed by wire-netting along both sides and one end, a door being provided at the other end. For protecting the run in bad weather a loose shutter is provided, which can be fixed along either side. One side of the gable roof is hinged to open for ventilation in hot weather, a hinged wire-netting door under it preventing the escape of the birds. The roof is made water-tight by 'Pluvex' felt. A lock and key complete the outfit of this unique and compact poultry house.

A FOLDING-STOOL WITH AN AIR-CUSHION

For fishing, shooting, or travelling a stool that will fold up into a small space is a great desideratum. Yet it must be firm, strong, and comfortable. One which meets these requirements has been recently brought out. The top is constructed like an umbrella, but with a smaller and much stronger frame, and it is flat when opened out. An air-cushion takes the place of the cover. When deflated, this folds up with the frame. What corresponds to the umbrella-stick is a stout piece of drawn-steel tube which terminates at the bottom in an aluminium casting. This casting has three sockets for as many detachable steel-tube legs. These project downwards and outwards from the centre casting, and they are of different diameters, so that one may be slipped inside another when they are detached, thus saving

space. When the top is deflated and folded down, and the legs are detached and 'nested,' the stool will go into a case 12 inches long and 3 inches square. Enamelled black, the umbrella ribs and struts are hinged into a brass socket and a brass slider respectively. The steel tubes are nickel-plated, and the air-cushion is covered with waterproof fabric. It may be mentioned that the seat will swivel in the aluminium casting.

A DISAPPEARING LOFT LADDER.

In these days of small houses and exorbitant building costs, the storage accommodation for boxes, &c., afforded by lofts cannot be ignored. Hitherto the only means of access has been by ladders and trap-doors. In many cases a ladder has to be brought from elsewhere, placed in position, and removed after use. Sometimes it is hinged at the side of the trap-door, and, when out of use, the free end is hauled up to the ceiling by a rope over a pulley. But there is not often space enough to allow of stowing the ladder in this way, while, at the best, it is unsightly. Still less often is it practicable to leave a loft ladder permanently in position. Another drawback to the present arrangement is the necessity of pushing up a heavy trap-door, and afterwards closing it again, from the top of a ladder. All of these difficulties are obviated by a mechanically-worked loft ladder and trap-door which has been lately invented. To understand this device, let us suppose for a moment that the ordinary loft ladder is pushed up into the loft when out of use and pulled down when required. While the ladder is being pushed up it will slide over the edge of the trap until the upper part overbalances that below. This overbalancing movement, can, however, be prevented, and the ladder can still be pushed farther through until the lower end is short enough to pass the back end of the trap, when the ladder will lie on the loft floor. Let us now suppose the trap-door to be attached under the lower end of the ladder and to go up into the trap with it, thus filling up the vacant space. It would be a very awkward job to push up a ladder in this way, but mechanically there is nothing impossible about the performance. The new loft ladder is provided with a simple mechanical gear, worked by a handle below, whereby the ladder is pushed up into the loft and the trap-door placed in position with very little effort. A spindle along the edge of the trap has a toothed pinion at each end, which engages with a toothed rack at each side of the ladder. When this spindle is turned in the right direction the pinions propel the ladder upwards by means of the racks. Supposing that some one could hold the lower end of the ladder, and the spindle could be turned from below, the ladder could be stowed in this way; but it would take two persons to

do the job. To avoid this difficulty, the upper end of the ladder is attached to the end of a radius rod, which compels it to move in the correct path until it comes to rest in an almost horizontal position and the trap-door is in place. The spindle is worked from a wall below through bevel and worm gearing and a vertical shaft. Turning the handle in the reverse direction opens the trap-door and lowers the ladder. If space is limited in the loft the ladder is made in two parts, the one sliding upon the other; but the principle of working is the same, the ladder extending itself as it comes down and the extension sliding up when being stowed. For reaching the lofts in bungalows these ladders are particularly useful. They may be made of any kind of wood or of fire-resisting material, and would give ready access to roofs in case of fire. The stairway is lowered into position with both ease and speed—indeed the operation may be carried out by a child.

KEEPING HOT THE RADIATOR.

A car standing at the roadside with a rug over the radiator is no uncommon sight in cold weather. Automatic protection from cold for the radiators of cars is now available. This takes the form of a light steel frame, fitted with steel louvres, which fits the radiator front. The louvres, when open, admit air freely to the radiator, while they are almost air-tight when closed. By a system of levers a thermostat at the top of the frame opens and closes the louvres according to the temperature, opening them automatically as the heat of the radiator rises above 130° F., and closing them again when it falls below that temperature. The louvres may be closed by hand immediately the car is stopped, to be automatically opened when the car is started again. In addition to preventing freezing, this device maintains the cooling water at the most efficient temperature in the winter. It is quite possible to have the water too cold, in which case some petrol is wasted. If it becomes too hot the water will boil away. A temperature of 130° has been chosen as giving the best all-round results. This radiator protector will fit any radiator with a flat front, and it can be fixed in a few minutes. It is finished in black enamel, and improves rather than detracts from the appearance of the car.

A QUICK-HEATING DEEP FRYING-PAN.

Every cook knows the advantages of complete immersion in boiling fat for frying fish, potatoes, fritters, and other foods. The ordinary sauce-pan, owing to its shape, requires a large quantity of fat to give the necessary depth; it needs, also, a lot of gas to keep it hot. A new type of pan for frying, stewing, or boiling, which effects considerable economy in the amounts of fat and of heat used, is in the form of an aluminium

bowl. Now a given quantity of water heats up more quickly in an enamel bowl than in a saucepan when placed over a stove or a gas-ring. The bowl shape is therefore good in itself; and the rapid-heating effect is enhanced by a deep collar over which the turned down rim of the basin fits, this collar giving the utensil, at first sight, the appearance of an ordinary saucepan. It confines the heat to the bottom and sides of the basin, being composed of an outer thickness of aluminium and an inner layer of steel, with asbestos between the two. Through a collar so constructed very little heat can pass. A few holes near the top allow the hot gases to move slowly upwards instead of remaining stagnant. Supplied with the pan is a basket which fits the bottom. When the food is cooked the handle of the basket is attached to that of the pan, so that the basket is held just above the fat, for the food to drain and at the same time keep hot. The pan can be lifted out of the collar for cleaning. Kettles are also made with bowl-shaped bottoms which fit into similar collars, with the result that they boil much more quickly than those of the usual form.

A MINIATURE PLANT SPRAYER.

Those with small gardens and conservatories will be interested in a plant sprayer which has been specially designed for use with an ordinary bottle. In this device the pump and the spraying nozzle are ingeniously combined. The pump barrel extends to the bottom of the bottle, and is provided at the top with a tapered cork that will fit the neck of almost any bottle. A tubular rod, connected with the pump bucket, terminates in the spray nozzle at its upper end. Outside the pump barrel this rod is bent into a loop to take a finger of the operator. When the plunger is drawn upwards, the liquid is sucked into the pump barrel through a ball valve. On pushing down the plunger the liquid is forced through a non-return valve in the bucket, and up the tubular rod to the nozzle, whence it issues in the form of spray. The parts of this sprayer are made of steel and are nickel-plated. It can be used for disinfectants as well as for insecticides. By attaching a rubber tube to the lower end of the pump, a bucket full of liquid can be sprayed. Lastly, the price is so low as to place this sprayer within the reach of every amateur gardener.

A HUGE STEAM TURBINE.

Although the steam turbine seems certain to be superseded by the oil engine for the propulsion of ships in the near future, and the predominance of even the steam locomotive is also threatened from the same quarter, steam still reigns supreme in the big electric power stations of this country. So cheaply can electricity be generated in the coal-mining dis-

tricts that almost every factory takes its supply for power purposes from the nearest central station. This means very big machinery in the power stations situated in manufacturing areas. At Rotherham, for instance, so rapidly has the demand for current grown that it has been deemed advisable to lay down a generating unit of no less than 40,000 horse-power. This unit consists of a huge steam turbine and an electric generator, coupled together on one base-plate. The turbine is the largest built in the British Isles, if not in the world; some particulars, therefore, will be of interest. With a speed of 1500 revolutions per minute, electricity is generated at a pressure of 6600 volts. The consumption of coal is only a trifle over one pound per horse-power per hour, a remarkably low figure. Taking up a floor space of roughly 47 feet by 20½ feet, the turbine and the electric generator stand up 12 feet above the floor level, and weigh 300 tons. In its biggest part the shaft is 21 inches in diameter, while the bearings are 16 inches and 14 inches for the low-pressure and high-pressure ends respectively. It is of vital importance that the revolutions per minute should not exceed the full speed by more than a small percentage, as, if this were to happen, the turbine would fly to pieces. To guard against such an accident the two main steam-valves are held open by triggers, and these are tripped by an emergency governor if the speed rises above a predetermined limit. The steam passes through fourteen turbine wheels from its entry into the machine at a pressure of 200 lb. per square inch until its rejection to the condenser at almost no pressure at all. These wheels become larger and larger, the biggest being nearly 12 feet in diameter, which means a peripheral speed of 918 feet per second. The centrifugal force tending to burst the wheel is, of course, greater in this wheel than in any of the smaller ones. It was, therefore, tested in a bomb-proof pit by running it at 25 per cent. over the full speed, which increases the centrifugal force by about two-thirds.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (a) a reply post-card, or (b) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, Chambers's Journal, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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THE HIGHBINDERS.

By DICK DONOVAN,

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PART I.

I.

A BUGGY horsed by a big, raw-boned animal, driven by a Chinaman, drew up at the entrance to a substantial wooden building in Santa Agata county of Los Angeles. The horse was gray with foam, for the heat was terrific, and driver and vehicle alike were powdered with the white alkaline dust of the shadeless road, though the driver seemed cool and composed. After the manner of his kind it required something more than even extreme heat to upset his equanimity.

Santa Agata was an extensive orange and vineyard plantation covering some thousands of acres, giving employment to many hundreds of Chinese coolies, with a large contingent of white overseers. It was owned by a wealthy American syndicate, and was one of the best conducted and most flourishing concerns of the kind in that part of California.

When the buggy had come to a standstill a powerfully built white man with a sun-tanned, determined-looking face climbed down, and dragging from the vehicle a large, heavy canvas bag, dumped it with a sigh of relief on the steps of the veranda. A Chinaman stood on the veranda and greeted the traveller. 'You've had a hot journey, boss!'

'Infernally hot—and I'm parched,' was the response.

The white man was Mr Sefton Skindle, who had been the manager of the estate for nearly twenty years. He had driven in from Los Angeles, where he had been to the bank to draw money for the payment, on the morrow, of the wages of the orange section of the coolies. Telling the Chinaman on the veranda, Lee Ah Fook, his confidential clerk for many years, to carry the bag of money, which contained upwards of twenty thousand dollars, into the house, he proceeded to his office, and flinging his broad-brimmed felt hat onto the table, he mopped his wet face, flicked the dust from his clothes, and called for an iced drink.

When he had refreshed himself, changed his coat, and rested for a while—for the long drive

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under the burning sun had somewhat exhausted him—Skindle and his clerk opened the bag, and checked the money, which consisted mainly of gold pieces and fractional silver coins. They found the sum correct, and dividing it into varying amounts, placed each amount in a separate bag, numbered, with the total marked on the outside. That done, the chief foreman of the section to be paid, Lie Ling, whose duty it was to pay the labourers, was summoned, and seven thousand dollars were handed to him, that being the amount required for the first batch the following morning. Payment was to be made early, as each squad of men, on receiving their month's wages, were allowed a holiday for the rest of the day. Lie Ling was a valued and trusted servant, and had also been in the company's service for years. He carried the bags of money over to his office in the Chinese quarters near the manager's house, and locked them up in a large chest. This arrangement had been in existence for a long time, and had worked satisfactorily.

II.

The following morning, just as day was breaking, Mr Sefton Skindle was suddenly startled from his sleep by loud shouts and yells coming from the Chinese quarter. Springing out of bed, he hastily dressed himself, thrust a loaded six-shooter into his hip-pocket, and rushed out to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, which was so unusual that the manager felt sure there was trouble of some sort. As a rule the coolies were most peaceful, and pay-day generally passed without any disturbance.

Skindle found an excited mob of Chinamen yelling like maniacs, and hustling each other in an effort to gain admittance to the foreman's office. When the 'boss' appeared on the scene they made way for him, and hurrying into the building, he entered the office, to find the place in a state of the utmost confusion. The large chest used as a safe had been battered to pieces, while Lie Ling lay stretched upon the floor, apparently lifeless. Three other men, one badly cut about the wrists and bleeding freely,

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were trying to obtain some explanation from the foreman, but he was unconscious.

Chairs and tables were thrown over, and there was other evidence of a desperate struggle having taken place. The chest had been rifled, and was empty, with the exception of the wage books and business documents. Blood had been splashed on the walls, while the floor where the body lay was slippery with it.

Skindle grasped the situation at once. The foreman and his assistant clerk had, as it seemed, been attacked, the chest broken open, the money stolen. Those were the obvious facts, but the manager knew the uselessness of seeking for information from the mob of excited coolies who were clamouring for their wages. Lie Ling was unable to speak, but the wounded clerk's explanation was that he was dressing himself in his sleeping quarters, having been aroused by his chief, who was on his way to his office, when he was alarmed by a great cry coming from the office. He rushed down to the room, which was in darkness, and as soon as he entered somebody struck at him with a knife. Putting up his arms to protect his face, he was cut about the wrists. For some moments he was so dazed that he could do nothing. As soon as he recovered his self-possession he procured lights, and was horrified to find that the chest had been broken open, and that the foreman was lying on the floor in a pool of blood.

Skindle summoned the estate doctor, telling him to come at once. When the medical man arrived he examined Lie Ling and found that he was still living, and he expressed an opinion that he had been rendered insensible by being beaten on the head with a sand-bag; he had also been stabbed in the shoulder, but though the wound had bled freely it was not serious. The other wounded man had received several nasty cuts on the wrists, but the wounds were not dangerous. The foreman was carried to Skindle's house, where, under medical treatment, he recovered consciousness and told his story.

He had risen an hour before daybreak, and having aroused his assistant, he descended to his office to make preparations for paying the wages, but the moment he opened the door he felt a strong current of air blowing through the room, and saw that one of the windows was wide open. He was immediately confronted by a tall white man whom he did not recognise, and who, without a word, struck him with a knife. He screamed loudly for help. Then he received a terrific blow on the head and remembered nothing more, though he had a vague idea that he saw some of his countrymen rushing in before his senses entirely left him. Chin Ah Kit, the assistant clerk who had been cut about the wrists, could add nothing to what he had already stated, beyond corroborating the story of the open window. As the room was in darkness when he entered it he could not recognise

his assailant, but he saw a figure jump out of the window, and he was sure it was not the figure of one of his own countrymen.

This was all the information that could be obtained, so that the whole affair was shrouded in mystery. It was a serious business, and broke the record of years during which the working of the estate had never been interrupted by any untoward event beyond squabbles occasionally among the coolies themselves when disputes arose over their winnings at fan-tan and card games. Mr Skindle was greatly upset, as well he might be, for not only had a large sum of money mysteriously disappeared, but his faithful and trusted servant, Lie Ling, had come within an ace of losing his life. He resolved, therefore, that at all costs every means should be taken to find and severely punish the thief or thieves, in order to restore discipline and prevent similar occurrences in the future. His first step to that end was to notify the chief of police at Los Angeles, and his second to wire to the celebrated Durland Detective Agency of Chicago, with a request that they should send one of their best men immediately.

III.

The police did their best to solve the problem, but their methods were stereotyped and somewhat antiquated; moreover, they were faced with a complicated Chinese puzzle in a Chinese colony. They examined every coolie on the estate; they searched their boxes; they dug in the orchards; they peered into every nook and corner; they cross-examined and worried everybody, Mongolians and whites alike. The whites were greatly embittered against the Chinese, and declared that Lie Ling had lied in saying that a white man had attacked him. But Lie Ling stuck to his story, though he said he felt sure that it was not one of the white men employed on the estate, as he knew them all. Notwithstanding this qualification things looked very ugly at one time, and Mr Skindle feared that the bitter feeling might lead to an anti-Chinese outbreak. The mystery baffled the police, and they confessed it.

In due course the Chicago man arrived. He was an astute, ferret-eyed, quiet fellow, who, like the sailor's parrot, thought more than he spoke. He smiled sarcastically when he heard all that the Californian police had done. 'It occurs to me,' he remarked dryly, 'their grandmothers would have done better.'

Having learned every detail from Mr Skindle that that gentleman could give him, he wandered about the estate for a couple of days in an apparently aimless sort of way; he had a pleasant talk with Lie Ling and his assistant, both of whom were making a good recovery. He commiserated with them in their misfortune, asked them a few questions about their own country, how they liked California, and whether

they had saved enough money to enable them to return home, so that in due course they could lay their bones in Chinese soil, which is the soul's desire of every Chinaman when he is abroad. Finally, he informed Mr Skindle that he was going away for a few days, possibly a fortnight, but would be sure to return on his way back to Chicago. Mr Skindle was rather disappointed, and did not rate the Chicago man very highly, but deemed it prudent not to give expression to his thoughts.

The Chicago man journeyed to Los Angeles, where, disguised as an opium pedlar, he visited all the Chinese laundries and other places dear to Mongolians, and as he spoke Chinese fairly well, he had an advantage over the regular police. He frequented the shops and shanties in Spanish Town, and engaged in many pleasant chats with the ladies who resorted to the saloons and bars of that delectable quarter. He failed, however, to gain any evidence likely to be of use in a criminal court. He knew that if he haled a celestial before a magistrate and failed to obtain a conviction he would become a laughing-stock. Nevertheless, his suspicions had been aroused; he had come to certain conclusions and formed strong opinions; but he was perfectly well aware that the great difficulty where the Chinese were concerned was to secure evidence. They will not 'peach' on each other in the white man's courts.

IV.

The fortnight passed, and once more the Chicago man sat with Mr Skindle in that gentleman's office, enjoying the fragrance of an excellent cigar, and occasionally cooling his throat with sips of iced 'Bourbon.' He liked the Californian climate and the manners of the Californian people; both were much better than in the eastern states. He frankly owned that he had not been successful. 'I've failed, boss,' he said, with a drawl, 'because the ways of the heathen Chinese ain't the ways of the Westerners; but you can bet your boots, boss, that the story of a white man attacking your foreman is a put-up.'

The boss was ruffled. 'Good Lord!' he exclaimed, 'do you want me to believe that Lie Ling, who has served me faithfully for so many years, has proved false at last? Besides, you forget how seriously the poor chap was injured.'

The Chicago man smiled his dry smile. It was a smile that meant much. 'I don't want you to believe anything you ain't a mind to, boss. I allow your good and faithful servant was bludgeoned and cut some, but that wasn't the act of a white man. If a white had been concerned, I'd have netted him sure by this time. No, siree, nary a white man was in the job. The loyal and faithful Lie, and his partner, Chin Ah Kit, who was slashed a bit, staged a clever little drama. They've done you in, boss.'

'I don't believe it!' snapped Skindle hotly.

The Chicago man smiled again. He was not in the least perturbed. He pulled at his cigar, and took a draught of the cold Bourbon. Then he continued as if unconscious of the little interruption. 'Now, ain't it a bit curious that not one of the other inmates of the house, nor nary a one of the coolies waiting outside for their money, heard any shouts for help? I understand that the good Lie Ling had given you notice of his desire to resign his post, as he is anxious to return home to see his pa and ma. It's astonishing how these almond-eyed gentlemen love their pas and mas.'

The manager admitted the correctness of the resignation, but added that he was unwilling to let Lie Ling go, and had promised him that if he would prolong his term of service he would increase his salary.

'Wal, you see, boss, it's like this,' persisted the Chicago man; 'Lie Ling had set his mind on returning to his beloved country, and when a Chink gets smitten with home-sickness, he's got to go or die, and he doesn't like to die in a foreign land. Now it occurred to Lie that as he was about to quit California, the nice little sum of money you had entrusted him with would be very useful when he returned to China, and he was prepared to stand a good deal of bludgeoning to secure that nest-egg. A Chinaman's skull is mighty tough, and can take a lot of hammering before it cracks.'

'But if you are so sure of Lie's guilt, why in the name of blazes don't you get a warrant of arrest?' growled the manager, still irritated.

'That's where I'm up agin a stone fence, sir,' replied the Chicago man, not in the least ruffled by the manager's irritability. 'I have plenty of evidence to justify suspicion, but not a jot that would ensure conviction in our courts. There is not a magistrate in this country who would sign a warrant for the arrest of a Chinaman on mere suspicion. John Chinaman has the best of it all the time if the evidence depends on his own countrymen, because they will dare hell, and swear by all their josses in favour of the accused, rather than have one of their compatriots convicted in a foreign land. That's where the trouble comes in. See, boss? We Westerners ain't built the same way as these almond-eyed gentry. We don't understand 'em. Our laws don't square with their notions of justice. We are too tender.'

V.

Mr Skindle was still unconvinced. He could not bring himself to believe that his faith had been misplaced. Lie Ling was still suffering, still on the sick-list, and notwithstanding his long experience of the ways of the heathen Chinese the manager's confidence in his trusted foreman was hard to shake. After ruminating for some moments, he said, 'So you evidently

see no prospect of recovering the money, or of arresting the guilty parties?'

'None—except——' The Chicago man did not finish the sentence.

'Except—what?' asked Skindle anxiously.

'Except you will follow my advice.'

'What *do* you advise?'

'What I shall advise smacks somewhat of compounding a felony; it's not exactly what a good American citizen ought to do, as it makes our constituted legal authorities take a back seat, so to speak. But I have nary a doubt in my own mind that if you adopt my plan it will lead to the recovery of the money.'

'But what about the punishment of the thief or thieves?'

Once more the detective smiled. He evidently considered Mr Skindle was a very simple gentleman.

'Wal, sir, you needn't concern yourself about the punishment of the guilty parties—it ain't our business. You may bet your bottom dollar they'll suffer enough.'

'Well, what do you propose?'

'Bring your complaint before an Asiatic tribunal, and set Uncle Sam and his courts aside. The tribunal has much better ways and means of dealing with Chinamen than the white man has. Its mode of procedure is strictly oriental. There is no squeamishness and none of the milk of human kindness in its methods. It's iron-handed justice, and the Lord help any one upon whom that hand descends. The tribunal I allude to is the only one that knows how to deal with a mysterious case of this kind, and its means of obtaining evidence seldom fail. Its decision is final, and there ain't a yellow man in the whole of the United States who would dream of disobeying its decrees, much less of setting it at defiance. If he did he would be doomed. If he tried to escape he would fail. Not a loophole would be left to him. The "Highbinders," as we call their police and spies, would hunt him down were he in the loneliest gulch in the Sierra or the darkest slum of Chinatown. Our system ain't no match for theirs.'

VI.

The Chicago man again moistened his throat with the very agreeable iced Bourbon, and lit a fresh cigar. Mr Skindle's face wore an unusual look of trouble. 'From what you tell me,' he said, 'I realise the difficulty of bringing the rascals to book through the ordinary channels of American justice, and unless they are caught and punished the safety and discipline of this place will be seriously jeopardised. The business of a great estate like this, depending as it does on Asiatic labour for its efficient working, cannot be carried on unless discipline and honesty are enforced. It's the first time during my management that any trouble of this

kind has occurred, and I clearly see how imperatively necessary it is that the criminals should be detected and punished, otherwise we shall have no security in the future. Now, what do you advise me to do?'

'Go to 'Frisco, but don't let anybody here know that you are going. Secrecy is most important. Call at the headquarters of the Highbinders in Spofford Alley, and send your card in to the Chief Inquisitor of the "Asiatic Discipline and Welfare Association." It's high-sounding, but that's how they describe themselves, and the chief is called "The Secretary." Explain to him very fully what has happened. Not but what he knows already, but he will express the greatest astonishment, and will be equally grieved to hear that any of his peace-loving and virtuous countrymen have wandered from the straight path. He will tell you that it's almost unbelievable, as his association keeps such a maternal and fraternal watch over the colonies of celestials that wrong-doing on a serious scale is very rare. Of course you can put your tongue in your cheek at all this eyewash; but mark you, boss, I'll allow that these Highbinders do some good; leastways they can trace criminals where we Westerners fail, though their methods are not ours, and that's where we are handicapped. One thing you must make clear to the chief, that so far there has been no newspaper account of the robbery, and that you will do your best to keep it from the press; for if it is once made public nothing will induce him to have anything to do with the matter. When the police system of this country is baffled in these Chinese crimes—and they are baffled pretty often—the authorities turn a blind eye to the doings of the Highbinders, while not approving of them. The bland and humane secretary—who burns a great deal of incense to his joss—will no doubt advise you to leave the case in the hands of the "Melican Police," who are so clever at unravelling crime mysteries. That will be more eyewash; and you will reply that in your opinion 'Melican Police are duds, and that is precisely the reason why you have appealed to his Mightiness for assistance. If he consents to take the matter up he will insist on having a perfectly free hand, and that the *officials* he sends here to investigate must not be interfered with in any way. I warn you that those will be the conditions, and you will have to keep in the background. If you do that, I'm open to bet a thousand dollars to a dime that the stolen money will be restored, and you will never again have any trouble with your coolies.'

'You seem to be very confident,' remarked Mr Skindle in a tone of sarcasm.

'I am confident because I know,' answered the man from Chicago with emphasis. 'I can spot the thieves, but I can't get the necessary

evidence. Now, where I fail in that respect the Highbinders will succeed. Only Asiatics can deal with Asiatics. East and West ain't on the same plane. Now, boss, what do you say?'

Skindle reflected for some time, then replied, 'I will adopt your advice. It seems to me the only course; something must be done.'

The detective rose and stretched himself. 'Bully for you,' he said, by way of approval. 'And now with your permission I will have a

ramble over the estate, and leave to-night by the north-bound express, and perhaps you'll allow me to take back a hamper of those black and white grapes of yours. We don't get fruit like that in Chicago.'

That night the Chicago man returned home, carrying a large hamper with him.

The following morning Mr Sefton Skindle left for 'Frisco.

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COUNTRY HOUSE CURIOSITIES.

By CHARLES G. HARPER.

I.

NO museum can by any possibility claim the interest that attaches to those private collections of rarities and curiosities which have come down to their present owners from their ancestors: relics, archaic and out-of-date to-day, which once were objects of everyday use. They are personal things; they have always 'belonged' here, and are not like those detached and labelled exhibits in public collections: things ravished away from their setting—impersonal, and hardly more like the real object than a dried flower resembles one growing.

Only the occupation of a house by one family for long generations can make of it an intimate ancient storehouse of curiosities with a personal and human note. A mere collection, got together by an amateur of rarities, is little better than exhibits in a public museum. The items are alien to him; only the power of the purse has made them his. How different the furnishings and relics preserved from olden times in the ancestral homes of England!

At Wollaton Hall (just outside Nottingham), built for Sir Francis Willoughby between the years 1580 and 1588, and owned to-day by his descendant, Lord Middleton, are still preserved in an upstairs room called 'Bedlam,' where some curious seventeenth-century bedsteads are kept, the clothes of many a Willoughby of centuries ago. Lord Middleton can say, as he gazes upon these costumes, many of them exhibited on frames, 'that farthingale was worn by my great-great-great-grandmother'; or 'that cavalier's outfit belonged to a Willoughby two hundred and seventy years ago.' Many a man can point out the tombs of his ancestors, but scarce one could display his great-great-grandfather's breeches—and wear them, if he felt so disposed.

At Powick Court, near Malvern, a Tudor house externally remodelled in the eighteenth century, the house is filled with heirlooms and relics of the Lanes, almost wholly undisturbed since the seventeenth century. Of this family was the celebrated Jane Lane, who helped Charles II. to escape after Worcester fight;

and one likes to think that the pillion for ladies' horse-riding preserved here may have been occupied by her when Charles on that romantic flight was riding the country disguised as her servant, Will Jackson, while she sat behind him, holding on by his belt, as ladies riding pillion behind their servants were then accustomed to do. The ancient chairs, tables, mirrors, and furnishings generally at Powick Court, and the spinning-wheel and stock of homespun sheets, present a picture of old English domestic economy not readily to be matched elsewhere.

Miles away from Powick, at Long Marston near Stratford-on-Avon, stands the country house called 'King's Lodge,' the old seat of the Tombs family, occupied by Mr John Tombs at the time when the fugitive king and his party arrived there on the night of 10th September 1651. 'Will Jackson' was dismissed to the kitchen, where the cook asked him to wind up the roasting-jack, a service he did not know how to perform. 'Why, what countryman are you,' she asked, 'that you know not how to wind up a jack?'

Charles evaded this natural query by remarking that at his home they rarely had meat. The historic jack is still preserved at 'King's Lodge,' but it is now in a glass case, and the kitchen has been converted into a dining-room.

Chastleton House, in Oxfordshire, built by Walter Jones, 1603-30, and still in possession of his descendants, is rich in portraits and relics of that family, and you have the curious experience, not often gained, of examining the portraits and seeing the actual clothes and jewellery worn by the folk portrayed. There they are, the Joneses from the early years of the seventeenth century, looking down from the walls, and from the ancient cupboards and presses can be brought the original raiment in which they were painted. Nay, more; here are relics of the Civil War, including the rapier of Arthur Jones the Cavalier, who fought at Worcester and came riding home on the night of that disastrous day, to take shelter in one of the old hiding-places of Chastleton. A search-party was at his heels,

and finding his reeking horse in the stables, concluded, reasonably enough, that he could not be far away. He was saved only by his wife drugging the refreshments with which she entertained the enemy. By the time they had recovered, Arthur Jones had gone. A perusal of these authentic, but scarcely credible, stories convinces us that our ancestors must have numbered among them some remarkably simple souls. It might have been thought a first principle not to accept refreshment in the house of an enemy; at least, not until the search was completed.

II.

There seems to be more staying-power in the very old families than in the comparatively new. The Peels, who made their great wealth over a century ago in cotton-spinning, secured a baronetcy in the family, and achieved, in the second Sir Robert Peel, a prime minister, and founder of the London police-force (called, after him, 'peelers'), founded also what looked like proving a long line of Peels of Drayton Manor, Staffordshire. But the glory of the Drayton estates, and the pictures and heirlooms have disappeared. Does that curious relic yet remain there—the hoof, mounted in gold, which belonged to the horse Sir Robert Peel, the prime minister, was riding in Hyde Park when he was thrown and fatally injured, 29th June 1850? The chief honours of the Peels have been acquired by a younger branch, Mr Speaker Peel having been created Viscount Peel in 1895. The Speaker was the youngest son of the prime minister.

Chequers Court, now the country residence of British prime ministers, given for that purpose by Lord Lee in 1917, contains as interesting a series of portraits and personal relics as any country house in England. The most prominent among these are relics of Oliver Cromwell. The Protector had no personal connection with Chequers, which in his time belonged to the Hawtreys. The collection came to Chequers through his daughter, Frances Cromwell, who had secondly married John Russell of the Cambridgeshire Chippenham, son and heir of Sir Francis Russell. This daughter of the great Oliver died in 1721. She probably never lived at Chequers. The connection arises through her grandson, Sir John Russell, the sixth baronet, marrying Joanna Revett, who was the heiress of Chequers in those days. But the genealogical descent of this noble mansion and of its contents is too complicated for a concise description. Let it then be said that in due time this Russell family died out, and that from the Astleys, its last representatives, and those of the Franklands, the house and the collections, as a whole, have come into final national possession, never again to be subject to family vicissitudes.

These Cromwell relics combine the belongings not only of Frances Cromwell, but also of

her elder sister, Mary, widow of Lord Fauconberg, who, between them, had preserved these interesting articles associated with their father. They comprise portraits of Oliver Williams (for that was Cromwell's real name, historically considered; his great-grandfather, Richard Williams, having assumed the name of 'Cromwell' from his patron Thomas Cromwell); a mask taken of the Protector's face during his lifetime; a portrait of his mother; his wife's Bible, printed 'by His Highness's Printers,' with the title 'Highness' carefully scratched out by some Royalist; his son Richard's Letters Patent as 'Protector' in that fleeting period of five months during which the amiable 'Tumbledown Dick' reigned; and two of Oliver's own swords, together with a ledger containing army accounts. To these collections have been added numerous letters and two pistols of Napoleon.

Queen Elizabeth left a good many articles of personal attire in various parts of the country in the mansions she honoured so freely with her presence, alike as princess during the reign of her sister Mary and as herself a reigning queen. The completest collection of these is probably that to be found at Ashridge Park, Hertfordshire, for many years the seat of Earl Brownlow. There is a very special reason for this. Ashridge has been rebuilt since those times, but it was then one of the numerous royal country residences, and it had been given by the boy-king, Edward VI., to his sister, the Princess Elizabeth. There she was residing in 1554 when the Protestant rebellion under Sir Thomas Wyatt in London threatened for a while to overturn Queen Mary. Suspected of complicity, Elizabeth was arrested, hauled out of bed, where she lay with a real or assumed illness, and conveyed on a litter to London, and to prison in the Tower. Thus does the possession of a crown, and the desire to retain it, affect sisterly affection! Those sent to bring Elizabeth to London were fully instructed for any emergency, and declared they 'would take her, dead or alive.' They took her so quickly that she left behind her toilet requisites; so to this day the visitor may see not only her bed, but her shoes and stockings, and the furniture of a dressing-table, including two singular and gigantic hair-brushes like besoms. Together with these articles is an odd collection of baby-linen, of remarkable interest; none other, indeed, than the clothes being worked by the Princess Elizabeth for her sister's expected child.

She was not long in the Tower of London, and later was permitted to reside, under surveillance, at Hatfield, then a royal palace, and not yet become a property of the Cecils. Three years later, while reading under an oak in Hatfield Park, she learnt of her sister's death. The broad-brimmed hat she was then wearing is still preserved in a cabinet in the library, together with her silk stockings.

Three years later Queen Elizabeth was at Helmingham Hall, in Suffolk, the guest of Sir Lionel Tollemache. A lute she played upon on that occasion, and gave to her host, is still preserved in a glass case. Again, at Brickwall in Sussex, near Northiam, visited by the queen in 1573 on one of her 'progresses,' is a pair of her old shoes which she changed here for new ones.

III.

Among the large collections of curiosities at Parnham, the seat of Lord Zouche, near Amberley, is a Roman 'pig,' or block of lead, together with the Early English leaden font brought from the ruined chapel of Llancaut, between Chepstow and Tintern. At Ashburnham Place, also in Sussex, in the neighbourhood of Battle, are relics associated with Charles I. All were given by the unfortunate king, when at that last scene at the scaffold on that bitter 30th of January 1649 in Whitehall, to John Ashburnham, his Groom of the Bedchamber, whose descendants are the Earls of Ashburnham. These articles include the king's watch, his shirt, a pair of silken drawers, and the blood-stained sheet afterwards thrown over his body. The very fine cambric shirt has a faint rose-coloured stain round the neck; a blood-stain partly obliterated by the misguided zeal of a former Lady Ashburnham, who owned a kind of laundrymaid-mind, and had the shirt vigorously washed. The king's watch was formerly in Ashburnham church, to which it was bequeathed in 1743 by Bertram Ashburnham, 'to be deposited and kept among the plate and linen belonging to the said church, where I desire and direct the same may remain for ever.'

That it has not so remained for ever is due to the action of the late Earl of Ashburnham, who removed it, together with the shirt, contending that the testator, being a younger son and not head of the family, could not legally alienate these objects.

A relic of warring in Flanders over three centuries ago is a curious feature of Biddesden House, near Ludgershall. It is an old bell hanging in the tower: a bell dated 1660, and inscribed in Flemish, 'The gift of Bernhard Ernest Goss, to God's House.' It was captured at the taking of Lille from the French by General Webb in 1708 in Marlborough's great campaign. At Tabley House, Cheshire, is another warlike relic, the banner of Lord Byron, carried at the battle of Edgehill, where he was wounded, 23rd October 1642. But far more romantic is the elaborately-painted 'Drake's Drum,' still preserved at Buckland Abbey, Devonshire, the seat of his kinsfolk to this day at Buckland Monachorum. It is that drum of mystic fame, whose beat is said to be heard at the time when England is in danger. Opportunities for that roll of the drum came of late years, and there were marvel-mongers who claimed to have heard it. The

legend is entirely of a piece with the West Country temperament which has peopled the weird region of Dartmoor and the rocks of Cornwall with all manner of wild stories; and has elevated even so historic a character as Sir Francis Drake, that great Elizabethan, whose doings might be thought too well known for legend to have a chance, into a mystical champion of the supernatural brotherhood of King Arthur himself.

It is a remarkable drum, painted elaborately with the extraordinary coat-of-arms granted to Drake by Queen Elizabeth in 1581. The shield bears, heraldically expressed, 'a fesse wavy between two pole-stars argent, on a field sable'; that is to say, silver on a black ground. The crest is even more astonishing: a terrestrial globe supporting a ship under full sail, with a golden hawser flung about it by a hand appearing out of a cloud, on the cloud being the words '*Auxilio Divino*,' and on the bulwark of the ship a red dragon looking at the hand. The motto beneath the shield reads, '*Sic parvis magna*.'

The Harveys of Ickwellbury, near Tempsford, Bedfordshire, still preserve there, among the many other curiosities, the silver-mounted hunting-knife given to John Harvey at the beginning of the eighteenth century by the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, whose life had been saved by the squire during a boar-hunt.

What is 'bad form'? Briefly, it is the doing what the public opinion of one's time considers ought not to be done—or the converse. One might easily, in a long life, live to see such changes come to pass as would change 'good form' into bad, and *vice versa*. In those so-called 'good old days,' which really were not so good, by a very long way, as the glamour of the years gone by would have us believe, it was the best of good form to get extremely drunk on every possible occasion. No host was accounted really hospitable who did not see to it that his guests had so much to drink that they ended the evening under the table, and had to be carried upstairs to bed. The literature of the eighteenth century is full of that kind of hospitality. No one who refused a challenge to drink was accounted a true good fellow. This attitude was a very old one indeed; so old that in some ancient halls there remain evidences of the severe things done to any one who 'shirked his drink.' Such an engine of punishment is to be found at Haddon Hall. It is a quite simple affair, nothing more than an iron handcuff or wristlet fixed on to the panelling of the screen in the Banqueting Hall. The guest who did not put away enough liquor to please the company had his wrist placed in this custody, and the drink he had left untasted was then poured down his sleeve, amid the jeers of the more hearty toppers.

A much more grim article in the way of

olden punishment is kept at Doddington Hall, Lincolnshire. It is a 'branks,' or iron mask, one of those several cures for scolds and shrews and tale-bearing women which used to exercise the ingenuity of our ancestors, like the ducking-stool and such implements of public indignity. The 'branks' was an iron mask provided with a slip of iron for the mouth, so that the 'unruly member,' the tongue, could not wag. The social history of Doddington Hall does not reveal to us for what persons this specimen was intended, but it is a particularly gruesome-looking object, with a long spike projecting from the chin.

IV.

Among the many old English customs long since fallen into disuse is that which obtained in feudal times—the training of young gentlemen by great nobles for the duties of knights and the profession of arms. Most of the greater mansions and castles of England in those days were, in a manner, academies of such arts, and to them were sent the sons of lesser men for that purpose. Those places, in fact, exercised some of the functions performed by public schools to-day. Such a place was Knole, near Sevenoaks, long the seat of the Sackvilles. It is a vast house, full of all kinds of treasures and many curiosities which require some sort of explanation. Among these, away up in the attics, or the 'wardrobes,' as they are called, is a strange-looking contrivance known as the 'dumb-bell.' It closely resembles a windlass, or the framework seen over wells. It is provided with a roller, over which is wound a rope that descends into a lower room. Iron arms projecting from the roller, and tipped with leaden weights, complete this singular-looking object, which was, in fact, what we might now style a 'home exerciser.' It is thought to have been suggested by the bell-ropes in church belfries, and afforded muscular exercise for the youths in training.

There were times when not every one might keep dogs. A reminder of this is found at Browsholme Hall, in Yorkshire, near Clitheroe. That region is the ancient Forest of Bowland, an old-time hunting-warren. None there might interfere with the game save the lord of that manor and his guests, and none might keep dogs of a larger size than could pass through the curious 'dog-gauge' still preserved at the Hall. This was to make sure that only small dogs, incapable of hunting, could be allowed. Free-hunting, not in the least to be distinguished from cattle-stealing, was the everyday occupation of the English and Scottish borders until well into the seventeenth century. All indulged in it. Often these cattle-raiding forays developed into battles, when raider and raided met. The Charltons of Hesleyside, Northumberland, were exactly like all their neighbours. When the larder was growing empty, the lady of the

house was accustomed to give her men-folks an eloquent hint. On the table, served like food under a cover, appeared a spur. This was an intimation that it was time the men rode away and replenished the household store. The 'Charlton spur' is still kept at their old home.

Portraits and picture-galleries are the usual features of ancestral homes, but often we find exceptional specimens. Such a one is the portrait of Algernon Sidney at Penshurst Place, the old home of that knightly and chivalrous family. The unfortunate Algernon Sidney came to an untimely end. Accused of complicity in the Rye-House Plot, by which Charles II. was to have been assassinated, he was beheaded on Tower Hill. He made a brave and striking end. As he knelt at the executioner's block, the headsman asked him, 'Are you ready, sir? Will you rise again?'

'Not until the Resurrection,' answered that intrepid soul. 'Strike on!'

The portrait at Penshurst, painted after his death, shows the Tower of London in the background, and the executioner's axe.

Finally, there may yet be seen at Nacton Hall, Suffolk, the old home of the Broke family, the figurehead of H.M.S. *Shannon*, the British ship which fought the Homeric fight with the American *Chesapeake* in 1813. It is one of the finest examples of the lost art—which was a very great art—of figurehead sculpture.

THE COUNTRY OF THE YOUNG.

ONE night a little man in blue,
When moonlight glittered on the bay,
Jumped on a cockle-shell that grew
Into an aeroplane, and flew
Across the moon's face far away.

I watched another run with speed,
Shaking the gold flakes from the furze;
I saw him stoop and pluck a reed—
Instant it was a fiery steed,
With starshine bright on bit and spurs.

And once a tiny smith in green,
Who shaped and sharpened spears of mint,
Spied me, and vanished from the scene.
I ran to where his forge had been,
And found an arrowhead of flint!

So when the moon is round and white,
And fairy bells are faintly rung,
These little wanderers of the night
From some mysterious land alight
Upon the Country of the Young.

They drink from cups of cowslip gold,
And spill the sparkling dew at dawn,
Or frolic in the moonlight cold—
But sudden one day we are old,
And Childhood's little men are gone.

And yet when life is on the lees,
They peep through sunset's golden bars;
Again we sail uncharted seas,
And hear their laughter in the breeze,
Or see them riding on the stars!

J. CUTHBERT SCOTT.

A TALE OF THE DOWNS.

By G. L. TACON.

I.

NO stretch of water in the world has a more evil and sinister record than that which lies between the North and South Forelands of Kent. Steam, which enables the mariner of to-day to defy currents and winds, and the chain of lightships with powerful foghorns which now encircles the Goodwin Sands, have combined to rob the place of much of its former terror. But the deadly quicksands and the treacherous currents are still there; great gales from the black North Sea will blow, as of old; and dense sea fogs are frequent here, as they ever were. Despite all the aids which science and skill may give him, the sailor dreads this place. He knows that the peril of the Goodwins exists, and is likely to exist so long as men go down to the sea in ships bound for the Port of London.

The importance and danger of this maritime highway in those long centuries of sail of which we now living have but just seen the ending evolved along its coast a very remarkable race of men. They came down almost without alien admixture direct from true old viking stock. Born by and reared on this water, boy and man, generation after generation, they have served it, dared it, fought it with the accumulated wisdom and hardihood of a thousand years. True craftsmen—if there be any such—with the pride of tradition and a whole heart for their daring, the world has seen no better or braver boatmen. Famous as such among all seamen, if they had a reputation, too, for driving a hard bargain betimes with needy ships at desperate case in their waters—that's as may be. They had mouths to fill and their living to make; often enough their lives proved to be part of the bargain. Certainly their hazardous and exacting calling never led them to any opulence. Life-boat and other records attest that these men have never hesitated or counted the cost when helpless life was at stake.

The Goodwin Sands and its perils are still there; but the race of men thus trained to combat them has all but passed away. Its long career is over. Steam has killed it.

With occupation gone, a dwindling remnant of aging men is left to lament the calamitous chance which has left them thus, with all their skill and love of calling, mere stranded hulks unwanted in a changed, unheeding age. Day by day they haunt the beach and overlook the scene so interwoven with the fabric of their life—that majestic panorama of the seas which moves across the setting of the Downs from hour to hour, and year to year, from century to

century, by day, by night—ever changing, never ceasing; as the ships of all the world go by with the living freight and commerce of imperial London. Their thoughts are in the past; and they dearly love to unburden them to the sympathetic stranger. He, if he have time to listen, may hear now and again from these old men some tale of strange experience, told with unconscious humour and simple strength.

Here is a story of war-time as it was told to me by an old boatman while we sat together one sunny afternoon on the beach by Walmer last summer. The tale is true in all essential features, including the name of the American steamship involved; and it can be verified easily enough by any one sufficiently interested.

II.

'It was a dirty mornin', early in February of 1915,' began old Dick, 'about four o'clock, or, say, two hours afore daylight, when four of us put off from here in my galley-punt to see if there was anythin' doin'-like. Half a gale of wind was blowin' from nor'-nor'-east, makin' a nasty sea—snowin', too, an' bitter cold. A lot of foreign shippin' was about here them times, for our navy patrol stopped all such, an' most of 'em was sent in here to be searched. Us chaps was makin' good money, meetin' 'em down Channel a bit, an' pilotin' 'em in here to safe anchorage. We done best in bad weather, for then, of course, we was most wanted, as always was with us folk. So, bein' dirty-like, this were a likely mornin' for us to get a hovel; an' as you know, bein' bred to sea yourself, us chaps ain't afear'd o' weather much—we're 'customed to it.

'We had been out a matter of a couple of hours or so, castin' about, an' no luck, when, just as dark was liftin', we see a big steamer, goin' slow, loom up close by. We hailed her an' hurried alongside, an' see then she was American. They throwed us a line from amidships, an' the captain looks over her rail an' asks what we was, an' could we give him his position. I says as he's about two and a half miles east-sou'-east of Dover; an' I'm a Deal pilot.

"Then come aboard," he says; "I want to talk to you."

"I can't come aboard yet, captain," I says. "Where are you bound to, an' what's your cargo?"

'He says "This is the *City of Memphis*, of New York, from New Orleans for Bremerhaven with cotton, an' I wants a pilot for a German port. If you cares for the job," he says, "I can pay you well."

'The cheek of it nearly knocked me over.

"I can't take you there, captain," I says. "We're at war with Germany, an' no Englishman will take you to a German port. An' you'll have to be examined by our own navy afore we can come aboard. If they let you through, I'll take you to the Downs an' safe anchorage. You'll likely find a pilot there to take you across the North Sea to a Dutch port, not to Germany."

'By this time it were growin' pretty light, an' I see a navy cutter makin' for us. I calls out, "Here comes the patrol now, captain; am I to stand by?"

'He says, "Yes, stand by. An' come aboard soon as you can."

'They pass a gangway out, an' soon the cutter hove alongside with a young lieutenant in charge. I telled him how things was, an' asks can I go aboard. He says, yes, provided I do nothin' till he instructs me. So up he climbs, an' me after him.

'He shakes hands with the captain, an' they goes aft together. I looks round a bit, an' then goes up on the bridge, where the mate was in charge.

"Mornin', Mr Mate," I says.

"Good-mornin'," says he, affable.

'I asked him had they a good passage across. He says they have a very good trip till yesterday, when this head-wind an' sea got up, an' weather very thick.

'Neither him nor the skipper had been in the Channel afore, an' they was both of 'em pretty scared, an' had been on deck all night, him forrard an' the "Old Man" on the bridge.

'They picked up the light off Folkestone all right, an' then the South Foreland; an' they come on from there half-speed, feelin' their way along for the South Goodwin lightship. The weather got worse as they went on, until about twelve o'clock, when they reckoned they ought to have made the lightship, an' seein' nothin', they sort o' felt somethin' was wrong. They went on dead slow, tryin' to pick up the light. Then, all of a sudden, in the trough of a big sea, they felt the vessel touch sandy bottom. They rushed her hard astern all they knew, an' when well clear, as they thought, turned back for shelter at Folkestone. When they got the light there again, they stood off an' on, waitin' for day—intendin' then to work east round the Goodwins, an' so up into the North Sea. Their charts was old, an' they hoped to pick up a pilot afore they got far.

'That's how they was when we found 'em.

'I says, "The South Goodwin lightship was moved last week half a mile to the west'ard, to put them German destroyers wrong. So you must have been well up over the Sands last night, an' can thank your lucky stars as you come clear like you done; for if you'd a-stuck, with this sea an' tide runnin', you'd likely be all dead men by now, an' the ship smashed to pieces

or sunk. An' as for goin' east'ard round the Sands, the North Sea is all mined from the Goodwins close up to the Dutch coast, an' you not knowin' the field, if you'd a-got in there, you'd 'a been blowed up in no time."

'He says they was mighty pleased when they see us, anyhow.

III.

'Thinkin' it's about time the officer was through, I makes my way down an' along to the captain's cabin. I knocks, an' opens the door, an' puts my head in an' says, "Excuse me, sir; but if you're finished, can I come in? It's a bit cold out here."

'The captain says, "Yes, come in, pilot. Mr Lieutenant here has seen my papers, an' is satisfied; so I'll want you now."

'Seein' I was nigh perished with cold, he says, "Have a whisky—go on, man, take a good one; it's good Scotch, an' won't hurt you." So I takes about half a glassful, an' drunk it nearly neat, an' it tasted good. Then he give me a cigar, an' lit it, an', "Now," he says, "let's talk business."

'I turns to the officer, an' I says, "Askin' your pardon, sir, but can I speak to you a minute?"

'We goes outside, an' I says to him, "Is this vessel free to go on, sir; an' how do I stand?"

'The officer says, "I've examined the ship's papers an' the master, an' I've give him a clearance. So you are free, pilot, to take this ship to wherever the master wants to go."

'I says, "But, sir, this ship is carryin' cotton to Germany for explosives to kill our men with."

'The officer pulls hisself up at that, an' says, "That's no business of ours, pilot. It's my orders to pass American ships carryin' cotton an' such-like to Germany. My duty is to obey my orders. . . . An' my private advice to you is, take her to the Downs if you wants a job, or others will."

'Yes, sir, in February 1915 it was, an' them's a'most his very words. I seen many a Yankee ship passed through after that, too, for Germany, right bung full up to the hatches with cotton. This were the first I come across; an' me with my boy fightin' 'em over there in France—well, I was rather took aback-like.

'The lieutenant says, "If you take this ship to the Downs, an' the master wants to go ashore, I have told him he can do it. But you must not leave him while he is ashore. He must report to the officer at Deal soon as he lands, an' do his business, an' come straight aboard again. An' you will be responsible as he does it."

'An' then he whispers to me, "An' make the beggar pay all you can."

'Well, I thanks him, an' we goes into the cabin again; the officer says good-bye, an' goes off.

'I went out on deck, an' see the boat was

made well fast; my mates come aboard, an' I see they was looked after.

'Then the captain an' me set down an' talked. He wanted me bad to take him to a German port. I showed him as no Englishman durst go nigh a German port, for he'd be nabbed quick for prisoner of war.

'He laughed at that, an' says, "If that's all there is to it, pilot, don't be scared at all. Why, I've got papers here as can make you into a real slap-up American citizen inside of five minutes, so as no German can put a hand on you. And as for money, look'ee here!" With that he opens a drawer, an' takes out a big bag full up of five-dollar gold pieces. "Name your own price," he says.

"It's no good, captain," I says—and he was a real nice pleasant-spoken young chap too—"it's no good, captain. You'll not get any Englishman to take you to any German port—not for all the money you've got. An' as for me, I ain't agoin' across the North Sea neither, for I dursn't leave my job here. I'll take you into the Downs an' a safe anchorage. At Deal you can get a pilot as'll take you to Rotterdam, say, in Holland; and there you could surely find a pilot easy for a German port."

'So, seein' as I meant it, he says at last, "Well, and what's your price to take me to the Downs?"

"Captain, for takin' this vessel to a safe anchorage in the Downs, my price is thirty pound."

"Whew! Why, that's a bit tall, ain't it?"

"That's my price, captain," I says.

"Well, if it's your price, I guess I'll have to pay it."

'So with that we makes out a short agreement, which he signed; I put it in my pocket, and goes out on deck an' took over.

IV.

'In a hour or so I brought the ship up to a nice position about two mile offshore, abreast of Deal, and dropped anchor. The captain paid me the thirty pound, an' I gave him a receipt.

"An' now, captain," I says, "I suppose you'll be wantin' to go ashore."

"Yes," he says; "I must report to my agents at once, so get your boat ready."

"Very good, sir," I says; "but what about the money for the boat?"

"Why? I've paid you for that."

"Oh no, captain, you ain't," I says; "you paid me for bringin' this vessel to a safe anchorage in the Downs, which I done. Now, if you wants to go ashore, my price for the boat is five pound a day, to stand by an' tend the vessel while she's here."

'He argued a bit, and then he says, "All right; five pound a day for the boat."

'We goes ashore, an' I took him to the shore officer, as the lieutenant said; then to the bank,

where he changed some American for English money. Then he wanted the best hotel, an' we went to the Clarendon. He was a long time there, telephonin' to the agents in London. By-and-by he come out, an' says the agents agree to what I advise him; he were to get a pilot for Rotterdam at Deal or Dover.

'We goes into the private bar for a drink, an' while we set there, in walks a pilot from Sunderland as I knew from bringin' him ashore from ships. His name weren't Branson, but I'll call him that.

"Why, see that chap across there as just come in, captain—him with the beard? Well, he's a regular North Sea pilot, an' just the very man you wants."

'He says to get Branson over, so I fetched him an' interduces them. They was soon pretty thick, for they found they was both free-masons; an' they wasn't long afore they made a deal of it. The terms was to be eighty pound for the run to Rotterdam, paid in advance; an' Branson to be ready to leave next day. They sent off to Dover for the latest chart of the North Sea, for the lights an' buoys was always bein' moved to stop the German submarines an' destroyers always gettin' through our minefield.

'Now, I knowed Branson for a close man, an' so I didn't expect to get nothin', but I thinks as I'll try him; so after a bit I says to him, "Seems to me, Captain Branson, as I've been the means of puttin' eighty pound into your pockets."

"Well, an' what about it?" he says. "You don't expect none of it, do you?"

"Yes, certainly I do," I says. "I reckon what I done for you is worth all of ten pound of it," I says.

'The Yankee, he just set back an' laughed like it were a great joke.

"Do you? Well, you'll get nothin' out of me," says Branson nasty.

"Oh, so that's how it is!" I says.

"Yes," he barks. "That's how it is."

'I kep' my temper, an' I says, "Well, Captain Branson, after me doin' what I done for you, if you go for to treat me that way, you'll find when you wants to get off with your kit to the *City of Memphis* as you'll have to jolly well walk there, for not a man nor a boat on this beach will take you off when I goes outside an' tell 'em what you done to me. We don't eat one another here," I says, "whatever they do where you come from."

'With that the Yankee chips in an' reckons as I was entitled to somethin'.

'So at last Branson forked out three pound, an' we argued a bit, but he wouldn't give any more, so I took it.

'They sailed away next day, an' I never see 'em again.

'What happened to her, sir?

'The *City of Memphis* was blowed up an' sunk in mid-ocean by a German submarine as soon as America came into the war. An' her crew was killed an' drowned like dogs, as I was told. She kep' bringin' over cotton to Germany right to the last; an' that's what happened to her.

'Yes, sir, as you say. Blowed up, like enough, with some of the very stuff she took to 'em!

'But what us chaps can't make out is, why they let all that cotton stuff through to Germany like they done.'

MONASTIC GHOSTS.

By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE, Author of *Ricraft of Withens*, *A Bachelor in Arcady*, *Wrack o' Doom*, &c.

THE house I write in was once attached to a great abbey, and it is haunted ever so tenderly by a ghost I have not seen as yet. We meet on the stair, she and I, and as I make way for the unseen presence to go by, the scent of sandalwood goes with her. Or I shall be gardening by the stream, and grow aware suddenly that I am not alone—that *she* is watching what I do with absorbed and plaintive interest.

The companionship is altogether pleasant. The house and garden are dear to her. She wishes well to both. Some day, I think, I shall hear her voice at last, and she will tell me just what she wants done. Not all ghosts 'walk' because they are earth-bound by their sins aforetime. There are some, like my guest who carries the scent of sandalwood with her, that are kept here by a woman's zeal for sacrifice.

She is staying on because some big wrong cries to be righted about this house that was old when they dissolved the monasteries. That is my belief, and I wait patiently till *she* has trust enough in one weak mortal to tell him what she needs.

There are other monastic buildings in our midst less happy. That could not fail to be, in a wide countryside that was once altogether church property. The corn-mill, a half-mile from my door, that ground corn for our local manor—the pilgrims' rest-house, with its holy well—the gray tranquil church, its graveyard lapped by Wharfe River—lived and had their being in far-off Fountains Abbey. At Thorpe-in-the-Hollow, a busy hive of cobblers worked for the monks of Fountains, stepping it overfell with their bags of new-soled boots, and stepping it back again—thirty miles and odd of steep and rutty going—with other boots that needed soling.

Fountains Abbey, in those days, was a house of prayer, of praise and incense rising up in worship higher than its stately height, as a great tree is higher than the saplings that find root beneath it. It was also a friendly tavern for all wayfarers who came for a night's lodging.

Great nobles halted for the night there. So did the Thorpe cobblers, and tramping folk who

lived by their wits, and travellers of all occupations or of none. Some dined at the abbot's table, and some below the salt; but all were welcome, without thought of creed or station.

Was it not natural, then, that some few of the weaker brethren should break away from their vows? They heard strangers talking constantly of the outer world they had forsworn, till the old allurements beckoned them out of their sombre robes and over the hills of freedom.

Then remorse followed wild debauch, and they crept back to confession and the sure penalty awaiting vows so grossly broken. Is it surprising that the spirits of those lost monks should live, with a dreadful haunting, about their graves? The grave was no usual one, prone and peaceful, but upright, built of stone. For the penalty was to be walled-up, alive and standing, and the mind recoils from the sheer horror of the thing.

Within a few miles of my room here are three houses, each attached once to Fountains Abbey. All are haunted evilly—two by monks' figures clothed in brown habits, the third by a nun's, clad also in brown. I am not repeating mere gossip legends when I say that they are haunted. The people who vouch for this—unemotional, steady-minded folk—*have seen*. In the case of the nun, indeed, I have to admit that a certain grim humour attaches to my last meeting with the owner of the house she haunts.

He has no pride in his undoubted gift of ghost-seeing. It worries and perplexes him; and he has taken pains to have the wandering spirit exorcised. The house was untroubled for a month and a week. His health and cheeriness palpably improved, till I found him plunged in gloom once more.

'She's back again,' he said. 'The other evening, when I slipped into the library for a quiet hour with a book before dinner, *she* was sitting in a chair in front of the fire—my favourite chair, confound her!'

He was so in earnest about his double grievance that I had to laugh, and he rebuked me. But evidence of this sort—plain, practical, threaded with humour unsuspected by the

witness—has all the essentials of verity. It would, I think, secure approval from a jury composed entirely of judges and barristers.

It puzzled me that, in three hauntings so near home, the ghosts should all be habited in brown, till I remembered an old friend who is wise in spirit-lore. He lives far down the Dale, and is rector of a country parish known the world over for its beauty and its long traditions. The church and the rectory are part of glorious ruins that were once a priory circled by its river; and the rector himself, when I found him, was following mediæval practice and fishing in a well-stocked stream.

I put my query to him by-and-by, and he was nettled. This puzzled me again, until he explained that a neighbouring sceptic had been over early that morning.

'He asked me if it was true that I was constantly meeting the ghost of a monk in brown about the house. I said it was. Then he smiled—the sceptic's nasty smile—and queried why that should be, since the monks of this special priory were habited in black? And I had no answer.'

He was ruffled and impatient as we came to the rectory, and he showed me the outer wall where workmen had been digging to get a better down-flow for rain-water from the roof. Their picks had driven through what showed palpably

as the upright grave of one who had not died in peace.

'I gave his bones Christian burial,' said the rector, who has always had one sincere foot planted in this world and a sincere foot in the next. 'It seemed to me that he'd worked his passage by this time. And there's no ghost about the rectory now.'

As I got to horseback later on and said good-bye, I knew that the sceptic's gibe was rankling still with the rector of an ancient parish. It seemed that I *had* to solve it for him, as he had solved the mystery of the monk's unquiet haunting.

I was wandering through the library that night in search of some book that would help me in the quest, when I was guided, somehow, to a fat, gray tome. I drew it out and opened it at random.

The firm, black print of a far-off day looked up at me.

'Whatever garb fallen monks wore before this foul apostacy, be it known to all men that, on the brink of the upright grave they merit, they shall be habited in brown. And, do a nun fail, she shall be garbed in brown. Holy Church ordains it.'

I shall ride over to the rector to-morrow and tell him that, after all, he was right as to the colour of the ghost-monk's garb.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

By OTTWELL BINNS, Author of *A Mating in the Wilds*, *A Hazard of the Snows*, *Clancy of the Mounted Police*, &c.

CHAPTER XIX.—A STARVING MAN.

FOR a moment Standifer stood where he was, hand against the tree, a stricken look on his haggard face, a strange light of fear in his dark eyes; then he lifted the other hand and passed it across his eyes as if to clear his vision. At last his cracked lips moved, and in a hoarse voice he inquired stammeringly, 'Is—that—y-you, Carwyke?'

'Yes!' snapped the man whom he addressed. 'Put up your hands before you move a step nearer.'

'Sorry not to—to oblige you, Carwyke,' answered Standifer, with a weak laugh. 'B-but I just can't. If I leave hold of the tree I shall fall. M-man, I've eaten nothing but a handful of berries or so for a week.'

Carwyke looked at the scoundrel carefully. As stated, his face had a gaunt look, and the glitter in his eyes was that of either fever or hunger. 'Then stand where you are, and I'll—'

'Send ther rascal to ther right-about,' broke in Eskimo Billy's voice vindictively. 'Let him starve.'

Carwyke took no notice of the advice. The

man in front of him was clearly in an evil case, and mere humanity demanded that, scoundrel though he was, he should not be set adrift again to die of hunger. He handed the rifle to Norma. 'Keep watch.' Then he moved forward to Standifer and searched him carefully. The man's only weapon was a knife, which he took from him. As he did so he asked sharply, 'The pistol—where is it?'

'Threw it away. I had no s-shells, and—it was just so much—junk!'

'You can go to the fire. I'll give you a meal.'

Standifer staggered forward and dropped down by the fire, quite indifferent to the presence of Norma and Billy. Carwyke began to prepare a meal, disregarding Billy's whispered protests, and before it was ready Standifer rolled over and lay on the ground fast asleep.

Norma looked at him with repugnance. 'What are you going to do with him, Roy?'

'I don't know yet,' he answered. 'I am trying to think what is the best course to follow.'

'Yo' ain't thinkin' of takin' him along with us?' asked Billy.

'No! I am afraid that is quite impossible.'

'Good thing too!' commented the sick man. 'He plugged me, an' he'll strangle both of us if yo' give him half a chance, Mista Carwyke.'

Carwyke thought that was very likely, and he had no intention of taking the risk. As he worked he glanced from time to time at the sleeping man. His clothes were mere rags. His boots had gaping holes, and he was muddled to the waist, proving that somewhere in his wanderings he had fallen in with muskegs. His haggard face had been severely ravaged by mosquitoes, and whilst he slept his hands twitched convulsively, betraying the ragged state of his nerves. For the moment, at any rate, Standifer was beyond any hostile action, but the problem of what to do with him was not easy to solve.

After a time, however, a plan occurred to Carwyke. He would make up a small pack of food, give the man a couple of fishing-lines and an axe, and leave him to his own resources.

He whispered his decision to Billy, who protested weakly. 'Ought to be shot, an' if I had my way he would be. He'll do us a mischief yet.'

'I don't see how he can.'

'Nope, yo' don't know how black he is! Where's that other fellow—Bull, I mean? If he's back there in ther wood an' they're actin' together, where are we? Remember we've got Missy to think of, an' I ain't no good for a scrap.'

'I've thought of all that, and I shall question him when he has eaten.'

'Eaten!' The ex-whaler made a grimace. 'I don't hold wi' that feed-yo'r-enemy business. It ain't a workin' proposition up in Alaska here. I holds by ther law of ther gun, an' him thet uses ther gun shall perish by ther gun. But yo'll hev yo'r way, I reckon.'

'I reckon I shall,' answered Carwyke, with a smile.

When the meal was ready he walked to Standifer and gave him this advice. 'Eat slowly. Don't bolt the grub. Chew every fraction of it. I don't suppose you've ever starved before; but I've been through the experience, and I know what I am talking about.'

Standifer eyed the food voraciously, but he took the advice, visibly checking himself when he found himself eating too greedily; and when he had finished and had swallowed a pint of tea he was much revived, and with something of his old masterfulness inquired, 'How did you get away from that hole up there?'

Carwyke, however, was not disposed to be questioned, as he had questions of his own to ask. 'Where's Bull?' he demanded.

Standifer started at the question, and a mask of surprise came on his face as he retorted truculently, 'How should I know?'

Carwyke marked the truculence, and answered

sharply, 'I imagine you know very well. We heard firing eight days back—a rifle and a pistol—and this district isn't so packed with white men as to leave much doubt as to who were behind the guns. You'd better speak out if you want favours from me. Where is the man? I want to know.'

'You can wait till hell freezes,' replied Standifer.

'You think so? Well, get to your feet.' Standifer stared at him in surprise and made no move. 'Get up, I say!'

There was that in Carwyke's voice which made the other rise. 'You're not going to man-handle me before the girl, Car—'

'Man-handle! No! I'd love to, but I won't soil my hands that way.' Carwyke lifted the rifle which he held in his hand. 'Right about face! March!'

'Ma-arch!' Standifer's truculence visibly wilted. 'Where to?'

'I don't care. Back to the woods—anywhere!'

A shudder shook the gaunt frame, then Standifer spoke again. 'You're bluffing. You don't mean it, Carwyke?'

'I do!' was the reply, in a tone that carried conviction.

Standifer turned. 'I'll own up,' he said. 'Bull's dead. I shot him. He was stealing the canoe, and leaving me to starve.'

'The canoe! You had a canoe?'

'Yes. The canoes had been cached, but I had bribed a boy to take one with stores in it down the river a mile or so in case of trouble, for I didn't trust that priest any too much. After I quit that racket I took to the woods, meaning to work down to it, but there was some one between me and the river following me, and I had to dip deeper into the timber, trying to get away from him; and it wasn't till three hours had passed that I discovered it was Bull. He had a rifle, which, I gather, he had picked up in Arloff's house, and I'd only a pistol with an extra clip of cartridges in my pocket; but I knew about the canoe, which he didn't, and in the end we joined forces, and worked back again. My great fear was that the canoe might have been removed, but we found it right enough; and as there was no end of a racket in the village, horns blowing and the bell ringing, we decided it was a healthy place to be leaving, and quit.

'I didn't trust Bull too much, and when we camped I kept an eye on him. But I'd had no sleep worth speaking of for two days, and I went off dead in spite of trying to keep my eyes open. When I woke I looked round, and saw Bull just shoving the canoe off. I knew then that the treacherous dog meant to leave me to starve, and whilst I was pulling out the pistol I shouted to him. He replied with a shot from the rifle, and then shoved the canoe off. I

didn't shoot right off, for just as he was afloat and beginning to drift he made a discovery.

"'Jerusalem!' I heard him shout. 'The paddles!' He'd left them on the bank, where we'd thrown them when we landed, and as I saw them I laughed, and keeping well in the bushes, I followed the canoe, which was bobbing along close to the bank, waiting for my chance. Bull knew what I was after, and tried to paddle with the rifle-stock. It wasn't much of a success, and he couldn't get out into the current; and then I suppose he must have seen me, because he fired at me twice, and the second time nearly got me, for the bullet grazed my temple and cut a strip out of my scalp. I fell, and thought I was done for; and Bull thought so too, for he caught an overhanging branch and pulled the canoe up. It was then I emptied the pistol into him. I saw him pitch head foremost from the canoe, and suddenly it came to me that I wasn't no ways near dying; and I picked myself up, to see the canoe bobbing down the river, Bull's lurch as he fell out and the splash having sent it into the current.

'I started to wade after it, but the river was full of deep holes, and I can't swim a stroke. I fell into one and was nearly drowned, and when I'd kicked my way to the bank again the canoe was farther off than ever, and going like a winner. I chased after it along the bank, hoping it would strand somewhere; but it didn't, and when it wasn't much more than a speck, I saw that the river made a bend, and looking at the lie of the country, I thought that I might have the luck to cut it off if I made a traverse. I started, and in an hour was as completely lost as if I'd been dropped there blindfolded out of a balloon.' He broke off, shuddered, stared for a second or two into the fire, and then added with a quietness that carried conviction, 'I've had the hell of a time! These God-forsaken woods are just awful.'

For a moment after he finished his narrative no one spoke; then Eskimo Billy broke the silence in a weak but vicious voice, 'Serve yo' right!'

At that Standifer looked up sharply from the fire, considered Billy for a moment, and then turned to Carwyke. 'You'll bury the hatchet?' he asked quickly. 'You'll take me out of this?'

'That is a matter that requires consideration,' answered Carwyke slowly.

'But, man——'

'I don't see how you can expect it of us,' interrupted Carwyke. 'You haven't shown much consideration for any of us. You tried to kill Billy there when he was helping Mardock. You would have married Norma against her will; and what you would have done with me, Heaven only knows.'

'Arloff would have sent you out when I was well away,' explained Standifer hurriedly. 'I had arranged that with him. I had paid him——'

'But you didn't trust him. You said so just

now, and I can guess what my chances of getting out would have been.' Carwyke was silent for a moment, then he asked abruptly, 'Why did you drug Mardock?'

'Because I had an idea that he meant to interfere—as I proved he did. He fell in love with the girl and wanted her for himself.'

'That last is a lie,' said Norma quietly. 'He just wanted to help me to get away from you.'

An abashed look came on Standifer's haggard face, but he did not reply; and after a moment's silence Carwyke spoke again. 'After all that's happened, you really expect consideration from me, Standifer?'

With a brazen look Standifer met the eyes sternly regarding him. 'Well, as a white man, I expect——'

'A white man? You! There isn't a Siwash in Alaska that isn't better entitled to the name! But you will get from me more than you deserve.'

'What's that?' asked the other quickly.

'A small pack of stores, a couple of fishing-lines, matches, and an axe——'

'You mean to send me adrift?' asked Standifer savagely.

'I am giving you a chance that you don't deserve. I'll help you to make a raft that will carry you down-river, and possibly you will find yourself outside——'

'It's less than a dog's chance!' cried the other.

'It is the only one you'll get anyway; you can take it or leave it. We've no room for you in this outfit, and so you take the raft or go back to the woods—which you like.'

The scoundrel did not speak for a full minute. He glanced round at the dark woods behind and shuddered; then he stared into the fire, and a swift malicious gleam came in his eyes. 'You said stores and an axe?'

'Yes!'

'And matches? You said matches. I'll need to make a fire when I camp.'

The man's concern about the matches struck Carwyke as a little odd at the moment; but he dismissed the matter without further consideration, since what the fellow urged was true enough. 'Yes,' he answered carelessly. 'A single tin box. We can't spare more.'

Standifer laughed harshly. 'I guess I'll make the voyage—after a sleep. You'll let me have that?'

'Yes.'

'And another good square meal?'

'Yes.'

'Then I'll turn in if you'll let me have a blanket.'

For a second Carwyke hesitated, the man's impudence was so brazen. Turning, he found a blanket, and threw it to Standifer, who promptly rolled himself in it and composed himself to sleep.

Carwyke seated himself by the fire and waited until the man's steady breathing told that he slept; then he rose, walked round the fire, and drew the blanket aside to make sure that the scoundrel was not foxing. Having assured himself on that point, he went and whispered instructions to Norma, gave others to Billy, who, with a rifle trained on the sleeping man, set himself to watch. With an axe over his shoulder Carwyke walked a little way up-river, and presently the sharp sound of the steel broke on the stillness.

When he returned two hours later Standifer still slept, and after looking at him for a moment Carwyke proceeded to make a small pack of provisions. That done, he took one of the towing-lines from the canoe, and carrying the pack and a spare axe, departed up-river once more.

On his second return Standifer was just sitting up. He was still haggard and worn-looking, but was a far different man from the one who had staggered out of the woods; and as in silence he watched Carwyke prepare a second meal for him, the old sardonic gleam was in his dark eyes.

When the meal was ready he ate it with slow deliberation to the last fragment, drank a pannikin of tea, and laughed abruptly. 'When does the pilgrim start?'

'Now.'

'But the raft, man? You said——'

'It is ready, waiting for you a hundred yards up-river.'

Standifer laughed again. 'I'll say one thing for you, Carwyke—you speed the parting guest with a vengeance.'

'There are some people whom one is glad to help away,' replied Carwyke frostily.

'Oh, you need not rub it in! And the grub-pack?'

'It is on the raft with the axe.'

'And the matches? You promised——'

'Here!' The other thrust the precious box of firesticks towards him.

Standifer grasped it eagerly, concealed the box in his rags, and then emitted a short exultant laugh, which made all three of those who had suffered at his hands look at him keenly. But as he staggered to his feet his face told them nothing, and only a ferocious gleam in his eyes broke its wooden expression. 'I'll quit,' he announced. 'Which way?'

'Up-river! Walk first.'

The villain waved a hand to Norma, did not so much as look at Billy, but started up-river, walking stiffly. Carwyke, rifle in hand, followed half a score of yards behind.

They reached the place where the raft was moored, and Standifer surveyed it critically. 'A dandy craft,' he commented, and stepping down to it, handled the sweep. 'Will do!'

Carwyke, standing by the tree, cut the moor-

ing-line. The other poled the raft out of the shallows, when he looked round and gave an odd laugh.

'*Au revoir*, Carwyke.'

'That is hardly the word, I think,' replied the other dryly.

Standifer pushed the raft farther out, and laughed again. 'We'll make it the long farewell, then.'

He busied himself with the sweep, the current caught the raft, and as it began to drift forward he looked back at the bank, and a single word shot from him vindictively, 'Fool!'

Carwyke looked at him, and then at the rifle in his hand. Had he been wise in letting the man go? As the doubt assailed him he half-lifted the rifle, then dropped it again. Folly or wisdom, he could not fire upon an unarmed man; and after watching the craft for a moment, he turned and walked along the bank to the camp. There Norma met him. 'He has gone,' he said to her.

'Yes. I saw him go. He waved his hand and laughed as he drifted by. He is a terrible man. I hope I shall not see him again.'

'You never will—unless we pass him on the journey out,' he said reassuringly; but even as he spoke the words the doubt which he had felt as he watched Standifer go lifted up its head anew. Perhaps it showed in his eyes, for the girl spoke swiftly.

'Something is troubling you, Roy?'

'Yes. Maybe I ought to have shot the black-guard. It would have made things sure then.'

'But you could not have done that,' said Norma. 'You could not have shot a man, however bad, who came to the camp as Standifer did.'

'No,' he answered, and again looked down the river towards the raft, which showed a dark blur on its sunlit reaches. 'No.' But under his breath he added, 'It might have been better if I had done it, all the same.'

And in his ears as he stood there rang anew the rascal's vindictive cry, 'Fool!'

(Continued on page 452.)

AN ANGLER'S CONFESSION.

As the sun dips low in the evening cool,
I take trail for the old trout pool
Along the banks of the twining stream,
Where wild flowers watch and willows dream;
The curlew calls on the hillside lone,
And the wagtail hops from stone to stone.
With rod and basket on I press,
But it often happens, I must confess,
When at last I reach the favoured nook
There is never a fly drawn from my book.
Basket and rod neglected lie,
For the green has gold of earth and sky;
While I often sit till the moon is full
And dream by the edge of the old trout pool—
To an empty creel I am well resigned
If I bring back peace and a tranquil mind.

W. G. M.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

ON THE ISLAND.

By the Rev LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT, D.D.

I.

IF one must be honest about it I should say that perhaps the finest bit of loch scenery in combination with mountain grandeur is this Lochcarron in the west of Ross. My loyalty of blood ought, of course, to intervene, and my fidelity to friendships old and true should speak of other places. But Truth makes me say that if there is a more romantic combination I have never seen it yet, anywhere.

'But'—asks the island of my own folk—'would you forget me? And the graves where the tired ones are sleeping, with just a gray mossy stone at their heads?' No. One could never do that. Yet even Skye is at its fairest seen from where I sit, on this rock in the mountain-girdled loch.

The scabbled peaks of the Coolins bar the western horizon—all crowding to look up the loch, as though to see whether I have forsaken the memory of my cradle songs. I give them a wave of the hand each morning. My last look is theirs ere I go in and shut my door upon the night. But yet:

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

Over to my left are the huge buttresses of Applecross, their great glens running down between them to the sea; and, at their feet an island, uninhabited, where I should love to live. But no one knows who owns it; and there is a tragedy which no man has written, nor would care to write, among the tumbled stones of the forsaken dwelling there. The highest road in Scotland runs through that middle gorge. You can see it breasting the brae, winding up the steep acclivities, like something forgotten, tangled beyond use. It toils up through absolute stillness that is broken only by the cry of the deer, the broken sob of the wind, or the roar of the swollen torrents when the melted snow makes the sigh of the stream that goes tinkling among stones a sudden angry giant of the wilds. The grass is growing on the track now, for even the mails go round by sea to the village on the other side, but for many a day Rory the Post went through the desolation, and often felt other footfalls than his own weirdly following.

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Over the corner peep the peaks of Torridon and Gairloch, trying to see how the tide runs here. And on the other side rises as fine a range of precipices as there is in all broad Scotland, and a castle with towers and many rooms, but no man sitting in them, no woman singing or sighing there, no children's feet or laughter running through them. It was the last bit of a kingdom that once stretched almost from sea to sea, saved for, painfully, under Eastern skies, and lightly parted with by the next who held it but loved London better than the place that was precious to his sires.

It is a land of passionate old romance—of memory and regret; and those are gone for ever who would have loved like life itself to have sat with me and looked at those dear mountains.

We have been having some days of storm, and now there is a regatta of rainbows. Loch Reraig has all morning been hanging on to one that Applecross has lent her.

The myriad gulls, neighbours of my bounty when I have a bone to share with them, are communists like us all, till my gift spins out to them from my sea-wall above the cliff. It was a genius who invented that phrase—'a bone of contention.' My gulls are a living commentary on it every day.

My house is on the edge of the rock, farthest from the mainland—a rugged clump that stands high when the tide ebbs. There was once a light in the tower for the ships that used to pass to and fro between the Isles of the Sea and Ströme. I remember when that rotting pier up there was very busy; and I have seen the old light-keeper out on the tower when the Skye boat came zigzagging down among the skerries. A man needed to know the road to the isles if he wished to get safely through my salt-water park.

'Can you sleep out there?' they ask me often. 'Are you not afraid?' ask the old women, coming to the door to give me a greeting when I am ashore—old living bits of Highland homespun, with a scent of peat that will cling to their bones. They think that strange shapes must haunt the crags at midnight, and faces uncanny peer through my window in the dark. They think my house should be slipping off

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seaward some of these nights, when the spindrift is whirled about it and the jabble of the seas joins in the shouting chorus of the winds. Let them shout their loudest. They and I are friends. Hasn't the one set carried me and my goods out often to my rocky home, and the other sung songs to me in the night? And as for sleep—I could send parcels of it away to the children of Insomnia everywhere if I could only get bottles that would hold it. There would be a great trade in it. The Chancellor of the Exchequer would have an unexpected surplus out of his duty on my 'Sleep-in-sealed-packets' if only it would keep on the journey, and not curdle into bottled snores and nightmares ere it reached its destination.

Up yonder is Strome, as the Norseman aptly called it when he felt its forceful currents grip his galley's keel long ago. If you are pulling a boat up or down through that narrow gullet you have to calculate on these. You cannot pull against them; while if you get their favour you may rest on your oars for miles. A few minutes late in starting make all the difference for your journey's ease.

On either side of you there range row on row of ancient sea-levels. The narrow boundary at the mouth of the strait speaks of the early days when within lay the fresh-water loch, and without the salt tides of the ocean beat, till came the sudden conquest of the greater force, and the waves broke in along the mountain sides, and ships sailed up to where the cool streams of the river bring the secrets of the hills down with them to the sea. Port-a-Chuillin, with its old-world row of peat-browned thatch roofs and blue smoke, looks as though it had come there shortly afterwards.

A few stones on a crag is all that remains of the old Castle of Strome. It was a focus of strife between the Macdonalds and the Mackenzies; and at last it was blown into the air, one of the earliest experiments of that kind in Scotland, and certainly one of the most effective. Farther up, in the village of Jeantown, is the site of another, the ancient hold of the Macnairs; but the only traces of it are its crag and the name it gives to a cottage underneath its shadow. 'Castle Cottage' makes an appeal to the city holiday-seeker from afar who has a penchant for style.

They were grim places those old keeps. The piano had not been dreamt of then for a baron's hall. But a clairschach rang sometimes there when a wandering bard would come. If one were quite sure that he was not a spy of the Macdonalds or the Mackenzies, as the case might be, he would get in, and his supper was cheap when he paid it by praise of the clan, or in songs of love, or sorrow, or the passion of chivalry, or the rude, stumbling, quick-footed rush of the foray—and how we chased the knaves, and how they fled, the white-livered

foes—whoever they were. There was a sigh that was almost a sob as the breathlessness ended with the clash of the last chord. And we looked at one another to say in that look, 'That's what we were like, by God. We—'

But the trembling-fingered minstrel is long away. There is not a print of his foot anywhere—not a song of his passing—long since faded up the glens into nowhere, as a mist along the mountain side. Yet he and his kind were once plentiful, before 'McCulloch's Course' and the 'Royal Readers' saw the light. Tonight if there is a concert in the school, it will probably be a man from Glasgow that will sing a syncopated scrap of music-hall bunkum, and pretend he forgets the dear old Gaelic songs that are in our memory of the past like little bits of lichen left on an old wall.

II.

The wind is rising. The gulls are away swinging along its track. Whoop! down flashes a solan goose after a fish, and off in haste to a place of her own with the treasure-trove. Wild things eat solitarily. A table with two who do not quarrel over tit-bits or leavings is civilisation. Even a restaurant does not secure it. There is a savage solitude there in the individual plate. The savages squatting round the calabash of roasted missionary or stewed sailor, all dipping their fingers in the brew for tasty pieces, are at a friendlier stage.

But there are two gulls that sit together on the rock before my window till the last splash of the full tide sweeping over it floats them off. Together, heart by heart—like love at the fire-side. There have always been two there, like that, since I remember, and I sit and watch them. What are they thinking of? Are they the shades of some old lovers long since dead, who sat by other shores afar, and heard perhaps the song of the Ægean when Agamemnon's fleet swung by to the rhythm of oars? Is it in Greek or Gaelic that their sea-dreams now speak to them? For there were once Diarmid and Grainne, and the lovers of Deirdre, and old sorrows that were nursed by the sea-wave now those thousand years.

There will be no moon to-night, and the old ghost-man in loose slippers will come up the gully when the tide is filling—'flip-flap, flip-flap' of the in-stealing wave before it, till I can almost picture what the creature must be like—with the drip of salt water at his chin and a string of tangle caught around his right foot!

In another hour I shall be in a sleep as dreamless on this rock as though I were drifting through the deep waters that are coming in with the tide all around. What a labour of Sisyphus it seems—this march and counter-march of all the seas. Is there a greater mystery? At the tug of the moon unseen

here it comes—with an innumerable host; and away over in the distance press the white-plumed riders of the deep. Our steeds stable in the stalls of Davy Jones, and ride the stormy waves when all besides keep close in stall.

Yesterday was calm as a whisper and people spoke to me, staying their oars for exchange of a passing word. But to-day—not a sail—not a boat—not a sign on the waters or the shores. We are absolutely alone on the rock except for the gulls—the wind, continual, like a sound inside one's ears—and the cry of the water, broken into an agony on the crags.

III.

Thoreau went into a wood, and got into touch with Nature, and called it solitude. But he was not far from the tracks of men. Had he gone right into the heart of the primeval forest, or up into a giant pine and built for himself a house of boards in the branches—seeing the stars swing with him as the wind swayed his dwelling-place, and the moon come quietly along on tiptoe, like an Eastern beauty peeping from her veil, seeking for him with her dark lantern, the clouds for shutters of it, or a little squirrel's keen eyes to glance at him round the bole of a mighty bough! But he just sat down quite near to men and made a solitude to himself by thinking.

There is no solitude like an island, and no solitude more filled with emulous comradeship. Why—the moon is my neighbour. The sea is my mate, and what a host of friends the tide brings with him out of the far-off limits of the main. There are waves that have touched America, and are below my window now. An African woman sang a song to that little bit of foam which is leaping yonder. And the stars—ladies and gentlemen are they in the gallery front seats—grand tier—what jewels are shining when they come forward, when the house of the world is darkened and the drama of Night begins. How small you feel, and what a poor programme you have, as you see these old autocrats waiting for you to do something.

There's a buoy on a sunken rock out there. He bows to everybody, like a doited dancing-master. He keeps his place of vigil like a forgotten sentry. A crowded day he has with the gulls, and the folk that sail by, and the high tides that lift him and the low tides that let him down. But his nights are lonely. I remember why they put him there. There is a rock just below, and one day from the tower I was watching a wind slowly driving the rain along and up the loch, as I have seen a policeman move on an unpleasant beggar out of a fair into another man's beat. By came a yacht gaily, ladies sitting on chairs chatting, and everybody looking like Lipton in the America

Cup Race, when over she swung as suddenly as an old woman swings a basin out before she empties it; and then as they all shrieked she dropped into the water straight again, only the next second to repeat the performance, for there are two peaks and a notch under water, and nobody who ever had a chart in his hand should get a keel there. We heard the shrieks, and she limped off, looking very uncomfortable. So, just in the way they stick up the Commandments when a fool goes wrong and makes the world a messy place, they set the buoy there, as much as to say—'No encores, please.'

There are no by-laws here—in fact, no laws at all. I can walk on the right or the left side, or in the middle, for I have nobody to meet or pass, or step aside for. If I shut my eyes I should fall into the sea or over a rock, but I could not run into anybody. There are no motors and no electric cars. The wind and I are the only passengers, and we do not apologise to one another when we meet hastily at a corner of the house, though he once snatched a basin from my hand and sent it spinning off seaward. I swear I thought he laughed as he did it—but he was the south-west wind and a frequenter of the place, and we understand each other. The income-tax man finds you out, however, as well as finds you in. And the poor you always have with you. It is amazing how those hands importunate outstretch. And even a stormy channel cannot shut you off from 'O.H.M.S. Official—paid.'

On an island your ears and eyes are kept wide awake. There was a drip in a cupboard last night when the midnight shower was drumming on the roof. It woke me. I must see to it. For winter hates a house on a rock in the sea which has defied its disintegrating onslaught for so long.

There is nobody except myself with whom to quarrel, and though we have certain lifelong feuds between us we lay them aside here. An island has that advantage, amongst many.

Here I am my own time-keeper. I am going off to bed now, though it is only six o'clock. I shall get up when I like. I go now, just to prove that mind is greater than matter.

That wind is either a true somnambulist or a wakeful necessity-driven slave, for while I sleep he goes on always. He and the tide are the constant toilers here, but they have no Mound meetings, and no Trafalgar Square orators. When they speak most they may be most at variance on great principles, but they do not stop their work to exercise their eloquence. They do not mind when they begin to labour, or whether they work overtime or no.

All day yesterday it was wild storm. In the early dark I understood some of the old legends of the voyages of saints and heroes into the unknown. For the phosphorescence in the

waters was phenomenally bright; and as the waves swept in foam around the island the breaking spume flashed into flame, so that my rocky home seemed girdled with actual fire. Even in still nights it is environed with twinkling spangles, as if queens and princesses of the sea-folk lingered about the skerries in the azure shadows.

But it was the stillness of midnight that awoke me, and I arose and looked forth. The sea lay

quiet as a babe. A flickering light quivered in the northern skies. Every inch of the heavens seemed in high festival, strewn with stars, as though God had tossed them in handfuls to celestial beggars, giving alms by worlds. And the great ones, all radiant, and as if with hands folded, seemed waiting till some king of glory should pass by. If I myself had seen Him, with the shining floor beneath His feet, I should not have wondered at all.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER XX.—THE FOREST AFLAME.

IT was late in the afternoon when Billy, waking out of a refreshing sleep, asked a question. 'How long do yo' reckon we're goin' to stay here, Mista Carwyke?'

'Not an hour longer than necessary, Billy. I've talked it over with Norma, and if you think you could stand moving in and out of the canoe, I think we might start in a couple of days. We have no time to waste if we are to find our way out of the wilderness before winter.'

'Nope! Thet's a fact. I reckon we'll start when yo' want. I ain't going to be a hindrance.'

'Hindrance, Billy! But for you we shouldn't have been here at all.'

'An' but for yo', Mista Carwyke, Missy an' me 'ud hev been stuck at Unapik still—thet is, if Standifer had not potted me. . . . Queer thing ther way he was set on them matches, wasn't it?'

'Yes. But he'd probably been without fire for a week. That's how things work. I knew a man once who lived without sweet stuffs for a year, and for a month after he got in touch with a store he just stuffed himself with sugar and molasses. You can see the same thing in any of the mining camps when fresh vegetables and fruits happen to get in. I've seen a man with a big tomato in one hand and half a pineapple in the other, biting chunks first out of one and then out of the other as he walked down the street. It's the same principle. A man in the wilderness who has been without fire craves for matches, which will guarantee him a fire.'

'Yep!' answered Billy doubtfully. 'I reckon I got ther argument, but thet man's a devil, an' I guess ordinary human cravings don't account for much o' what he does.'

'But matches, Billy! What harm can he do with them?'

'I dunno, rightly. But I reckon he'd light all hell about us wi' them if he knew how.'

It was in the night, when he and Norma were keeping watch in turns, that Carwyke made the discovery that Standifer 'knew how.' Norma was sleeping, and Carwyke was

smoking by the fire, when suddenly Eskimo Billy called out, 'Mista Carwyke, do yo' hear anything?'

'A rising wind in the tree-tops, nothing more.'

'There's something else at the back o' thet. Listen!'

Carwyke listened. The southing of the wind was the only sound his ears could detect, and he said so.

'Maybe I'm dreamin' or goin' light-headed again, but I thought I heard a roaring noise—same as—same as—oh! I dunno.'

Carwyke laughed. 'It's weakness, Billy. Just shut your eyes and try to sleep.'

The sick man fell quiet, and Carwyke, thinking little of the matter, began to pack his pipe. The sound of the wind in the tree-tops grew more pronounced, but he took little notice of it, and presently, when Norma awoke to take her watch, he lay down, and in a very short time drifted into sleep.

A couple of hours later he was wakened by Norma shaking him. 'Roy! Roy!'

He sat up quickly. 'What is it?'

'Listen! There is something that—'

A moment later he was on his feet. From the direction of the main river there came a roaring sound, and though a strong wind was blowing, the air was hot and sultry. He lifted his head and looked upward. The sky was hidden in a thick haze. Without a word he walked to the bank of the river, and as he did so a rolling gust of smoke hid the lower reach of the river, and to him came the odour of burning spruce. When he returned to the camp his face was grave.

'What is it?' asked Eskimo Billy quickly.

'The forest is on fire, and the wind is blowing this way. We—'

'Them durned matches!' cried Billy. 'This is why he was so keen. If I had him here—'

'I'm afraid you're right, Billy,' answered Carwyke, a hard note in his voice. 'But who would have thought the scoundrel would have done it? It's despicable beyond words.'

'Damnable! But it's what Standifer would do naturally. Ought to hev shot him when he came out of ther wood. . . . I guess we're in a pretty nasty fix.'

'Oh, not so bad yet. We have the canoe, and can run before the fire if necessary. The trouble of that course is that we shall be driven out of our way. Maybe it will be sufficient if we just cross the creek, or it may be possible to run down to the main river.' He stood thoughtful for a moment, then he said, 'Do you mind being left alone for a few minutes, Billy?'

'Nope; yo' got somethin' in yo'r head, I guess, an' I know yo' won't leave me to—Lor'! what's thet?'

A great bull-moose, careless of everything except the terror behind, had broken from the wood, and, regardless of the human beings, had run right across the camping-place, almost treading on Billy as he did so.

The significance of its blindly hurried flight was not lost on Carwyke, who had seen forest-fires before. 'Quick, Norma! Help me with the canoe.—We're going a little way down the creek, Billy, to see what the chances are that way.'

'All right, Mista Carwyke.'

With Norma's help her lover launched the canoe, and they began to paddle down-stream, making a long course for the other side. They had scarcely reached it when a great, rolling cloud of smoke met them, making them cough, and at Carwyke's word the girl steered the canoe for the soft bank. They landed, lifted the canoe on the bank, and whilst Norma waited by it, the man moved a little way into the wood.

In a very few minutes he was back again. 'Both sides of the river are on fire. It must be a perfect inferno lower down. Standifer has done his work pretty thoroughly.'

'You really think that he—'

'Haven't a doubt of it! He really was too keen on those matches, as Billy noticed. He must have spent hours on this business, and fired the woods in a dozen places. We shall have to run before the fire, and we've no time to lose. Come, my dear.'

They re-launched the canoe and paddled back to the camp. Billy was sitting up in his blankets, a look of scared wonder on his face. 'It's ther queerest show I ever saw,' he said, as they moved towards him. 'Noah's ark has loosed out in the woods there. A bear an' a cub bundled by just now, and a wolf never turned a hair as it jumped over me. An' there's foxes an' ermines an' porcupines back there—look at 'em! Might be a Fourth of July procession. Methuselah! there's—'

Carwyke did not spare a moment to look. He had seen ere now the frenzied flight of the creatures of the wild before their most terrible

enemy, and he broke in on his friend's words. 'We've got to join the procession, Billy—only we go by water. I don't know that we'll do you any good to move you; but it's that or the fire. The woods on both banks of the creek are blazing, so it's up-stream we shall have to go. Heaven send paddling-water is my prayer.'

With Norma working her hardest to assist him, he loaded the stores, wrapped the sick man in a blanket, and carried him to the canoe; and as a great cloud of smoke, hot and suffocating and full of ash, rolled down on them they pushed off, working their hardest with the paddles. So great was the heat that in five minutes sweat was pouring from them. Now and again the pall of smoke with its ashen dust rolled on them, and thrice Carwyke's hands were blistered by flying sparks.

The roar of the fire behind them was like the sound of a great waterfall. The crackle of wood as it kindled was like a steady rifle-fire, and with it mingled the louder crash of trees as they fell before the destroyer. Now and again while he paddled Carwyke looked back over his shoulder. There was, however, little to be seen but the pall of smoke, though twice he saw great yellow tongues of flame leap out from the mirk, whilst the hot wind on his face told how near the peril was.

The smoke, the heat, and the fine ash with which the air was filled made it difficult to breathe, so that the exertion of paddling was doubled; but grimly they drove on, urged by the horror behind them. The heat dried the sweat upon their faces, and the ash settled there and left black stains. Norma's golden hair was dark with the dust, and Billy's blanket might have been a funeral pall.

How many miles they went, how long they paddled before they reached the place that promised sanctuary, they never knew. But when paddling had become more difficult by reason of the quickening current, round a wall of rock they came upon a short rapid which barred the way, and could only be tracked up, if that; but beyond it the forest widened out in a rough semicircle, and as he saw that Carwyke gave a shout of exultation.

'The bank!' he cried to Norma, and as they made it he leaped out, and a moment later had Billy in his arms, and, shouting directions to Norma, was hurrying up the incline to the head of the rapid. As he reached the crest of the climb his heart leaped with gladness, for before him opened a long lake, of which the creek was the outlet. Like the valley in which it lay it was of no great width, but it offered safety, since the fire must pass on each side of it; and it was of sufficient width to divide the flaming forces of destruction. Setting Billy down upon the turf he ran back, passing Norma laden with stores on the way. There were still some things left which the girl had lifted out of the

canoe, but with these, for the moment, he did not trouble. Lifting the canoe and settling it well upon his shoulders, so that a part was raised above his head like a hood, and the other part stuck out like some monstrous tail, he moved up the sloping trail to the brim of the lake once more. When he reached it Norma was returning for the rest of the stores; but he forbade her. 'No! Remain here, Norma, and look after Billy. I will fetch the rest. Put what you have brought into the canoe.'

He ran back towards the wall of smoke, which, in the time occupied by the portage, had advanced amazingly. The hot air blown in his face was like the heat of a furnace, and the black dust that came with it filled nostrils and mouth and eyes, troubling him much, making breathing difficult, and making his eyes smart so that tears ran down his face. But he secured the stores, and hurrying back stacked them in the canoe. Then he lifted Billy in, and a moment later they thrust out on the placid waters, paddling steadily towards its centre. By the time they reached it the pall of smoke already hid the head of the creek, and as they ceased to paddle and he looked back, a dead spruce on the right of the outfall suddenly fired, sending up yellow flames like so many great candles. Then with astonishing

rapidity the fire roared on, tree after tree crackling into flame. The dead willows on the lake-side were licked up in a flash, but the green bushes kindled less readily, and sent the smoke of their slow burning in clouds across the water. Up the hillside, sparing nothing, the fire climbed, and then under the flail of the wind swept on, and passed, leaving behind it a blackened and desolate land. The wind veered a little, and with its veering brought air that was fresh and cool, and to the smoke-dried lungs of the watchers was like draughts of red wine. They inhaled it gratefully, and dipping tin cups over the side, drank great mouthfuls of the cold water to quench the thirst induced by the intense heat.

The smoke drifted away, except for inconsiderable spirals that rose from still smouldering wood, and—a gaunt and bleak array, a very army of the dead—such trees as had not fallen stood mere blackened poles or smoking skeletons along the hillsides. Across miles of country had rolled the destructive force, let loose by one man's villainous desire for vengeance; but whilst the green things had been destroyed and hundreds of wild creatures must have perished, those whose destruction had been sought remained unharmed.

(Continued on page 478.)

THE MOON.

By Professor GEORGE FORBES.

PART I.

I.

THERE is no object in the heavens that appeals to us more, as the source of beautiful thoughts, than the moon. The points of view from which she is regarded by the astronomer, the philosopher, the mathematician, the poet, the lover, the artist, and the practical man, all beautiful, are as diverse and varied as her own phases.

Re-born every month, she first appears as a delicate crescent, two days old, in the amber light of sunset, a reincarnation grasping in her arms the shade of her prior existence, the old moon in the new moon's arms. At the age of seven or eight days her face is a sharply cut half-circle of white. Then she takes on that curious form 'gibbous,' until at the age of fifteen days she dominates everything in heaven and on earth as the full moon, round, bright, and glorious. Her declining days have an air of dissipation and decadence when exposed to our gaze during the forenoon hours, until she is lost in a beautiful second childhood before the hour of sunrise, and dies at the age of thirty days, to be again re-born.

But it is not only in her changing phases that the moon is an object of interest. There is nothing else in Nature quite like the strong shadows cast upon our path by the moon. There is nothing quite like her reflections from the ripples of a lake, or from the waves of the sea during a long voyage.

On a night of full moon the spirit is uplifted, and many are they who repeat to themselves the thoughts of Lorenzo:

The moon shines bright; in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night

was the soul of many a hero stirred to start upon a historic adventure, which is now an epic poem. On such a night, in the lives of most of us, did some event occur that now recalls a thrilling incident of our youthful enthusiasms.

The moon is an inspirer of memories to every one. Furthermore, she is a true guide to the traveller, a lamp of hope to the wayworn and of safety to the seaman, an inspiration to the poet and the musician, and, marvellous gift, she is the one connecting bond with his own people

to the exile or prisoner in distant lands, the only visible object of common delight to him and them. I have known this to be true ever since, fifty years ago, I heard this plaintive utterance, on the shores of Lake Baikal, from the lips of a Scottish girl, herself an exile for life in the wilds of Siberia.

In another mood our thoughts about the moon turn to the tides, raised and driven by the moon's force of gravitation, with which our luminous attendant sweeps and scours the estuaries and ocean shores as a scavenger, safeguarding the health of millions.

And again, we are attracted by the intellectual problems about the moon's constitution, her motion round the earth, and the very origin of this cold round globe, illumined by the sun. Add to this the wonder and speculation aroused by seeing the moon through a telescope, displaying the extraordinary features that characterise her surface.

II.

Those people who examine the sky at night, not only with wonder or admiration, but also with intelligence, take note of many things worth remembering. If the moon to-night at a certain hour is in a certain part of the sky, then to-morrow it will be more to the left at that hour (for us in northern latitudes). And three-quarters of an hour will elapse before it reaches the same region as last night.

Again the intelligent spectator can note that this wandering of the moon is over a definite course among the stars, much the same as the sun's course; passing near the very bright stars of the ecliptic, Aldebaran, Regulus, Spica, and Antares. In fact, these stars are sometimes 'occulted' or eclipsed by the moon. During the year 1924 Aldebaran and Regulus are occulted by the moon, each six times. Astronomers take delight in watching these disappearances and reappearances even without a telescope.

The age of the moon regulates the hours during which we need no lantern to go home with in the country. A knowledge of the moon's age tells us when yachting at what hour it will be easy to make a landing. If you think of spending an evening with your telescope you avoid any night when the moon is near the full. It is often good to know when to expect spring tides—that is to say, when the moon is new or full. In fact there is no need to labour the point that even in peace-time, when there are no air-raids, we often want to know the age of the moon.

Fortunately, there is a rough and ready rule, easily remembered, by which the moon's age at any date can be foretold.

Here is the rule. There are three numbers that have to be added together to give the moon's age. If ever the sum exceeds 30, the

moon's greatest age, you subtract 30. The remainder is the moon's age at that date.

The three numbers are called the year number, the month number, and the day number.

1. *The day number* is simply the day of the month.

2. *The year number* in 1911 was 0. For each year after 1911 you add 11. When the number exceeds 30, you always subtract 30 or a multiple thereof.

For example, take the year 1924. That is 13 years since 1911; and 13 elevens is 143. This gives the year number after you have subtracted 30 four times, i.e. 120. There is left the year number for 1924, and it is 23. Once found, it serves you throughout the year.

3. *The month number* is best remembered thus: Write on one line the initial letter of each month, and below each month the following month numbers: 0, 2, 0, 2, 2, 4, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

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0, 2, 0, 2, 2, 4, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

After reading the row of numbers aloud several times *in pairs*, their sequence is easily remembered.

As an example, take the 17th July 1924.

Year number =	23
Month number =	4
Day number =	17
Sum =	44
Subtract	30
Moon's age	14 days.

This is one day short of full moon (15 days).

On testing this rule by the almanac, you will find it to be always right within a day.

In many other directions the ordinary observant person finds out things concerning the moon's motion. The full moon rises to a greater height in the sky during winter than in summer, just the opposite of what the sun does. It does not take long to realise the wonderful fact that the moon always presents to our view the same half of her spherical form. We can always recognise the same markings, the dark eyebrows of the man in the moon, and his smudged mouth, while the tip of his nose is always seen near the middle of the full moon. No person has ever seen the other side of the moon. This is one of the things that are difficult to explain; and the reason usually accepted is so far from being entirely satisfactory that we must at present make no attempt at explanation beyond saying that it is supposed to be due to tidal friction in a previous age when there were tides on the moon.

III.

A matter of far greater immediate interest is to examine the features of the moon's surface,

for there is no object in the heavens that offers more beauty and wonder to us than the moon in her different phases. And this is true whether we look at her through a small spy-glass or through one of the greatest telescopes in the world. A common field-glass reveals new and unexpected details; and every increase to the power of our telescope increases the wonders of this new world.

We might expect to see a close resemblance to the features of our earth, with its oceans and continents and vast mountain-ranges. These are all absent, and we feel that we are looking at a dead world in ruins.

In gazing through a telescope at the full moon it is easy to see that the general outlook is upon two types of scenery. Around the poles, especially at the southern pole, the surface is white as snow, but round a great circle on the moon, near to, but not actually on, its equator, the surface is black as the ice on a newly swept curling-pond, and an outlying branch extends northwards. There is, however, a further feature of the most extraordinary nature. In the southern snow cap, one of the largest of those white ring-shaped mountains, usually called 'craters,' is Tycho. Its position can easily be noted, because that point is the centre of a star-shaped set of wonderful streaks or cracks, reminding us of the star-shaped cracks on a frozen pond when a skater has fallen and cracked the ice. These 'Tycho streaks' extend to great distances, almost right across the whole surface of the moon. They are most distinct at time of full moon.

These are the three things that strike the eye in the first look through a telescope at the full moon—the great surfaces white as snow, the black belt like clean ice, and the streaks like ice-cracks.

The whole of the white regions are broken up and disturbed, and covered with lunar craters, whose shapes can best be examined when the moon is a good deal less than full.

The zone of black regions is one whose pole would come somewhere near to the crater Tycho, which is the centre of the streaks. The whole of this zone has the appearance of a succession of large, calm, level, and generally circular seas, separated from each other by white rough boundaries. A simple glance establishes the circular form of some of these—the sea of Crises, the sea of Nectar, the sea of Serenity, and the sea of Showers. They have been called seas, as the ring-mountains have been called craters, without good reason from terrestrial analogies.

The moon's temperature is far too low to permit the presence of liquid water. Nor is there any air; at least, Bessel proved that its density cannot exceed the nine hundredth part of our own atmosphere.

When we look with a telescope at the moon in the first quarter, or in any phases except full moon, our attention is engrossed with wonder at the forms of the lunar craters in the snow-white regions. In fact, it is probably true that to the amateur astronomer there is no more attractive object in the heavens than the weird shapes of those craters which lie near the boundary between the illuminated half of the moon and the half that is in shadow. It is then possible to judge from the shadows cast by the sun how high, steep, and rugged are the walls of these craters, in some cases miles high. The shadow of the crags on one side falls upon the floor of the crater. Often it happens that the sunlight reaches only the summits of the peaks inside the crater, and they then appear as bright spots on a dark, unseen background.

The most common features of these craters are the flat floor, level with the general surface of the moon, the ring of crags enclosing it, and a hill or cone rising out from the centre of the floor. But the variations from this type are innumerable. They vary much in diameter and in the heights both of the crags and of the central hill. Every stage of transition from the typical form can be traced until we find, in the whitest regions near Tycho, mere holes pierced in the surface, showing no floor, no central cone, no surrounding ridge.

In some regions near to Tycho and the south pole the craters are unusually abundant, and so close together that the enclosing ring of one may be either deflected or obliterated at one side by another encroaching crater.

Those who have not the opportunity of studying these marvels through a telescope can do almost as well by securing copies of the wonderful photographs from the great observatories of the world, in which every detail can be examined. But, best of all, they can look at the splendid atlas of the moon by the French astronomers Puiseux and Loewy, who have published copies of their beautiful negatives, enlarged so that the whole diameter of the moon is 6 feet across.

All the seas and craters and mountains on the moon have had names given to them. It is a pleasant occupation to take a lunar chart and a small telescope, and to identify these features.

When this occupation has familiarised us with the craters, and the Tycho streaks, and the seas and mountains, the question must arise, How have these formations been made? On our own earth, geologists refer us to denudation, glacier-action, and volcanoes, as being responsible for the mountains and valleys. On the moon the temperature is so terribly low that denudation by water is out of the question.

(Continued on page 475.)

NEST ROBBERS.

A TALE OF THE ESKIMO.

By Captain H. T. MUNN.

I.

'SO you have been egg-gathering,' said old Ag-you to me one fine July evening, as I sat in the warm sun beside my trading store on the south side of Bylot Island, Baffin Bay. As he made the remark, the old man produced his pipe, and suggestively knocked out the ashes on the palm of his hand to show it was empty. I passed him my pouch, and he seated himself contentedly beside me.

It was a rare and wonderful Arctic summer evening, the air indescribably clear and still, warm and exhilarating.

Half-naked children romped and raced happily round the near-by *toupiks* (tents), the fat, stretched-out dogs too lazy to move out of their way. A few white and fleecy clouds hung like delicate skeins of wool in the intensely blue sky, and the brilliant sun, high in the west at this hour (as it would be in the north at midnight), gleamed on the white glaciers and snow-covered mountains of Northern Baffin Land across the inlet, and the yet frozen sea in the foreground.

On the ice, numerous black objects here and there denoted seals basking in the warm sunshine. From the rocky ledge behind the house snow-buntings rose on their short, lark-like flight, trilling a musical little song to their mate nesting under a boulder or in a cranny below.

The distant report of a rifle far out on the ice sent the keen-eyed children scampering to a vantage-point to see if it announced the return of a sled and hunter from the floe-edge five miles away. Soon a rosy-cheeked little lass, five or six years of age, appeared half-shyly round the corner of the house, wearing nothing but her knee-high native *kanicks* (footwear) and an engaging smile, and uttered in Eskimo the word 'telescope'—knowing I kept an old one for such uses—wrinkling her small nose (the negative sign) at her grandfather's joking cry of 'Shame, shame, little one!' as she accepted the loan. 'I am not afraid of the white man,' she called over her shoulder, as she ran back to the shouting group on the hill, for she knew she was by way of being a favourite of mine, children being the only favourites a wise trader in the Arctic will make to avoid jealousies.

It was the all too brief summer's day of the Arctic, the Eskimo's happiest time.

'Did you climb up to the nesting places?' asked Ag-you, with the air of expecting a negative reply.

I admitted I had been foolish enough to do

so, and added emphatically, 'Never again,' at which Ag-you chuckled.

'It is a bad place,' he said thoughtfully; 'once there was a man——' and he re-lit his pipe carefully. I knew a story was due.

In truth it *was* a very bad place to climb. Known on the chart as Cape Graham Moore, its native and (translated) whaler's name is Loom Head, and tens of thousands of these excellent sea-birds have their nesting-ground there. The bold headland rises from the water over a thousand feet to its summit, the last hundred feet being perpendicular rock. Approaching the headland over the ice or by water, one may climb it at one place by a difficult and dangerous route, the first six hundred feet of which necessitates a fly-like clinging to the rough rock face; a false step after the first hundred feet would mean certain and unpleasant death. At about six hundred feet up, after squeezing through a narrow cleft, a 'shoulder' of rocky ground less steep gives better foothold; some three hundred feet of this brings the climber to the perpendicular cliff. The shoulder, cut by a gully sheer to the water, is about a thousand feet long; here on every ledge and jutting rock a few inches wide, and flat enough to hold one, eggs lie in thousands. There are a few depressions along the shoulder where a man could lie down in safety, and one place where a little pool of melted snow-water, thoroughly fouled by the nesting birds around it, offers a most uninviting drink. The 'nesting' arrangements seem to be one bird one egg, the latter laid on the rock without any nest whatever, and how the birds know their own egg amongst the other thousands everywhere about is an ornithological mystery; perhaps they don't trouble, but are bird communists. The eggs are oval, mottled black and green, and as large as a duck's egg; both eggs and birds are excellent eating. When disturbed by the egg gatherer the birds leave the cliff with a noise like thunder, darkening the sun as they pass outwards; they—or others, for there always seem more birds than eggs—return in flocks of twenty to one hundred every few minutes, and settle on the ledges, sometimes within reach if the climber is quick enough.

'Let's have the story, Ag-you,' I said.

II.

'It was in my father's time, before there was much white man's stuff amongst the Innuits, such as rifles, whale-boats, or tobacco. The Innuits were camped at Kar-soon (a hunting spot about fifteen miles from Loom Head), and

they were egg hungry. The ice had left the coast very early that year, so the only way to get to the nesting rocks without a whale-boat or *oo-miak* (native boat) was from the top. There a strong man could let himself down on an *og-juke* line (a very strong seal line) to the shoulder, and another man at the top haul up the eggs in a sealskin bag. Ag-pah ("The Loom") was a famous climber from boyhood, and one fine day such as this is he and another young man named Issi-gaito left to gather eggs. If they were successful, other Innuits were to come the following day and help to bring back the loads to Kar-soon.

'Climbing to the hill-top Ag-pah slipped, and in falling said he had hurt his foot and could not go down over the cliff face on the *og-juke* line, so Issi-gaito, himself an active climber, took his place. I do not think Ag-pah really hurt himself when he fell; he had no wife, but Issi-gaito had a pretty little wife he had taken less than six months before. Without always meaning to, women sometimes cause many bad things to be done by men, especially when they are young and good to look at.

'Down the cliff went Issi-gaito on the *og-juke* line, using his feet to steady himself and keep off the rock face. He soon had a bag full of eggs, but when he climbed with it back to where the line hung, it was lying in a heap at the bottom of the cliff where he stood, and he found the top end had been frayed through with a sharp stone.

'He saw at once it was Ag-pah's work, for he had been very careful to lower himself easily and gently down, and a seal skin had been placed under the line where it touched the rock. Instantly Issi-gaito knew why Ag-pah had done this evil thing; it was to steal from him his little wife. He guessed the tale Ag-pah would take back to the camp; how, with the broken line as proof, he would say he had heard Issi-gaito's body fall, and then roll down into the deep gully you saw there and splash into the sea, for the landing-place from the hill-top—owing to a convenient rock to tie to—was at the head of the gully, and there was only standing room just there. No one would come near the place for perhaps a year or two, because they would be afraid Issi-gaito's spirit would be there and harm them.' Old Ag-you laughed quietly. 'It was a wicked and a clever way to get rid of a man,' he remarked; 'and Issi-gaito had guessed the truth.'

'Why didn't Ag-pah cut the line when Issi-gaito was half-way down and kill him at once?' I asked.

'That would have been murder,' replied Ag-you gravely, 'and Issi-gaito's spirit would have haunted him.'

Well! some of our theological sophistries are just as thin. I thought of the Spanish Inquisitors, and their requests that the heretics

should be killed 'without the shedding of blood,' to accomplish which they burned the unfortunates slowly at the stake.

III.

'Go on,' I said, after the pipe had been re-filled and the interlude of tobacco smoke over.

'Issi-gaito "took stock." Six hundred feet below him the ocean swell surged gently against the cliff, and he knew that for a mile on either side the water was a hundred feet deep to the sheer rock foot. It would be four months before the ice made again to permit escape by that road; four or perhaps five months, and by then the winter would be at its coldest time.' The old man shivered suggestively. 'I should have cut my wrist here' (he indicated the vein) 'and died, but Issi-gaito was a braver man.'

Knowing old Ag-you as I did, I doubted this.

'The first thing he did was to stretch the *og-juke* line taut and split it with a small knife; he then made nooses on each line, and started to snare the looms as they returned to the nesting rocks. One place he left undisturbed, and from here he made a store of fresh eggs daily, for the loom will lay many eggs if they are removed. In a few weeks Issi-gaito had hundreds of loom bodies carefully skinned and stored under some loose stones, and over them, to keep off the sun, he placed the strong, well-feathered skins. Others he split and sun-dried the meat, but it was the skins he needed most; three looms a day would keep him alive, but his greatest risk was freezing to death on those cold, exposed rocks. With a needle of bird bone and the strong leg sinew for thread he made two *koo-le-tang* (jumpers) with hoods, and two *kod-ling* (trousers), one of each to be worn with the feathers next the skin. He made stockings, mits, and three blankets. Other skins were taken off from the bodies without being split up, and were laid down as a sleeping place in a hollow in the rocks.'

'And for water?' I asked.

'You saw it,' replied Ag-you. 'It is still there, the little pool in the rocks. Yes, it was very dirty and smelt, but it was wet,' and he smiled at his simple joke.

'When the great autumn storms came Issi-gaito had hard work sometimes not to be blown away, and to keep his meat store and his bird skins. Long before this all the birds had flown, and he was the only living thing on that lonely cliff face. Then, at last, late in the dark month (December), the ice set at the cliff foot, and Issi-gaito was able to leave.

IV.

Do you remember the little cleft in the rock up which you went before reaching the nesting places?' I nodded.

'In Issi-gaito's time there was a large rock at the top of this little cleft. When you climbed up it was gone, and you put your

arms on each side of the cleft and raised yourself to the top. When the rock was there the climbers would pull themselves up by holding on to a niche on the under side. Issi-gaito moved this heavy rock a little nearer the edge, and put small stones under the hinder side, until it would easily come away if pulled from the niche.

'It was fifty miles for Issi-gaito to walk before he found any *igloos* of his people; they say even his own dogs attacked him when he arrived in his bird-skin clothes, so strange did he look.'

I waited while the old man re-lit his pipe, and after a reasonable pause asked, 'Was there a fight?'

'No; Issi-gaito went to Ag-pah's *igloo*, and greeted him, and all the Innuits came, and there was great rejoicing, and Issi-gaito learnt (as he had foreseen) how Ag-pah heard his body fall down into the water.

"It was a stone," he explained, "which I fell on to when the line broke."

"Why did not you shout?" asked some one. "My breath was all knocked out," lied Issi-gaito, "and I lay a long time before I could move." For many hours he told his adventure; how he caught the birds with a noose, how he made his clothing and blankets, and of the terror lest the great gales should blow him bodily into the seething waters dashing against the cliffs below—to die by drowning is the worst of all deaths to an Inuit. He spoke of the bitterly cold winter nights under his small bird-skin blankets, when the powdery snowdrift would find its way inside in spite of all he could do, and how he had no food except the half-rotten bird meat, and only the snow to eat for drink. An Inuit understands all these things as few white men can do.

'None of the listeners exclaimed more interestedly than Ag-pah, no one was more sympathetic, and when he gave his place beside the little wife to Issi-gaito, and moved to another *igloo*, the others thought he did so gladly—except Issi-gaito.

'Presently the Innuits left them, and when underneath the deerskin blanket I think Issi-gaito must have looked contentedly round the warm stone *igloo* hung with deer and seal skins, and watched his little wife as she deftly trimmed the *kood-lil* (stone lamp) with a small stick, till the flame was steady and clear and shone brightly on her soft, bare shoulders and ruddy cheeks. And the Loom cliff must have seemed a bad dream.

'He was told, with many nose-pressings and a few happy tears, how glad, how *very* glad, she was he had returned, and how she liked him much, much better than Ag-pah—all of which he, boy-like, believed, hearing it thus from her own red lips. And Issi-gaito laughed happily, and presently told the little wife—with more

nose-pressings—how he liked this warm nest, and the little mate now in his arms far, far better than the loom's nest away yonder where—and a lot more such foolishness, for he was very young and very fond of his little wife, and glad to be alive thus after all he had gone through.'

Ag-you sighed sentimentally; he was a born storyteller.

'And Ag-pah?' I asked presently; 'didn't Issi-gaito—'

'No,' replied Ag-you; 'Innuits are not like white men. Sometimes they will forgive a great wrong, sometimes they will only seem to do so, waiting chance; Issi-gaito was like this last. Ag-pah? Well, he had nowhere to go to, and I suppose he thought, poor fool, Issi-gaito had forgiven. Listen.'

V.

'Next spring Issi-gaito and Ag-pah and some more Innuits went on the ice to the nesting rocks at Loom Head. Issi-gaito was going to climb up for eggs, but the little wife suddenly began crying and clinging to him and begging him not to go up the cliff, and he laughed at her, but gave in to her at once. Then Ag-pah laughed contemptuously and said, "See me! No woman shall make me afraid to go up the egg rocks. I will go and gather them; let Issi-gaito stay below;" and he began to climb up.

'Issi-gaito took his little wife out a short distance on the ice, not seeming to mind Ag-pah's contemptuous words, and began to point out to her his old sleeping place far up on the cliff side, and she called the other people who were standing near the cliff to come and see; and Ag-pah climbed carefully and slowly on, shouting down to them how easy it was. And he put his hand in the niche under the big stone, and it came away, hitting him in the belly, and he cried out very badly, and fell down on to the ice far below, and died at once. And the big stone fell without hurting any one, for, as I told you, the little wife had called the others out onto the ice before it fell.'

'Issi-gaito must have told her?' I ventured.

'Yes. He was afraid Ag-pah would suspect if he was asked to go up, so Issi-gaito planned it she should make a fuss; and he knew Ag-pah would be afraid to climb up with him, lest an accident should happen, so he pretended to be afraid himself.

'I think the little wife must have really liked Issi-gaito the best, as she told him she did, or she would have warned Ag-pah, but you cannot tell; in these matters women are not to be trusted.'

I laughed at the old cynic, the story of his married life indicating one of the happiest matings I have ever known. 'You old humbug,' I said.

'*Oo-man, oo-man,*' came a shrill cry from the *toupiks*, and the old man rose. 'It is my old

wife,' he explained apologetically. 'Young women think of nothing but love-making at this season, and old women of nothing but food-making. Aie! Aie! and I am an old man now—ah well! It is you whom she will scold if I am keeping her waiting,' he added, as he pocketed the plug of tobacco I offered.

'Why not you?' I jeered.

Ag-you laughed softly. 'Have you ever heard her scold me?' he asked; 'or have you ever heard any Innuits tell you she has been scolding me?'

And when I thought it over, as I watched him depart, I found I never had.

THE AUSTRALIAN CROCODILE.

By 'YERRILEE.'

ONE often wonders why, in His wisdom, the Maker of the universe and everything belonging to it should have placed this creature on the earth. It requires a great stretch of imagination to find redeeming features in its favour—one compensation, perhaps, is that it sometimes acts as a scavenger in ridding fresh-water courses of dead animals which had got there by accident. Generally, however, its choice is to capture beasts, birds, or fish alive, and in doing this it is as cunning as any of the feline tribe. By a strange misnomer, this saurian is usually known in Australia as the alligator, although it is really the crocodile, its jaw action being the reverse of the alligator's.

In the early settlement of the eastern coast an odd specimen was located as far south as Moreton Bay, the port of Brisbane, but in all probability this was a female, and the reason is explained later on. Now it never occurs so far south, and it will be accurate enough to say that the Tropic of Capricorn is its southern boundary, if we include Keppel Bay and its immediate waters on the eastern coast. The watercourses emptying into this bay are simply infested with these brutes. Their habitat takes in the whole of the sea frontages of Australia north of the Tropic of Capricorn. The crocodile likes all deep tidal streams, because these swarm with fish, of which it is very fond, but it is equally at home in fresh water.

It has always taken a fairly heavy toll of mankind—to what extent is not exactly known. Many a travelling swagman walking along the coast, through ignorance, or carelessness caused by having escaped so often, has disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him, having become a tasty meal for saurians. These crocodiles have a great liking for children; another of their choice morsels is the dog, and they will stalk either, under the water the whole time, for hours if necessary. Should an opportunity occur, they come out like a flash of lightning and secure their victim, returning immediately. Their strong point of attack is to lie in wait under the water, and, as man and beast come to dip or drink the water, to strike with the claw like a cat, and then seize their victim with the mouth and disappear.

Along the banks of most watercourses thick

scrubs or jungles flourish in many places; these are the homes of marsupials, upon which the crocodile preys. In the large fresh-water lagoons where the wild-fowl swim the crocodile finds a nice selection, and shows great cunning in quietly clawing them under while swimming, so that their mates know nothing about it. In the good grazing country it is quite a common thing to see cattle and horses badly mutilated about their hind-quarters through having escaped from the claws of the crocodile as they turned to walk out of the water after drinking. This can scarcely be wondered at, considering that this scourge to man and beast grows to 15 feet in length, and weighs anything up to half a ton.

Sportsmen delight in shooting them with bullets (which are the only things that will penetrate their hides) when in the cold weather they lie basking in the sun on the sand at the water's edge. To succeed in this the crocodiles have to be stalked. In badly infested rivers a dead dog or cat, after being poisoned with strychnine, is tied to an overhanging limb just clear of the water, and such tempting baits make a good many of the crocodiles lose the number of their mess.

Owners of boats in these rivers will never sleep in them, or allow any one else to do so, because so many attempts at night-time have been made by crocodiles to pull the occupants out. Directly the sun goes down the crocodile becomes as lively as a cat, and prowls about on the land in the vicinity of its haunts. Sometimes it can be heard, in the stillness of the night, grunting like a pig. On these occasions it is always consoling to know that one is perfectly secure on a balcony, enjoying a smoke, or else rolled up snugly in bed inside a house. Under ordinary conditions on land it flies from man, but once in deep water it is the other way about.

The only redeeming feature in their existence is, that an all-wise Providence has so willed it that the adult male crocodile is the greatest enemy to its race, because he devours the young as quickly as he can catch them. To guard against this the female uses the greatest cunning, in that she travels many miles away from the haunts of the adult males, up fresh watercourses, to make her nest in a nice secluded spot, in

which she lays an average of sixty white eggs as large as those of a goose. This done, she covers them up with grass, leaves, and humus, and trusts to the sun to hatch them. As they come out of their shell the little ones by instinct toddle to the water, and the mother guards them. As they grow, they gradually work their way to deep water, where many are devoured, as already indicated. The crocodile is a long-lived creature; specimens shot indicated that they must have been a hundred years old.

When caught very young they can be reared with care, but captured adults are practically impossible to keep alive for any length of time—that is for show purposes, as they will not take food, and, after exhausting what vitality they have, die in a few months of starvation. Occasionally, show-people advertise for an adult, and there are young white Australians who have been reared in the north, and under the tuition of the aborigines have become expert in the habits of the crocodiles. These young fellows undertake to supply orders at £1 per foot in length—that is to say, if a crocodile 15 feet long is supplied, £15 has to be paid. The hunters place on a well-used track during the day a dead wallaby, which is invariably taken overnight by the crocodile. The same thing occurs next day—the bait again disappears. Then on the third day a dead wallaby is used as a bait inside a strong noose made of wire, chain, or rope. This gear is firmly fastened to a very strong young tree, which is bent down like a bow, the wallaby becoming the trigger. Directly the wallaby is grabbed, up goes the tree, and the lassoed crocodile is partly suspended. After this, it is placed in a long box and transported to the nearest boat or railway station. The food that it has already had enables it to exist for some months.

Rather an amusing scene happened at one of the leading hotels in the north, where among the pets in the back-yard was a young crocodile, about 3 feet long, which was imprisoned in a wire-netting yard. As is usual in the north, during hot weather the main back-door of the hotel was left open overnight, and by some means the crocodile got out of its yard during the night and quietly took possession of this entrance inside the passage. The housemaid was the first down the staircase in the morning, and was horrified to find this visitor in charge at the landing. Before anything serious happened her screams quickly brought assistance, and the crocodile met its doom.

The following reliable incidents will give an idea of this brute's habits. Twenty years ago the rivers and creeks on the eastern coast of Queensland had the highest floods known. Taking advantage of this, the hydraulic department of that State decided to correct their records, and parties were sent out at once to secure the data. The party who had to take

the new levels of the longest northern river comprised an engineer, the Crown Lands ranger, and a black boy, the last-mentioned to look after the horses and be generally useful. After following the Burdekin River up to where it broke through the mountains it was decided to camp, and a nice little clear spot, high up on a shelf away from the water, was selected. The ranger was satisfied it was safe from the crocodiles, supposing any ever travelled so far. Consequently the horses were unsaddled, a fire was lit, and everything made snug for supper, and then a sleep in the open on nice grass. The black boy hobbled the horses, and told the ranger that he saw 'alligator' tracks near the water when filling the 'billy-can,' but no importance was attached to this remark. After having tea and a smoke, each man rolled himself up in his rug and was very soon in the land of 'Nod,' allowing the camp-fire to burn out. About 2 A.M. the black boy aroused his masters, yelling 'alligator,' and the white men immediately struck matches, but nothing could be seen. The ranger told 'Joker' that he had been dreaming, but the black boy emphatically declared he heard 'that fella walk about,' refused to have any more sleep, and rekindled the fire. Both white men once more rolled in and slept the sleep of the tired. At dawn the black boy once more roused his master, saying, 'You been call me big fella fool last night. I'll show you.' The white men jumped up and followed 'Joker' a few steps through some grass. The black boy pointed to a good-sized mound, consisting of dead grass, brackens, and leaves, which were quite wet. 'What is it?' said the ranger. 'That fella alligator's nest,' was the reply; and 'Joker' straightway rooted out a large egg, finishing up by finding sixty-two. The crocodile had to pass quite close to the feet of the sleeping men to expectorate water over her nest so as to keep it at the proper temperature, and the aboriginal had heard the crackling grass as she slunk past when returning. Had the saurian wished, she could have taken any of the men, but her eggs were of more importance.

Another case was where two settlers, after a hot Saturday forenoon's work, decided to have a bath in shallow water a little above the knees; they had bathed there before. One of them took his seven-year-old boy in, and as they were all enjoying the splash the little fellow suddenly disappeared. He had been clawed and taken by a crocodile into the deep water close by. Some Chinese gardeners lower down the river saw the crocodile come to the surface carrying the boy's body in its jaws.

Another cruel experience happened to two young men, mates, who went for a stroll along a shallow stream, one taking his shot-gun and cartridge-belt. The stream soon afterwards spread out into a marsh with scores of little islets—familiarily known as 'devil-devil' land—

between which the water could be waded. The wild ducks were numerous, and some were quickly shot. The young fellow had just dropped a bird, and, gun in hand, waded to it. Without any warning he was seized by a crocodile, lost his gun, and was carried to one of the small islands, where amidst appeals for help to his chum the crocodile played with him, just as a cat would with a mouse. As no other human beings were within miles, his mate could not help him. He was soon devoured.

A rather amusing experience was when the railway department was building a bridge over a tidal creek, and hardwood piles had to be driven into the bed, after passing through twenty feet of water, as a central pier. These piles were to be sheathed with Muntz metal below the water-level to prevent the 'borers' penetrating them. The inspector responsible for passing the work decided to don a diving-suit, go below, and see if everything was right. After he had been lowered out of the punt by the tender, he received an unusual hard knock on the head, and, in Gaelic, did not bless his mate for acting the 'Angora' by dropping a piece of stone on him. After reaching the bottom it was some

seconds before he could see properly, but when his eyes became accustomed to the dim light he made a careful examination of the base, then, looking up the piles, was horrified to see an immense crocodile outside the temporary staging waiting for him. There was only one hope for him, and that was to give the urgent signal to the tender, which he did. He was rapidly pulled up in safety. After explaining why he gave the urgent signal, he remonstrated with his mate for his 'horse-play' during the descent. Thereupon he found out that the crocodile had dealt him the blow, and congratulated himself that the helmet had saved him.

That man is the crocodiles' deadly enemy can be understood; also it can be appreciated why some of our best rifle-shots in the north are women, who are intensely keen in using the bullet where a saurian is concerned. Apart from this, these 'Amazons' never spare themselves where they can teach those of the rising generation, male or female, to shoot. On one occasion I saw a woman with a class of boys and girls 'coaching' them with a sporting rifle, a target against a large tree being used. It was intensely practical, and made me think hard.

THE HIGHBINDERS.

PART II.

VII.

'PASADENA, Pasadena,' shouted the brakeman as the north-bound train from San Francisco drew up at the little, sun-smitten station on a vast scorched-up plain that glowed like a furnace. Pasadena was the nearest railway station to Santa Agata, which was fourteen miles away on the other side of the desert. The journey across that sweltering inferno was not an experience to be desired.

Two travellers alighted from the train, both Chinamen. Each carried a black bag and a white cotton umbrella. After a brief consultation with the station-master as to the direction to take for Santa Agata the two travellers turned their faces to the desert.

Under the shelter of their cotton umbrellas they plodded on, a cloud of white dust following in their wake. They were attired in the hideous garb, half Chinese, half European, worn by all Chinamen on the Pacific slope, which has a tendency to make them look all alike. In their case, however, it could not lessen the striking contrast in their physical appearance. One was a tall, lanky individual, a walking skeleton almost, with a wizened, shrivelled face like dried parchment, his almond-shaped eyes glazed and dreamy, his shoulders drooping, his long, scraggy neck bare and sunburnt. He was strangely suggestive of an animated scarecrow.

His companion was a short, stout, pot-bellied man, with a bull-like neck and a bullet head. He waddled along like an apoplectic duck, his long pig-tail swinging from side to side pendulum fashion. In other respects there was nothing to single out these meek and humble travellers from other Chinamen so frequently met with tramping the dusty roads under the broiling sun in southern California tramping from place to place in search of employment. In spite of their grotesque physical difference they were commonplace and harmless looking enough.

One or two mounted cowboys flung a curse at them as they passed; while a Yankee pedlar in a mule-drawn buggy smiled contemptuously, and advised them to go back to their country and wash themselves. But neither curses nor contempt could ruffle the serenity of the fat man or the stony impassiveness of the skeleton. A big rattlesnake wriggled lazily across their path a few yards in front of them, but though they must have seen the deadly reptile neither swerved an inch. Little did the cowboys and the Yankee pedlar think that this ridiculous couple of Mongolian tramps were the emissaries of the Highbinders, a secret society as powerful, occult, and omniscient as the 'Holy Inquisition' of the Middle Ages, or the infamous Westphalian Vehme. The Black Hand and the Camorra were at a disadvantage when compared with the Asiatic Association of Highbinders.

Those two Chinamen, as impassive as the Sphinx, who wearily plodded along over the hot sand under the blistering sun, were 'judges' of the Association, which watched with argus eyes the welfare, and enforced the discipline, of the Chinese colonies throughout the States. Had the black bags they carried been searched they would have revealed little to the eyes of Westerners, but would have had a deadly significance for a Chinaman.

VIII.

Mr Sefton Skindle was reclining in a large deck-chair on his veranda enjoying a siesta. The heat of the day was lessening as slight puffs of a cooling breeze swept down from the Sierra Gorda Peaks, as was usually the case at that season in the late afternoon. He had returned from San Francisco a week ago, and now as he lolled in a semi-somnolent state he was suddenly aroused by a servant coming to him and announcing that two Chinamen wished to see him. 'I am sorry to disturb you, sir,' added the man apologetically, 'as I fancy they are only two tramps looking for work. But they said they had a letter which they must deliver to you personally.'

Mr Skindle sprang up with a bound, and the man drew back, fearing a drubbing for disturbing the boss; but Mr Skindle said quietly, 'Show them into my office. I will see them at once.'

He knocked the ashes from the pipe he had been smoking, finished his iced drink, and went to his office, where the skeleton and the fat Chinaman awaited him. They rose as he entered, bowed very low, and shook hands with themselves in accordance with the custom of their country. Then, when they had reseated themselves at Mr Skindle's bidding, the fat man placed a letter before him. It was an official document, signed by the chief secretary of the Association, and informed Mr Skindle that the bearers were the accredited agents of the Association, and had been sent to *make inquiries*.

Having received the manager's assurance that there was no fear of their being overheard, they stipulated that all work of the coolies should be suspended for three hours the following morning, that the coolies should be confined to their houses during the time, and that under no circumstances should any of the white men be allowed in the Chinese quarter during the 'investigation.' They also inquired very tenderly about the health of the foreman and his assistant, and being informed that they had quite recovered from their injuries, the emissaries expressed their satisfaction, as the 'two unfortunate men' would have to be present during the inquiry.

At first Mr Skindle demurred, and innocently inquired what the nature of the investigations would be. The two visitors smiled blandly, and said they were not in a position at that stage to give any information until they had heard

the evidence, and that unless their stipulations were adhered to, they would be compelled reluctantly to return at once. Skindle was still dubious, but on reflection came to the conclusion that, having committed himself so far, he would only make himself ridiculous if he backed down now. And he recalled the hint given him by the man from Chicago that the methods of the Asiatics were not the ways of the Westerners. He had no idea what methods these representatives of the Association intended to pursue; that they would be drastic he hadn't a doubt, but the unavoidable conclusion was that the Chinese themselves were better able to deal with their own countrymen than the law courts were. So perforce he yielded. The emissaries smiled blandly again, and the fat one, who constituted himself the spokesman, thanked him, and said he had every reason to think the stolen money would be recovered, and—'All would be made welly proper, welly soon.'

'But if you do discover the thieves, how about punishing them?' the manager queried.

The yellow faces of his visitors beamed with what was almost a seraphic smile, and the little fat man replied, 'Oh, as to that, me no thinksee any punishment will be wanted after we have discovered them.'

He then requested that he and his companion might be shown to the workmen's quarters, as they would like to have a wash and a rest. It was a long and hot walk from Pasadefia. An offer of refreshment and a room in the manager's house was politely declined. The two mysterious visitors then took their departure, guided by a Chinese servant by orders of the boss.

Mr Skindle returned to the veranda and re-lit his pipe. The purple twilight had given an ethereal beauty to the landscape, and a sweet calm reigned, as work on the estate had ceased for the day. 'Well, it gets me,' mused the manager, 'why those two beauties should have come here alone to sift a matter that has baffled the police and the Chicago man alike. Seems to me ridiculous; but very likely the Chicago chap knew what he was talking about. All the same, I'm dead-licked to know how those two guys are going to solve the mystery.'

IX.

The following morning, instead of the usual bustle and activity when the labourers were preparing to go to their respective duties, silence and solitude reigned. The doors and windows of the large wooden shanty occupied by the coolies were closed, while blankets and sheets screened the windows inside. The manager had given strict orders that no one was to approach or loiter near the place on pain of dismissal.

The shanty and an annexe where all the cooking and washing were done stood isolated in the midst of an extensive kitchen-garden. The only dwelling near was a cottage occupied

by the head cooper of the estate and his wife. It was a comfortable house with a flat roof. The cooper was a German, who had learnt his business in the Rhenish vineyards of his beloved fatherland, and had been in the service of the estate company about five years. The order to cease work for three hours had mystified him. Like all his countrymen he was exceedingly curious, and liked to know the why and the wherefore of everything. His house commanded a full view of the Chinese quarters, and, as he stood at the door of his cottage, he noticed that all the windows of the buildings were screened. It was such an unusual thing that his curiosity became so great that it nearly overpowered his discretion, and he was tempted to sally forth and investigate. But, on second thoughts, the fear of dismissal restrained him, and the only conclusion he could come to was that his neighbours were going to mark some national event in connection with their country by 'unholy rites,' and there would be much burning of joss-stick and other 'devilry,' which shocked his Teuton mind. He yearned to have a peep behind those screened windows and see what was going on; but, as that was out of the question, he furnished himself with a pair of opera-glasses, and mounted to the flat roof of his cottage, in the hope that he might learn something, though it appeared rather a forlorn hope.

All the Chinamen were apparently assembled in the large room of the barracks, which was used as the common dining-room. Occasionally he heard the subdued clamour of voices, followed at intervals by an ominous, death-like silence. Presently the main door of the building was opened, giving egress to two coolies, who went stealthily, glancing about to make sure they were not observed, to the kitchen of the cook-house. In a few minutes they reappeared, one carrying a brazier of live coals, the other a large frying-pan and a bucket of charcoal. They re-entered the house, and the door was closed again. About ten minutes later a muffled cry of pain reached the German's ears, and confirmed him in his belief that some barbarous religious rites were being observed. The cry was repeated again and again at intervals, and the German could scarcely control himself. Once more he was tempted to go out and endeavour to peer through one of the curtained windows, but before he could decide the door was opened again and the two coolies emerged.

One made his way to the tool-shed, returning with two pulleys, a small coil of wire, and some rope. The other man, who had been to the kitchen, carried an oil-can. The mystification of the watcher increased. Presently his nostrils were assailed by an odour like that of burnt meat, and he thought it came from his own kitchen, where his frau was busy preparing his breakfast. He was about to descend from his

post of observation when he saw one of the windows of the barrack partially open and smoke and vapour issuing, whilst the odour increased until it became almost overpowering. In a few minutes the window was closed again, and after another interval of silence there was a subdued murmur, the door was flung open, and a number of men came out and arranged themselves on each side of the steps.

They were followed by two men carrying a chair, upon which was seated a man whom the German recognised at once as the foreman, Lie Ling. He reclined limp and inanimate, his head rolling from side to side at each step of the bearers. His legs dangled helpless from the seat, his feet being enveloped in canvas tied with rope. He was evidently in agony. He was followed by two other bearers carrying a shutter on which a man was stretched, evidently in as sad a plight as the foreman. The second man was his assistant. Then came the two officials, the little fat man fanning himself vigorously, while the tall lanky one was complacently smoking a water-pipe. The rest of the coolies lined up and followed silently. They directed their steps towards an orange orchard about two hundred yards away, and disappeared amongst the trees.

(Continued on page 468.)

ST MARGARET'S WELL.

(‘Supposed to have been the Rood Well . . . placed over a limpid perennial stream that issues from the interior of Salisbury Crags.’)

If you're passing round by Holyrood
Upon a summer day,
Just carry on a hundred yards,
Then step across the way;
And beneath the ruined chapel
Where the pious monks did dwell
You'll find the quaint stone basin
Of old St Margaret's Well.

Many a wanderer sought it
In days of long ago
As he fled the bitter vengeance
Of an unrelenting foe:
Ere he passed to peace and refuge
In lonely cave or cell,
He blessed the cooling waters
Of old St Margaret's Well.

Then never let us cavil
Though its charity be cold;
Like the waters of the Jordan
It is free to young and old.
It flows for rich and poor alike,
And ancient legends tell
There is healing in the waters
Of old St Margaret's well.

It knows the laugh of children,
Who love to splash and play,
Or tightly cup their little hands
To catch the dancing spray;
But early in the morning
Is the time to feel the spell,
When the robin and the blackbird meet
At old St Margaret's well.

W. G. MILLER.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

GIPSY OCCUPATIONS.

By HUBERT N. B. RICHARDSON, B.A.

I.

THE popular idea of a gipsy's method of earning his living may be represented by the picturesque vision of a gaudily painted caravan—laden with cheap household utensils and drawn by a lean horse, with sometimes a donkey hitched to the shafts—crawling along a country lane; a swarthy-faced man with keen, dark eyes and wiry, athletic figure strolling alongside the horse; the lithe and supple form of a woman of Eastern visage, with straight black hair and eyes full of mystery, lolling in easy negligence on the front of the van; and several half-naked, dusky children, with shrill voices, playing along the roadside, a scraggy lurcher padding in the rear. But this picture portrays merely one out of endless ways by which the Romany people endeavour to eke out an existence. Charles Godfrey Leland once remarked that 'there are few trades that gipsies have not somewhere or at some time turned their hands to,' and it would indeed be difficult to put this comprehensive yet truthful assertion in a more concise form.

By far the most ancient of their many callings is that of working in metals. The Hungarian coppersmiths and the bell-founders and goldsmiths of eastern Galicia are perhaps among the earliest known gipsy craftsmen; and many prominent students of the subject maintain that the *komodromoi* (vagrant coppersmiths) of the seventh century, mentioned by Byzantine writers, were gipsies. Another ancient employment, one much favoured by the early British gipsies, is that of 'horning'—making spoons from the horns of animals—and in Scotland such was the interest that the gipsy took in his craft that one clan would know the spoons made by another by the workmanship.

Universally attractive to the race as the working in metal and horn may be, however, horse-dealing and, among the women, fortune-telling are essentially gipsy callings. The Romany is proverbially fond of animals, but his preference for the horse is readily admitted both by himself and by those who have studied him. There appears to be some natural affinity between gipsies and horses that is almost unaccountable; at any rate, the fact remains that the Romany

has a mysterious power over these animals that is quite peculiar to his race. For expert knowledge and the management of horses in general the gipsy has scarcely an equal; and it was no trivial suggestion when Theodore Watts-Dunton said: 'These nomads have an instinctive knowledge of horseflesh—will tell the amount of "blood" in any horse by a lightning glance at his quarters.' It follows, therefore, that gipsies are the most astute horse-dealers in the world, and many of them have made fairly large incomes in this particular trade. That their business methods will bear close scrutiny, or that their transactions are free from guile, is, however, quite another matter. There is not a trick or a device in the nature of 'faking' or 'doctoring' a horse that is not known to the 'sons of Little Egypt.' They will hesitate at nothing to ensure a good bargain. By the administration of certain preparations, which they are exceedingly careful not to divulge, they can impart to a jaded, worn-out old 'screw' the temporary appearance of soundness. On the other hand, if they are desirous of purchasing a horse, they are able by other secret preparations to induce a kind of languor in a sound animal which tends to reduce its value. Again, these crafty wanderers will cause a horse to sicken by surreptitiously introducing into its mouth a drug called the 'drao' or 'drab,' in order that they may be employed to cure it of the illness thus brought about. The opinion of a gipsy as to the value of a horse is seldom far wrong, though it would be somewhat risky to take his advice upon such a question, owing to his innate love of 'having' a *gorgio*. But let us be just and acknowledge that honest dealers are not altogether unknown among the gipsies; and let us admit that owing to their exceptional knowledge of horses, and the ignorance they so frequently encounter, the temptation to drive a crooked bargain must be very strong indeed to people who have such a slender conception of honour.

In the early part of last century horse-stealing was carried on as a regular trade, more especially in the Scottish border country, where many celebrated gipsies have earned their living by the sale of stolen horses, which were used by the cavalry and as hunters. These horses were

stolen in Ireland and disposed of in Scotland, while the opposite course was also followed of stealing horses in Scotland and selling them in Ireland; and a similar trade existed between Scotland and England. Many amusing stories have been told of cases in which the stolen animal has been so successfully disguised—by docking the tail, 'hogging' the mane, and sometimes by even dyeing the coat of light-coloured horses—that the rightful owner has failed to recognise his own horse; and in more than one instance the appearance of the animal has been so effectually altered that the owner has actually been induced to purchase his own horse which had previously been stolen from him.

II.

The gipsies in Spain, besides dealing in mules and asses, have made the trade of clipping or shearing these animals peculiarly their own. They are called *esquiladores* (shearers), and Davillier tells us, 'There is hardly in Spain a horse, a mule, or a donkey which does not once a year pass under the hands of an *esquilador*, or gipsy shearer.' In this industry they use scissors, termed *cachas*, which they carry in their belts. These scissors are sometimes two feet long, and are also used as weapons when occasion arises. The gipsy grasps them open in his bare hand at the point of intersection, and very formidable weapons they make, the most terrible wounds being inflicted by their use.

In the same country many of the innkeepers are of the Romany race; and most of the women employed in cigar and cigarette factories are gipsies, which calls to mind Prosper Mérimée's tragic story of *Carmen*, used so successfully by Georges Bizet for his opera of the same name; while the gipsy dancing-girl of sunny Spain is known in every capital in Europe. It may not, however, be so generally known what an intimate connection the gipsies have with the national sport, and that many of them have become noted *toreros* in the bull-ring. The bulls employed in this savage sport are reared and fed in vast prairies, far from human habitations, and many of the herdsmen who tend them are gipsy youths, who thus early in their careers become associated with bull-fighting. Towards the age of four years the bulls are rounded up by the herdsmen and driven to town to take part in the *corrida*. The task of guarding a herd of the fiercest bulls along scorching, dusty roads, and often through rough mountain passes, is by no means free from danger, even though the herd is accompanied by large tame oxen as leaders, and it is probable that it is the excitement aroused on this journey that first gives the gipsy a desire to take an active part in the arena itself. Some years ago the part of the *matador*, as well as that of the *torero*, of the bull-ring was nearly always taken by a *Gitano* (Spanish gipsy); and we are told by Dr Bright that this class of gipsy

formed a very similar type to that of the Roman gladiator or the English prize-fighter of bygone days. He describes these particular gipsies as 'dissipated villains, accustomed from their infancy to scenes of brutality, receiving large sums for the casual exercise of their skill, and then passing long intervals in absolute idleness; their mode of life gives ample room for the pursuit of vice, strengthened every day by the examples of their parents and associates.'

Employed as blacksmiths, many gipsies dwell in caves on the hillside of the Sacro-Monte—a miserable suburb of Granada. At one time these gipsy workers in iron were put down by the Spanish law, but owing to the irrepressible nature of the race the trade was allowed to crop up again, and it has now been vigorously carried on for generations. Another method of earning a living among the gipsies of Spain is to cart down snow from the mountains to the towns, where it is used for making cooling drinks.

There are some occupations which are not only specially followed by the gipsies in certain countries, but are actually monopolised by them. For instance, the gipsies in Montenegro have a monopoly of iron-working. The blacksmith in that country is no smith in our sense at all. He is supplied with horseshoes of various sizes by the gipsies who make them, and only hammers them on. A monopoly in the working of metals generally is largely enjoyed by the gipsies in south-eastern Europe and in Asia Minor; and, according to Grellmann, gold-washing in Wallachia and Transylvania has been practised from time immemorial, and in his day was carried on almost entirely by gipsies. It was their principal summer occupation, though not all of them were allowed to become gold-washers, permission having to be obtained from the proper authority, which carried certain restrictions with it. Only the better-class gipsies were granted this privilege. The gold-washers were obliged to pay tribute in gold dust; the remainder of the dust had to be sold to a government official at a fixed price, and this was sold again at a much higher price for the official's personal benefit. It appears to be somewhat doubtful whether this occupation was profitable to the gipsies or not, for some writers say one thing and some another; but it is hardly likely that these cunning nomads would seek an employment that did not pay them, though it may possibly have afforded indirect advantages which we do not hear about. In fact, one of the writers tells us that working at any trade or employment seemed to be 'merely a disguise, in order the better to enable them to carry on their thieving practices.' The following account of gold-washing in the Banat may be of interest: 'The operation consists in first providing a board of lime-wood, about one fathom long, and half a fathom broad, being hollowed at the upper end in the form of a

dish, from which are cut ten or twelve channels in an oblique direction. This board is fixed in an inclined position so as to form an angle of forty-five degrees with the horizon. The sand containing the gold being laid in the hollow at the top of the board, a quantity of water is then poured upon it, which carries off the lighter parts; such as are more heavy they shove down by hand; what remains in the channels, or furrows, is discharged into an oblong tray, carried to the straining-trough, and the gold which remains picked clean out.' This is another instance in which writers differ, some saying the work was performed in so careless a manner that a considerable amount of pure gold was lost, while others tell us that so expert did the gipsies become by daily practice the loss of gold was almost negligible.

In Hungary and Transylvania the duties of hangmen and executioners used to be performed regularly by gipsies; and in Egypt the art of snake-charming was wholly monopolised by the race. But perhaps a more striking instance of monopoly occurred several years ago at Cadiz. The butchers' trade in that town happened to be entirely in the hands of the gipsies, and they were prepared to go to any length in crime—not even excepting murder—in order to secure this lucrative business to themselves. An Irishman named O'Reilly was governor of Cadiz at the time, and being desirous of improving the state of the public markets, he established a number of Irish butchers. But this praiseworthy attempt on the part of the governor to bring down the price of meat was the very last thing that the *Gitdnos* desired, many of them being wealthy men through their impositions. In a short time not one of the Irish butchers survived, while the trade returned into the hands of the gipsies.

Many and various are the occupations of the gipsies of Persia. We find them passing their time—for the Romany seldom works hard at anything except sport and games—as blacksmiths, tanners of brass and iron vessels, tinkers, and cattle-doctors; while many of them, in more approved gipsy fashion, support themselves as fortune-tellers, vendors of charms and philtres, conjurers, dancers, and mountebanks; and sometimes they practise the arts of gold and silver-smiths.

III.

The English and Scottish gipsies of to-day seem to employ themselves very much in the same manner as they did at the beginning of the sixteenth century, when they first made their appearance in these countries, although not so many of them are minstrels or pipers as formerly. They are still known as 'tinkers,' 'horners,' and 'muggers'; that is, they mend kettles, pans, and cans; make spoons of horn; and repair broken china and pot articles. The

making of baskets, skewers, and clothes-pegs is also a common employment with them. The women assist in the upkeep of the family by hawking these goods from door to door, along with other small articles for household use; nor do they ever waste an opportunity for telling fortunes during these hawking expeditions. Until quite recently a large number of gipsies were employed in hop-picking in the southern counties of England, and their gains during this harvest helped them in staving off hunger during the winter months. But of late years the large increase in the importation of hops from America and Germany has rendered it unprofitable to grow hops in this country, hence the serious loss of employment to these unfortunate nomads. Many of the English gipsies make a speciality of rat-catching. They 'draw' the rats by the use of oil of rhodium, aniseed, and caraway oil, while sometimes the heads of dried herrings are used as bait. A gipsy who is well-practised in the art will almost tame the rats as he catches them.

In the sixteenth century gipsies often worked as bell and cannon-founders in Scotland, and at the present day the same trade is carried on by a few of them in the south-east of Europe. Many of the town-pipers of olden times, especially in Scotland and the north of England, were gipsies.

To show the diversity in their proclivities, a few of them are known as professional story-tellers, while others travel the country as bear-leaders; nor is it without precedent for a cab-driver in London to acknowledge the Romany tongue. Gipsy pedlars and knife-grinders may be met with at almost any time in our large towns; and through their love of horses it is not surprising that many have become jockeys. Even prize-fighting has not lacked its quota of devotees; Jem Mace was not the only gipsy who attained the championship.

As musicians they are known the world over. The music at most of the fashionable cafés in Petrograd—pardon! Leningrad—is supplied by gipsy orchestras, and some few of their women have won fame as opera-singers. But it is rather as instrumentalists that the gipsies have gained renown, quite a large number having become celebrated violinists. Among these may be mentioned the beautiful Czinka Panka, who achieved many successes at various continental cities, notably Vienna, and who is the more interesting inasmuch as she compiled a volume of gipsy songs. Another instance of a famous instrumentalist is John Roberts, who was one of the greatest harpists that Wales ever produced. In connection with musicians it may be of interest to recall the story of the gipsy boy, Josy—in whose case a wonderful opportunity to become famous was carelessly thrown away. When eleven years old Josy was taken from his parents by Count Sandor Teleky, who handed

him over to Franz Liszt as a present. The great composer quickly discovered the boy's exceptional gift for music, and placed him under the best masters in Paris. But Josy could not be induced to give serious attention to his violin, spending his time rhapsodising; for, in the words of Mr R. A. Scott Macfie, 'to him (Josy) civilised music was ugly and insipid, and he caricatured it with wit and skill which were almost uncanny.' The gay city afforded too many temptations to this wild youth. He early showed the Romany fondness for gaudy apparel and finery, squandering his patron's money on jewels, ties, and waistcoats. Again, to quote Macfie, 'he spent hours with his hairdresser, and raged with fury and disappointment when he found that all the oils and cosmetics of France could not bleach his dark skin.' The story ends with the boy's request to see his relations again. Liszt

acceded to his wish, and took him to Vienna, where they happened to be staying at that time. Mad with joy, Josy threw himself into the arms of his people, and returned to the only life which was possible to him.

Among the gipsies' less reputable callings may be mentioned smuggling, coining counterfeit money, illicit distilling of whisky, acting as spies in war, and even slave-dealing was practised by them in Brazil as recently as the middle of last century. But most of these villainies have disappeared with the wild days of the past, and year by year the occupations of the gipsies become less different from those of other people. It may be regarded as a general rule that gipsies, whenever possible, choose an occupation which requires few and inexpensive tools, and one for which the materials are easy to procure

THE HIGHBINDERS.

PART III.

X.

THE cooper was aghast, but he began to realise now the nature of the 'unholy rites' that had been carried out behind the screened windows. The two strange Chinks who had arrived the previous evening were evidently the 'High Priests,' in other words the inquisitors. Of course he knew all about the robbery, and how the police had spent days in searching, probing, and examining; and that a detective from the north had followed them with no better results. He himself had had a *mauvais quart d'heure* with the man from Chicago, who had pumped and cross-examined him until the cooper felt inclined to punch his head. The Chinks' methods were evidently more drastic.

Determined now, despite all risks, to see what was taking place in the orchard, the cooper left his post of observation, ran down the stairs, slipped out of the cottage, and crouching low, crept behind a cactus hedge which bordered the orchard, where he could see without being seen. From this coign of vantage he witnessed the proceedings with ever-increasing amazement.

The procession halted beneath one of the biggest trees, which was laden with fruit, several of the heavily-weighted branches being supported by crutch props to prevent their breaking down under their burden. To avoid chafing and lesion of the bark a pad of wadding was placed between the limb and the bifurcated end of the prop.

The long, lanky man, still smoking his water-pipe, was bending over the prostrate form of Lie Ling. Evidently he had some difficulty

in catching the sounds of the sufferer's voice, and the poor, agonised wretch pointed a trembling finger at a certain branch of the great tree. Then Lanky said something to Fatty, who had the prop removed. It came down with a thud, and among the pads were two of the bags of stolen money, which had been so cleverly concealed that not even the lynx eyes of the Californian police would have discovered them. The police dug and probed in that orchard, but never thought of looking up.

The bags were taken by the fat man, and the mob returned, but no longer silent; they jabbered in low tones, and gesticulated, and seemed joyous and gratified, the culprits excepted.

At nine o'clock, when the stipulated three hours had ended, the hooter sounded, and the coolies resumed their labours as if nothing unusual had happened.

XI.

During the investigations Mr Skindle had been very anxious and restless. He knew nothing of what had taken place, as he had honourably kept his compact not to interfere in any way. Having finished his breakfast, he went to his office and was busy with his correspondence, when a message was brought that the two emissaries were waiting to see him.

When they came into his presence they were smiling blandly, and shook hands with themselves vigorously. The ceremony over, the fat man placed the two bags on the table. The manager gasped with astonishment, and recalled all that the Chicago man had told him. The money was counted and found to be only half of the amount stolen, but the fat gentleman inti-

mated that he was sure the balance would be in the hands of his Association shortly, and it would be remitted by special messenger. The whole affair, he explained sweetly, had been due to a misunderstanding, and the money had been inadvertently mislaid. No, he was not authorised to explain or give any details, as every member of the Association was under an oath of secrecy. He and his colleague were very glad they had been able to carry out their duties so successfully and expeditiously, and it further gratified them to know that the pleasant relations between employer and employed that had existed so long would be restored under the benign influences of the new moon.

It had unfortunately happened, the fat man further explained, that in the course of the investigation Lie Ling and his clerk had met with a little accident, which would incapacitate them for a short time. It was not serious, but would necessitate medical treatment, which they would receive at the hands of a Chinese doctor in 'Frisco. 'Melican doctors, all same, were welley clever,' but the patients in this instance preferred their own physicians. Mr Skindle would confer a great favour if he would provide a conveyance of some sort to transport the two men to the railway station, as they were scarcely equal to the fatigues of a tramp across the desert. The emissaries themselves, the fat man explained, would follow on foot. He concluded by again expressing the gratification of himself and colleague in having been instrumental in bringing the little incident to a successful conclusion without any fuss or bother. The owners of the estate could feel assured that they would have no further trouble with their work-people. The costs which had been incurred, which 'would be trifling,' would be deducted from the balance of the money when it was remitted from headquarters.

Shaking their own hands and bowing profoundly, they departed. As the manager stood on the veranda and watched the two amazing Chinks disappear he felt bewildered, and also shocked as he realised that the Chicago man had been quite correct in suspecting Lie Ling and his clerk. He was shocked because he had had such faith in Lie Ling. However much he might object to the Chinese methods of crime detection, he could do nothing, and for obvious reasons it was important to observe a discreet silence in the matter. He experienced a sense of relief now that the executioners had gone. Their presence had filled him with loathing, and he had been half-tempted to kick them out, though he knew that would have been an indiscretion that would have led to trouble, for between East and West there was a broad line of demarcation, and the two could never blend. In this instance East had scored over West, though it was by methods that were revolting to Western ideas.

For three weeks Mr Skindle heard nothing further about the matter, and came to the conclusion that 'The Chinese Discipline and Welfare Association' had been only partially successful, when one day a special messenger arrived from 'Frisco, and handed' to him a parcel containing more money and three dirty and mud-stained canvas bags bearing the stencilled inscription of the Los Angeles bank. These were the bags in which the money had been secured when it was given into the custody of Lie Ling. A letter explained that one bag was still missing, but the Association hoped to trace it. The bag, however, was never restored by the Association.

XII.

A few months later an old and well-known prospector, named Bill Slater, came down from the mountains to Santa Agata as he was in the habit of doing periodically, and being a friend of Mr Skindle's, he was generally a guest of the manager for a few days. As the two men sat on the veranda one evening after a good square meal, Bill related a strange story to his friend.

During his last trip to the mountains Slater was one day traversing a very lonely gulch, known to miners as 'Hell Valley,' which had formerly been worked by Chinese, but subsequently deserted as the gold had panned out, when he came across the skeleton of a Chinaman lying by a disused water-chute, with a hatchet buried in his skull. It was close to the ruins of a miner's cabin. It was Bill's opinion that the Highbinders had paid a visit to that 'God-forsaken spot' to execute a decree of their order. He was confirmed in that opinion by the station-master at Pasadefia, to whom he told the story. The station-master remembered that a Chink pedlar, as he seemed, but who, he thought, was wonderfully like a man he had formerly known as one Lie Ling in the employment of the Estate Company, arrived by train from 'Frisco. He looked ill, and walked with a decided limp, as if his feet had been injured. He inquired if he could obtain a guide and pack mule to take him over the Sierras to Pine Creek Cañon. As neither guide nor mule was obtainable the pedlar shouldered his heavy pack and set off alone. If the skeleton Bill saw was that of the pedlar he must have avoided Pine Creek, which was full of miners, and made his way by an unused route to the other side of the Divide in order to reach the deserted Hell Valley, his object presumably being to cover up his track, because if he had desired to go to Pine Creek, and was really a pedlar, he could have done a roaring trade there.

Two or three weeks later two other Chinks, a tall, lantern-jawed fellow, and a short, fat one, arrived at Pasadefia and struck out for the mountains. They returned a month later, looking travel-worn and tired. The station-master

recognised them. While they were boarding the 'Frisco train, the fat man inadvertently dropped a black bag, which rolled from the platform on to the line under one of the cars, and one of the railway men had to recover it; he said it was heavy and chinked with money. Bill further informed his friend that he had searched the deserted cabin in the gulch and found an empty canvas money-bag. As it

bore the mark of the Estate Company and the stencilling of the Los Angeles Bank, he had brought the bag back with him, and would place it in Mr Skindle's possession.

Bill Slater thought it was curious that one of the Estate Company's bags should have been in that old cabin in the lonely gulch. So did Mr Sefton Skindle, but he offered no explanation.

THE END.

A P E N A N C E.

By C. M. M. PATERSON.

I.

FROM beginning to end the whole plan had worked without a hitch. No fears of discovery assailed Agnes Warren, convinced, as she was, that in the hands of the wily Pathan the secret was as safe as in her own keeping. Even if detected, the penalty of the law would probably fall less heavily on the otherwise blameless wife of a British officer than on the head of a well-known native rogue, and the legal punishment, as every one knows, was not one which even a hardened old sinner would be eager to incur.

Sixteen years before Armageddon, most of those who then resided in northern or north-west India will remember old 'One Eye.' He was a familiar figure on all verandas which, behind their shimmering door 'chics,' boasted the presence of a 'mem-sahib'; and even on the outer floors of less lucky (or otherwise) bachelor establishments the sound of his slimy voice was not uncommon. A huge and fat Pathan was old One Eye, deeply versed in the guile of the East, possessing, moreover, which is unusual with an Asiatic, an uncanny insight into the workings of the Western mind, especially of the female intricacies of that possession.

'Allah,' with that kindly love which he bestows on all true believers, had in old One Eye's youth stricken him with smallpox, and the optic which that unpleasant disease had rendered useless and hideous, together with the deep pits with which it had scarred his flabby, unhealthy face, made him as pleasantly repulsive an object as may be met in the East.

But Allah is great! If Allah takes away, does he not also give a hundredfold? The one eye, which in his wonderful bounty the Holy Prophet had seen fit to leave intact to this huge Pathan, was worth what many eyes would be to the rest of the unblest. Nothing escaped it! An impending decision on the mem-sahib's countenance, as the bargain drew to a close—the as yet distant, though gathering, scowl of disapproval which began to be born behind the eyes of his honour, her husband, were all as an open book to this prince of Pathan merchants.

It was this notorious gentleman's daily boast that he possessed the finest collection of merchandise in Hindustan.

'Adul Aziz,' he would remark, 'came here yesterday, mem-sahib, to sell you bad embroideries, and Mahomet Ali the day before, and you not buy. You wise, mem-sahib—only old One Eye got things worthy of the many rupees you want to spend.' And he would proceed to spread out his wares in front of the smiling mem-sahib with the cunning and dexterity of an artist, choosing patches of sunlight for such goods as needed it to enhance their glory, gloomy corners for the more tawdry colourings. Strong-minded indeed the officer's wife who could chase him from her bungalow before some of the husband's hard-earned pay had changed hands, for this merchant was the Tempter himself, and the goods which he displayed were, as he stated, unsurpassed by those of any other trader. Rich Chinese embroideries, as old as Time, which his clever fingers had managed to extract from the loot of the 'Boxer' rising; beautiful silk prayer-rugs from Turkestan, pictures in themselves, worthy of a space on any ancestral wall; shawls of exquisite patterns from Kashmir, weird designs from Bokhara, and curious trophies from Tibet—the sight was sufficient to make any mem-sahib consider bankruptcy worth their purchase! This curious old character disappeared in the year 1906, and the verandas of northern India knew him no more. Whether he retired outside the limits of the 'sirkar' or to Paradise of the Blest I was never able to discover. It is difficult to imagine that one optic which was so disarming in this life shining in glory now, but the ways of Allah are, of course, unfathomable.

With this short description of the man who aided Agnes Warren in her transgression, it is necessary to state that he did not share the secret of a hardened criminal. On the contrary, this officer's wife was an extraordinarily loving and lovable woman, with the charm of a pretty face, and delightfully considerate manners, and the sin which she committed was paid for in full in this life, which is more than the fate of most sinners.

One of the causes which moved Agnes Warren to perpetrate the tragedy of her existence is a common one with women—the want of ready cash, combined with an adoration for pretty clothes, and for all those other appurtenances dear to the feminine heart. The other incentive was not so ordinary—it was passionate devotion to her husband! To keep his love unsullied by petty monetary squabbles; to save him from the worry of a bank overdraft, with which there was no hope of catching up; to hold on by fair means or foul to the wonderful beauty which had come to these two, shedding its lustre over the days and nights of their life together—this chiefly was the motive for her crime. It was not altogether an ignoble one, though for the vanity and extravagance which paved the road and made such an incentive necessary there is no excuse.

II.

Unfortunately, when Agnes Warren found herself in difficulties there was no rich relation to whom she could turn for help. Her father was a struggling country parson, often denying himself the necessities of life that he might send a few pounds to his children—assistance from that quarter was out of the question. The husband was a captain in the Scinde Rifles, doing his best to live on his pay and a private income of £105 a year. Agnes's long attack of enteric the previous autumn had been a severe drain on their resources. The regimental doctor's capabilities had not been considered equal to the occasion, and because, to Charlie Warren, this woman was the orb of existence, he had, during that desperate illness, telegraphed recklessly for the most renowned consultants, and had 'damned the consequences'; and though, like a desert mirage, had vanished the small savings assiduously collected for the next leave, he had insisted, as soon as Agnes was convalescent, on a trip home. 'Never mind,' he had said, 'if it puts me in debt for the rest of my life, home you go!'

Macgrigor and Co. were instructed to place to her credit, while she was in England, all of his pay except the few rupees necessary every month to meet mess expenses, and during her absence, all through the hot weather, Charlie Warren drank soda water, and conquered altogether his passion for cigarettes.

Judging by cases reported in the law courts, Agnes was not a wildly extravagant woman, but in London, which, in an inexpensive little club, she made her headquarters, she swam out of her depth. Old Simla acquaintances hailed her with joy. They introduced her to their friends. In the Cavalry Club, a middle-aged and entirely respectable married man was heard to remark that Agnes Warren that season was the most fascinating woman in London. That was lavish praise, for London boasts of possessing the most

charming women in the world. Many declared her lovely; all apparently found her attractive. What Agnes herself was unable to find was the adequacy of her husband's pay, doled out monthly by Macgrigor and Co., to keep pace with her wants.

A fortnight before she sailed back to Charlie she was sitting miserably in her tiny room at the club, engaged in adding up the sum-total of the formidable pile of bills which lay on her knee. In those good old days shops were much more generous as regards credit than they are to-day. As an officer's wife and a member of a highly respectable club Agnes, in this matter, had found no difficulties. When, on this afternoon, she had finished her calculation, she lay back in her chair—appalled. After paying the passage-money, and drawing up to the last penny in the bank, there remained a total debt of two hundred and thirty pounds. Carefully, every chance of raising such a sum was mentally scrutinised. Her father, as we have said before, was out of the question—to mention such a monstrous debt to the beloved husband even more impossible. There remained, of course, plenty of friends, men who had taken her to Ascot and Henley, several of them well endowed with this world's goods. But Agnes, though young, perhaps vain, and, as most will agree, foolish, was no babe in mundane matters. She realised that on this planet a woman has to repay in cash—or otherwise—for any loans from stray male friends. That notion of raising the wind was at once repudiated—to place herself in such an invidious position was totally foreign to her nature.

Outside, in the street, a miserable autumn drizzle added to her gloom. Slipping on a mackintosh, Agnes went out into the rain, to try to walk away from her worry.

III.

Turning out of Dover Street, she crossed St James's Park, and was loitering down Buckingham Gate, when a small crowd at the door of one of the houses there attracted her attention. On the iron railings which guard those houses was a large placard announcing an auction sale, then in progress. 'By order of Executors,' she read. 'Furniture, fire-arms, India curios, &c.'; and because she had nothing better to do, and ugly thoughts needed dispersal, she turned in to have a look at the Indian curios.

It was in the smoking-room of that Buckingham Gate house that the inspiration came to Agnes Warren which carried her away.

The late lamented, whose assets executors were busy liquidating, must have been a considerable sportsman, for the back room in this house was a small armoury. Every conceivable weapon needed for the slaughter of both big and little game was there. One case of rifles

caught Agnes's eye, and held it. Within the glass doors of a fine mahogany case were six perfect little .256 Mannlichers. Engraved on tiny silver plates, let into the stocks of each, were the initials G. J. B.

Agnes Warren stood in front of that case for fully ten minutes, her eyes glistening, her face paling. In those ten minutes the decision was made which was to bring fifteen years of bitter remorse.

Joining the small crowd in an adjoining room, she listened to the bidding. Everything seemed to be going for an old song, as indeed in those far-off days, at auction sales, they often did, and for the sum of three pounds ten shillings each, with five hundred cartridges thrown in, Agnes eventually became the possessor of the six Mannlicher rifles.

There was generally, in those years, a four-wheeler, with an old gray mare, and a still more ancient white-bearded jehu, standing on the Buckingham Gate rank. Very shortly the taxi was to send the aged quadruped and her master to oblivion, but that particular day they both dozed in their accustomed place. Struggling under the weight of the rifles, Agnes hailed the driver, and returned to her club.

At the bottom of a vast Noah's ark trunk, which had been dug out of the parsonage attic for her trousseau when she had first gone out to India, carefully she packed the rifles. Laboriously, one by one, each cartridge was wrapped in paper, and stowed tightly in between and around the Mannlichers. Then Agnes procured a large sheet of cardboard, cut it exactly the size of the trunk, and covered it with the faded linen lining, which she had removed from the bottom of the ark. On the top of this were placed all her heavy boots and shoes, the long riding-habit, and marching brogues. The club porters staggered under its weight on the day she sailed, but the 'Customs' in Bombay passed it without the slightest suspicion.

IV.

'Salaam, mem-sahib,' said old One Eye, a broad grin on his pock-marked face.

'Salaam-gi,' replied Agnes, sitting idly on her veranda.

'Me have much nice things to show you, mem-sahib. Me keep all good things till mem-sahib come back!' He signalled to his coolies, squatting at the compound gate, and they came, depositing several fat bundles on the floor. Then they retired again to the shade of the entrance pillars, and putting their hookah on the ground, prepared to pass the pleasant hours it usually took their master to complete a bargain at this establishment.

Old One Eye unfastened his bundles, and one after another held up enticing pieces of embroidery, all being, according to him, 'Ver cheap.' Yet he failed to interest the mem-sahib,

who wore an air of abstraction. Old One Eye redoubled his efforts—still she sat listlessly in her chair, apparently uninterested. Finally Agnes rose, and moving first to one door and then to the other of the two rooms which opened on to the veranda, she peeped through the 'chics.' The rooms were empty. The servants had all gone to the midday *kana*. She and One Eye were alone!

Coming back to the Pathan, she stooped towards him. 'One Eye,' she said quietly, 'to-day I do not wish to buy. I want to sell you something instead. Come this way.'

She led the way into her bedroom, where stood the Noah's ark. Then, with a furtive glance round, she locked the door which behind gave exit to the servants' quarters, and the one opening to the veranda. 'One Eye,' she said, 'I have rifles to sell!'

The Asiatic's emotions are never written on his face for all the world to see. This man's evilly-marked face showed no astonishment whatever as with trembling fingers Agnes Warren unlocked the old-fashioned trunk. Only when, from its depths, she produced a perfect little rifle and laid it in the Pathan's hands did old One Eye's remaining optic glisten slightly, as if a tear-drop had come and gone in it. 'Mem-sahib,' he said huskily, 'you know the penalty!'

Agnes nodded. 'I am prepared,' she answered, 'to take the risk. There are six of these Mannlichers, and I want two hundred and forty pounds for them. Give me the money, One Eye—no one will ever be the wiser—and over the frontier you can get sixty pounds apiece for them—you know you can!'

'But, mem-sahib,' he bargained, 'these rifles no good! No ammunition! Ammunition we steal from soldiers no fit this kind. Not easy to pinch this sort from sahib-logs.'

'I know,' said Agnes; 'but there are also five hundred Mannlicher cartridges—for nothing. Don't waste time, One Eye!'

The Pathan opened the bedroom door and disappeared. In a few moments, however, he returned with a roll of Kashmir *durries*, and one by one each *durrie* became a fatter roll than it had been when he brought it into the room. For once in his life old One Eye did not bargain—expediency was important.

Agnes knelt still, with a strained white face, by the side of the Noah's ark. Squatting beside her, the Pathan removed his turban. From its depths he produced a roll of notes; then, replacing his headgear on his oily locks, and fumbling in his voluminous garments, he produced yet more money; and presently, after much licking of fingers, two hundred and forty pounds passed from his possession to Agnes Warren's trembling hands.

'The penalty,' he whispered, 'for me, mem-sahib, is death or deportation. For you, I know not!'

'The reward, One Eye,' said Agnes, smiling wanly, 'is worth the risk.'

Within the next few seconds the Pathan was back squatting on the veranda, rolling up his merchandise, just as Charlie Warren cantered in at the compound gate.

'Salaam, mem-sahib,' said old One Eye. 'Another day, perhaps, we do bizniz.—Salaam, sahib,' he added, as Charlie Warren, within hearing of the last remark, threw himself off at the door. 'Mem-sahib say she got no rupees to-day. Another day, perhaps, old One Eye got better luck.'

'Get out,' said the mem-sahib's husband.

'Your honour,' replied the Pathan, 'I go, and I shall ever pray for your honour's welfare. May the great god, a gentleman your honour much resembles, bequeath you good luck!'

Signalling to his coolies, and salaaming again gravely, old One Eye walked off with his bundles.

Exactly ten days later, over the border, where the king's writ does not run, a group of Mahsuds sat round a camp fire handling affectionately the six Mannlicher rifles from the house in Buckingham Gate—and old One Eye's smile as he squatted on various verandas was more evilly genial than ever.

v.

'Sorry, old man,' said the colonel, 'but I am afraid you are for it! I know you were contemplating leave in Kashmir. This order distinctly says my "senior captain." You occupy that enviable position, and, anyhow, there is no one else available at the moment.'

Charlie Warren looked crestfallen. The trip to Kashmir had been looked forward to for months, and now, instead of floating about in ecstatic matrimonial happiness in a house-boat on the lily-swept waters of the Wolav Lake, he was ordered to go and grill all through the hot weather in some God-forsaken outpost beyond Dera.

'Kismet,' he remarked, smiling grimly. 'But why can't those sanguinary Mahsuds kick over the traces in the autumn instead of always at the beginning of the hot weather, just when one wants to go on leave?'

'Heaven knows!' said the colonel; 'they are an infernal nuisance, and I am very sorry, old chap.'

So, instead of fishing for 'mashir' off the banks of iris-clad rivers, Charlie Warren, one steaming May morning, marched out of Dera Ismail Khan, and Agnes settled herself into Pelite's Hotel in Simla for the hot weather.

It was not until late in August that one Saturday afternoon, returning from a gymkhana at Annandale, Agnes Warren was met on the hotel doorstep by one of the chief's A.D.C.'s. She was a favourite of this gallant old man,

who, with his usual consideration, had sent a kindly note, as well as the telegram which the aide-de-camp handed to her.

The telegram was terse and simple: 'Patrol surprised while mending telephone wire. Regret to report death from wounds of Captain Charles Warren, Scinde Rifles, in charge of patrol.'

A few days later came a letter from the officer commanding that particular portion of our outposts.

'Dear Mrs Warren,' he wrote, 'to-day I have had the sad task of packing and despatching to you your husband's personal belongings. Charlie Warren was one in a thousand; in the ranks of *men* his loss will make a big blank. Yet I cannot blame myself for the awful catastrophe—every precaution was taken.'

'On the 4th instant the telephone line between Posts 7 and 8 ceased to operate. None of the Mahsuds had been seen for many days, but, taking no risks, I sent thirty men with Captain Warren to ascertain the cause of the breakdown.'

'About five miles to the west of Post 7 the wire was found cut. While the sappers were repairing damages, a single shot was fired from some rocks on a hill to the north. Poor Warren received it in his throat. The patrol replied with a volley towards the spot whence the sound came; then, leaving the captain with two resaldars, they charged up the hill to the rocks. Behind one of them, hit apparently by a ricochet shot from the volley fired, they found a wounded hillman. Needless to tell you, he died speedily. The mystifying thing about the affair is that this Mahsud was in possession of a perfectly new type of Mannlicher rifle, let into the stock of which was a tiny silver plate, on which were engraved the initials "G. J. B." How these fellows get hold of such good material is a conundrum, and where the ammunition for these rifles comes from, even more mysterious.'

'We have, alas! a little cemetery here, the graves of which are handed over to the care of each succeeding C.O., and are beautifully kept. Charlie Warren lies there, and his grave is already planted with flowers. Believe me, Your sorrowing and sympathetic friend,

'W. L. (Col.).'

vi.

Midnight had struck, and in the long wards of the base hospital the green-shaded electric lights cast weird shadows on the faces of suffering and dying humanity.

Here and there in the dim light flitted the form of a nurse. Even on the lips of those who were shortly to start on the great adventure there was a faint smile as Sister Agnes bent over them, for this worn, gray-haired woman with the sad eyes had retained in middle age the charm which had been so remarkable in her youth. It was simple to see that in this hospital she was greatly loved, though of her

beauty no trace remained. Fifteen years of remorse and two of seeing hell are not beauty restoratives.

Outside except for the boom of distant guns, all was silent. No newcomers disturbed the night's repose, for the offensive of previous days had filled this hospital to overflowing, and the stream of mangled men which had poured in during the past forty-eight hours had been diverted elsewhere. Suddenly a sound, which was certainly not that of a distant gun, broke the outside silence. Nurse Agnes moved quietly to the curtained window and looked out. Again the same noise shook the earth—this time nearer. Another woman, who had been busy in the adjacent medicine-room, joined Sister Agnes, and together their tired faces strained out into the dark.

'What is it?' asked the newcomer.

'Bombs,' answered Sister Agnes, whose ear, after two years in the heart of war, had been tuned to every variation of music; 'and not a man fit to move! But I order you to the dug-out, Cecily.'

'I can't leave,' began Cecily, but Nurse Agnes put her hand over her mouth.

'I order,' she said simply. 'Go!'

Drawing the curtain hurriedly, she whisked off the electric light, and, as Cecily moved to the door, gave her hand a sympathetic squeeze.

The next explosion rocked the hospital.

In a bed, next the window where Sister Agnes stood, a small fair boy was lying. A few hours previously the P.M.O. had ventured to bet that this lad would now pull through. Only that day, too, in a period of consciousness, this sub. had babbled to Sister Agnes of his home. An only child, he had told her. 'And what a stew,' he had said, 'will the poor old folk be in over me.' Again, now, he was unconscious.

Quietly Agnes Warren laid her slim form on his bed; and then, very gently, so that the weight of even her worn frame could do no further damage to his wounds, she covered the unconscious boy's body with her own. And so she waited. . . .

When they cleared up the mess and the corpses next morning, they found the fair boy still unconscious, but with a pulse going strong, and the piece of shell which had broken the vertebrae of the spine still deeply embedded in the neck of the dead woman who lay on the top of him.

In that book, where in our youthful days we were told are recorded all our deeds, both good and evil, which side, we wonder, for Agnes Warren, will hold the balance? Who are we that we can judge?

THE PLANTAIN TREE AND FRUIT.

By F. J. L. MURE.

THE plantain is a distinct species from the banana, although there is a particular type of banana which is sold in fruiterers' shops in the United Kingdom under the misnomer of plantain.

The plantain tree is a tropical plant, originating, it is reputed, from the East, but at the present day it is widely cultivated in all parts of the tropical world. There are many varieties of plantains, the greater number of which can be put down as being of merely academic interest.

From an industrial and commercial viewpoint there are two varieties which are most worthy of attention; one yields a coarse and large grade of fruit, measuring from 15 to 16 inches, which, from its size, is sometimes called the 'horse plantain'; and the other yields a smaller but finer grade of fruit, measuring usually from 7 to 8 inches.

Plantain is only fit for human consumption after it has been cooked—the ripe as well as the unripe fruit being used.

The ripe fruit or 'yellow plantain,' as it is sometimes called, is very nutritious and appetising, and has a sweet, buttery taste, containing, as it does, over 15·0 per cent. of sucrose and 9·0 per cent. of invert sugar, also 0·2 per cent.

fat; whilst the unripe fruit or 'green plantain,' though equally nutritious, is less digestible and appetising. It contains only mere traces of sucrose and invert sugar, but has a high starch content.

To assist in overcoming the indigestible nature of the unripe fruit it is the custom in certain parts of Africa, South America, and the West Indies, after cooking the plantain, to pound it with a pestle in a wooden mortar until it forms a mass (like glazier's putty and with a similar consistency) which is called 'foo-foo.' In this condition it is more easily digested than otherwise, forming then an excellent and sustaining vegetable side-dish.

Plantain flour or meal is made from the pulp of the unripe fruit, which is rich in starch, by first slicing, then eliminating the moisture content by thoroughly sun-drying, after which the slices are pounded to a powder before being sifted. A special coarse grade of meal peculiar to the West Indies and British Guiana, and known locally under the curious cognomen of 'Conquintay,' is made by first grating the raw pulp, which is afterwards sun-dried, the resulting dry meal being utilised as a thickening for soups and also as a porridge. It is reputed

to be highly nutritious, especially for children, but is an acquired taste.

From the fresh pulp of the fruit 40 per cent. of flour is obtainable, and the fruit from an acre will give 2500 lb. and over of this flour.

The plantain tree flourishes on soil containing a high percentage of humus, but will also grow on any soil except desert sand, providing proper attention is paid to its cultivation with efficient drainage, and the correction of irregularities in the physical condition of the soil by proper and intelligent agricultural practice.

Propagation is carried on from root cuttings (commonly called 'suckers') of old stools, and these are transplanted into square holes about 18 inches deep, which are prepared beforehand by ploughing sufficiently to ensure aeration, and, when necessary, also applying humus and pen manure.

Suckers should be planted about 12 feet apart on loamy soil, 10 feet apart on clay soil, and 15 feet apart on peat soil. The rainy season is the best time for transplanting of suckers.

It takes a full twelve-month from the date of planting for the plantain tree to bear and mature fruit, and to obtain best bearing results the usual practice is, so soon as the bunch is set, to cut off the hanging extremity known as the 'navel,' thus allowing the maximum of nourishment to go to the fruit.

The parent stool should not be allowed to have any more than three suckers at its base—preferably only two should be allowed to remain. All extra suckers above this number *must* be removed and planted elsewhere. This procedure limits the period of ratooning, as it were, up to the third year from the original plant stool.

When the bunch of plantains on the growing

tree has matured to the point commonly known as 'full,' it should be harvested and the tree cut down to within less than a foot of the base, and the most advanced of the two or three suckers of the stool takes its place in succession.

The utilisation of the fibre from the plantain tree for the purpose of making string, and also as a substitute for a slightly inferior grade of Manila hemp, offers remunerative possibilities on a large scale; besides which it is only logical to conclude that the residual portions could, along with the husks of the fruit, which has a fibre content of 10 per cent., be profitably utilised for paper-making.

In countries round about the equatorial belt the natives, during the hot season—that is, the dry (there are only two seasons, the wet or rainy and the hot or dry)—often use plantain leaves to minimise the possibility of sunstroke by poking some into their headgear, and this custom suggests to the writer the probable use of this material in the hat-making trade as padding for the make-up of pith helmets and other tropical headwear.

The plantain tree and fruit have also their value from a medicinal point of view—the unripe fruit is cooling and astringent, and in cases of diarrhoea and dysentery is often used by the natives in the tropics with beneficial results when roasted and eaten; the young leaves are good and soothing as a covering for burns and blisters; and the root and stem are valuable in scurvy and blood diseases, including venereal diseases, being tonic and antiscorbutic.

The analysis of flour made from unripe plantains gives the following percentage composition: water, 8·2; proteids, 6·7; carbohydrates, 82·6; mineral salts, 1·8; oil or fat, 0·7.

THE MOON.

PART II.

IV.

At present there is no theory for the moon that has gained general acceptance. The old idea was that the ring-shaped craters are really volcanic craters like those on our own earth. Now, however, those who are best acquainted with our own volcanoes find that, in essential features, there is a total dissimilarity, and that theory has been generally abandoned.

Other people have suggested that the craters were formed by aerolites falling from the sky and digging themselves into the level surface, throwing up the excavated material in a ring. The shell-holes in France, during the Great War, suggested this explanation, but in many points it fails entirely.

The shape of these ring formations, with a

central cone, recalls to the minds of many people the instantaneous photographs which have been taken, with great skill and ingenuity, of a drop of water falling into a bowl of water. The ring is formed momentarily, and also the central cone.

These thoughts have led some people to experiment with splashes, as by throwing a ball of clay on the floor. This certainly does often give the required shapes. But it cannot yet be called a theory of the lunar craters.

Most theorists have dealt only with the craters. And yet, surely the white streaks that radiate from Tycho across the moon must hold the key of the problem, at least in part. They stretch across the globe straight on, like a Roman road, regardless of hill and dale, unmoved by the presence of countless craters on

the way. These are ruthlessly broken through by the terrific forces that must have been at work to produce these cracks. We are compelled to look for some great cataclysm.

There is one other theory of the moon that has often been brought forward. It has certainly not been generally accepted. But, seeing that there is as yet no accepted theory, we may devote a short time to the ice-and-snow theory.

More than once has the speculation been advanced that the moon is a ball of ice and snow. The pure whiteness of snow, the blackness of smooth ice, and the white starry cracks radiating from Tycho, are certainly suggestive. And travellers in India who have seen the full moon rising over the snow-clad Himalaya ranges have said that the equality of whiteness left them in doubt for a moment whether the moon were not a part of the snow-mountain range.

A theoretical argument has lately been put forward. The moon is supposed to have been broken away from the mass of the earth when molten. Both cooled down, but the smaller moon cooled the quicker. So now, while the earth has a moderate temperature, that of the moon must be as low as the temperature of liquid air. If it once had lakes or oceans they must now be all frozen hard and solid.

Again, we have every reason to suppose that the moon is made of the same materials as our own planet, including some water—though it is now frozen. And sound reasons have been put forward for believing that the moon had a greater percentage of water in its constitution than the earth.

The mass of the earth is composed partly of rock and metals, which are heavy, and partly of water, which is light. Now, the mean density of the moon is only half of that of the earth. Therefore, in the moon, the proportion of water must be much greater. In fact, it is easy to calculate that, if this be the sole cause of the moon's lightness, the depth of her oceans, before they froze, must have been nearly 400 miles, all over her surface.

It would seem then that, before the moon had cooled so much, the whole of its solid nucleus was immersed in water. These are some of the considerations that led to a snow-and-ice theory as a vague suggestion. It is described by Puiseux and Loewy in the volume accompanying their lunar atlas.

These writers, when describing the snow-white surfaces surrounding the poles of the moon, add these words: 'But it is also favourable to the opinion of those who consider that the poles of the moon are actually covered with ice. This opinion can be pushed even further by arguments that are plausible enough. It responds, in part, to the conditions actually realised on the earth and probably on Mars.' They go on to say that the absence of any boundary between the polar caps and the rest of the surface has led some people

to the conclusion that the north and south ice-caps are joined so as to envelop the whole globe in ice.

There is an obvious criticism of such a theory when we realise that, while during one fortnight any place on the moon is subjected to an incredibly intense cold, yet during the next fortnight it is exposed to the blazing direct heat of the sun. We ask whether this heat would not raise the temperature of the ice to melting-point, and transform the whole appearance of the moon.

There are many reasons why we could hardly expect to perceive any such changes in the lunar configurations. In a rare atmosphere (as on the Himalayas) snow does not melt into water, but evaporates in vapour, as camphor does. Then, this must be re-deposited on the mountains of the moon, as it is on the snow-peaks of the Alps. But, most important, the disappearance of any mass could not be detected by our vision unless the mass that was melted had a diameter of many miles, so that centuries might elapse before any change could be seen.

The time has now come to give vitality to this rather vague theory by describing an experiment for reproducing the appearance of lunar craters.

V.

One winter morning in the Highlands, at an altitude of 700 feet, with nearly twenty degrees of frost, a thin coating of snow, a quarter of an inch deep, was seen to cover a flat board that lay on the lawn. A snowball was made and thrown down with great force upon the board. What was the result? The snowball broke up, and scattered radially over the board, sweeping the snow outwards to form a rampart, a ring-shaped steep ridge of irregular height. The floor was swept clean, and the remnants of the snowball were piled into a cone in the middle. The resemblance to a normal lunar crater was perfect.

The experiment was repeated under different conditions. By breathing on the snowball during its making it was made as hard as ice. Then it could be thrown obliquely. Again, the thickness of snow lying on the board could be varied. These variations in the experiment produced new effects, and it was soon apparent that almost every type of lunar crater could be reproduced in this manner. If the snow were thick we reached the final phase where there was no scattering, only a hole in the snow, as we see on the moon in some regions near Tycho.

The experiment was interesting enough, but seemed to have no bearing upon the constitution of the moon. For how could we conceive that such mountainous snowballs could ever have fallen upon the lunar surface? Then, unexpectedly, a wonderful connection seemed to be possible between the lunar craters and the white streaks or cracks radiating from Tycho.

If the ice-theory deserves any attention, then

surely these radiating cracks must indicate some catastrophe by which the ice-crust of the moon was fractured in the star-figure always assumed by cracked ice.

The explanation arose from considering the physical conditions following increasing cold upon the moon, a solid nucleus enclosed and submerged in an ocean hundreds of miles in depth.

When the temperature fell, the whole surface would become covered with a shell of ice. This shell would gradually thicken to a depth of 10, 20, or 100 miles, or more, by the freezing of additional layers of ice on the inside of the shell.

Now, we all know that water expands in freezing. If, then, inside the shell, a new layer of ice is added by freezing, it expands. This must either burst the shell or compress the remaining water. In the earlier stages the shell would give way at the thinner regions near the hotter equator, and it is possible that these overflows might spread into large round seas before being again congealed. It is not impossible that the black regions of the moon were thus formed of smooth ice.

After the shell has thickened perhaps to a depth of 100 miles or more, it may be able to resist the enormous hydrostatic pressure that is exerted inside of it.

Finally, however, the accumulating water-pressure becomes insupportable. Then comes the cataclysm. The ice-cover gives way at its weakest point. This happened to be where now we have the crater Tycho.

The overwhelming pressure bursts the shell at that point, and cracks the whole shell in star-shaped streaks, extending over half the globe. A large part of the contained water, oceans of it, are shot up, it may be thousands of miles, to the sky. Released from the pressure, it all freezes instantaneously in masses that vary from the size of a raindrop to the size of a mountain; and they fall back on the ice-surface of the moon. Nearly half the globe is by that time covered with a snow layer, thick near Tycho, thinner farther away. And upon this coating of snow fall mounds and hills and mountains of frozen water, gigantic snowballs, falling upon the snow-covered, smooth surface, and repeating upon a gigantic scale the snow-splash of the experiment already described, producing all the various shapes of lunar craters.

As a result we see in a powerful telescope, or in the best lunar photographs, that the crater formations over half of the visible hemisphere, most numerous near Tycho, encroach on each other, and blot out those that had been first formed. And again near Tycho, where the snow is thickest, some of these great snowballs have simply buried themselves in the snow, leaving visible nothing but deep holes.

Meanwhile the water which was left inside,

having been relieved from the great pressure, instantaneously freezes; and our moon remains permanently as a solid globe of ice containing a rocky nucleus; covered with snow over a great part; dotted all over with craters, with pit-holes in the snow, and with great black seas of virgin ice; and, through it all, the star-shaped cracks radiating from Tycho, filled up almost to the edges with white ice, upon which, at full moon, the sun shines, and reveals to us those white streaks that have been a puzzle.

The records of Arctic travellers, and of Himalayan explorers in a rare atmosphere, concerning the surprising phenomena displayed by ice-formations on a large scale, give an assurance that there is probably no lunar feature that is not reproducible in an ice-world. Most certainly the curious 'rills' seen near the centre of the moon beside the crater Triesnecker are reproduced by the expansions and contractions of ice during great fluctuations of temperature on large frozen lakes in the north.

VI.

It seemed desirable, in view of this novel speculation, to make a test on a small scale, to see whether a globe of water frozen from the surface inwards would give rise to an explosion like that at Tycho.

With the kind help of the late Sir James Dewar an india-rubber balloon was filled with water and immersed in the intense cold of a bath of liquid air. This gave the required condition of freezing from the outside. The result was that, after three minutes, there was an audible 'pop,' as if the shell had burst. The india-rubber covering prevented any jet of frozen water from issuing. On removing the now solid ball, and breaking it up, it was found to be completely frozen to the centre. The experiment seemed to support the argument that an explosion like that at Tycho was inevitable.

James Nasmyth, of steam-hammer fame, produced somewhat similar appearances on a glass globe by filling it with cold water, closing it up, and plunging it into warm water. This causes the enclosed cold water to expand very slowly, and the globe eventually bursts, its weakest point giving way and forming a centre of radiating cracks similar to the fissures in the moon—Tycho's streaks.

And now the dream is over. We have allowed ourselves the pleasure of a speculative romance. Let no reader suppose that we have proved our case. A case has been stated for consideration of judge and jury, that is all. But the evidence must be sifted and examined far more minutely before it can be said that the ice-and-snow theory of the moon ought to be accepted.

Such speculations and guesses serve a useful purpose if they increase the interest with which you and I examine the remarkable features of the lunar surface. Still, after what has been

said, a serious examination of De la Rue's most beautiful stereoscopic picture of the moon, as supplied by Messrs Beck of Cornhill, will be a new pleasure. For the impression becomes almost irresistible that, suspended in front of

you, is a ball of ice, sprinkled with snow over some areas, with others left uncovered, dark, and that it has been cracked by a blow or otherwise at the point where Tycho lies.

THE END.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER XX.—*continued.*

AS they paddled towards the blackened shore the wind veered still more, and when they landed was blowing from a different quarter, carrying away with it the odour of still smouldering timber and grass. There was nothing to fear now. Not until Nature's recuperative power had reclothed this blackened land would fire be able to march across it afresh. And with the first rain the recuperative forces would become active. Living shoots of green would start out of the blackness. Next spring the fireweed would flame, and other flowers would splash their colour on the blackened land. Seeds dormant in the earth would quicken to life. Winds and wandering birds would bring other seeds, and young trees would spring among the gaunt blackened relics that now made the sides of the valley so stark. Rabbits would flourish in the young green herbage, and, multiplying exceedingly, would attract the lynxes and the foxes, and so life would increase where black destruction now prevailed—but twenty, thirty, forty years would not replace the timber that one man's puny hand had destroyed in the hours of a single day and night.

All this flashed in Carwyke's mind as he stamped out the smouldering grass and once more made a camp, of which there was great need, for the excitement and the rough handling he had suffered had tried Eskimo Billy sorely, and brought with it a slight recrudescence of fever, which made his friends anxious on his behalf.

Having made him as comfortable as was possible, the lovers walked a little way up the still smoking hillside to get a better view of the desolation wrought, and suddenly the girl spoke. 'That man's hate must be dreadful to do a thing like this.'

'Pretty ruthless, for sure! But I imagine this is the last stroke, a desperate one enough, since it must have been aimed at our lives.'

'You think so, Roy?'

'What else but a sheer desire to destroy us will account for it?'

'He may have wanted just to drive us from the camp, and have waited for us down-river.'

Her lover nodded thoughtfully. 'That is possible. Maybe he had prepared some precious ambush in which he hoped to trap us if we drove hastily down the river, though what he could do I can't guess. It is not as if he had a rifle.'

'I wonder where he is now?'

'I don't know. If he stayed anywhere at the back of the fire he'll be in a tight corner presently, for this change of wind will probably drive the smouldering fire into the untouched woods, whilst if he's given us up, and is travelling southward on the raft, he may be caught in his own fire-trap. Look there!' They had reached a height on the hill which gave them a view of the country to the south. Everywhere stood the fire-blackened sticks, and some miles away the view was curtailed by a great pall of smoke. 'That means the fire is travelling south along the main river. There's no saying where it will end. The fire runs among the roots and the dead stuff on the ground. It will smoulder there for weeks almost invisibly, and under the fan of the wind break into open flame and destroy miles of timber. Standifer didn't quite understand the game he was playing. He may be roasting now, as he deserves.'

Norma said nothing in reply, and after a moment Carwyke spoke again. 'We will stay here a couple of days or three, and let Billy recover from the shock of this hurried removal; then we will start again for the south.'

'Yes,' acquiesced the girl, 'and, waiting, we shall lose that dreadful man altogether, perhaps.'

Carwyke laughed harshly. 'I'm not sure I want to if he's still alive. I should like to meet him just once more.'

The girl did not inquire why. There was a grimness in his tones that told of a stern purpose behind them, and in her heart she prayed that such a meeting might never be. But things were fated otherwise.

On the morning of the third day, their departure having been postponed until the fourth, Carwyke went over the hill in the hope of finding game. The valley beyond was green and untouched by fire, which, roaring across the land, will sometimes cut a clean swathe, leaving the timber on each side unscathed. He had been absent perhaps a couple of hours, and had bagged nothing but a couple of brace of ptarmigan, when some unreasoning idea that all was not well at the camp turned his feet that way.

He laughed at the foreboding, but nevertheless hurried, and had just reached the crest of the hill with the farther end of the lake coming into view, when he was unutterably startled by

the crack of a rifle. At the point where he was it sounded thin and far away, but he knew that it must come from the camp, which still lay outside his view.

His unreasoning fear became a distinct apprehensiveness, and as a despairing cry reached him he began to run madly. The camp lifted to view, and what he saw there drove him to distraction. On the edge of the camp, struggling with a man, was Norma. Apparently the thing for which they struggled was a rifle, for whilst he ran, Carwyke saw that weapon twisted from the girl's hands. A second later the attacker struck her with the butt, and she fell and lay still. The aggressor, whom he could not recognise, but who, he knew, must be Standifer, stooped, appeared to examine the girl, and then, flinging her over his shoulder, began to walk towards the outfall of the lake. Looking more closely, Carwyke saw that the canoe was no longer on the shore by the camp, and instantly divined that the raider must have taken it to the foot of the cataract, in the direction of which he was now carrying the girl.

He altered his course so as to intercept him. Standifer must have been very sure that he was safe from interference, for he made no hurry; and Carwyke, running silently across the burned land, and half hidden among the black gauntness of the stark trunks, steadily gained on him. He had less than two hundred yards to go when his foot caught a burned stump, and as he shot forward the rifle in his hand was discharged, awaking the echoes. Instantly the raider swung round, caught sight of his pursuer as he picked himself up, and then, with the girl over his shoulder, began to run. Carwyke did not wait to recover his rifle, but, a blackened figure of vengeance, ran on, making for the point where the waters of the lake ran free in the cataract, for there was the canoe as well as Norma to think of. He was still a score of yards from that point, when Standifer, realising that he had lost the race, dropped the girl, and with a shout fell on one knee, with the rifle at his shoulder. A second later the shot rang out and Carwyke heard the bullet whine by him two yards away. Still he ran on, conscious that Standifer was struggling with the ejector. He heard the click of the bolt as the fresh shell shot into the chamber, and quick as lightning, as once more Standifer sighted, he threw himself upon the blackened turf. The bullet sang over him, and whilst he still heard its drone, he leaped to his feet and ran forward. Standifer straightened himself, and with a snarl struck with the clubbed rifle as the other leaped. The blow caught Carwyke on the shoulder, but it did not stop his rush, and a second later the two were locked in the embrace that for one of them meant death.

Standifer's smoke-blackened face was twisted in maniacal fury. His eyes were the eyes of a madman, and he snarled like a vicious dog as

his hands sought the other's throat. Carwyke fought grimly, soundlessly, and with a definite purpose in his mind drove the other back towards the lip of the outfall. For a minute they wrestled, without Standifer divining the other's purpose, but with the near crash of the falling water in his ears realisation must have come to him. Forgetting his own objective, he now strove to break his antagonist's hold, but could not. He tore with his nails at the hands that held him, and the next moment banged the lowered head of the other in the endeavour to release himself. Then, quite suddenly, he was lifted from his feet and flung backward. As he went a scream broke from him, but was cut short by the engulfing waters.

Carwyke, for perhaps three seconds, stared at the cataract, saw an arm lifted, the outline of a dark body as it rolled in the broken waters, and finally, gasping and almost spent, staggered down the declivity to the foot of the cataract. Keeping his eyes upon the waters he almost stumbled over the canoe, beached on the dry sand ready for launching, and, as he did so, knew how near to success his enemy had been. At the foot of the cataract something dark swirled in the whirlpool made by the descending waters. He watched it like a man hypnotised for a minute, saw it thrown out of the whirl and begin to drift down the creek, then slowly sink out of sight. He waited. It did not reappear, and, after five minutes had gone, he turned and began to ascend to the level of the lake, assured that Standifer would trouble neither Norma nor himself any more.

When he reached the top of the incline Norma had raised herself on her hands and was staring wildly round. A little cry of fear escaped her as her eyes fell on his ash-blackened form, but a second after she recognised him, and next moment was sobbing and quivering in his arms. He soothed her as best he knew how, and when she was quieter, asked abruptly, 'How did it happen?'

'I don't know; I can't tell exactly. When you had gone a flock of geese settled on the lake a mile away. Billy was sleeping, so I took the rifle and went after them, thinking I might get one. I lay for quite a long time in the hollow made by a stream that comes down from the hill, hoping they would come near enough for a safe shot. Something disturbed them and they flew away, and I walked slowly back to the camp. When I reached it I missed the canoe, and looked round towards Billy, meaning to ask him what had happened; but just as I did so Standifer rose up from behind that tangle of burned trees behind the camp. His face was all blackened, but I knew him instantly. "Good morning, Norma," he said. "This is a pleasant meeting." I was dumb, and shaken by sudden fear; then I remembered the rifle, and threw back the safety-catch. He must have

guessed that I was desperate, for he leaped before I could raise the rifle properly, and as he seized it I must have pulled the trigger. I cried out to Billy, and we struggled for the rifle. He wrenched it from me, and hit me——'

'I saw him. I know the rest!'

'W-where is he?' asked Norma, looking back.

'Dead! At the bottom of the river, where he deserves to be.'

The girl offered no comment, and together they moved towards the camp, fears for their friend hastening their steps. When they reached the place where the sick man lay they saw that his head was covered with a blanket, and that he was quite still. Sick with apprehension, Carwyke stooped and snatched the blanket away. Billy's eyes were closed, and there was a large bruise over one temple where a heavy blow had manifestly been dealt. Carwyke dropped on his knees, tore open the unconscious man's tunic, placed a hand over his heart, and then gave a shout of gladness.

'He lives?' asked the girl tremulously.

'Yes, and will! I know Billy by this. It would take more than a knock on the head to put him off the pay-roll, as he would say. Get me some water. Quick, dear!'

Half-an-hour later Billy, propped up on a sack of beans, declared that he knew nothing of what had happened. 'I mus' hev been sound asleep,' he averred.

'A good thing too,' commented Carwyke. 'That blackguard would surely have killed you if he had found you awake.'

'But how did he come here?'

'He must have waited for us, and then as we didn't appear have worked backward to the camp on the creek, perhaps expecting to find our bones. When he didn't find them it would be an easy guess that we had run in front of the fire up-river, and I suppose he must have tramped after us, and have been watching for the opportunity which came to him when I left the camp.'

'Yep. I guess that's ther story. An' now he's done for?'

'Yes.'

'An' all his devilry ended?'

'I suppose so.'

'A good thing too. He was a bad citizen—thet one.'

'If I only knew what had led him into all this devilry as you call it, I should be more satisfied in my mind, Billy.'

Billy moved impulsively as if he were going to say something, then he laughed, and after a moment said, 'I wouldn't worry about thet just now. Mebbe yo'll find out one o' these days.'

'I haven't much hope!'

'No! Well, what's it matter, Mista Carwyke? We've got Missy safe, an' ther road south is clear before us.'

'Yes, thank God!'

CHAPTER XXI.—A WEDDING GIFT.

IT was fully two months later when the knowledge that Carwyke had desired about Standifer's motive was granted to him, and it was given in the crowning hour of his life. Trail-worn and weary, having paddled hundreds of miles and made two difficult traverses, they at last reached the Altana River, where Carwyke was in waters that he knew. Down this they made their way to the Koyukuk and to the native village above which in those days the gilded cross of the mission of St John-in-the-Wilderness lifted itself. There they rested before resuming the trail down the Koyukuk itself, and on the second day a great hooting on the river hurried them quickly to the bank, where they saw a gasolene launch making for the landing.

'Who comes here?' asked Carwyke of the trader who had made them welcome.

'I guess it's the Mission parson who wanders round these parts. If you an' your gal want to get hitched, he's the man who'll do it for the pleasure of doin' it. He's sure great on weddin's, he is. The way he insists on the Kobuks an' the Koyukuks being hitched accordin' to gospel-rites is fair amazing, an' if he ain't tied up a white couple in this location yet, it's jest because none ain't givin' him the chance. I'll bet a dollar he'd fair jump with joy if——'

Carwyke looked at Norma. Her face was rosy, but laughter danced in her eyes, and behind him he heard Billy's chuckling accents.

'Say when, Mista Carwyke. Here's the happy day knockin' at ther door, an' I'm fair wore out with being a chappyrone. I ain't cut out for ther part. Besides, I've a weddin' present in me pouch thet's wearin' out faster than I like.'

Carwyke laughed and looked at Norma. 'Shall we?' he whispered.

Her flush and the light in her eyes answered him. And so it came about that the athletic missionary, whose archdeaconry runs the length of the Great Yukon and its tributaries, married them with all proper ceremony, with a crowd of Kobuks and Allakekets for spectators and the trader and Billy for witnesses.

When the ceremony had ended, and the missionary was busy christening the babies born since his last visit, Norma turned to the ex-whaler. 'And now, Billy, that wedding-present.'

Billy thrust a hand into his Eskimo breeches and drew forth a piece of newspaper, tattered at the edges and worn at the foldings.

'What's the joke?' asked Carwyke, looking with puzzled eyes from one smilingly excited face to the other.

'No joke,' said Eskimo Billy, with a chuckle. 'Better open it out an' read. Mebbe thet's ther quickest way, boy.'

(Continued on page 491.)



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

THIS is London's year. With the exhibition at Wembley for a special enticement, added to the older and mellow abundance, the greatest and finest city of the present civilisation is calling, insistently calling, and the world is coming. He will hardly be supposed to be living, to be making a success of himself, and to be doing the plain and proper thing who, if his means and circumstances permit, does not pack up and come to London in her prideful year. While people from Iceland and Ecuador, from Alaska high north and Patagonia low down south, from Japan that earthquakes do not daunt, and even from queer places in the Sahara desert, all in their diversity answer to the call of London, there are ponderous sections of the human race bearing towards this capital of empire from parts that feel for it an intimacy. Thus we are assured that, in excess of the normal number of visitors from Australia, there will be forty thousand beating all that long journey up the globe; while America feels that this is in some measure a celebration for herself, and, acting accordingly, despatches by arrangement some three hundred thousand of her people to our chief city. Never have so many Americans come to London before, and it is pleasant to reflect that they arrive just when the spending capacity and disposition of the children of freedom are at their best. Observers of conditions and tendencies suggest that after this year the Americans will hold their pockets more tightly when abroad; and some of us might have thought that the new order of discrimination and carefulness had already been given an informal and hesitating start, because not only in London but in several parts of Europe during the last year we have observed a disposition of the American not so much to count the cost—for, whatever it may be, that matters nothing to him now—but to consider the exactness of the charges levied against him, and their fairness, and to offer some criticisms and even refusals. He suspects, not without reason, and not without provocation against him, that in some foreign places an advantage has been taken of him, and, with natural pride for his famous acuteness in business affairs, he endeavours to practise a new parsimony. We have found him

haggling over trifles, even complaining of hotel charges that were no more than half of what America exacts from foreign visitors, and he seems not like his better self when he makes a show of this skinflint's part. London, who, for the country, has paid him what she owes as no other has, and can look him very squarely in the face, is also juster than any foreign city. Here is value for him, and it is in an honest way of business that we anticipate with pleasure the spending in Britain this year of between forty and fifty million pounds by these American visitors, which is quoted to us as the sum they have brought for the purpose. Each American, it is said, will drop an average of £175 into the sagging pockets of the British people. The mart is elegant enough for such prodigality. Not for ten years, long and thin as they have been, has London looked fairer than she seemeth now. Her streets are freshly garnished, and in some of them new and splendid buildings have arisen which, if they somewhat lessen that rare mellowness of old and simple fashion which has been one of the peculiar charms of London, yet make it plain that if there must be a new world of smart progress, the old town will make her bid. Smart is the word, and while one may care little for the attitude in general, London decidedly is smarter than ever before. Nervier, too; she begins to jig and jump. The Americans will award approval, against which an old Londoner might inwardly dissent, to the amazing medley of electric sky signs presented by night in Piccadilly Circus and its purlieus. Broadway itself was never more whimsically smart in this manner than is the west end of London now, with its electric rockets spouting coloured stars, the bull-pup wagging its tail in enjoyment of the cigarettes it smokes, its railway trains whose wheels revolve with increasing speed when the signal falls, the flying motor-cars, the baby crying for milk, the mixing of the cocktail, the full news of day and night passing in a lettered procession over one of the topmost roofs, and many other strange devices that call us at every glance away from talk or contemplation to the advertisement that quickens commerce.

* * *

In material things and enterprise London in these days is very smart. So may be her ladies,

too; but, in the human way, London regrets that her men do not present themselves more smartly in their dress to these guests of theirs, who, considering careful dressing as an affair of efficiency and business, are decidedly the smartest people in all the world. A keen memory concerning American men in their own country, in the big cities like New York, Chicago, and Boston, is of the trim and ironed neatness, the flat and polished squareness, and the taste and goodness too, of the American business man's attire when he turns himself out for work or play; and, if desirable, he renews the polish at intervals during the day. In New York one may step from the side-walk into an establishment where, with a thin dressing-gown for cooling and covering, one may read the paper while the suit of present wearing is being pressed. In some unaccountable way London men have not properly recovered from the negligence in dress that, with such good excuse, they practised in the war-time. They scarcely match their smartening town. From nearly every other habit and custom of the hard four years there has been a firm reaction, but not from this. The excuse of reduced means, plausible as it may be, is not enough; nice clothes, worn at their best, as everybody knows, make a man feel better, and urge him on. Only one of peculiar temperament and strength can live, act, and think higher than his clothes when he is out in the world and amid the crowd in daytime. There is a physical and mental value in male dress conventions that no other social forms promote in like degree. An Englishman, owing nothing to any man, can look straight at the world with a bolder air, and an active optimism along with it, when wearing good clothes, well kept and applied, than at any other time. But a large proportion of London men seem to cling beyond all reason to shabby garments. They have made a stupid fashion of it. One may see a personage stalking unashamed through St James's in things his butler would not thank him for. A man used to be particular how he showed himself at his club among his friends; now he scarcely cares, but resorts for his conscience to the pale excuse that all know how really good he is. There is not only shabbiness but defiance, for a young and foolish man will sometimes go to dinner in his golfing clothes. This is good neither for London nor for the empire. What matters is the general attitude that is thus betrayed. The explorer, Sir Harry Johnston, once said that when in the savage depths of Central Africa, far, far from all sign of civilisation, he insisted that every man of his expedition should present himself in full evening-dress at the dinner-table, having faith that obedience in such circumstances to the old convention would serve as a moral tonic, would keep the standard of manners high, and would act as a preventive of a general carelessness

of ways that might hinder the common efficiency. Now London, being so smart, needs smart men to present themselves to these Americans with their hundred and seventy-five pounds apiece to spend. Ten years ago the most slovenly business man in Europe was the German, and he was hated by nice people for it. 'Tis said that in spite of his poorness he is mending his ways in this matter. London should not fall into a place vacated by Berlin. This matter becomes important because, it appears, the Londoner is being noticed and talked about. There is no fine and influential beau to give a lead in fashion in these times. King Edward, not a beau truly, but a man of taste and dominance, to be followed by a multitude, was the last. He had character and ideas in dress, and a way of impressing them. In hats and ties, the cut of jackets, and other matters he made signs which were accepted in Paris and New York. Brown boots, as one remembers, were banned for a time except under the most definite restrictions. Extravagances were disallowed. But the new London young man, if we should argue from all that is said of him, and something even which is seen, likes the limit whenever he can attain it. The standard example is what is called the 'plus four' vogue in knickers, adopted, as it may seem, because of the incapacity, proved and patent, of the wearer to approach in golf to within many strokes of what plus four means. Used to mean, we should say, perhaps, because one notes with agreement that the Royal and Ancient club, dispenser of laws and convener of conclaves, makes no official recognition of anything like plus four since it took to handicapping; so the stylish party have it to themselves, and the little meaning it ever owned is lost. For the rest, we are assured that the smart fellows, having exploited various ideas, supposed to have been borrowed from Egyptian kings, as patterns for their waistcoats and jerseys, are now devoting themselves to bright colours, and the brighter the better say some, believing strangely that it is for London's good.

* * *

From women we naturally, and properly, expect constant displays of fashion. We like them, and men will go farther now and state deliberately, will depone that they like them now better than ever, for, despite all the strange whirligigs and hysterics of London life in these days and nights, and without reference to such things as bishops and others are condemning, they seem to associate a curious dignity with their brilliance. Having from the War onwards, as never before, been gradually educated in feet and ankle possibilities, and no surprises being feasible in this department, the public attention is now drawn to the heads of ladies, where bobbing of hair is accompanied by what is described as shingling. This having become

a Court question, and decisions having been reached that *débutantes* at the Palace may bob or shingle, the feathers being left to take their chance, all should know what shingling is, but all do not. One school of young feminine fashion in coiffures, a school mainly of vigorous young girls who stand up straight and hold their heads back a little boldly, rather defiantly, in the manner of maidens who have made up their minds to deal with the Future, stalks the street hatless and with the shortened hair promoted to a loose, upright, and fluffy sort of arrangement in which there appears to be no cutting, parting, twirling, or shaping. If we describe it as fuzzy-wuzzy, we feel we approach as nearly as possible to conveying the idea and description. It is a semi-savage kind of arrangement that demands a manner. The girl must not only convey the impression of having appropriated the Future, and of being fiercely independent, with a temperamental strength that might have suited Cleopatra, Boadicea, and Queen Elizabeth, but must toss her head at times and must walk quickly. There is a great combined manner. A few of these fine creatures may be seen gliding through main thoroughfares during this brilliant season. At least we like the look of them better than that of the shabby men or the others who are cultivating colours. The ignorant have not unreasonably supposed this fuzzy-wuzziness to be that which is called shingling, but are told that it is not so, and many are left in doubt. It may be as well, however, that they should not come to know too much and develop opinions and prejudices accordingly, for there may be trouble ahead in this affair of hair. The ghosts of our grandmothers, who, for all that modern young ladies may say, hold firmly in our standards as the most charming women of all time, delightful in their sweet and gentle femininity, and enormous in their good influence, are wreathing themselves amid the social movements still. Those splendid grandmothers, so sweet and tender, do well in the stern unyielding persistence with which their spirits exert their influence yet. The memory of these dear people is still a mark and a safeguard in English life. And so those who gratefully and fondly remember such good women in their own family line, who still strive on in love and influence through their everlasting spirit, smile with satisfaction on hearing that the daughter of a Socialist Prime Minister has for herself, in such a matter as this and others, presented herself as the most adamant Conservative. The Court and the shingled hair were being considered, and some one asked Miss Ishbel MacDonald if she proposed to follow the prevailing fashion of society women. She replied, with great emphasis, 'No, I do not!' Then she was asked, 'Is it possible that you will have your hair even bobbed?'

and she responded firmly, 'No, it is not!' And the questioner asked a third time, 'Is it that you do not care for the shingling and bobbed hair styles—at least, for yourself?' and she answered, 'I do not.' Miss Ishbel MacDonald had a good mother.

* * *

London constantly amazes us with its unfailing resource, springing from its strength and its tranquillity. It does not become excited like other cities, and when strange things happen, such as unexpected strikes, the dropping of German bombs and what not, they do not seem to make any considerable emotional difference after a preliminary grumble. London always keeps its head, is steady, and in this respect it is, for its example alone, an asset of great value to the empire. The tranquillity comes from self-confidence, and experience proves that the resource of London never fails. This feature of the town helps us to withstand a fear which would otherwise be great indeed, for on bad nights one may dream of a London without movement, suffering from one great permanent block of people and traffic. A crisis will have been rapidly approached until only by careful arrangement of other units might one of them move slowly from one place to another, as is done with the little cubes in the framework of a figure puzzle. One cube is out, and so the others can have their positions interchanged; put the odd cube back, and the mass is complete, compact, immovable. The traffic of London thickens daily; we can really see the mass becoming less fluid, more solid, and on those bad nights the period of our dreams is placed only a few weeks ahead, and we see London streets crowded up until there is only room for one more person or vehicle in them, and this, when added, must have the effect of stopping the movement of all the rest. From somewhere will come this fateful unwanted man or car; the last place will be filled, and London will stop still. Even in such a predicament it will not become excited, any more than do my friends when, having now but ten minutes for a journey by taxi-cab to Euston station to catch a train, they are held up for four of them at a Piccadilly point to witness a long and mixed procession, brewers' drays participating, file at right angles past. But London would then need to realise that with the failure of movement the game was done, and the only apparent chance of relief would be by bombs from the sky in the way they were dumped in war-time. If this fancy is a stupid exaggeration, it is neither so stupid nor so much exaggerated as might be supposed. The London traffic problem is one of the most serious questions in the empire to-day, for the efficiency of the capital is being seriously threatened. A few expedients are being tried and some fanciful ideas suggested, such as wonderful bridges at the big crossings, but it begins to seem the truth, as a great authority flatly declared the other day,

that 'the London traffic problem is insoluble.' Then, if it is insoluble, the motionless mass of our bad nights must come, and no man without an aeroplane may even catch a train again. This matter now comes to mind because it seems that in this, London's great year, when they are filling up from everywhere, all those Americans and Australians and others, the problem must become even more seriously acute, perhaps grotesque. If the American cannot freely circulate, he may not have the power to spend his hundred and seventy-five pounds, or might even refuse to spend them. There is here a new economic aspect of the problem which is not a mere matter of comfort and convenience. Most of our visitors will be able to explain exactly how the trouble might have been avoided, and how it may be remedied. The Parisian may mention that his people move more quickly, and that his taxi-cabs, for example, do not care how fast or dangerously they dash, being specially skilful at rounding corners on two wheels. The man from New York, with his delightful self-assurance, will point to the advantages of a system of traffic above the surface, on the surface, and below the surface. I suppose that a Venetian might even make a mock of us by murmuring of canals, and that would send our thoughts to the Thames, where there is far more space than anywhere. Lately I have been reading in the story of the life—a wonderful story of a wonderful life—of Sir Harry Poland, who is ninety-five on the ninth of this present July, that though in his young days there was a railway running from Blackwall to Fenchurch Street, and the trains were hauled backwards and forwards by a rope attached to a stationary engine at each end, upon which ingenious idea we have advanced, we are not better served for locomotion on the Thames than Londoners were then, possessing three steamboats plying between Hungerford Bridge and London Bridge, at a half-penny fare each way. The *Ant*, the *Bee*, and the *Cricket* were the names of these vessels, and one of their peculiarities was that they never turned about, for they had detachable rudders which were changed over at the end of each journey. The engineer of the *Cricket* once found himself being tried at the Old Bailey on a charge of manslaughter, through having by some negligence allowed the boiler to explode and kill some passengers.

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Such remembrances of old London and the older Thames lead to a sympathetic thought upon a melancholy case. Londoners possess the most beautiful bridge in the world, but only fully and generally recognise the proud circumstance upon the moment of their losing it. Waterloo Bridge is this best bridge, and now it is condemned for its creakiness, the uncertainty of its old foundations, and its increasing unsafety. So it is to be reconstructed

at a cost of a million pounds. There are lamentations in the town, the praises of the bridge, so grand in its lines, are sung, and it is called a poem. This was the masterpiece of James Rennie. It was a comfortable belief that it would last as long as London, and Rennie, at least, is not to blame for its present failing. Now we know how noble is this nine-arched bridge, that Canova, the great Italian sculptor, was enraptured by it, declaring that it was indeed the noblest bridge in all the world, and worth a visit from the remotest corners of the earth; while Baron François Dupin, a famous French engineer, said it was a colossal monument worthy of Sesostris and the Cæsars. We may visit Paris, Florence, Rome, Cologne, and other places, and return with grandiose tales of bridges, but we have not been in the habit of recommending the view of Waterloo Bridge to our friends and guests, and but a few of them have seen it—from the bend of the Embankment, which, after all, is the world's finest riverside walk. The truth is that London, which has made a special sight for one season, so abounds in peerless wonders that most are left in varying measures of neglect. When the King and Queen went to the Zoo the other day His Majesty warmly declared, 'It is the finest show in London, and worth all the money that has been spent on it,' and, as usual, His Majesty was right. The children—some of them—indeed go to the Zoo, but millions of their elders missed last winter a sight in lions that Africa could never yield to explorers and adventurers—five baby lions, to be seen day by day growing up, and, with their enormously big and strong front legs and the piercing acuteness of their constant watch, revealing the deep truth of Nature's provision, and passing the story of creation and evolution on from the primeval forest to London—and to Wembley. Only now, this year, at its centenary, does all London fully awake to the great glory of the National Gallery. Cockney tourists pass to the Continent, and on their first morning are poking themselves in front of pictures, but only now are considering and comparing the priceless merits of their own collection of four thousand works, are deciding that Michael Angelo's 'Entombment' is the finest of the lot, and trying to understand why Mr Dulac would burn the Rokeby 'Venus' if he had to burn one at all. It comes to this, that this city is too full, too fast. Lately, in the last cold days of one of the harshest winters, there was a strike of omnibuses, and the streets of London were nearly empty of the wheeled juggernauts. The people grumbled, but London's old resource and tranquillity remained; and what compensation was there for the true friends of the town! The din was softened, the streets and scenes were opened out again, and for this brief spell we saw and felt once more, just once and last, the old and lovely London that has gone.

THE COMFORTER.

By ROBERT SMILLIE, M.P.

I.

IT is wonderful the different effect which the influence of different people may have on one; how the cheery tone of one person may put spirit into you when you are sad, while the very presence of another person might make you feel that life was not worth living, even when you had no real cause to complain. This is shown to some extent in the following story.

Willie Gibson was a working collier, who had spent his whole life in an old-fashioned town in Lanarkshire, and who was well known locally as a quiet, intelligent man. He had married early in life, and his young wife and he set up housekeeping in a little top-storey garret of an old tenement house in the centre of the town, where there was very little room or convenience for bringing up a family, but which was the only place available at the time.

Willie and Mary were mates in the real sense of the term, and though times were bad and living conditions very hard, they enjoyed a great amount of real happiness. There was only one child of the marriage, and the coming of it nearly cost Mary her life. The baby died shortly after its birth, and this brought sadness into their lives for a time. Joy returned again, however, and life in their little home was like summer sunshine.

Willie worked hard and steady, and spent most of his spare time in reading; and a lot of this reading was done aloud, in order that Mary might also get the benefit of it, as she sat at her knitting or sewing, during the long winter nights. Willie gathered together a decent little collection of books, with the contents of which he was fairly familiar. Burns, Scott, and Dickens were his favourite authors, and 'Rabbie' had always first place. As time went on Gibson became recognised amongst those who knew him as a well-informed man, and his opinions were often asked for on knotty points which came up for discussion from time to time. He never posed as an authority, nor did he at any time thrust his views or opinions upon others, though he was always willing to help where he could be of any service.

Mary never fully recovered her strength after the birth and death of her little one, but she was of a cheery disposition, and seldom complained. She not only kept her own house spick-and-span, but she gave a helping hand to any of her neighbours who stood in need of assistance—and in this small working-class community there were always occasions for one universally loved, as Mary was, to give assistance. Mary was especially anxious to

assist Maggie M'Farlane, one of her friends who lived on the flat below, for Maggie had more than enough to do in bringing up a numerous family of boys and girls, who arrived with remarkable regularity, in the little room and kitchen house.

The life of Willie and Mary Gibson was a remarkably happy one, but at the age of fifty Mary passed away, leaving Willie to face life alone, at the time, probably, when he most required the companionship of his helpmate. He bore up bravely against this heavy blow, and resigned himself to the fact that he would have to go on alone.

On the day of Mary's funeral, when all was over, Maggie M'Farlane came to him and expressed her deep sympathy. 'Willie Gibson,' she said, 'you have lost one of the best wives that ever lived, and I have lost my best friend. If you make up your mind to bide on where ye are, I will dae ma best tae keep things tidy for ye. Mony a guid turn Mary and you hae din for me. Naething bit time can heal the sair heart, but we'll a' dae oor best for ye.'

Willie decided to remain in the little garret and to go on as best he could.

II.

Soon after the death of Mary Gibson, Willie and his bosom crony, Thomas Simpson, or 'Lang Tam,' as he was usually styled, joined 'The Ancients,' as they called themselves, or 'The Toddlers,' as they were dubbed by the younger generation. This was a body of elderly men—some colliers, some weavers, and others retired business men—who made it a practice to meet together just after tea on summer nights, and to take a walk, or 'dauner,' as they termed it, at their leisure, for some miles along one or other of the country roads leading out of the town, talking and debating on many different topics. They did not agree, by any means, on most of the matters which were discussed from time to time, but they went along slowly, in a fairly close group, so that all could hear what went on, and usually the best of good-humour prevailed. Generally speaking, the main part of every controversy fell upon two or three of the best-informed members of the company, and the discussions were undoubtedly informative and instructive. On some occasions the group was augmented by the presence of one or more of the local schoolmasters, and the parish church minister, a broad-minded man, had been known to grace the company by his presence.

The 'Ancients' did not welcome any of the 'Young Yins,' as they called the men under sixty years of age, but they welcomed Willie

Gibson, who was generally respected, and they reluctantly allowed Tam Simpson to join their walks, chiefly out of respect for Willie Gibson. Willie and Tam were very regular attendants with the 'Ancients' for some years on their 'Toddles,' and it could be truly said that Gibson imparted as well as received a lot of useful information during the course of the discussions on various subjects. Simpson rarely spoke unless the subject turned on football or funerals, and he had to be heard on those matters, as he was an authority on both.

The parish church minister met Willie Gibson on several of those walks, and though at first he regarded him with very grave suspicion as a 'Perverter,' he came to take a deep interest in him, and evidently formed a very high opinion of his character, if we can judge from a conversation which he was reported to have had with one of his elders, a man of somewhat doubtful report. This person, a retired business man, was seemingly dissatisfied that his spiritual adviser should keep company with such a person as Gibson, whose religious views were at least doubtful, and he was foolish enough to mention the matter to the minister during a conversation in which he expressed doubts as to Willie's character. The minister heard him through with evident impatience, and then replied, 'Well, Mr Shoddy, I am really glad that you have revealed your mind on this matter, which I would have thought was one entirely for myself, but as the question is raised I am bound to express my opinion, and it is this. I had probably formed a false opinion about Mr Gibson, without having sufficient knowledge of him to justify me in coming to a conclusion. I now know him, and though he may not hold orthodox views, I look upon him as a thoroughly upright man, and I should be pleased to have amongst my elders and managers a number of men with half his character, courage, intelligence, and honesty of purpose.' This answer cost the minister an elder—and he did not regret it.

III.

Willie Gibson and Tam Simpson had been boys together, and they had formed a close bond of friendship for each other in those early days. This companionship had continued when they went to work in the coal-pits as mere lads, and they became working partners at the coal face in early manhood.

They were a strange pair to be close companions. Their appearance, their character, even their methods of working were different, and yet they were lifelong friends, and there had seldom been a rupture between them.

Willie Gibson, as we have seen, was a persistent reader all through life, and became a well-informed man. Tam Simpson seldom read anything but the newspapers, and not by any means the most useful parts of those. The

football news, the death columns, and the sensational murder cases were the items which he devoured most greedily, and relished, and his memory for the details of those things was remarkable. Tam was tall and lanky; Willie was of medium height and well-built. Tam was irritable and of a rather morbid turn of mind, while Willie was always cheery and bright, never troubling outsiders with his own trials. Tam seldom formed any definite opinions and was easily moved, while Willie never came to a conclusion until he had done his best to ascertain the facts of the case. Tam's simplicity—some people called it stupidity—strengthened Willie's regard for him. He recognised that Tam, with all his failings, was earnest and true, and he knew that he had a rare courage, which showed itself more than once when they were boys, and Tam, who was bigger and stronger than his friend, had stood up for him and fought for him when bullies sought to take advantage of him. Tam's admiration for Willie knew no bounds. He multiplied Willie's knowledge and skill far beyond their true measure, and usually, when he expressed any opinion to companions in Willie's absence, he began by saying, 'I heard Willie Gibson saying the ither day—'

Generally speaking, Simpson was looked upon by his ordinary companions as a 'wee bittie saft,' but he was recognised as a highly skilled hard-working miner, and he was the greatest authority in the district on football. Though not a player himself, he could rattle off the names and state the chief qualifications of all the local and national players, dates of all the big matches, cup-ties, &c., and he seldom missed a big local game if he could possibly attend.

After football, his great hobby was funerals, and on the question of local interments he was an undoubted authority. He had scarcely missed a local funeral for many years, and he could give you the exact date of each burial that had taken place in the district for years, the names of the ministers who officiated, and the position of the grave in the cemetery. He strongly questioned the right of people to have private funerals, as it interfered with the rights of other people who desired to be present, and incidentally injured his own record. Tam's whole appearance fitted in with this hobby of his, and he would have been taken by a stranger as the chief mourner at every funeral which he attended.

It was said that when Tam was called upon to decide between a big football match and a funeral which unfortunately fell upon the same day, and at the same time, it was his practice to toss up a penny, 'heads,' football match, 'tails,' funeral, and that whichever side was uppermost caused him regret. Tam Simpson's other great outstanding features were his doubts of ministers, and his freely expressed hate of

doctors. The former he designated 'queer kin' o' folk,' and the latter 'deevils.'

IV

Tam's feelings towards the medical profession were said to have arisen from a strange incident which, if true, revealed one of the chief weaknesses of his character.

Some of the most mischievous and daring young men of the town, knowing Simpson's nature fairly well, hatched a plot to try to put Tam in his bed for a time, and it was said that the betting was odds on the success of the scheme.

It was arranged that on a day when Tam was sure to walk from his home to a central part of the town he was to be waylaid and held in conversation, at various parts, by different men, care being taken not to arouse his suspicions that they were acting in common. Four or five men were chosen who were on friendly terms with Tam, and who could be trusted to control themselves. On the day appointed, Tam left his home, looking wonderfully bright for him. He had not proceeded far, when a friend met him and said, 'Hello, Tam! Hoo are ye feelin' the day?'

'Fine, man, fine,' said Tam. 'Hoo's yersel?'

'Oh! I'm fine,' said Tam's friend; 'but, man, I got a fricht wi ye when I saw ye. Ye're looking awfu' no' weel. I houp ye're no' takin' the new trouble that's gaun aboot.'

'Whit trouble?' said Tam.

'It's some new seekness that I wis jist hearin' aboot twa meenits ago. They say that it jist comes on ye like a shot o' a gun, an' tak's aff the biggest and strongest men in twa or three days. Ye're lookin' gey bad, Tam, bit it's meebly no' it that's wrang wi' ye. Guid-mornin', Tam!'

The man walked on, and Tam continued his course. He had not proceeded far when he met another collier whom he knew.

'Guid Lord! Tam, whit's the maitter wi' ye?' said the newcomer. 'Ye're as white as a funeral shirt, an' yer een's kin' o' watterin' like. They say that's yin o' the signs o't comin' on. Weel, I've never seen ye sae knocked-up like afore, Tam, and ye seem tae hiv' it sure.'

'Hae whit?' said Tam.

'Oh, that d——d new disease that's gaun aboot. They're deen' in thousands some places, and it's maistly men that it's takin'. I noticed ye tak' a bit shiver the noo, Tam, and that's yin o' the signs o't, bit ye may be able tae get rid o't yet if ye gang straight tae yer bed. I'm no feelin' very weel mysel', bit I'm gaun richt hame tae sen' for the doctor.'

This man left in a hurry, and Tam stood for a moment, uncertain what course to take. He finally went on, however, but he had not proceeded more than a hundred yards when he was accosted by a third man, who exclaimed,

'Heavens! Simpson, bit ye do look bad. Talk aboot a walkin' corpse! I hae never seen a man sae poorly like as ye are gaun aboot on his ain legs.'

'Indeed,' said Tam, 'I dinna feel jist sae weel as I thocht I was when I cam' oot. I'm feart that I've got a touch o' the new trouble.'

'New trouble or auld trouble,' said the man, 'ye've got it a'richt, and I wadna like tae be in your shoon this day, and though I'm heart-sorry for ye, I maun hurry awa';' and Tam was left alone once more.

He went on a little farther up the street, and he passed two men whom he knew. They were in close conversation, but, as he was passing, one of the men looked up, and he seemed to start back with surprise as he nodded to Tam. As Tam moved forward, and before he was out of hearing, he overheard the man who had nodded to him say to his friend in a low voice, 'Good heavens! puir Tam has got it richt enough. I wadna be surprised to see him drap doon on the street.'

This put the finishing touches on Tam. He crossed the street, and retraced his steps in the direction of his home, feeling, no doubt, that he was really ill. He went right off to bed, and greatly alarmed his wife by the serious symptoms of his sudden illness. The doctor was called in, and continued to attend Tam for three weeks, protesting all the time to Simpson and his wife that he could not find any trace of disease about his patient. Tam maintained that he had come through the plague which had killed thousands, and that the d——d doctor had failed to grip the nature of his sickness. It was years afterwards before the plotters dared let the truth be known, as they were really afraid that they would be blamed for bringing about Tam's illness. In addition to this, they knew that Tam Simpson was a rather difficult customer to deal with when he was roused.

V.

Tam Simpson had been away on the Ayrshire coast for a fortnight's holidays, and on the day of his return he was informed by one of his friends that Willie Gibson was very ill. Tam felt genuinely sorry about this, and made all sorts of inquiries as to the nature of the illness, and what the views of the doctor were. He was told that Willie had taken ill shortly after he (Tam) had gone off on his jaunt, and the doctor had not yet stated the nature of the disease, but had expressed the view that Willie might go off at any time. 'Just like yer pit-lamp gaun oot, when ye drap it into a pail o' watter,' as his informant put it.

'Ach, whit dae doctors ken aboot a body when there's oucht wrang wi' them?' said Tam. 'It's my opinion that the haill gang o' them kill mair folk than they cure. Hoosomever, I'll gang awa' up the toon an' see him an' cheer

him up a bit. The sight o' a cheery face works wonders whiles, even when the doctors gie folk up.'

The man did not like to express any opinion about Tam's face at such a time, but he told the story to another man a few minutes afterwards, and added, 'A face like yon is enough tae kill a body that's weel, let alane a seek yin.'

Tam started away at once in the direction of the tenement in which Willie lived. When he came to the entry into the building, it dawned upon him that it would not look very well for him to go right up into the sick man's room without first finding out how matters stood. He knew old Mrs M'Farlane, and this knowledge helped to fix his course. He would go up to her house on the second floor and ask for Willie, and allow events to shape themselves afterwards.

He reached Mrs M'Farlane's door and knocked. She came to the door herself, and Tam thought that she looked more than usually glum and fierce. He asked how Willie was keeping. Maggie M'Farlane did not like Tam, and she answered him shortly, 'I hae jist cam' doon,' she said, 'an' though he's gey bad, he's as weel as we can expect him tae be.' Maggie seemed to think that this was to be the end of the conversation, for she turned to go into the house again.

'Can I no' gang up an' see him, an' cheer him up a bit?' said Tam.

Mrs M'Farlane turned upon him, her old eyes wide open in amazement. 'Gang up an' cheer him up a bit,' she said. 'Why, guid God, man, if ye tak' that funeral face o' yours up there it wad be as muckle as the man's life is worth! Na, na, guidman, gang awa' and tell Jean tae pit on a clean collar for ye—ye're no' oot the need o' yin.' With this she went in and shut the door.

Tam had turned away while she was talking, but he was only a few steps down the stairs when he heard the door shutting-to. He made up his mind in a few seconds that he must see Willie, so he turned and slipped up the stair as quiet as a mouse. Opening the door of Willie's garret, he walked in without a sound.

VI.

Willie was lying in bed, in a kind of stupor, and did not notice Tam at first.

'Hoo are ye, Willie?' said Tam, in a low, broken voice.

Then the light of recognition came into Willie's eyes, and he said, 'Why, it's you, Tam!'

Tam could scarcely hear the words, but he knew what was meant. 'Ay, Willie, it's me,' he said. 'I'm jist hame fra' Ayrshire, an' I heard ye were awfu' bad, an' I cam' doon tae cheer ye up a bit.'

Tam then rattled on with his talk, while Willie listened in a dazed kind of way. Tam drew in a chair and became quite confidential in his tone. He got hold of Willie's hand, and looking into his face, said, 'Man, Willie, they tell me that ye were bad, but I had nae idea that ye were sae far gane. I've seen mony a deeing man, but ye are worse-like than any o' them. Ye are mair like a corp' than a leevin' man. It's a pity I gaed awa', as it has had an awfu' effect on ye, an' I doot I've come ower late tae save ye.'

As Tam rambled on in his cheering process Willie's eyes became brighter, the humour of the thing seemed to get hold of him, and the old look of intelligence came back into his face. He tried to speak once or twice, but Tam was wound up, and seemed anxious to do all the comforting he could in the shortest possible time. At last he managed to get an opening, and said, 'Man, Tam, it's maybe no' sae bad as ye think. The doctor was in a wee while sin', and he says that there is a bare chance o' my pulling through if I'm no disturbed in any way.'

'Doctors!' said Tam. 'Doctors!' he said again. 'Man, ye canna believe a word they say. Dinna lay ony stress on that, Willie. Ye're a gone corbie, or my name's no' Tam Simpson. But, man, there's wan thing that should gie ye comfort. Ye'll hae the biggest funeral that we've had for mony a day. Whaur dae ye bury, Willie? Wait a bit, it's cam' into my min' noo, tho' I had nearly forgotten. Man, I'm at sae mony funerals that there's whiles that some o' the facts gang oot o' my min'.' And then Tam began a long rigmarole of funerals which he had attended, and the facts regarding deceased persons. For the last thirty years, he said, he had missed only one funeral, apart from those that he had lost through a fibb' match—and this one was lost because he was lying in bed himself ill, and the doctor refused to let him rise to attend the funeral. He would have gone in spite of the doctor, he said, had it not been that Jean had hidden his funeral clothes, and that 'pit the shutter on.' 'Nearly a' ma auld freen's are awa' noo,' went on Tam, 'and you amang the last o' them are gaun tae gang the same road, and I'll sune no' hae a leevin' sowl left. Hoosomever, Willie,' he said resignedly, 'we maun bear the heavy burden that is laid upon us and welcome the hand that smites us.'

VII.

Willie, with a show of the old twinkle in his eye, remarked, 'Man, Tam, yer face is gey serious like. Hae ye no' something cheery tae tell us about Ayrshire. Yin wad think that it was you that was gaun tae dee, an' no' me at a'.'

'Though I'm trying to cheer ye up a bit,

Willie,' said Tam, 'I fin' that it's nae easy task. This is nae time for merrymaking, or saying pleasant things. It maun be an awfu' thing, Willie,' continued Tam, 'tae be screwed doon in a big black box, where a body canna get room tae steer, or tae get a breath. And then tae be put into a hole in the grun' an' covered in. Then tae hae the worms rampaging up an' doon through ye, an' the maggots fechtin' for which o' them is tae get the best bit o' yer brains for their dinner. Man, it must be awfu'.'

With great patience Willie heard to an end this cheery description of what he was to expect, and then he said, 'Man, Tam, I've been thinking, while ye were talking, that the maggots will hae a gey hard job tae get much o' a dinner aff some o' oor brains—an' then, ye ken, they maun leeve, puir things; aye, an' dee tae.'

Tam did not take up the thread of this discourse, but looking round him carefully, he observed, 'Man, Willie, noo that ye're gaun tae leave us, hae ye made up yer min' what ye're gaun tae dae wi' yer bits o' things that ye hae roon' ye? They're worth a guid wee bit o' siller.'

Willie, for the first time, showed some resentment when this statement was made, but Tam did not give him time to reply. He rose from his seat and cast his eye from the head of the bed to the foot. He then went to the door and opened it cautiously, and looked down the stairs. Willie thought that Tam might be looking for Mrs M'Farlane, whom he expected up at any moment, but this was not Tam's quest. He came back to the side of the bed and stretched his two great arms over Willie's body, as if he was going to pronounce the Benediction, and then he went back to the door again, and did some measuring. Coming back once more to the bed, he said, 'Man, Willie, that will be a deevil o' a place tae get a coffin doon. I'm dooting that we'll hae tae sling ye on a rape. Bit dinna fash yersel' aboot that. It'll be a pleasure tae me tae help tae get ye doon, however much trouble it may gie.'

Tam said this with such a self-satisfied air that it seemed to get on Willie's nerves. By a supreme effort he raised himself onto his elbow, while the old strong look came back into his face again. 'Tam,' said he, 'come over here till I speak tae ye.' Tam moved over a bit, expecting that he was perhaps going to learn some secret news. 'Tam Simpson,' spoke out Willie again, 'I'm no' a sweering man, as ye know, but I canna help telling ye hoo I feel about you as a comforter. I'd see ye in hell, Tam, before I'd dee jist tae gie ye the pleasure o' helpin tae lower me doon the stair in ma coffin wi' a rape. Awa' ye gang hame tae Jean as quick as ye can, an' tell her hoo ye hae comforted an' cheered me up the nicht. Tell her that, thanks tae you, I'm no gaun tae dee jist yet, an' that I'll be doon tae get a cup o'

tea wi' her an' you within a fortnight. Gang noo, at ance, before I get up an' lay haun's on ye.'

Tam went without a word, and in two minutes Willie had fallen into a sound sleep, which was not disturbed by Mrs M'Farlane, who came in shortly after the comforter went out. Willie did not awake until well on next day, and when Maggie, who had been watching him carefully, offered him a little soup when he awoke, she said, 'Eh, man, whit a change has cam' over ye a' in wan nicht.'

'Ay, woman,' said Willie, with a smile, 'this is a' Tam Simpson's doings. He came up here aboot seven o'clock last night, an' he cheered me up wonderfully, wi' his bricht face an' his cheery chat; I feel ever sae muckle the better of his visit.'

'Guid Lord,' says Mrs M'Farlane, 'the man spoke tae me last nicht, and speered efter ye. He telt me he wanted to gang up tae see ye, but I was as impident as I could be wi' him, and ordered him doon the stair, and jist tae think that if I had got ma wey ye micht hae been deed this mornin'! I never liked Tam,' said Mrs M'Farlane, 'but I'll never say a wrang word tae him, nor aboot him, in my life again.'

Willie mended every day, and within a fortnight he kept his word and went down to have a cup of tea with Tam and Jean. But the question of the cheering up never was mentioned, though Tam took the credit, to the day of his death, of saving Willie Gibson's life.

Willie attended Tam's funeral within twelve months of his own escape, and lived ten years longer than the doctor and Tam Simpson had portioned out to him.

FOR THE LAST TIME.

In youth these simple words may strike
A ringing note of gladness,
But later, as we journey on,
They breathe a strain of sadness.

In every change there lurks a sense
Of parting tinged with sorrow:
We know to-day, but cannot say
What may befall to-morrow.

To take a farewell look around
The home we've dearly cherished,
Where one by one the links that bound
Have snapped, and loved ones perished;

To sail for some far-distant land
Where right or glory leads us,
And feel we ne'er shall clasp again
The aged hand that speeds us;

To look our last on some loved form
When cements enfold it,
And know that ne'er this side the grave
Shall we again behold it;

At times like these, when hearts are torn
And life is very dreary,
Take heart o' grace, and bravely trust
The promise to the weary.

JAMES T. JOHNSTON.

SIR WALTER'S SON.

By R. F. HEALY.

I.

THERE hangs over the mantelpiece in the library at Abbotsford the portrait of an officer of Hussars. No need, perhaps, to give the exact position, for it is the only canvas in the room. We are told it is the second and last baronet, the elder son of the great Sir Walter, and that is all.

It is not easy to trace the career of this sometime master of Abbotsford. Of the first Sir Walter much has been written, but of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Walter Scott there appears to be but scant record. We get a glimpse of him now and then in the family letters, and from these and other sources we may learn something of his short but not uneventful life. William Allan's picture should tell us something. A tall, slim young man with strongly marked features, wearing the fantastic uniform peculiar to Hussar corps of the period of the long peace; Cossack trousers or overalls tightly strapped and shaped-out over the foot, braided jacket, fur-trimmed hanging pelisse, and a furry busby worn very much on one side; a stirrup-hilted sabre, and long, straight spurs screwed into the heels of the boots. Sitings were given in Edinburgh in 1822, when the subject of the portrait was one-and-twenty and a lieutenant on half-pay in the 15th Hussars.

II.

Walter Scott, the soldier, was born in Edinburgh on 28th October 1801, and received his early education at the High School there. He would then be not more than eight years of age, and it was his childish admiration for Johnnie Armstrong which earned for him the nickname of the Laird of Gilnockie, or, more generally, the Laird. The ruined tower of his early hero is still to be seen at Gilnockie on the Esk.

His father wished him to adopt the law, but he would be a soldier, and from a letter of his sister Charlotte's we read, 'You will have the supreme felicity of seeing your elegant pupil Walter in his Yeomanry dress, which, I can assure you, he is not a little vain of. Papa asked him lately what his brilliant genius inclined him to, and he declared that he would be nothing but a soldier; so a soldier he is to be.' The recipient of this epistle was their governess, and no doubt she was pleased with the appearance of Cornet Walter Scott of the Selkirkshire Yeomanry Cavalry. So both father and son were yeomen, for the great novelist had been quartermaster in a Fencible Cavalry corps in his younger days. Having determined to be a soldier, and having seen something of the life with his

troop of Yeomanry, young Walter was promised a commission by his father, and there was apparently some talk of his entering the Guards, 'because,' as his sister writes, 'they do not go to the East or West Indies.' But it was not to be the Household Brigade, just as surely as it was to be his Kismet to lose his life through service in an Eastern station. Another letter refers to Walter's commission as a cornet in the 18th Light Dragoons, and reference to official lists shows his appointment as a cornet in the corps popularly known as the Drogheda Light Horse on 10th June 1819. His uniform and equipment cost some £360, and no doubt Walter Scott was pleased with it, for the Eighteenth wore a very attractive dress at this time, which included a dark-blue Hussar jacket and pelisse, with white collars and cuffs, and richly laced with silver. The pantaloons were light blue; so too were the sabretache and shabrack. The busby and the trimming of the pelisse were of light-brown sable, and the busby-bag was blue, with a tall scarlet-and-white plume. And so, with an allowance of £200 a year, the promise of money to purchase chargers, and much good advice, the young cornet sailed for the Emerald Isle, joining his regiment at Cork in July.

The Eighteenth, then one of the four Hussar corps in the Service, had a great reputation, and had a few years before covered itself with glory under Wellington in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. When Scott joined there must have been a good many wearing the Waterloo medal, and with tales to tell of Sahagún, Benavente, Corunna, and their encounters with Napoleon's Cuirassiers at Quatre Bras. His father's letters about this time are full of good advice, which embraces the servant question, horse-dealing, wine and expenditure generally; but whether Master Walter supplied himself with the 'little book with ruled lines for pounds, shillings, and pence,' there is no evidence available. Later, he marches with his regiment to Dublin, and in 1821 finds himself disbanded, for the gallant Eighteenth, with other corps, had become a victim of economy. He was appointed a lieutenant in the 15th Hussars on 24th October 1821, and was placed on half-pay soon after, probably being one of those affected by the Order of August 1821, by which his new regiment was reduced by 5 officers and 60 other ranks. A letter from his sister in the summer of 1823 mentions his being at Sandhurst, and in June he is reappointed a lieutenant in the King's Hussars, with whom he again did duty in Ireland, under the watchful eye of that best of commanding officers—Colonel Joseph Thackwell.

III.

Matrimony now comes into his life, and his engagement is announced in January 1825. The lady of his choice was Miss Jobson of Lochore, with a fortune of £60,000, and the wedding took place on 3rd February. Sir Walter settled the estate of Abbotsford on his son, and lodged the sum of £3500 with the army agents—the necessary purchase-money for a troop in the regiment—and on 16th June of the following year Walter Scott was gazetted a captain. Marriage settlements appear to have brought home the fact that soldiering in a cavalry regiment a hundred years ago was an expensive way of earning a living, as may be seen from a letter of *Waverley's* creator. 'Every one grumbles,' he writes, 'at his own profession, but here is the devil of a calling for you, where a man pays £3000 for an annuity of £400 a year and less—renounces his free will in almost every respect—must rise at five every morning to see horses curried—dare not sleep out of a particular town without the leave of a cross colonel, who is often disposed to refuse it merely because he has the power to do so; and last of all may be sent to the most unhealthy climates to die of the rot, or to be shot like a blackcock.' The zealous quartermaster of Volunteer Light Horse no doubt compared his own experiences of amateur soldiering with life in the regular army, and not to the advantage of the latter.

Sir Walter Scott was with his son and daughter-in-law during his visit to Ireland in the summer of 1825. That was when the Fifteenth were at Portobello Barracks, Dublin, and in the following year, according to the records of the regiment, Captain Scott's troop was on out-station duty at Athlone. He obtained a majority in February 1828, and we next hear of him as having been granted leave to accompany

his father on that last sad voyage, which was to prove in vain. When the *Barham* frigate left Portsmouth on 29th October 1831, father and son were together.

Reference again to the letters shows Major Scott on leave in London, and being suddenly recalled to take command of his regiment in Ireland 'upon Lord ——'s dismissal.' The statement, if not quite accurate, is interesting, as it gives an insight into the attitude adopted by the outside world towards one of the principal figures in a court-martial which disturbed the usual tranquillity of the family life of the King's Hussars. Lord —— was the Earl of Cardigan of Balaklava story, and at that time Lord Brudenell, commanding the 15th Hussars. He was not 'dismissed,' but was ordered to revert to half-pay on account of the disclosures made on the court-martial of Captain Wathen in March 1834. Scott, as senior major and second-in-command, took over the regiment pending the arrival of its new lieutenant-colonel.

After service in England and Scotland the regiment is ordered to India, and Scott, now its second lieutenant-colonel, takes command of the third division, which sailed in the *Malabar* from Gravesend, landing at Bombay on 9th November 1839. Then Colonel Sir Walter Scott settles down to make the best of his first Indian station—Bangalore. His experiences of Indian soldiering lasted nearly eight years, and he was in command of the regiment during his commanding-officer's temporary absence as a brigadier. He said farewell to the Shiny Land in 1847; but he never saw Scotland again, as he died at sea off the Cape on 8th February 1847.

Sir Walter the soldier is overshadowed by the Sir Walter whom we all know, yet these few notes on the career of the son may be of some interest, and take their place with the story which has grown up around the life and times of the great man.

A GIPSY OF THE NORTH.

CHAPTER XXI.—continued.

WONDERINGLY Carwyke opened out the half sheet of newspaper, which was so worn that it almost fell to pieces during the operation. Hurriedly he glanced over it, and as he did so the staring headlines, in which American newspapers revel, caught his eyes:

THE MANNERING MILLIONS!

WHO GETS THEM?

ROMANCE OF LOST HEIRESS.

HOW KIT STANDIFER LOST THE DOLLARS.

\$10,000 REWARD.

Having read so far, he looked at Billy, a sharp question in his eyes.

'Yep!' answered Billy, with affected nonchalance. 'Thet's ther dope!'

Carwyke read what followed hurriedly. The account set forth in its own flamboyant way that seven million dollars, being the amount left by the late Christopher G. Mannering, the well-known Wall Street financier, was waiting for a girl to come and claim them, the money having been willed to her by her grandfather, whose sole heir she was. No one knew exactly where this girl was; but it was thought that, if alive, she was somewhere up on the Alaskan coast, with her father, the late lamented magnate's son—Christopher G. Mannering Junr.

What the newspaper described as a romantic story lay behind this willing of so large an amount to the deceased man's granddaughter, of whom none of the millionaire's friends had ever heard until the will was proved. The junior Mannering, whose mother was the daughter of a Moravian missionary, had from boyhood shown a strong religious disposition, and on leaving Harvard had desired to enter the church; but under pressure from the magnate had gone into the Wall Street office. There he had laboured for five years, and at the end of that time had communicated to his father his double intention of marrying a mission-worker in the New York slums, and of departing forthwith to serve as a missionary among the Eskimos after the example of his maternal grandfather. Mannering Senr., according to the account, had stormed and raved, roundly denounced his son for a fool of fools, and had threatened to cut the young man out of his will if he persisted in his resolves. But Mannering Junr. had something of the self-will of the irate millionaire himself, and, notwithstanding the threat, had gone his own way, marrying the mission-worker and departing for the north within a month. From that time New York knew him no more; but nearly three years afterwards Mannering Senr. received a marked copy of the *New York Herald*, announcing the birth of a daughter to Christopher Garfield Mannering and Norma his wife at Unapik in Alaska. And each year afterwards, until three years ago, when there had been a sudden cessation, a photograph of his grandchild, in Eskimo dress, had reached Mannering Senr. on his birthday. After the third the millionaire had purchased an expensive portfolio, in which the photographs, fifteen of them in all, had been mounted, and the portfolio was now in the possession of his lawyers, who hoped that it would prove valuable in helping them to find the missing heiress, for information of whose whereabouts a reward of ten thousand dollars was offered.

The reference to Standifer was almost scurrilous. The son of the millionaire's dead daughter, after the quixotic departure of Mannering Junr., had been taken into the magnate's office, and had so acquitted himself that he was looked upon as his grandfather's successor and heir, as he might well have become but for a radical crookedness of character which found expression in questionable pleasures, and in an extravagance which brought its own Nemesis, for it had led in the end to the embezzlement of considerable sums. This fact, being discovered, had resulted in his prompt dismissal from his grandfather's service, and to the making of a fresh will on the part of the magnate, in which Standifer's name was omitted. Where Standifer was at the present time no one knew, but he was known to have made money in a

saloon on the Klondyke, and no doubt, like the bad egg that he was, would show up to fight this will, which directed that, in the event of Norma Mannering not being found or being dead, the whole of the money should go to the founding of a great educational institution in New York, the income meanwhile being devoted to certain charities which were named.

When he had read the article through, Carwyke looked up, a rather bleak expression on his face. Norma was smiling with joyous anticipation; whilst Billy, shyly watching Carwyke from the corner of his eyes, was whistling with a wholly assumed carelessness. He stopped suddenly as the other inquired almost harshly, 'Where did you get this, Billy?'

'Up at Little 'Ell. Yo' remember ther Russian reading a paper when he couldn't eat, jest before he picked me up an' threw me at yo', Mista Carwyke?'

'Yes! Yes!'

'Thet paper is part of it. I reckoned there was somethin' blamed queer in it that mebbe explained what yo' may call his general attitooode on thet occasion, an' when we quit I brought it away with me, an' forgot it till after yo'd gone off to get Missy—or Missis, as I should say—away from Standifer. Then when I read it I tumbled to ther whole thing—Standifer's game as well as Goliath's.'

'Standifer must have known,' said Carwyke to himself.

'You bet he did.'

'But you didn't tell me!' exclaimed Carwyke sharply.

'Wasn't such a durned fool! I reckon I know ther kind of proud feller yo' are, Mista Carwyke, an' I wasn't goin' to hev Missy's happiness ruined for a five-cent pride thet, however commendable, ain't no sort o' sense—so there yo' get it in yo'r hat.'

Carwyke turned to Norma. 'You knew of this?'

She nodded smilingly. 'Yes! Billy talked one night when he was delirious, and I made him tell me the truth.'

'And you hid it from me? Why?'

'Norma's face flushed rosily. 'Because . . . because—oh! what were millions beside—beside—'

'Don't need no more words, Mista Carwyke! Look at Missy's face.'

Carwyke looked, and the hard light in his eyes softened. 'It was hardly fair to me—' he began, and broke off at the look in Norma's eyes. Then suddenly he laughed a little vexedly. 'Anyway, I didn't know, and my hands are clean, whatever New York says.'

'What does it matter what New York says?' asked Norma softly. 'We know—and, besides, we are not going to live in New York.'

'Then where—'

Norma began to hum his own song of dreams.
 'Here shall I build my cedar house——'

'Norma!' he whispered.

The girl looked at him with eyes that were alight with love. 'Yes!'

'You mean it?'

'Yes, Roy! We'll build the city with gates—and most of all the cedar house.'

'Not forgettin' a log shack for an' old whaler-man what——'

Then Carwyke laughed whole-heartedly.
 'You deserve man-handling, Billy; but we'll build you a palace instead, won't we, Norma?'

He took his wife's arm and led her towards the woods, and as they walked the song was on his lips:

Here shall I build my cedar house,
 A city with gates, a road to the sea—
 For I'm Lord of the Earth!
 Hew! Hew!

And Eskimo Billy, looking after them, broke off his whistle and murmured aloud, 'I know'd 'twas ther card to play, but I guess 'twas ther queen thet took ther trick after all!'

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

GUIDING SHIPS INTO PORT BY SOUND.

THE entrance to almost every harbour demands careful navigation by those in charge of ships, even in broad daylight. At night, the procedure is still more difficult; while in fogs it becomes impossible except by the aid of what is known as a leader cable laid along the bottom in the middle of the channel. A description of this device, which was used during the War, will be found in our issue for April 1921. Electric signals transmitted to the cable from the shore are picked up by instruments in the ship, and by means of these the pilot can tell whether he is over the cable and therefore in the centre of the channel. A much simpler contrivance has been invented recently by Mr H. M. Fellows, a well-known shipbuilder of Great Yarmouth. The device is based upon the fact that if two fog-horns are sounded at exactly the same moment the nearer one will be heard before the other. To make clear the method of guiding a vessel by horns sounded simultaneously we will assume a straight coast-line with a channel at right angles to it leading to a harbour entrance. In such a case one fog-horn would be located on the shore at a definite distance from the middle of the harbour entrance, the other being fixed at an equal distance on the opposite side of the channel, a straight line connecting these horns being exactly at right angles to the channel along which ships must pass to enter the harbour. One cannot always be certain of the direction from which sound comes in a fog. To avoid this possibility of error one horn has a high note and the other a low note. If the approaching ship is in the middle of the channel those on board will hear both horns at the same time. If one is heard before the other the vessel will be steered towards that heard last until both are heard together. The horns are sounded by compressed air under the control of a wireless circuit which is worked by a clock. As described, this device can only be applied

to a straight channel, but it is claimed by the inventor that pairs of horns placed in suitable positions would render a curved channel navigable in a fog, the pairs being sounded in a definite sequence and at predetermined intervals. At present the device is in the experimental stage, the apparatus having been installed on some flat land near Egham, where very promising results have been achieved. The main advantage of the device is that no instruments are required on the approaching ships, or skilled operators to pick up the signals, as is the case with leader cables.

A FIRM TUMBLER-HOLDER.

When a new and obviously useful device is invented, one often wonders why nobody has thought of it before. This feeling will be engendered in most people on seeing for the first time a holder for tumblers, bottles, and other objects, for use in trains, cars, aeroplanes, and yachts. So firmly is a tumbler or a bottle gripped by this holder that it can be turned upside down without the slightest risk of the object falling out. Yet a light lifting action, combined with a twist, effects an immediate release. The actual gripping device consists of a rubber ring of which the inside diameter is considerably less than the outside diameter of the object to be held. This ring is clamped to a metal bracket by a metal ring. The bracket is hinged to a metal plate attached to a wall, the door-post of a car, a bulkhead in a yacht, or the side of a railway carriage. While out of use the bracket can be turned up, when it projects only half an inch. For card-tables or pianos a different form of bracket is used, which swivels on a screw, and, when out of use, turns in under the table or the piano. Alternatively, the rubber rings may be screwed over holes in wooden shelves, such as glass and bottle racks in yachts, aeroplanes, and railway carriages. Another modification of the device especially suited to yachts and aeroplanes takes the form of a brass disc with four legs, which

cling to a tablecloth, and prevent the holder slipping even with the table at an angle of 45 degrees. Strangely enough, a similar result is obtained on a smooth table-top, although the legs are not sharp enough to scratch it. The metal parts of the holder are made of brass, polished or nickel-plated; or of steel with an oxidised finish. With the card-table or piano model a tipping ash-tray can be supplied if desired.

A MOVING PICTURE CAMERA FOR AMATEURS.

Every amateur photographer must have wanted on many occasions to take moving pictures. A small motion-picture camera of French make has recently been introduced into this country. Small enough to be carried in a big pocket, this camera is 6 inches in length, 5 inches in width, and 4 inches in depth, and weighs less than 4 lb. With its aid any one can take moving pictures as easily as still ones. All the operator has to do is to press a button. The camera uses standard films in lengths of 17 feet, which give 250 pictures. At any place on a film the camera can be used for moving pictures, snap-shots, or time exposures. The film is moved by clockwork for taking motion-pictures, this arrangement avoiding any possibility of turning a handle at an incorrect speed. The camera has both a direct and a reflecting finder, for holding to the eye or supporting at the waist respectively. Two sides of the camera open up, exposing the 'gate,' which also opens, and the film reels. The loading of the camera with a new length of film can be carried out in daylight, and the operations involved are easy and simple. The only operation which has to be carried out in a dark room is the loading of the film reels. Once loaded, however, they can be inserted in daylight with impunity. Of metal throughout, these cameras are accurately made and well finished, while the instructions are so precise and clear that there is little excuse for spoiled films.

AN INSTRUMENT FOR FINDING METALS AND BURIED TREASURE.

Boring into the ground to find water or valuable minerals is generally a more or less speculative venture. At one time persons known as water-finders would walk over the ground holding in their hands a hazel twig, which was said to give a slight movement when over water. Of late years an instrument has been devised which has proved so successful for finding supplies of water and oil that the makers undertake borings on the sites indicated, on the principle of 'no full supply, no pay.' A recent and more astounding development consists of apparatus which indicates the exact shape and position occupied in the earth by metalliferous deposits. Buried treasure is still more easily found by these devices, because it

is in the form of solid metal, whereas ores containing metal, precious or otherwise, hold only a small percentage. Two devices are required for indicating the presence of metal in the earth. One is a simple electrical device which sends a curious musical note through the ground; the other is a sounding rod in combination with a head telephone, with which the musical note is heard through the rod when it touches the ground. As a matter of fact, a second sounding rod is carried by a boy, but both are connected to the one head 'phone. Wherever the note is clearly heard, the ground is sterile; but should the sounding rod make contact over metal or metal ores, the note is greatly diminished or ceases entirely, varying according to the richness of the underlying deposit. The operators are therefore able to step on to and off from the area over the deposit, and, by means of pegs, to indicate its precise shape. Very simple calculations enable the operator to estimate the exact depth. The apparatus can be used in mines where lodes have been lost, to find out whether they will be struck at different levels, or if they have altogether disappeared. For treasure-hunting these devices are invaluable. One party which contemplates an attempt to discover pirate treasure on the Spanish Main has witnessed a long series of demonstrations, with the result that an instrument has been taken aboard.

A NEW VACUUM PRESERVING JAR SYSTEM.

That the vacuum preserving system for foods has come to stay is abundantly evidenced from the number of makers who specialise in the jars and vacuum pumps. Two different types of vacuum jar apparatus have been described in these pages comparatively recently. Another which has been brought out of late has the advantage of being exceedingly simple. The jars are of glass, and each has a glass lid with a small glass disc in the middle of it. Each lid is made tight by a rubber ring. The bottom end of the air-pump fits over the smaller central disc, and is simply pressed down by the operator on to a rubber ring. The pump is then worked, and quickly exhausts the air through the hole under the small disc, the disc rising slightly at each up-stroke. The outstanding features of this make are simplicity and low prices.

A ROAD-TESTING MACHINE.

Among the many functions of the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington is that of testing road materials for the authorities who are responsible for the upkeep of the roads of this country. Materials are tested for resistance to attrition, abrasion, impact, and crushing, while their ability to absorb water is determined, and the value of fine material as a binder is assessed. But the most interesting test which is carried out on road materials is one in which a

miniature road is constructed and wheels are run over it to give the closest possible approximation to road traffic. This test is carried out on a circular path 34 feet in diameter and 2 feet in width. The road material to be tested is laid down on a concrete foundation. A circular framework over the track is supported by eight wheels, each 39 inches in diameter and having a tire 3 inches wide. In order to imitate as nearly as possible the driving-wheels of a motor-lorry, each of these eight wheels is driven by its own electric motor. In most cases the weight per inch-width of tire is 470 lb., but during the consolidation stage this is sometimes increased to 750 lb. The machine is run over the surface to be tested with a gradually increasing load, until about 6000 lb. per yard of width has been rolled over it. This is called the consolidation period, during which the surface is kept dry. For the test proper the machine is run at a load of 470 lb. per inch of width and at a rate of about 2200 tons per yard of width per hour, the track being kept wet all the time. Plaster casts are taken to record the shape and condition of the road surface, and during the test longitudinal and transverse sections are taken of the surface by means of special apparatus.

A NEW FIRE-ESCAPE WORKED BY HYDRAULIC POWER.

In cases of fire in which human lives are in danger the rapid placing of the fire-escape and its extension are of the utmost importance. Fire-escapes which will reach to the upper storeys of the high buildings now so common are essential, and the extension of the heavy ladders by hand is a slow operation. To expedite this process a fire-escape worked by hydraulic cylinders has been designed and patented by Chief Officer G. Lee Tuppen of the Rangoon Fire Department. This escape, which has been made in London, was recently tested, and proved entirely satisfactory. The ladder is in four sections, and is mounted on a turn-table. Not only is hydraulic power used for extending the ladders, but also for raising them from the horizontal position, and for revolving them on the turn-table. The escape is carried on a 65-horse-power motor chassis. When the firemen are about to proceed to or return from a fire, the ladders are closed the one over the other and lowered to a horizontal position. The ladders are extended by wire ropes running round pulleys, the principle being similar to that by which in smaller pieces of apparatus sectional ladders are pulled up by cords; but, of course, the principle is here applied on a much bigger scale. The hydraulic ram for extending the ladders carries a six-wire pulley system in duplicate, so that its length of stroke is multiplied six times. Another hydraulic ram is used for raising the ladders

to the necessary angle, while a hydraulic rotary motor revolves the ladders on the turn-table as desired. On arrival at a fire all these operations can be put in motion at the same time. The ladders can be raised and extended in less than one minute, and the upper one reaches a height of 80 feet when extended at an angle of about 60°. This means a considerable overhang beyond the chassis, which is required for some exceptionally wide pavements in Rangoon. These hydraulic rams are forced out by oil under a pressure of 600 lb. per square inch. The oil is compressed by a three-throw pump at the rear of the chassis, which is driven by the engine through worm reduction gear. If any part of the hydraulic system fails, all the necessary operations can be carried out by hand, but, of course, much more slowly. Every possible safety device is embodied—for example, the interlocking of the control-levers, so that they cannot be mismanaged, and the provision of pawls for engaging with the rungs of the ladders, to take the weight when the necessary height has been reached. Other safety devices prevent the ladders from closing up accidentally or falling to the horizontal position.

RECLAIMING THE ZUIDER ZEE.

The gigantic scheme referred to in our issue for October 1918 for the reclamation of this wide-spreading but shallow arm of the sea is now in process of realisation. The scheme contemplated, in the first place, the building of a broad dam westward from the island of Wieringen to the opposite coast of North Holland. This is now in course of construction, and when completed, will not only prevent the further flow of water, but will provide a carriage way between the island and North Holland. With the completion of this portion of the work the second and larger part will be begun. This will consist of the building of a vast dam, some fifteen miles in length, from the north-eastern point of Wieringen eastward to the coast of Friesland. The whole scheme is now estimated to cost some £24,000,000, and it is computed that its successful completion will add nearly half a million fertile acres to the extent of the Netherlands, the produce of which will amply repay the cost involved. In addition, it will bring the northern part of the country into much closer communication with the capital.

A NEW FOUNTAIN PEN.

One of the disadvantages connected with the employment of the now almost indispensable fountain pen is the necessity for refilling it when it is empty. The trouble and the 'messiness' involved are greatly reduced by the use of the 'self-filler' type of pen; and there has now been put on the market a form of fountain pen in which the 'messiness' connected with refilling is entirely eliminated. The ink

is contained in a sealed metal cartridge fitting inside the pen. When this cartridge is slipped into position and given a slight turn the end is pierced, thus ensuring a steady flow of ink from the cartridge to the nib. When the cartridge is exhausted, it can be removed and a new one inserted in its place in a few moments, when the pen is once more ready for duty. It is claimed that one cartridge is sufficient for the writing of some 22,000 words.

AN EFFICIENT TICKET-WRITING MACHINE.

A recent development in the printing world is the invention and perfecting of a machine by means of which even the most inexperienced operator can quickly produce embossed show-cards or tickets beautifully printed in one, two, or more colours. The method of working this new form of hand-press is very simple. Gummed paper of the necessary colour (or variety of colours) is laid upon the cardboard to be printed upon, and the type, which is of gun-metal and has a sharp cutting edge, is placed on the paper. The card is then put in the machine, and heavy pressure is applied, the machine being so adjusted that a girl can effect a pressure of fourteen tons. On the card being withdrawn from the machine the type is lifted off, and a slight rub removes the superfluous paper, leaving the letters printed in the chosen colour or colours, and presenting an outstanding or embossed appearance. The device should prove very serviceable in shops, warehouses, and other places where individual show-cards or price-tickets are frequently needed in a hurry, for it is as cheap to print one card as many, and the card is ready for use the moment it is printed. The machine is no larger than an ordinary typewriter in size, and is therefore quite portable; the type, being neatly laid out in trays, occupies little space.

FATALITIES FROM THE USE OF LOCAL ANÆSTHETICS.

A committee of the American Medical Association, which has been making investigations into fatalities resulting from the use of local anæsthetics, has recently issued a report which strikes a note of warning, and contains recommendations which will doubtless prove distinctly helpful. Of 43 deaths attributable to this cause, 26 were due to cocaine; apothecin and butyn were each responsible for 4; novocain for 1, and perhaps 2. The committee regard the last-named drug as the safest yet discovered, and it is therefore satisfactory to note that it is the one in most general use. The investigators suggest that 'cocaine applications to the throat or nose should be restricted to 15 minims of a 10 per cent. solution, and that as a rule no more than 1.5 grains should be given when the drug is applied to a mucous membrane,' while the special danger arising from urethral injections

of this drug is wisely insisted upon. The committee recommend that the new drug butyn, the properties and full effect of which are still matter of experiment, should not be injected, but suggest that it may be applied in a 2 per cent. solution. It may be added that the British Medical Research Council has recently decided to inquire into the effects of the use of nitrous oxide, or 'laughing gas,' and its report will form a useful companion to that of the American Medical Association.

PAMPHLETS ON RURAL INDUSTRIES.

In our issue for March reference was made to the first ten of a series of Pamphlets on Rural Industries published by the Rural Industries Intelligence Bureau with the object of providing useful information in a handy form for those interested in the initiation and revival of industries in country districts. Two additions to the series have now been made. Leaflet No. 11 deals with 'The Importance and Value of Poultry Feathers,' showing how the feathers should be treated, how they may be disposed of, and the price that may be expected. Leaflet No. 12, which is illustrated, is concerned with 'Bundled Firewood Manufacture,' and deals with the subject in a thoroughly practical manner. Copies of these leaflets, and additional information on matters arising out of them, may be obtained on application to The Secretary, 258/262 Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (a) a reply post-card, or (b) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

MISERY IS MYSTERY.

(From the Greek.)

MISERY his heart hath broken—
Misery is mystery!
Let the sad one lonely be:
As the Ancients slumped the token
Of a lightning-blasted tree.

Breathe no word, his doom is spoken—
Misery is mystery!
By its scathing lightning fated,
Human hearts are consecrated
For a higher destiny.

CHAN-TOON.

*. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

For its return in case of ineligibility, a stamped and directed envelope (or postage-stamps) should accompany every manuscript.

To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE GARUDA.

By 'AL KHANZIR,' Author of *Kharma*.

CHAPTER I.

I.

MY journey was at an end at last. Two years of soldiering in Waziristan stretched in monotonous perspective behind me, and for five long days I had been travelling—successively by Ford van, toy railway, and broad gauge. But the balance of ninety days' leave was to come, and here was my destination. Scarcely a destination to grow ecstatic about, you may think: only a little wayside station a few miles from the Ganges Khader. Yes, but the Khader of old Mother Gunga, where she flows, silent and muddy, in her league-wide bed of grass and tamarisk jungle alive with game—what memories its name recalls to all who have had the luck to know and love it! And my leave was to begin with a ten days' Christmas-shoot in my former haunts, unvisited since the War. Emphatically, the good wine had not been kept unto the last.

My host of the Christmas-camp was an old friend whom we shall call Geoghegan, a local 'heaven-born.'* As the train drew up at the platform a red-coated *chaprassi* appeared at the carriage door with a note of welcome. Leaving the *chaprassi* and my bearer to see to the luggage, I strolled off to find the waiting elephant which was to take me to camp. For many moons I had been a stranger in a strange land; and amazingly good it felt to mix once more with the homely peasant-folk as they fussed and hustled to board the local train—anxious fathers shouldering the family cooking-pots done up in bulky bundles, beringed and ankleted mothers sketchily draped in warm shades of red and brown, young hopefuls manfully sucking at gargantuan stalks of sugar-cane. To-day, even 'them spicy garlic smells' struck a note of friendly memory.

Yes, but was my brotherly love reciprocated? Soon I began to have serious doubts. If you have not wholly forgotten your *Ingoldsby Legends*, you must surely remember ill-fated Nellie Cook, whose way it was to 'look askew' at those of whom she disapproved? The crowd

adopted Nellie's attitude to a nicety. I sensed a new and subtle atmosphere: an atmosphere of mingled curiosity and aversion, of the sort which surrounds one fatally sick of some contagious disease. *Autres temps, autres mœurs*: the crowds of former years had behaved very differently. But then, thought I sadly, that's part of the price we pay for nursing serpents in our concorporate bosom.

But as my eye ran idly over the crowd all at once a familiar figure hove in sight, to bear down upon me with a grin of unequivocal welcome. One-armed Dulloo was an old henchman of the days when I was stationed in these parts, and—after the manner of old henchmen in India—had obviously received timely warning of my return through unofficial channels. And he at least was pleased to see me. Now Dulloo, you must know, was nothing better than an outcast Kanjar, a member, that is, of a tribe which the police unkindly term 'criminal.' But the law has no regard for a born hunter. And as my elephant shuffled out across the fields to head for camp, Dulloo fell in at my stirrup, as it were, to chat as we went of half-forgotten days—days spent together after boar and panther, antelope and duck. Very pleasing they are, talks of that kind, and soothing to the vanity; for your veteran Indian retainer knows the trick of graciously conveying to you that your successors with gun and spear are but sorry wights compared with you. So Dulloo beguiled the miles for me till camp was reached.

II.

It was early afternoon when at last we came to camp, pitched in the shade of a big mangrove. But at that hour it was deserted. After my journey a bath and a change were clearly the first essentials, so I made my way straight to my tent. Then, having bathed with due deliberation, I wandered over to the anteroom tent for a cup of tea.

Perhaps it was only the genial aftermath of a hot tub; or perhaps it was the long-unfamiliar sight of the green parrots flashing in the sunlight, and of the little mud-village across the fields where the women were drawing water

* Indian civilian.

from the well and the children herding the cattle—all with a disregard of military precaution little short of scandalous to one fresh from the excursions of the Border. However that may be, as I settled down in an easy-chair the conviction grew on me that the world was, after all, a better place than it had seemed for many a day. And then I heard some one open the flap-door behind me, and looked round to find that the newcomer was 'Judy' Elkington. His appearance was the one thing wanting to complete my happiness; for Judy and I had not met for three years, and if I might choose my company from all mankind, the chances are that he would be my first selection.

Metaphorically I took him to my bosom like a long-lost brother. Then, when he had dragged up another chair beside me, we settled down to that best of all conversation—the communion of kindred spirits met after long separation. About Judy's work, however, I was careful to ask no questions. That he was in 'Intelligence' at Army Headquarters I already knew, and it is never tactful to inquire too closely how the 'hush-hush' folk earn their daily bread. But as our first flow of talk began to run dry it was brought home to me that Judy was strangely preoccupied. And finally he himself broached the subject, in a most unexpected fashion too.

'Look here, old boy,' he suddenly began after a short silence, 'I want to talk "shop" to you now if you don't mind. You know my present job, don't you? Well, I may tell you that I'm down here on business combined with pleasure. And, what's more, I need your help; that's partly why I waylaid you this afternoon. But before you make any rash promise I must tell you, too, that there may be some risk—considerable risk, in fact. And you've earned a cushy time after those strenuous days in Waziristan, so you can refuse me with a clear conscience. Now, are you on to help, or would you rather spend your time shooting with the rest?—which, after all, is what you came for.'

'Help? Of course I'll help,' I said; 'always on the understanding that there are no night-operations; I've had enough of them to last me my natural life. But what's your game? I was just thinking how perfectly peaceful this part of the world appeared. Tell me more—or else I shall conclude that you're trying to make my flesh creep.'

'Right-o,' said Judy; 'I'll tell you.'

III.

'You said that everything looks peaceful,' he went on thoughtfully; 'and so it may. But, then, India's never wholly peaceful, is it? With three hundred millions involved, somebody's always up to mischief: the seditionist takes care of that. And for the past few months we've known that there was something unusually rotten in the state of Denmark. The

same old symptoms, you understand, only more so: tenants refusing to pay their rents; boycotts of English goods; refusals to find supplies for touring officials. And, what's more, every indication points to this very district as the seat of trouble. That's why I took advantage of Geoghegan's standing invitation to run down here—more or less incognito—to look into things for myself. And I've found out something, though not much.

'You know the great jhils* in the Khader here,' he went on again after a pause, 'where we used to have our big duck-shoots: tens of square miles of water and reeds set in quaking bog, with a geography which alters completely every year in the rains! Once you get among those reeds nobody on earth can get you out but the local marsh-men. They're Sindis, of course, these marsh-men—a regular colony apart with a language of their own. The story goes that they were imported by the Moguls all the way from the Sind marshes to supply fresh fish and water-fowl to the Delhi court every day. And, of course, you remember Murrawalla jhil, too? It's the largest marsh of the lot, where you and I had that big day's fighting the year before the War. Well, there's a queer taboo in force these days: the wealth of Golconda wouldn't tempt the boldest Sindi of them all to venture onto Murrawalla now.'

'That is queer,' I admitted. 'You'd as soon expect Brer Rabbit to shun his briar-patch. And how do you account for this taboo of yours?'

'That's just the question I can't answer,' Judy replied; 'for when your Indian gets hysterical, he ceases to be a reasoning being. But this much is quite definite: three perfectly good fishermen who were last seen starting for Murrawalla on their lawful occasions have severally been murdered, and one boy has disappeared. Nothing very extraordinary in that perhaps, except that the bodies of the murdered men when found were miles away from the jhil. In fact, according to the police theory, the fishermen were scuppered in everyday feuds over women or other debatable property—nothing whatever to do with Murrawalla. But that's not the popular idea. The people won't say much, but they're obviously convinced that to venture on Murrawalla is sudden death. And another thing, too, is as clear as daylight: though you'll hardly believe it, they're equally convinced that Murrawalla is "possessed." But whom by?—that's the question. The countryside's humming with old wives' tales. Pir Baksh, for instance, that old boatman of ours, swore to me that late one evening he had seen with his own eyes a monstrous shape hovering above the jhil, and had recognised the dreadful form of one Ratan Haji, a saint of great local repute, renowned

* Marshes.

for the miraculous javelin with which he extirpates unbelievers. But that's only one of the tales, for the popular version seems to favour a new *Atatāra** of Vishnu. Rumour has it that he's come to earth again as saviour of his people, riding on his winged charger Garuda, who, by the way, is king of the birds, as you'll doubtless remember, and devourer of evil-doers. Complete and utter rubbish, of course; but then the whole point is, the people believe it. And it's astonishingly bad for their nerves.'

IV.

'Who's at the bottom of it all?' Judy went on in answer to my question. 'There again you have me. Though, of course, their motive's perfectly plain. Just cast your mind back to the history of the Mutiny, and you'll remember how the moving spirits prepared the popular mind for the outbreak by spreading the wildest tales, and finished up by circulating those mysterious *chapattis* from village to village—a sort of vernacular edition of the Fiery Cross. The bulk of the people hadn't the faintest notion of the meaning of the sign. But rumour bred of boundless imagination supplied a thousand meanings; the whole country waited, breathless and ready, for something—anything—to happen. Well, that's precisely what I'm up against now. Again there's talk of signs and portents. Again rumour's busy; and the tension's increasing. With one's finger on the public pulse, as it were, one feels the excitement rising to fever-pitch. I promise you there are all the makings of a thoroughly bad show.'

'What have we done about it? Of course we're in touch with the regular leaders of the "enemy"; they're marked men. But their behaviour tells us nothing. There's literally nothing to go on—nothing, that is, but a parcel of ridiculous tales. Make no mistake about it, this journey we're dealing with artists quite outside the ordinary run. And I'm completely in the dark—I frankly confess it. Which, you know, is about the gravest confession I could make; for, though your intelligence merchant may tell you the worst with perfect *sang froid*, a confession of doubt is the unforgivable sin. Can you wonder, then,' he concluded earnestly, 'if I'm just about the end of my tether?' The mask had dropped for a moment, and that fleeting glimpse of over-wrought nerves—in Judy of all people—did more to convince me than all the arguments he could have produced.

'I take it, then,' I asked, as soon as I had recovered from my surprise, 'that if we don't clear up this mystery of Murrawalla, and quickly, there's going to be hell to pay?'

'Precisely,' Judy answered, with a return of his ordinary manner; 'and that's where you come in. You've hunted and shot round here

for years, and know the country better than most, so if you'll come with me it will be an enormous help.'

'I'll come all right,' I said; 'but I'm no use on Murrawalla, you know. There isn't a landmark in the whole place; without a local guide we're bound to be lost.'

'I've thought of that,' said Judy. 'You haven't forgotten all your classical education, have you? What about one Theseus, who shikarred the Minotaur in the Cretan labyrinth? I seem to remember that he found his way out by means of a ball of twine supplied by his doting Ariadne. Well, we'll take that same twine with us in our dugout to-morrow, so we sha'n't need to worry about our line of retreat. And I've reconnoitred a way to the edge of the marsh. To-morrow Geoghegan and the others are shooting near camp, but I told him that you and I would like to spend the day farther afield—you see, I took it for granted you'd join me. We'll have the day to ourselves, and before night we'll get that secret out of Murrawalla, or my name's mud.'

After some further talk a sudden idea struck me. 'Look here,' I said, 'we've still got an hour's daylight left; and if I remember right, from the cliffs only about a quarter of a mile from camp we can see Murrawalla and the whole Khader spread out below us. What about strolling over to spy out the land?'

Judy agreed; and as we left the mango-grove together, an unexpected reinforcement emerged from the direction of the elephant-lines to fall in behind us. I had forgotten Dulloo.

CHAPTER II.

I.

OF course Dulloo was the man for the job; if any one could solve a mystery connected with the Khader, that man was Dulloo. As I have previously hinted, he was not one of my most reputable friends; in fact, I have a suspicion that had Dulloo figured in *Who's Who*, we should have read against his name an entry something to the following effect:

Profession . . . Dacoity.*

Recreations . . . Cattle-stealing and poaching.

But, for all that, his was a friendship which I valued highly, for I knew that Dulloo would never let me down. And you must not judge Dulloo by a Western code of morals; in India to this day one follows the calling to which one is born.

Our first meeting is still very clear in my memory, though it is a good many years ago now. To compass the death of a gray Khader wolf happened at that time to be my pet

* Incarnation.

* Robbery under arms by five or more persons is technically dacoity.

ambition. But a wolf can be a peculiarly elusive beast. Thus it came about that one day I was seated disconsolately on a sand-dune overhanging the Khader. Next day I had to return to civilisation, and the wolf was not yet in the bag. And then I looked up, to find a slim, jaunty little man standing before me and salaaming. It was Dulloo.

Some lucky folk, male and female, have the knack of looking distinguished no matter how they may be dressed. Dulloo had that knack. His outfit then, as always, consisted of a twist of dingy cotton round his close-cropped crown, a discarded 'Tommy's' frock of khaki drill, and a scanty cotton *dhoti*, whence his brown shanks emerged bare from the knee. But the poise of his lithe body seemed to have caught something of the easy grace of a wild thing, and he looked you in the face with a pair of the keenest brown eyes you have ever seen. There he stood in his rags, with his faintly ironical smile showing just a glint of gleaming teeth beneath his little jet-black moustache; a rogue and a thief, no doubt, but a *beau sabreur* to his finger-tips. I have always believed that Dulloo had a lot of good Rajput blood in him. In the olden days, you see, these wandering tribes were often given protection by some *grand seigneur*—just so long as husbands were complacent—with the result that much of the best blood in the land flows in their veins.

He had heard that I wanted to shoot a wolf, he said. Well, then, if I would come to the spot in the Khader where that date-palm in the distance showed up straight as a ramrod growing out through the branches of the big peepul-tree—and he waved his hand towards the landmark—he would promise me a wolf that very evening. Needless to say I agreed; and an hour before sunset you might have seen a party of three, consisting of Dulloo and his young son of fifteen and myself, seated in the light grass near the tree. Then followed the weirdest performance I have ever witnessed. Dulloo and his son set themselves to howling; loud and shrill the blood-curdling wolf-call floated over the Khader. It was the triumphant pæan of the wolf who has killed. And soon like an echo faint from the ravines there came an answer—an answer that approached nearer as fast as a hungry wolf can gallop. But the supreme display of woodcraft was yet to follow. When the answering call sounded close beside us, all at once my companions ceased their howlings, and, throwing themselves on their hands and knees, fell to worrying Dulloo's stout bamboo stick which lay on the ground close by. They mouthed and bit and snarled over that stick till I could have sworn that two wolves were gnawing a bone beside me. And the stranger came to the same conclusion. He arrived—at a gallop—a great dog-wolf with hackles raised, and was within ten feet of us

before he realised his mistake. We were both surprised, but I had an unfair advantage. The wolf died.

In this manner my friendship with Dulloo started. And it waxed through many vicissitudes, for together we must have worked destruction of every kind of furred and feathered game in the countryside—by fair means and by foul. Together we have netted the duck by night on a jhil—and a plaguy dark, cold business it was, too. And, low be it spoken, we once netted a crusty old boar. Though *not* in hunting-country, believe me. And before you lightly dub us cold-blooded assassins, try to net a boar yourself. When 250 lb. of bone and gristle arrive—very peevish—in your quite inadequate net, then, if you would avoid the fate of the late lamented Adonis, you had best be nippy with your spear.

But, when all's said and done, hunting—or poaching, if you prefer it—was nothing more than Dulloo's relaxation. About his serious business in life he was discreetly silent. And who am I to inquire too searchingly into my friends' affairs?

The event which sealed our friendship was this. One baking day in May news reached me that Dulloo was sick unto death. And by five o'clock that afternoon a borrowed Ford had borne me twenty-five rough miles to his village, where I was met by an emaciated ghost of Dulloo, who crept out with his right arm strapped to a board across his chest. That arm was an unpleasant sight. From the hand to a point about three inches below the shoulder it was a bloated, shapeless, bladder of pus: at that point it narrowed in a bottle-neck to a wasted stick. There and then I packed him into the car, and that very night his arm was amputated. His recovery was marvellous. He swelled visibly, and within a month was hale and hearty again. He explained that the trouble all arose from a poisonous thorn. Perhaps, but the doctor certainly extracted a buck-shot from the amputated arm. At any rate Dulloo was thereafter ridiculously grateful to me for an act which, after all, was nothing more than one of common decency.

I have described Dulloo at some length to you, for he is perhaps the most important character in this tale.

(Continued on page 520.)

THE FAIRIES.

For they passed at dusk, an hour ago,
And the song they sang I do not know;
I seemed to hear faint bells aringing,
And then they went by singing—singing.

There were elfin men with painted wings,
And a girl with hair in golden rings;
One look she gave me, sideways glancing,
And in the gloaming vanished—dancing.

P. G. N. CHAMBERS.

HONEY.

By CANNING WILLIAMS.

'The bee is little among such as fly; but her fruit is the chief of sweet things.'—*Ecclesiasticus* xi. 3.

I.

ACCORDING to the Mohammedan faith, the honey-bee will be one of the ten 'dumb animals' which will be gathered into heaven. 'The bee alone,' says the Koran (the Mohammedan Scriptures), 'has the honour of providing with its pleasant scent a substance created to be used in honour of devotion, and which lights the hour of prayer for all religions. Do not tapers burn in honour of prophets, of saints, and of the dead who have gone before into another world? This is why the insect is sacred.'

This being so, it is not surprising that supernatural powers were claimed for the bee's principal product—honey. It dissolved gold and other metals; infants fed upon it developed in later years wonderful powers of eloquence; it restored vigour to old age; dissipated melancholy, anger, and 'corrupted blood'; and—perhaps most wonderful of all—it induced luxurious crops of hair to grow on shiny crowns!

The Greeks (in whose mythology the bee has a place) thought that honey was the best diet for old persons, and, according to Pliny, there was a certain man named Raemilis Pollio who attributed his health and vitality at the age of a hundred to the fact that he was a confirmed eater of honey, and had been long addicted to the habit of rubbing his body with olive-oil. I have known of centenarians who explained their longevity on less reasonable grounds.

In Burma, to this day, honey in which the embalmed body of a Buddhist priest has lain for a considerable time is sold in the markets, and consumed by the faithful in order that they may 'gain merit.' It is called 'potted hpoongyi'—a sort of extract or essence of priest. Honey was employed in Egypt as an embalming material, and it is probable that some was so used when our good old friend Tutankhamen was prepared for posterity.

In olden days the theory was held that honey, like manna, fell from the skies. Virgil, the poet of the bee (who appears to have been an apiarist, and therefore should have known better), opens his Fourth Georgic with the words: 'Next will I discourse of Heaven's gift, the honey from the skies.' In an essay 'Upon the Nature of Honey,' which was contributed early in the eighteenth century to the Proceedings of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Paris, it is said: 'We no longer believe, like the ancients, that honey is formed of the dew which falls upon flowers; nor is it any longer taken for a

production of the air, or a present from Heaven.' But, from the remarks which follow, it is clear that the essayist's own notions as to the derivation of honey were extremely hazy.

II.

It cannot be said with accuracy that bees 'make' honey, in the sense, for example, that cows make milk; nor is it correct to state that they gather it. The substance they collect with such literally consuming energy is nectar, which is no more like ripe honey than grape-juice is like an old, full-bodied port.

Nectar is a thin sugary juice which is secreted by the nectaries of various flowers. Some of it is required by the flower itself, but the greater part is employed by Nature as a bait to attract insect visitors, which, unknown to themselves, act as important aids in her scheme of plant-fertilisation by conveying pollen, the fertilising dust, or male element, from one flower to another. The chief agent in this respect is the honey-bee. Indeed, the true work of the bee is that of a fertiliser of seed. She wings her humming way in the summer sun in search of food for the countless children of the hive. This is the obvious purpose of her labour. But the real purpose is hidden from her (as the chief ends of life so often are), and is infinitely more important: it is to add to the beauty, the fragrance, and the fruitfulness of the earth—to contribute to the glory of June and to the splendour of September.

Pollen—'the love-ferment of every flower of spring,' to quote Maeterlinck—forms an important part of the food of bees, especially when they are in the grub or larval stage of their existence, and large quantities of it are brought into the hive in the 'pollen-baskets' with which the hind-legs are provided. It was known to the old bee-masters by the expressive name 'bee-bread.'

When a bee burrows into a flower for nectar, or pollen, or both, granules of the fertilising dust adhere to the minute hairs with which its body is covered, and these are borne to another flower of the same species, with the result that some of them are brushed off and effect the pollination or fertilisation of the seed.

The value of bees as pollinators is appreciated by progressive fruit-growers. I received last year from a large English jam-producing concern a circular offering bees for sale. They said: 'It is well known that we keep bees on a very extensive scale. The original object of this was the fertilisation of our orchard-trees, but the actual production of honey, to the extent of several tons a year, is also of great importance.'

The owner of an 800-acre fruit-farm at Gloucester, N.J., stated: 'I could not do without bees. I never take a pound of their honey. All I want them to do is to pollinate the blossoms.' And a Nebraska fruit-grower, writing in the *Independent Farmer*, gives this remarkable testimony: 'We had 300 bearing cherry-trees close to our apiary. During the blooming season there were two days during which our bees worked on these cherry-blossoms profusely. As a result we harvested 300 bushels of cherries when our neighbours two or three miles away, who had no bees, and whose trees bloomed as profusely as did ours, were compelled to come to our orchard for cherries.'

The nectar is sucked up by the bee by means of a long, flexible organ, popularly called the 'tongue,' and passes down the gullet into the honey-sac or honey-stomach, which is capable of considerable distension. Below this receptacle is the mouth of the food-stomach, which is opened or closed at will—opened when the insect requires nourishment, and closed when the liquid is to be retained.

On returning to the hive the bee brings the muscles of the honey-sac into play, and the fluid is forced out of the mouth and deposited in the cells. On my explaining to my seven-year-old son how the bees get rid of their loads, a look of unutterable disgust came into his face, and when next he was asked to have some honey he replied, with a shudder, 'No; I don't want any of the nasty stuff. It comes from bees' stomachs!' In vain I pointed out that bees' stomachs were very clean little things.

III.

Nectar may be described roundly as a mixture of cane-sugar (*sucrose*) and water. By some process, which does not even yet seem to be fully understood, the bees change the *sucrose* into invert-sugar, or honey. It is held by some that a chemical change takes place in the nectar while it is in the sac of the bee; others are of opinion that the change is effected after it has been deposited in the cells. This question was referred to by James Bonner, bee-master, who in 1795 published his interesting *New Plan for speedily increasing the Number of Bee-hives in Scotland*. He says: 'Some writers believe that when the liquor which the bees collect has been for some time in their stomachs it comes from thence changed into true honey, the liquor having been there properly digested and rendered thicker than when it entered. Others are of opinion that the bee makes no alteration in the honey, but collects this delicious syrup just as Nature produces it, and first fills her bag, and then discharges it into the magazine; which appears to me to be the most probable opinion.' A few pages further on he gives his imagination full wing: 'A conjecture may naturally arise here

that, seeing bees do not *make* honey, but only collect it, if we could by any device fall upon a plan to extract it from flowers, or, in other words, to pour 10,000 of Nature's vessels full of honey into one of our artificial ones, it would be astonishing what a prodigious quantity might be produced throughout the island. Scotland alone, I will venture to affirm, would in such a case produce more honey and wax in one good season than would load one of His Majesty's first-rate men-of-war.'

The secretion of nectar varies greatly with the state of the atmosphere. 'During the prevalence of dry easterly winds the fields present to the bees nothing but barrenness; . . . but when the weather is moist and sultry, and the air charged with electricity, the circulation of this vegetable fluid is considerably accelerated.' All apiarists have observed the marked increase in the activity of their bees when there is 'thunder about'; and also how they hurry home in a panic of alarm, and crowd and jostle one another on the alighting-board, if the storm is about to burst. The instinct of self-preservation has developed in the fragile bee a fine weather-sense.

From analyses made by a Swiss chemist (Dr A. de Planta), it was found that the quantity of water in the nectars he examined varied from 50 to 93 per cent.; whereas in ripe honey there is only about 20 per cent. Dr de Planta concluded that a good deal of the water is thrown off by the bees while the nectar is in the honey-sac. My own view is that the nectar is usually in the sac for too short a time for any appreciable evaporation to take place. Be this as it may, the greater part of the excess moisture passes away after the nectar has been stored in the cells, and this process, except when the atmosphere is very damp, is by no means a lengthy one in the high temperature of the hive during the summer. The woollen coverings which are placed over the combs—'quilts,' to use the technical word—absorb some of the moisture, and some of it is driven out of the entrance by a clever ventilating device known as 'fanning.' Two squads of bees stand at the entrance, one squad facing inwards and the other outwards, and all vibrating their wings with such rapidity that they do not appear to move at all. This draws in a current of fresh air on the one side and expels the moist air on the other. If on a warm evening, when a large number of fanners are at work, a lighted candle be held close to the entrance, the force of the outward-moving air will extinguish the light.

In order to expedite the evaporation of moisture, the bees adopt another plan which is graphically described in an American book, the *A B C and X Y Z of Bee Culture*. 'After the day's work is about over, almost the whole colony spreads out over all available surface,

and nearly every bee has her sac full of honey. All the bees hang vertically with head up. . . . Then each bee opens her mandibles and mouth and forces up a drop of nectar. This drop fills the mouth and extends up over the upper lip and fills the space between the mandibles. . . . Next, the bee begins a chewing motion with the lower "jaw," and this causes the drop to pulsate. . . . For about ten minutes this operation is continued; then the drop is swallowed, and after a few moments' pause another drop appears and the process is renewed. This is continued by the colony until about 11 P.M., or sometimes later, and then work stops and all hands go to sleep.'

As soon as the honey becomes of the right consistency—the point, that is, at which it will not ferment—the bees seal it over with a delicate capping of white wax, and there is produced that truly beautiful thing—honeycomb. Native British bees—which are becoming rare owing to the importation of foreign queens and the consequent mixture of races—produce comb with the whitest and neatest cappings.

The most valuable flowers from a bee-keeper's point of view, arranged somewhat in the order of their appearance, are the crocus, dandelion, gorse, wallflower, fruit-blossom, hawthorn, white clover, sanfoin, lime, and heather. Of these, white clover, sanfoin, lime, and heather are the chief nectar-yielders.

Honey-bees would obtain large supplies of nectar from red clover if their tongues could be lengthened by about a third. Attempts have been unsuccessfully made to produce a strain of bees with longer tongues, and, until this improvement (?) is effected, or the bees have learnt the trick, practised by a short-tongued species of humble-bee, of piercing the tubes of the clover at their base, this flower will, in the main, be the preserve of the humble-bees. I say 'in the main,' because the second crop of red clover has shorter tubes, and so the honey-bee is able to 'make boot' upon it.

IV.

A honey-bee weighs $\frac{1}{300}$ th of an ounce; its 'load' of nectar is, therefore, extremely small. An American scientist ascertained that the average load weighs about $\frac{1}{1250}$ th of an ounce—a quarter of the bee's weight. This means that 20,000 journeys (reckoning the outward and inward trip as one) are necessary for the gathering of a pound of nectar; but, as flower-juice loses at least one-half of its bulk before it becomes honey, it follows that the production of a pound of honey involves on this reckoning a minimum of 40,000 journeys. If we assume that the average trip out and home measures half a mile (a low estimate), the immense distance of 20,000 miles must be covered in gathering the raw material for a pound of honey. This is equal to 1250 miles per ounce.

Is there any wonder that bees in the summer work themselves to death in six or eight weeks, and that it is the delicate wings that are usually the first to give out?

But what the bees lack in size and strength they make up in numbers, industry, and unity; and it is surprising what a large harvest of honey a strong colony will yield when the conditions are favourable. In order to note the daily increase in the weight of one of his hives a Californian apiarist placed it upon a scale, and kept a record extending from the 16th of April to the 30th of June. The increase varied from nil to twenty pounds per day, the average for the seventy-six days working out at seven pounds. A British patriarch of the craft (Mr T. W. Cowan) also records that one of his hives gained twenty pounds in a single day, and that from each of seven hives he obtained in one season an average of 194 pounds. An even greater 'take' was that of a Dutch stock—439 pounds.

These extraordinary results are obtained from colonies with huge populations—100,000 or more—which are not, as a rule, the progeny of a single queen. Combs containing brood are taken from other hives and given to the one which it is desired to strengthen, additional boxes to accommodate the combs being placed over the original brood-chamber until the hive may stand as high as a man. Four or five pounds of increase per day per colony of average size during the nectar-flow is excellent work, and this is not to be obtained unless district, weather, and management are good. Any one, however, who embarks upon what has been appropriately and alliteratively styled the 'perfect pastime of peaceful people' should not reckon, taking good and bad seasons together, on securing more than from twenty to thirty pounds per hive. It is necessary that this cold fact should be stated in view of the assertions of interested persons. But your true apiarist does not keep bees for the harvest alone.

By far the greater part of the honey placed upon the market is 'run' or 'extracted' honey. The cappings of the honey-combs are sliced off by means of an uncapping-knife, and the combs are then placed in a wire cage which, in turn, is put in the extractor, a tin cylinder in which the cage is made to revolve at considerable speed. The honey is thrown out of the cells, and, striking the side of the extractor, drains to the bottom, whence it is drawn off and strained. The combs, very little damaged, are then returned to the hive, when the bees repair and clean them, and, if the 'flow' is still on, fill them again. I have combs which have been in use for more than ten years, and they are as good to-day as they ever were. Heather-honey is too thick to be extracted in this way; it is therefore either pressed out or sold in the comb.

v.

There is not, I think, as much honey produced in these islands at the present day as there was twenty years ago. This falling off is due to the Isle of Wight disease (now known as Acarine disease), which has killed thousands of colonies, and disheartened all but the most enthusiastic apiarists. Thrice has my own apiary been all but exterminated by this dread scourge. The cause of the disease was unknown until a year or two ago, when Dr Rennie and his associates, of Aberdeen University, traced it to the presence of a parasitic mite in the air-tubes of the bee. Experiments are being made to discover some means of killing or expelling the parasites without injuring their hosts. The general opinion is that the disease is becoming less virulent—to know the cause is a big step towards a cure—and there is strong reason for thinking that its days are numbered.

TABLE SHOWING THE QUANTITY AND VALUE OF HONEY IMPORTED INTO THE UNITED KINGDOM DURING THE TEN YEARS 1913-22.

Year.	Quantity in Cwt.	Value.	
		Total.	Average per Cwt.
		£	£ s. d.
1913	31,815	50,673	1 11 10
1914	23,372	37,666	1 12 3
1915	53,601	93,603	1 14 11
1916	91,839	187,272	2 0 9
1917	209,439	825,737	3 18 10
1918	320,004	2,702,734	8 8 11
1919	173,228	892,988	5 3 1
1920	53,021	224,201	4 4 7
1921	24,894	81,909	3 5 10
1922	53,373	166,267	2 17 0
Totals...	1,039,636	5,263,050	5 1 3

The quantity of honey consumed in the United Kingdom is considerably in excess of

that produced therein, as is indicated by the above table, which I have compiled from figures supplied to me by the Department of Overseas Trade. Note the large increase both in quantity and price in the years 1917-18-19—due mainly to the fact that, while there was a shortage of sugar (which was rationed) during this period, there were no restrictions on the sale of honey.

The United States of America supplied the largest quantity during the ten years (368,721 cwt.), the remainder coming from British West Indies (187,761), Chile (127,811), Australia (93,553), Cuba (88,049), France and other foreign countries (116,632), and New Zealand and other British Possessions (57,109 cwt.).

Strange as it may seem, honey is exported from the United Kingdom. In normal years the quantity is not great, but in 1919-20-21 it amounted to 49,497, 30,143, and 26,722 cwt. respectively. In 1921 the exports actually exceeded the imports by 1828 cwt., 11,072 cwt. going to the Netherlands, and 6176 to Germany. In 1920 the largest customer was the United States—the principal honey-producing country in the world!

Honey possesses great food-value, as it is the purest and most easily digested sweet in the world, and, not having undergone the heating and other processes necessary for the manufacture of sugar, the vitamins are not destroyed. For children it is the ideal sweet. It is also excellent for inflamed conditions of the throat; and I know of no finer drink for persons suffering from cough than one composed of lemon-juice, honey, and hot water.

'My son, eat thou honey, because it is good.' But do not eat too much at a time, or the result may be as stated in Proverbs xxv. 16.

Of all the meals you can buy for money,
Give me a meal of bread and honey.

So sings Richard le Gallienne, who, if he had had the chance, would certainly have joined the queen in the parlour rather than the king in the counting-house.

A PRINCE OF RIFLEMEN.

THE 'MAD MINUTE' AND THE 'OLD CONTEMPTIBLES.'

By Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. SLEEMAN, C.M.G.

UNQUESTIONABLY the Germans failed to gain a victory in the Great War owing to their initial blunders of 1914. Chief among these was their ignorance regarding the power-value of the modern rifle when used by our highly experienced long-service soldiers. Time after time in 1914-15 the mighty hordes of the German Army were stemmed by an insignificant number of 'Old Contemptibles,' compelled by

circumstance to rely almost entirely upon the rifle for their defence. So excellently were their rifles used that the Germans thought their set-back due to large numbers of machine-guns, whereas the infantry battalions of the British Army—owing to the apathetic folly of some who should have known better—possessed two machine-guns only. When, therefore, we praise the work of the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force for having won the Great War, history should record the fact that, but for the 303

rifle wielded by brave, well-trained, and disciplined soldiers trained to the 'mad minute' (fifteen well-aimed rounds in one minute), the Germans must have triumphed in their initial march on Paris in 1914.

It will, then, be of interest to place on record the work of one whose name throughout the 'Old Contemptibles' was associated with the highest degree of musketry efficiency ever attained, one, moreover, who was largely responsible for the high standard of musketry efficiency attained by the soldier of the 'Old Army' prior to 1914—Wallingford, the Prince of Riflemen!

It was my good fortune to meet Staff-sergeant-major Wallingford when, as a subaltern, I attended my first course of musketry at Hythe some twenty-three years ago. Already his fame had spread throughout the army, and I remember the intense interest with which we young officers looked forward to the demonstration of rifle-fire given by Wallingford to each party of officers attending a Hythe course.

The first impression of Wallingford was one of respect for his complete control of himself. Most of us have our 'off-days,' when we are unable to perform satisfactory work. Wallingford, however, appeared to have no 'off-days'; during a number of years he was expected to show the highest form on all occasions, and he always succeeded in fulfilling those expectations. Tall, wiry, cool, and determined, Wallingford was the *beau-ideal* of a soldier, while he possessed those clear, steel-blue eyes so curiously typical of good rifle-shots.

On one occasion he gave us a demonstration of shooting on the 1000 yard range. The conditions were extremely bad, for a strong gusty wind was blowing from a flank and light rain driving across the butts. Before a body of critical young officers the ordeal must have been a difficult one to a lesser expert; but Wallingford appeared totally unconcerned, and, after adjusting his sights, fired his first round. The hit was recorded as being at the extreme top right-hand corner of the target. This appeared to be all the guide that Wallingford wanted, as he followed this shot with thirteen bulls' eyes in succession, to the great astonishment of us subalterns, most of whom had missed the target altogether prior to this exhibition. Subsequently, he gave us many similar exhibitions of his amazing prowess with his beloved arm. Until then we had not appreciated what a '303 rifle could do, and we returned to our regiments with a very considerably increased respect for the British rifle.

After leaving Hythe I soldiered for some years in Africa and India, and was there to learn the immense respect in which Wallingford's name was held by the private soldier. Any man in my regiment who particularly distinguished himself in rifle-shooting was always nicknamed 'Wallingford,' the sincerest form of flattery that can be offered by the British soldier.

I was not destined to meet Wallingford again until the Great War—fourteen years later, when I had the honour of serving with him. He had by then transferred to the New Zealand Army, and attained the rank of major, and had taken part in the first operations on Gallipoli with immense credit to himself. It is not too much to say that at one period of those trying days on the peninsula it was Wallingford's efficient handling of his machine-guns that stopped a Turkish counter-attack which might well have proved disastrous to our army. Unfortunately for the Turk the New Zealand machine-guns were commanded by unquestionably the greatest expert in the world, Wallingford, and line upon line of brave Turkish soldiers advanced to certain death into the path of machine-gun bullets.

As Director of Military Training to the New Zealand Forces from 1916 to 1921 I was later afforded the opportunity of speaking to hundreds of officers and men who served with the Australian and New Zealand Forces on Gallipoli, and I was immensely impressed with the absolute unanimity with which they expressed their admiration for Wallingford's wonderful handling of the rifle and machine-guns, and his utter disregard for his life during those critical days. For the Colonial soldier is ever a severe critic, and seldom gives credit unless it is absolutely deserved.

Apparently in the early days on Gallipoli, when a particularly obnoxious Turkish sniper manifested himself, who proved too difficult for the ordinary shot to locate or dislodge, it was the custom to send for Wallingford. He would arrive in the trench nearest to the sniper, as cool and unconcerned as if in Bond Street, and, after receiving all particulars regarding the supposed position of the Turkish sniper, would expose himself over the parapet in order to obtain 'first-hand' information as to the exact position.

His amazing knowledge, gained in many years of musketry experience, enabled him almost invariably to judge the position of the sniper, once he had been fired at, by a well-nigh 'Sherlock Holmes' power of deduction. Once the sniper's position had been ascertained, Wallingford would charge his magazine and engage in a rapid-fire duel with the sniper, which always ended in Wallingford's success. In most cases I was assured that Wallingford was able to fire at least three shots to a sniper's one. So much for the value of musketry training during times of peace.

II.

Wallingford may well be said to have been born with a rifle in his hand, for he first saw the light of day in the Rifle Brigade, and enlisted in the brigade when fourteen years of age.

There was then a system by which a soldier could go to the rifle range instead of attending early morning parades, provided that he paid for his own ammunition.

Wallingford's love of musketry was such that he then often went without supper in order to be able to pay for his ammunition. Those were the days when the army messing was not so good as it is to-day. His sacrifice to the goddess of musketry was to be rewarded, as Wallingford's shooting record will show.

In 1890 he won the Southern District Recruit Championship, and was the best shot in his regiment. In 1892 he again won the Recruit Championship, and the Southern District 'Old Soldiers' Championship. In 1893 he won *The Daily Telegraph* Cup at Bisley, and the Prince of Wales' Prize in 1898 and 1910. In 1894 Wallingford went to the School of Musketry and obtained the best shot certificate; following his course, he returned to Hythe as an instructor, and, two months later, in 1894, he became the best shot in the army for the first time. He also shot in the Army team. In 1896 he was the best shot in the army for the second time, and in both 1894 and 1895 he won the Aldershot Championship. 1898 saw Wallingford the best shot in the army for the third time. In 1899 he was selected to proceed to The Hague as one of the British team. There he won the prize for the best shot in Europe for prone shooting, gaining ten points more than the record. This performance established the fact that the British Lee-Enfield rifle was equal to any in Europe, because Wallingford shot with a rifle issued to him for drill purposes and with ordinary rifle ammunition. The team score at The Hague was not so satisfactory—in fact the British team were at the bottom of the list; Wallingford always held the theory that, owing to this, the Boers came to the conclusion that the British shooting was inferior, and, accordingly, declared war four months later. The Boers were certainly not far wrong, for shooting, except by a few men in each regiment, was remarkably poor.

A fortnight after winning this European Championship Wallingford became the best shot in the army for the fourth time. Like many other things the South African War proved the turning-point of the army's shooting, and, in 1901, with Colonel Pennington as commandant and Colonel Munro as chief instructor, a new system of musketry training was introduced, which included rapid fire, free drill, the personal touch, the Colonial style of handling men, snap-shooting, natural targets, and fire action applied to active service conditions. This may be described as the birth of a system which reached its majority during the retreat from Mons. It was the Renaissance period of British army musketry.

In 1903 Wallingford was made warrant-officer for experiments, under Colonel Munro as commandant, with Colonel Bird of the 'Queen's' as chief instructor.

From this time forward Wallingford and his

staff-sergeants were continually called upon to give demonstrations of rapid fire, moving fire, machine-guns, and any automatic rifles that were brought to the notice of the Army Council.

In 1904 the Rexer gun was experimented with, and gave remarkable results. Staff-sergeant Churcher fired ninety-two rounds in a minute with single shots at 800 yards, making sixty-two bulls and inners. Wallingford could never understand why this gun was not adopted. I believe it afterwards became known as the 'Madsen' gun, concerning which there was so much discussion in 1918, when championed by Lord Charles Beresford.

In 1903 Wallingford won the Army Championship for the fifth time, gaining his sixth win in 1907—a very remarkable record. To be Army Champion once is a great record; to gain this high distinction on six occasions within nine years is truly wonderful.

III.

In 1903 the great importance of rapid fire became obvious, and Wallingford was continually called upon to give demonstrations of this character. So proficient did he become that he could always be relied upon to fire from thirty-three to thirty-five rounds in a minute, at 200 yards range, and to place all his shots on the target. There are many, like myself, who know with what difficulty one fires the fifteen rounds a minute required by the regulations who will appreciate the amazing efficiency called upon to more than double this number of rounds. Although Wallingford was required to maintain this rate of fire on hundreds of occasions, and for many years, he practically never failed when a good performance was needed. It was, however, recognised that this rate of fire was quite abnormal, and the necessity for ascertaining the number of rounds which an ordinary soldier could be expected to fire in one minute became obvious. Wallingford, therefore, trained four School of Musketry workmen for a month to see what standard of rapid musketry they could attain. These were old soldiers; yet, on the day of their trial, he marched the men several miles in full marching order, and they then fired twenty-five rounds per minute. This conclusively proved that, with expert tuition, the ordinary soldier could be expected to fire from twenty to twenty-five rounds a minute without difficulty. It was therefore decided that the soldier trained by the ordinary regimental N.C.O. could reasonably be expected to fire fifteen well-aimed rounds in a minute, and this was accordingly the standard laid down in the Musketry Regulations, a standard which proved its value at Mons.

In 1899 Wallingford established at Aldershot a possible at all distances—200, 500, 600, and 800 yards. In 1907, when winning the championship of the army for the sixth time, he made a

possible through the three ranges, without a 'sighter,' and with the open bar sight; on that day, for his three performances, he got 101, 102, and 105. In 1906 Wallingford was sent to France to show the French School of Musketry the Halle Automatic Rifle, and on his return to Bisley he put in five shots with this rifle in one run of the deer—all in or near the heart, repeating this performance in the following year.

In 1906 there was a match for one automatic against two Lee-Enfield Rifles. The conditions were three seconds up and three seconds down at a target which made four appearances for three intervals. Wallingford made twenty-three hits with a rifle which carried five shots only in the magazine and one in the chamber. This meant that he had to fire six shots in three seconds and then get the chamber and magazine loaded in the next three seconds, and so on.

In 1910, with a Winchester repeating rifle, Wallingford fired ninety-two rounds in one minute at 200 yards. This rifle holds ten rounds, and, by means of spare loading tubes, he managed to fire this number. In all these tests Wallingford, ever modest, regarded his success as attributable to constant drill. Some of Wallingford's best scores have been in team matches. In the Palma Trophy in 1902 he was top. In the Empire Trophy of 1910 he was again top. In 1903 Wallingford won the Martins Cup at Bisley.

Wallingford represented the army in 1907 in the rifle team that went to Canada and Australia under the command of that famous rifle-shot, Colonel Hopton, and Colonel Sir Phillips Richardson as the shooting captain.

In 1911 Wallingford transferred from the British Army to the New Zealand Forces, and proceeded with the Anzacs to Gallipoli as Infantry Brigade Machine-Gun Officer in 1915. It was there that he was able to see that the arguments used by the staff at the School of Musketry, following the South African War, were based on sound conclusions. These arguments were that officers without war service should not be allowed to draw up rules governing the fighting instruction of the soldier, and that those in charge of musketry training should remember that the personal factor must always be taken into consideration. Wallingford never forgot that on one occasion, when the new rifle was under discussion, the artillery members of the committee appointed made him shoot a charge of fifty-one grains of cordite, in the lying position, at his greatest rapidity, overlooking that a rifleman was not made of steel like the guns they were accustomed to deal with.

Wallingford's wonderful shooting record was not due to extraordinary physical strength or abnormal qualities. Ever a sparely-built man, he owed his success almost entirely to concentration, self-control, and an amazingly strong power of determination. Surrounded, as he was at

Hythe, by the best rifle-shots of the British Army—which is equivalent to saying the world—Wallingford succeeded, year after year, in maintaining his position as the greatest musketry expert of all. To succeed in doing this for one year is creditable; to maintain this reputation for seventeen years is wonderful. As I can testify, by a knowledge of Wallingford's Spartan habits, this was not achieved without denying himself most of the 'pleasures of life,' which sap the self-control and nerve of lesser men.

It should be placed on record that, on the day Wallingford won the Prince of Wales' Prize in 1898, his son was born. Twelve years later, in 1910, on his birthday, this son had the pleasure of seeing his father win this prize again. A remarkable coincidence, and proof of no deterioration. Wallingford's motto has always been, 'Never give in until the last shot has been fired.'

Such is the history of Major J. A. Wallingford, M.C., and I feel sure that those who read this article will agree that he has a remarkable record, and that the great part he played in teaching the army to shoot should be remembered by the nation he has so worthily represented. Let us always remember this when we recall the stemming of the German rush to Paris in 1914.

THE ENIGMA.

Do you not know?—

That the sky is blue,
And the fields are green,
And the scent of the flowers,
From the roseate bowers,
The fresh air dowers.

But why it is so

No one can tell;
I yield to the spell.

Do you not know?—

That the ocean is broad,
And the world is wide,
And deep are the springs
Of the life that brings
The beauty of things.

But why it is so

You will not find
In the logical mind.

Do you not know?—

That your lips are sweet,
And your voice is a song,
And your ears are shells,
And your eyes are wells
With their liquid spells.

But why it is so

I will not ask—
'Twere a fruitless task.

Do you not know?—

That my love is deep,
And my faith is strong,
And my life is found
In your keeping bound,
With your beauty crowned.

But why it is so

Is a secret, I trow,
That God only can know.

W. KINGSLAND.

THE LARGER VISION.

By D. E. STEVENSON, Author of *Peter West*.

I.

JANET LOGAN stood at the door of her little greengrocer's shop gazing down the steep street with unseeing eyes. The sun shone brightly, casting the long shadows of afternoon upon the cobble-stones. A soft breeze, laden with the scent of the sea and with the familiar smell of fish and tarred ropes, crept up from the harbour, and stirred the strings of onions which hung on each side of the door. In the dim background of the interior glass jars of gaily-coloured sweets and tins of canned fruit winked a faint challenge to the winter sun.

Janet stood in the same attitude for a long time without moving—it was the stillness of body which goes so often with a patient and contemplative mind. Her eyes turned to a yellow shield which was affixed to the house opposite, telling the inhabitants of Port Andrew the exact distance to Carlisle, London, and John o' Groats. Janet had never been out of the little village in which she had been born, but to her simple mind the yellow shield had brought the romance of travel; and life had not seemed so deeply grooved, so narrow and confined, since the day on which the sign had been put in place.

A crutch of yellow wood, whose crudity had been mellowed by the usage of time, supported the thin figure—for Janet had been crippled from childhood by the loss of a leg, and years of suffering had drawn lines of endurance and patience chiefly about her large and tender mouth. Her hair was prematurely streaked with white, and her pale-blue eyes were faded and tired, like the eyes of an old woman weary of life; yet for all her suffering and the daily solitary struggle to make ends meet, Janet's courageous spirit was neither bent nor broken.

On this particular day Janet's smooth and placid brows were creased with worry, and the romance of the yellow shield failed for once to bring her the solace of a larger vision. Her eyes strayed in a puzzled manner to a barrel of apples—round sweet Newton Pippins with shining skins, which stood beside the door. A week ago it had been a full barrel delivered at the shop from the railway company's cart, and to-day—although nobody had bought any—the number had visibly decreased.

It was a most amazing and unprecedented thing to happen in his little fishing village, for your Lowland Scot has a wholesome horror of pilfering—whether it be because he is by nature honest, or from an ingrained fear of the long arm of the law, it is difficult to say. There is an old rhyme which avers that—

He wha tak's what isn't hisn,
If he's cotched must gang tae prison.

This rather points to the latter explanation; but in either case the result is identical, and, though he may swindle you if he can, and bargain with you for the semmit off your back down to the last bawbee, your Lowland Scot does not steal.

Janet Logan would have left out her barrel of apples—or, indeed, anything else that she possessed—in the street all night with perfect confidence that she would find it intact when she came down in the morning. She would as soon have suspected her own hands of pilfering as have suspected any of her neighbours. Yet, there it was, beyond all manner of doubt, for the barrel had been full to the brim, and it was not full any longer. Somebody—somebody in Port Andrew—was a thief.

II.

The thought struck deep down into Janet's inward consciousness, and rankled there like a poison-growth. The apples were nothing, though she could ill spare the loss, compared with the terrible feeling that there was a thief abroad. Who could it be? She was drawn, despite a struggle with herself, to suspect her neighbours, individually, of stealing in its most despicable form.

Several more days passed, and the apples still decreased steadily at the rate of two a day. Janet was counting them now, with a sort of desperate hope that she might have been wrong, might have been mistaken in her suspicion. It never crossed her mind to move the barrel from its tempting position near the door; it was the moral and not the material aspect of the depredations which caused the lines of worry upon her smooth brow.

For another week the diminution of the apples continued, and then one day Janet saw the thief. She was later than usual in going upstairs to her solitary dinner. A consignment of tinned fruit had arrived, and she was busy unpacking it in the back shop. A slight sound made her raise her head, and she saw a small hand, begrimed with dirt, dive into the depleted barrel and reappear with its ill-gotten gains—two large and shiny-skinned Newton Pippins, whose price in these hard and unprofitable times was approximately threepence each.

The back shop was dark and shadowy, so that, although Janet had a clear view of the small boy stealing her apples, the young pilferer, whose eyes were dazzled by the sunlit street, had no idea that his action had been observed.

Janet drew a long breath of dismay; she reached for her crutch, but before she found it and hobbled to the door, the boy was away down the street and beyond recall.

III.

The next day was wet—a soft drizzle fell steadily all the forenoon—the windows of the shop were clouded with moisture. There was little business doing, and by twelve o'clock the shop was deserted. Janet went to the door and stood there with the rain blowing softly on her face. Below her and eastward stretched the sea, an impalpable blur of gray merging imperceptibly into the blue-gray of the winter sky. But Janet was for once oblivious to the beauties of Nature. She was waiting for the children to come out of school, waiting to bring home the sense of wrong-doing to her apple-thief.

She had not long to wait, for soon the happy voices could be heard approaching, and the children streamed past the door on the way home to their dinners. They were a sturdy crew, glowing and round of cheek as Janet's apples, crisp and wholesome as pippins. Some of them called a blithe 'good-day' to her as they passed, and the crippled woman smiled her sweet, sad smile, and waved to them in return.

The stream of radiant childhood had thinned

to a few stragglers before Janet saw the disturber of her peace. She called to him and beckoned.

'Jem, come here.'

The child started at the sound of the soft voice, and a guilty red flush suffused his face; but Janet's eyes were friendly, and—how could she know? He drew near half defiantly, half sheepishly; and then, suddenly, he saw two apples in Janet's hand—two large, round, golden-cheeked apples—and he drew back with an access of shame and horror.

'Tak' them, Jem,' said a kind voice. 'They're for ye; I'm meaning it,' added Janet, as the lad hung back.

'Naw, naw!' he cried; 'Ah canna tak' them.'

It was a cry of guilt and shame and penitence all in one. Janet recognised it as such, and rejoiced in her gentle heart, schooled by suffering to a wise understanding of her fellows.

'Aw, laddie!' she said—her eyes misty with more than the rain—'Aw, laddie, Ah dinna grudge ye the apples! Ah'll gie ye twa ilka day till the barr'l's din.'

'Naw, naw!' he cried; 'Ah canna bear it,' as he turned and fled.

And Janet watched him go with a thankful heart, for she knew that she had cured her thief.

A FAMOUS WILTSHIRE HIGHWAYMAN.

By A. G. BRADLEY, Author of *Round about Wiltshire*.

I.

A FEW men still living have talked with those who knew Boulter, the famous Wiltshire highwayman, and with some who had been robbed by him. He was a native of Poulshot, a sequestered village two miles from Devizes, lying at the foot of the Marlborough Downs, which, with Salisbury Plain just to the southward, comprise many hundred square miles of the best galloping ground, threaded, till the recent years of military occupation, by some of the loneliest highways in England. If the inspiration of local atmosphere played any part in the making of a highwayman, Thomas Boulter was fitly cradled. As a matter of fact, however, he seems only to have elevated to the more romantic sphere of a knight of the road a hereditary fancy for other people's property. His father, who was long remembered in the neighbourhood as a buckskin-breeched, red-waistcoated miller, made his final exit from Wiltshire and England as a felon transported for horse-stealing. His mother had been publicly whipped at the market cross in Devizes for similar tendencies. His brother, Isaac Blagden, of Market Lavington, on the edge of Salisbury Plain, had been shot and crippled for life in

an attempt to rob Colonel Hanger as he was returning from hunting. The last half of the eighteenth century was, in truth, a strange time. Men of substance went abroad armed; others in humble walks of life pursued ordinary avocations in a kind of quasi-respectability, but under continual suspicion, till one fine day they were swung off the fatal ladder outside the county jail, or disappeared like the miller Boulter to the penal settlements.

Young Boulter, born in 1748, was respectably educated, and, till his twenty-sixth year, helped his father in the mill at Poulshot without attracting any notice whatever. Just before the miller was transported his son, sick either of grinding corn or of his father's company, joined his sister, who had opened a milliner's shop at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, and started as a grocer under the same roof. So far Thomas Boulter figures as a quite respectable young man, with ambitions far removed from pistols, thoroughbreds, and wild gallops for life. One might almost imagine him disapproving of the old man's moral tone, which obviously was low, and dreaming virtuous dreams of aldermanic laurels. But young Boulter was made of sterner if less reputable stuff. Tying up tea and scoop- ing out sugar were not for him, and within the

year he had decided to become a highwayman, and had set to work with the cool deliberation that indicated an inherent genius for the road. He purchased his pistols in Portsmouth, and, while still behind his Newport counter, took much thought for his future sphere of action. The island was at once rejected as too dangerously limited; so, somewhat vague as yet, he crossed to the mainland on pretence of a visit to his mother, just deprived by the law of her husband. He had got rid of his business, which had only brought him in debt, but had enough money to hire a good horse at the Vine Inn, in Southampton, and, thus equipped, launched out on his new career.

It was on the Great Western road between Stockbridge and Sutton that Boulter made the first plunge. He describes in his memoirs how he rode several times past the Salisbury diligence in a tremor of suspense before he could bring himself to the point of 'stand and deliver.' When at last he acquired the requisite confidence the driver behaved so nicely, and the passengers handed over their purses so readily, that the tyro was able to assume the airs of a true highway knight, and take leave of his victims with a flourish of the hat and a wish for their pleasant journey. Boulter had no more qualms. Taking the lonely road across Salisbury Plain, he robbed three separate horsemen, besides a pedestrian or two; and when he received the maternal embrace at Poulshot, had several watches and £40 in cash on his person. On his way back to Southampton, between Devizes and Andover, he robbed a post-chaise and several farmers on horseback, baited his horse at the Swan at Andover, took the Winchester road, lightened another chaise of its valuables, and reached Southampton without further adventure. Here he returned his hired horse, crossed over to Newport, and assumed the outward rôle of a retired and innocent family grocer.

II.

But Boulter was now planning something bigger. He substituted for his old pistols new ones of the finest make, and in place of his modest clothes donned fine attire suitable to the part. For a man of his trade and talent to throw good money away in the purchase of a horse would have been absurd, so, hiring one from his old friend the Southampton landlord, he set out to steal another for himself. Boulter was obviously a born horse judge, as he was horse-thief and horseman. He ranged the outskirts of the New Forest for days before he could suit himself, till at last the right thing appeared in a paddock near Ringwood. Dining there at the White Hart, he rode out before it was quite dark, caught the horse, and led it through the night across the forest to Southampton Common, where he turned it out for a few days.

The ex-grocer was now finely set up, and decided on Devonshire for his opening campaign, intending to behave himself till he got there. But he could not resist the temptation of a mounted traveller encountered between Salisbury and Blandford, from whom he extracted a gold watch and several guineas. Passing rapidly through Blandford, he committed various robberies on the Dorchester road; and then, to avoid pursuit, rode at a great pace across country to Calne, where he lay low for a few days. On resuming business upon the Bridport road a stroke of luck fell to him; for a garrulous farmer, flushed with good trade, and doubtless with good cheer, courted his company, and, bragging of the high prices he always got for his cattle, confided to the well-dressed and well-mounted stranger that he had just made an exceptionally good sale in Salisbury market. Boulter expressed regret that so little of such fortune had as yet fallen to his own share, but that the next best thing was to run across somebody who had been thus blessed; whereupon, pulling out his pistol, he intimated that he was prepared to share in the other's benefits. The astonished grazier suggested that his companion was trying to hoax him. 'Not at all,' said Boulter, clapping his pistol to his breast, a proceeding which produced £90, the rest being bills of exchange, of no use to a highwayman. The watch he politely returned, and galloped away to further operations between Exeter and Weymouth, where he adventured with success.

When winter came on Boulter retired to his mother's house at Poulshot with about £500 in cash and valuables. Those were curious times. The close of the Seven Years' War a decade previously had turned loose an immense number of unemployed persons, soldiers and otherwise, and now the pinch of the American War was being felt, and the policing of England was altogether most inefficient. Boulter spent a jovial winter around Devizes, and scattered his money freely, so much so that in the spring of 1776 a depleted exchequer as much as re-kindled ardour sent him out on the road again. He had his eye now on a new horse, a rare piece of blood then stabled at Erle Stoke, Mr Watson Taylor's beautiful place six miles from Poulshot. His sister Nelly was in service there, which facilitated the theft, and in May Boulter found himself speeding to London with a mare beneath him that was to win fame both for him and herself under the name of Sunshine. He now waited about Staines to try his luck upon the early morning coaches out of London. They carried too much artillery, however; so after relieving a private carriage of £7, Boulter turned away towards Windsor, encountering a single traveller in a post-chaise, who refused to stop when challenged, and galloped on, levelling his pistols at our hero, and finally firing and missing

him, till the latter, shooting at the post-boy, compelled him to stop. Boulter then relieved the traveller of £43 and his jewellery.

Towards Maidstone, with supreme audacity, he stopped three post-chaises within sight of each other, taking £50 and considerable jewellery, and in sheer bravado rode in front of them to the town, and baited his horse at an inn while they drove past. The hue and cry was now raised with a vengeance, and Boulter took the Oxford road at full speed for four miles, and then swerved off by Oakingham to Hartley Row. Here he gave his mare a large hunk of toast soaked in port wine, and, outdistancing his pursuers, made for Whitchurch and thence to Everley, on Salisbury Plain, at each place doctoring his mare in the same fashion. He reached Poulshot by nightfall, having ridden a circuitous route from Staines of over ninety miles, and the last seventy-five of them at an average of ten miles an hour! The newspapers of the time, through the pens of the various squires, farmers, and clergymen he robbed, describe Boulter as a fresh-faced, light-haired, heavy man of 5 feet 9 inches, with a hat flapped except behind, and a snuff-coloured coat. After this ride he lay low for a couple of months.

III.

It is impossible to follow Boulter through his numerous adventures, to describe his whimsical attitude towards some of his victims, and his narrow escapes.

During 1777 Boulter went north, and, after operating through Yorkshire with some success, got caught in this wise. Near Ripon he attacked a gentleman well mounted and, as he thought, alone. The man gave up his purse, and Boulter rode on carelessly, when he suddenly found himself pursued by his victim and a servant, both armed. After a two-mile race his mare went lame, and he was run down, and, with a pistol on each side of him, surrendered. He was then carried to York Castle, tried at the assizes, and, of course, condemned to death. His Majesty, however, was woefully short just then of soldiers, and, to Boulter's delight, he was given a reprieve the night before his appointed exit from the world on condition of donning a red coat in the line regiment quartered at York. He served the king just four days, escaping before he had exchanged his civilian clothes for his uniform, and making his way to Bristol by all sorts of shifts. Here he fell in with an innkeeper named Caldwell, who befriended him, and showed such a pretty talent for dark and devious ways that a partnership was formed for fresh enterprises in the west. With some difficulty, and the inn in Milk Street as a refuge, they managed to steal one horse, on which Boulter rode off to Poulshot, with characteristic audacity stopping the Bath diligence and a private post-chaise close to Devizes,

at a profit of £30. After a short breathing-space he then traversed South Wilts and East Hants, stopped the Exeter diligence at the lonely Winterslow 'Hut' near Salisbury, famous as the resort of Hazlitt, robbed a gentleman of Salisbury near Andover, returning him twopence to go home with, and finally collected £100 on the Basingstoke road. After this he swept back through Wiltshire to Bristol, cleaning out the Bath coach at Stapleford near that city. Caldwell in the meantime had picked up one of the finest mares in the country at Brislington, and had her in great condition. The two now hunted the west, sometimes singly and sometimes together. Caldwell, though lacking Boulter's good presence and address, and being a bit too bloodthirsty, proved in other respects an efficient partner. After many successful adventures they left Cirencester for Gloucester one night a little heady with wine. After two successful robberies Boulter rode after a post-chaise, but when level with the window the occupant fired full in his face, the ball skinning his forehead and lodging in his hat. Caldwell, riding up, found his friend blinded with blood and half-stunned, but, tying a handkerchief round the wounded head, the two galloped on, breathing vengeance, caught the chaise, and, with no light hand, stripped the occupant of £30. The partners now returned to Bristol, where Boulter lay for a time recovering from his wound; but his face was conspicuously scarred, a serious matter to a highwayman. In the cellar floor of Caldwell's inn, The Ship, the two had dug a pit, and in this deposited all the jewellery and valuables that were gathered by their far-extended exploits.

Starting out again, and choosing Leicestershire as their field, Boulter had a bad scare. While he and Caldwell were feeding their horses in an inn yard at Leicester they ran right into the sergeant of the company from which Boulter deserted, who recognised him instantly. They all went into a room together, and did not get out of it till the highwaymen had emptied their pockets for the sergeant's benefit to the extent of £31. Even then there was no security from pursuit, and they passed rapidly into Cheshire and Shropshire, Caldwell stealing a fresh horse on the way, and so to Bristol, where they added valuables they had picked up to their subterranean store. Boulter admits that he occasionally stooped to the pilfering of hotel plate. Dressed like a gentleman, and shown into the best rooms, he always took care that his horse was fed before he dined. Then, standing at the door of the room when the waiter brought the bill, he kept him outside interested in the expected tip till he was ready to mount with the spoons in his pocket.

IV.

Every highwayman is credited with some virtue. Boulter's seems to have been an affec-

tion for his mother, and he used to visit her at considerable risk to his safety. On the last occasion before he was caught he struck across from Poulshot for Hampshire, and soon after he had mounted Salisbury Plain an exuberant country squire came galloping after him, filled with admiration of his mare and in purchasing mood. After inquiring her price, he asked to see her paces. Upon this Boulter clapped his pistol to the breast of the astonished sportsman and demanded his portable goods. The Squire having succumbed to the inevitable, the other thanked him, and remarked that having paid for the privilege he should now see the mare's paces, and went off over the plain at a gallop. In the days when all men rode on horseback almost every one had an eye for a horse, and the stolen nags of the highwaymen were occasionally recognised two or three counties away, and caused awkward moments.

Large money rewards emanating from Salisbury had been offered for Boulter's capture for the last two years, but not a single official had yet been able to catch him. He was now, however, secured in a strange way. The partners, wishing to dispose of their hoard, carried part of it to Birmingham. Exercising every caution there, Boulter opened negotiations with a Jew, who made an appointment for the same afternoon; but Boulter had not been long in his shop when the prison officials were introduced, who promptly seized him. Boulter's powder-blackened eye had betrayed him to the sharp Jew, who recognised him at once from the descriptions advertised abroad. Caldwell was taken immediately afterwards, and the two were conveyed to London and imprisoned, Boulter at Clerkenwell and Caldwell in Tothill Fields. Sir John Fielding, then Bow Street magistrate, wrote at once to Salisbury that 'the noted highwayman so long the terror of your county has been taken.'

But while the law was collecting the necessary evidence from all parts of the country, the astounding news reached the courts that the bird had flown. Boulter had been put in the strongest room in the new prison, in company with several others. But his fertility of resource showed itself at once; for, espying a piece of bond-timber in the wall, he foresaw that the bricks beyond could most likely be easily removed. He had, of course, no tools, and was, moreover, heavily ironed, and the co-operation of his fellow-prisoners was necessary. This was readily gained; so was the assistance of one of the women who visited the prison. The necessary tools were introduced, and by methods which would take too long to describe here, the aperture was successfully made, Boulter's irons at the same time were sawn through, and with two companions he dropped safely into the street. The others were captured, but Boulter coolly remained in a house two doors away from the prison for a

couple of days till he had procured another suit of clothes, for he either had with him or acquired some ready money. He now took the public diligence to Leicester, where he was not well known, stole a horse in the neighbourhood, and rode for Dover, meaning to get out of the country. Here, to his dismay, he found that in view of the approaching war with France all the ports were closed, and he tried in vain even to get taken over in a rowing-boat. Riding along the coast, he next tried Portsmouth with equal futility. As a last resource he made for Bristol, but could find no means whatever for getting to sea. Boulter's notoriety and blackened eye together seemed to have impressed even so audacious a man with a sense of extreme danger. So now he betook him to the Isle of Portland as the most secluded region known to him.

His habitual carelessness, however, never quite forsook him. Putting up at an inn at Bridport, he dined at the ordinary, where a guest at once recognised him and, calling the landlord out of the room, made the fact known. Mine host, however, taking Boulter privately aside, told him of his danger, at the same time remarking that he had no feeling against him, and that he might pay his reckoning and ride away. The highwayman's foot was hardly in the stirrup when the crafty landlord, with a party of his guests, rushed upon him before he could mount, and seized him. Boulter admitted his identity, and was taken on 4th July 1778 to Winchester jail, whither Caldwell had already been removed. Needless to say, the evidence was overwhelming, and the death sentence was passed as a matter of course.

The interest, however, excited by Boulter's career of three years was so tremendous that several gentlemen of the district procured a respite of three weeks that the famous highwayman might relate the details of it, which he did simply and unaffectedly. These were taken down, and with many notices concerning him in the contemporary press form the substance of what has been set down here. He died penitent at the hangman's hand on 19th August 1778. No woman, as in many such cases, entered into the romance of Thomas Boulter's career, whose family name, it may be said, is still a common one in the villages along the northern edge of Salisbury Plain. Sixty years ago his name was well remembered in Wiltshire. 'Ask any old man about Devizes,' wrote a well-known Wiltshireman at that time, 'who was the booted and spurred hobgoblin which the servant-maids of a past generation threatened to call out of the dark wood to silence the nursery, or what name was always coupled with tales of terror around the Christmas hearth, and whose the phantom steed that dashed across the village green, and it was always Boulter on his famous mare Sunshine.'



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

A STORY FOR GOLFERS AND OTHERS.

By WILLIAM GARRETT.

PART I.

I.

HIS friends had known that Sir John Merriam was eccentric during his life; at his death his eccentricity was published to all the world, a nine days' wonder.

A successful merchant, he retired from business and settled at Wellwood, some fifty miles from London. Always a sportsman, he succumbed in his late fifties to the attractions of golf, a game he had hitherto despised, and, like many elderly converts, having come to scoff he remained to worship. His devotion was almost an obsession. From the moment he became a devotee of the royal and ancient game the local golf-course, till then insignificant, rose with startling rapidity to the first rank of inland greens. The Wellwood Golf Club undoubtedly owed its magnificent club-house, its well-made artificial hazards, and its Scottish professional to the energy, enthusiasm, and purse of Sir John Merriam of Wellwood House. And a tournament with prizes of princely magnitude—also at Sir John's expense—brought it prominently to the eye of the golfing public.

Let it be confessed at once that Sir John was a bad player. He was even worse than he thought he was, but that only increased his enthusiasm. Still, try as he would, achievement, save by a fluke, was beyond him. As was natural, advancing years put success farther from his grasp, but they failed to quench his ardour, and to the end he struggled like a hero, faint yet pursuing. He delighted in a sort of vicarious success, however, through the instrumentality of his two nephews, Harold and Vincent, sons of a long dead brother, who were well known in the golfing world. In their victories he won tournaments and broke records by deputy.

When Sir John Merriam succumbed to a heart attack, brought on, as was generally believed, by undue exertion in the rough, his will created a sensation that extended far beyond the confines of the Wellwood Club. It was a simple document, drawn up by his own hand and couched in grimly humorous terms. After leaving legacies

to the club and to M'Allister, the professional, he provided that the whole residue of his estate, amounting to eighty thousand pounds, should go to whichever of his two nephews should be the winner of a golf-match of thirty-six holes to be played over Wellwood course on an appointed day.

The terms of this astonishing testament were sufficient in themselves to attract the attention of the press and the public. But the brothers Merriam were so well known in the sporting world that the prospective contest was awaited with more interest than a championship.

In appearance, as in temperament, they formed a curious contrast. Harold was tall, fair, and broad-shouldered, the typical athlete. His greatness as a golfer lay as much in his grit and doggedness as in his excellent execution. Whether winning or losing, he played his match to the end, steady and unmoved; and he was always a terror to finish. These were qualities which had won him that year's Amateur Championship after being three down and six to play in the final against a celebrated American.

Vincent was the direct antithesis of his brother. Slender and dark, obviously more intellectual, he played golf with a scientific precision and understanding that Harold could never have attained. But he was cursed by a curious temperament. It was not a case of 'nerves' in the ordinary sense. It was a strange, almost logical perversity of mind that drove him to do the most stupid and unreasonable things, just because their stupidity was obvious. And nowhere did this most unfortunate failing manifest itself so strongly as on the golf-course. When in the right mood nothing daunted him; when in the wrong one he would for a succession of holes make just those mistakes that he ought clearly to avoid at all costs. To onlookers both execution and judgment seemed to desert him in a moment.

After the terms of the will became known Vincent rather avoided his brother. They were very good friends, but he was disappointed that his uncle, who had treated them both with

impartial affection, should have indulged in such a freakish arrangement. It was not that he would have admitted, even to himself, that Harold had the better chance of success. He knew himself to be really the better player; in ordinary friendly matches he more often won from Harold than lost to him. But he had come to distrust himself profoundly. In the back of his mind there lurked a horrible fear. Would he crack this time? Would his temperament again betray him?

The great match was fixed to take place upon the 24th of August. One evening, about a week before, Vincent came into the club-house at Wellwood with three friends. He and Hay, the captain of the club (a modest twelve handicap), had played a four-ball match as partners against Ratcliffe and Manderson, two of the club's back-markers. Vincent and Hay had won both the afternoon and evening rounds easily.

Dusk was falling, and the big smoking-room was deserted. The four men settled round a table, and, after ordering drinks, fell to discussing the play.

'Well, Vincent,' said young Ratcliffe, 'if you can put up some of that golf you showed us to-day you'll easily flatten out Harold next week.'

Vincent shook his head gloomily. 'It seems such rot playing one's brother for a stake like that,' he said.

'Rubbish, Vincent,' protested Ratcliffe. 'Hang it, I'm laying three to one on your winning. You're not thinking of backing out?'

'You ought to know me well enough, Ratcliffe. I'll go through with it, but—'

'I quite see Vincent's point,' Hay put in. 'It would be more natural for brothers to call quits and divide. But the will made no provision for that. Besides, we should miss the greatest sporting event of the century. Harold will take some beating, but I'm certain you can do it, Vincent. Why, you practically beat those two lads off your own bat to-day. I contributed precious little but moral support.'

Vincent was filling his pipe with nervous, restless fingers. 'Yes, I know I was delivering the goods all right this time,' he said, 'but golf's a queer game.' He paused to light his pipe. 'Harold's a terror on his day, you know,' he went on, 'and I—I don't always function when I want to.'

Manderson gulped at his whisky and soda. 'Nonsense, my boy,' he said, putting down his glass; 'you mean all that rubbish about your not having a temperament for the game. That's all rot; you know yourself it is.'

Vincent looked round the empty room, and then at his companions. All were intimate friends. 'Look here, you fellows,' he said, 'I've got a confession to make. Perhaps it'll do me good to get it off my chest. I wonder if you'll understand. . . . About as far back

as I can remember I've suffered from a curious obsession. If I know I shouldn't do a thing, I often have an uncontrollable impulse to do it. It's difficult to explain. People do foolish and stupid things because they're careless or don't know any better; but with me, I do the stupid thing just because I *know* it's stupid. The more clearly I see its stupidity the more it fascinates me. . . . And I—I usually end by doing it.'

'Liver,' pronounced Ratcliffe. 'Try a pill, Vincent. There are many well-advertised brands.'

Vincent flushed slightly. 'Of course, if you're going to treat it as a joke——' he began, and stopped, sucking nervously at his pipe.

Hay, the oldest of the party, looked at Vincent thoughtfully. 'Go on,' he said quietly. 'I think I understand.'

'It isn't a question of physical health,' Vincent continued. 'I never felt better in my life. It's a sort of moral quality. It worries me most when I'm playing golf, probably because I'm so keen to do the right thing in the right way. When the fit is on me—often at the critical moment of a round—there suddenly flashes into my mind what I ought not to do—what might happen. I fight it sometimes, or play with it for a bit, and then—well, it happens. I wonder if you understand now? You fellows know quite well how often I crook up in the most incredible way during an important game. You call it nerves, or say, "He hasn't the right temperament." But it isn't that—it isn't that at all.'

He stopped suddenly, looking at his companions with an expression of intense appeal on his pale face. There could be no doubt of his earnestness, of the reality of his suffering. Hay thought of an unhappy child trying to explain something it didn't quite understand—trying to justify itself for some inexplicable action.

Manderson and Ratcliffe, too, were impressed, and the feeble jest died on Ratcliffe's lips. Hay broke the sudden silence. 'I think I understand, old chap,' he said. 'It seems to me this may be a medical matter. Nerves are probably behind it. Oughtn't you to see a doctor. I'll go to Harold and get the match postponed for a bit. He's far too good a sportsman not to agree.'

'Certainly not; not on any account,' said Vincent, flushing angrily. 'This is my job. I'm going to beat this devil of mine. And I will, too—probably when I'm too old for first-class golf,' he added bitterly.

Hay glanced at his watch. 'Good Lord! I'd no idea it was so late,' he said. 'I must get home to feed.' He threw away the stump of his cigar and rose. 'Are you fellows coming?'

Ratcliffe and Manderson finished their drinks and rose to accompany him, but Vincent remained seated.

'I'll smoke for a bit yet,' said Vincent; 'I

want to think this thing out. Making a confession to you chaps has helped me a lot.'

Hay put a steady hand on his shoulder. 'You know we'd do all we could to help you, Vincent,' he said. 'Meantime, don't brood too much over this thing. I've immense faith in your golf. Good luck to you next week.'

II.

They were gone, leaving Vincent alone in the smoking-room, to which the dimness of the twilight lent a hint of mystery. He filled a fresh pipe and sat thinking over the conversation. Had he been right to tell them? He was not sure. His natural wish had been to keep his secret buried, but the impulse of the moment had rushed him into disclosure. Anyhow they were all three good friends of his, and no one else would know. Hay might understand; the others almost certainly would not, but they would not talk about it.

He rose to go, when he was startled to hear a voice say, 'Excuse me, but I think I could help you.'

Vincent turned sharply round. He had not been aware that there was any one else in the room. He saw a stranger coming across from a big chair by the window.

'I hope you do not think me interfering,' said the stranger. 'I was sleeping in that chair when you and the others came in. I was just going to move and draw attention to myself when you began what you called your confession. Your story interested me so profoundly that I forbore to interrupt.'

Vincent looked at the eavesdropper with some distaste. He was a slight, clean-shaven individual with long, untidy hair and a swarthy complexion that suggested foreign blood. He spoke with a trace of foreign accent. His eyes were remarkable. There was something strange, yet fascinating, about his gaze. Vincent knew himself in the presence of a compelling personality.

'I should explain,' the stranger went on. 'I call myself Foster. By birth I am a Hungarian, one of your late enemies. A man of science has no country, but prejudices die hard. A friend brought me down here for the afternoon. He has gone off to make a business call, and is to come for me later.'

Vincent felt a curious thrill. Just for the moment he could not say whether he was attracted or repelled. He hated to think that his carefully-hidden secret was in the possession of this complete stranger. And yet the stranger was obviously sympathetic. 'I'm afraid I should not have discussed my affairs so openly,' he said a little coldly.

'I repeat that I can help you,' said Foster. 'Have you ever heard of psycho-therapeutics?'

'Why, yes,' Vincent answered. 'I've heard the family doctor discuss it. He has no use for

the so-called science—thinks it is a dangerous thing to trifle with.'

'How insular,' said Foster, with a slight sneer. 'Why, the whole future of medicine lies there. What are doctors now? If they are surgeons, they are more or less successful butchers. If they are physicians, their cures are either accidental or due to the patient's faith. By my method I *compel* the faith in every case. I cannot cure a broken neck, but where the body can be made to heal itself I make the mind compel the body. Your case is even simpler. It is purely a matter of healing the mind. If you will allow me to take charge of your mind I will make you forget your troubles.'

While he listened, Vincent felt the fascinating intensity of the other's gaze full upon him. Little by little he felt himself surrendering to a stronger personality. With an effort he pulled himself together. 'What do you mean?' he asked.

Foster smiled. 'I mean what I say. I can compel you to win this golf-match. You will require to place yourself unreservedly in my hands. For years I have studied psycho-therapeutics and hypnotic suggestion. I am only an amateur, but—he shrugged his shoulders expressively—'I am profoundly interested.'

Vincent's inclination was to bid the stranger good-night and go. But the other's gaze held him. 'What is your suggestion exactly?' he asked.

'A few words will explain,' Foster replied. 'You remember Edgar Allan Poe's tale of the Imp of the Perverse? Your case is something like that. You suffer from a perversity of temperament that forces you to make the supreme blunder because its obvious consequences fascinate you. Physically, you are one of the best golfers living. For this match I want you to surrender your will to me. You know how to play the game. Play it, and I will exorcise this perverse imp of yours which prevents you from doing yourself justice. If I am close to you it should be an easy matter. You felt my power a moment ago. It will be a great experiment.'

Vincent had a fleeting vision of himself as the subject of some scientific experiment at the hands of this mysterious stranger. Then he thought of the possibilities. Would it perhaps work? Was it playing fair to Harold? After all, was golf not a struggle of character as well as of muscle? Still, why should he not get the full value of his own powers? He knew he was a better player than Harold if only he could avoid his curious weakness. Never mind the money; he could fix that up with Harold afterwards—he could share it. He would win, and by beating Harold he would at last justify himself. 'What do you want me to do?' he asked.

'Nothing, my friend,' said Foster, with a quiet smile; 'nothing, except that you should con-

sciously allow me to dominate you on the day of the match. I shall be there amongst the spectators, always close beside you. You will do the playing; I shall do the willing, and I shall cast out your devil. It is a great experiment. We shall succeed, and success is the

scientist's greatest reward. For you there will be the glory of victory, for me the knowledge of success.'

Vincent held out his hand. 'I am willing to try,' he said.

(Continued on page 537.)

THE ADDER IN ARGYLLSHIRE.

By DUGALD MACINTYRE.

I.

ADDERS are plentiful on the wide moorlands of Argyll. The wilder districts are naturally most prolific in adders, for few people can pass an adder without making an attempt to kill it. The reptile loves thick heather or bracken for cover, and it is fond of water. The banks of moorland streams or lochs are favourite haunts, and the adder returns, like other creatures, to certain favourite places year after year. I know some of those breeding-places of the adder in a particular district of Argyll, and, indeed, have known them for quite thirty years. One has only to go to those known spots in early spring to find a pair of mated adders in the identical place where one killed a pair last year or the year before—or twenty—or thirty years ago, for that matter.

One such hereditary nesting-place of the adder is beside a large flat rock on the bank of a lake. The adders hibernates under this rock, and there must be a large population attached to the place, for no sooner is one pair of adders killed at it, than another takes its place. The adders at this typical adders' haunt resemble each other in colour and markings, and it seems likely that they are blood-relations with a common ancestry.

Adders are numerous in certain parts of Kintyre. I have known a shepherd who made a speciality of hunting adders kill sixteen in his Sunday morning walk. Shepherds do not like adders, because they sometimes bite sheep or cattle. The *Oban Times* reported two cases of milk-cows dying from adder-bite in 1922. Those animals were each bitten on the udder; cattle or sheep bitten about the feet or legs generally—so far as I have noted, invariably—recover.

The island of Mull is famous for the number and size of its adders. Some years ago a large acreage of heather was burned in one portion near the Misnish lochs above Tobermory. The road along the banks of the lakes stopped the fire on one side, and between this road and the water there was a narrow strip of unburned ground. The adders which had existed on the huge burned area naturally had to emigrate after the fire, and they gathered in great numbers in the unburned area by the water. To get there they had to cross the road, and a great many were killed by the road surfacemen and others. Some

idea of the number of adders daily crossing this road may be had if I state that I have seen a dozen freshly killed adders lying on the highway.

One day, when I was fishing from the bank of one of the Misnish lochs, I landed a nice trout, and bent down to examine it where it lay among the heather. Just as I put down my hand to grasp the fish I became aware of some rapidly-moving minute object near it. My eye focused on this new object, and with a shock I recognised it as the black forked tongue of an adder. The adder was coiled within a couple of inches of the trout, and but for its tell-tale tongue I should most probably have been bitten. I measured a good many of the largest Mull adders I saw, but the longest did not equal in length one I killed in Kintyre, which measured twenty-eight inches.

I know of only two cases in which the bite or 'strike' of an adder caused the death of a human being. One of these is recorded in one of the works of Captain Francis Buckland. Buckland, who was noted for his love of strange pets, carried a live adder in his pocket while journeying to London. The pocket containing the adder was picked by a professional thief at the station, and the adder bit the thief, who, despite prompt medical aid, died. Captain Buckland found that the man's blood-stream was in a very bad state, hence his demise. Buckland had himself been often bitten by adders and suffered little inconvenience. The other case of fatal adder-bite known to me occurred years ago at Gruline, Mull. The victim in this case was a little girl of four or five years, and she was bitten in a sensitive spot.

Two boys of thirteen and fourteen bitten on the bare ankles recovered, after a dangerous illness in each case. The legs of both those boys swelled up to a great size, and were much discoloured. An Irishman engaged in hill-draining was bitten by an adder on the back of his hand near a vein, so that the blood spouted from the wound. His friends advised him to go home and go to bed, while a messenger went for the doctor. Pat refused to go home, and went on with his work, merely remarking, 'No fear of me! Sure, St Patrick blessed the soil.' I can certify that no evil results followed this bite—whether owing to the blessing of St

Patrick, or simply because the spouting blood carried away the venom, readers may be left to judge for themselves.

Sporting dogs are sometimes bitten by adders, but I personally know of only one fatal case. The dog in this case was bitten in a peculiarly vital place, so that recovery seemed improbable from the start. Dogs bitten about the head generally swell up very much, and are very sick for a day or two. When the swelling subsides they quickly recover their health. I have known dogs which had been bitten by adders and recovered from the bite to be extremely nervous about them ever afterwards. A coil of old fencing wire or a twisted heather root would give a once-bitten dog a fright while ranging, and the dog would leap high in the air, afterwards coming to heel. One dog I had could not bear the sight of my dog-whip coiled in the grass. It evidently made him think of adders, and he retreated growling. Another dog, a little terrier, made a practice of killing all adders seen. She—for this terrier was a lady—often got bitten, and suffered a good deal from the bites, but this never deterred her from attacking the next adder she saw.

II.

Early in February, should the weather be fine, adders may be found basking in the sun near the hole in which they have lain dormant during winter. At this time they are rather slow in their movements, and seem to lack the strength to get out of the way even when they see you. In the month of April a great many shed skins or 'sloughs' of adders may be seen on the moors. Sometimes these sloughs are fixed in long heather, showing that the adder used the stems of the heather as a purchase in ridding itself of its old dress. Adders become extremely active and vigorous in May and June.

Few people probably have seen an adder hunting for its prey—mice and young birds for the most part. I have been quite thirty years among adders on the moors, and, so far as I recollect, have seen an adder actually on the hunt on only two occasions. On the first of these an adder was seen passing from one heap of fitted peats to another, exactly as a weasel does, and nearly as quickly. It then raised itself to a semi-erect position on the heap of peats, looked all round as a weasel does, and passed on to another heap. It passed thus from heap to heap, rising to a semi-erect position on each, and covered a considerable portion of ground in so doing. At last it came quite close to where my companion and I were watching. The said companion, an old peat-cutter, suddenly uttered a Gaelic ejaculation, literally 'Daughter of the Evil One,' and ran to kill the adder with his peat-spade—a thin steel implement. The man, on coming up with the snake, placed his spade's edge on the middle of its body, thereby detain-

ing without injuring it. The adder instantly struck the spade with such force as to make it ring, and this it did again and again. I examined the spade after the old man had killed the adder, and found on the bright steel some greenish-yellow marks, like pollen—no doubt the venom expended by the snake in its efforts. I found by experiment that the spade could be made to ring only by a rather sharp punch with the forefinger. That a small creature like an adder should be able to make a peat-spade ring argues the possession of extraordinary muscular power.

The second occasion on which I saw an adder hunt was when I was seated on an old turf dyke—a favourite haunt of adders. Sundry squeaking noises in the thick heather clothing the dyke drew my attention, and advancing quietly, I saw a fat old field-mouse creep out into the open. Its attitude reminded me of that of a rabbit when a stoat is on its track, and it seemed to lack the power to run away. Then the adder appeared, swift and alert in its motions. The mouse moved a little, and the adder instantly coiled round it, thus preventing its escape. I killed the adder at this stage of the proceedings, and the mouse fell a victim to the same blow.

Adders take a long time to swallow large prey, such as a field-mouse. I have watched a large adder gorging a mouse for quite thirty minutes, and during that time the outside portion of the mouse did not appreciably diminish. I have seen a young weasel taken from the stomach of an adder, two grouse chicks from another, and five young of the black-cap warbler from still another, the corpulent condition of which, prior to death at my hands, invited dissection.

Adders have quite a strong scent. Young pointers and setters often point them. Once, in the month of July, on coming to a point made by a young dog, I saw quite a collection of adders close together on a sunny bank in front of him. I fired two shots 'in the brown,' other two at single specimens as they crept off. From an examination of the remains of adders strewn about, I should judge I had killed at least six, and as many escaped.

I fancy that adders collect together prior to seeking some hole in which to hibernate. In point of fact they must either do so or join each other below ground. Sometimes workmen pulling down an old turf wall in winter find a ball of adders twined together underground.

On the question as to whether adders do or do not swallow their young, my observation does not qualify me to speak. On one occasion only have I seen young adders near where I had killed a pair of old ones; at other times when I saw young adders, no old ones were in sight. I have measured unborn adders, and found them quite six inches in length. I have also measured some young ones found at large on the hill, and

found them only four and a half inches long. How does that come about? A possible explanation is, that the embryo adder becomes shorter through the consolidation, and consequent contraction, of the backbone after birth.

One reads sometimes of a person being 'rooted to the spot' by the sight at close quarters of an adder or other snake. The mouse, or other small prey of the adder, loses its ordinary power of locomotion at the sight of the 'cold, glittering eye' of its hereditary enemy. Mice, as I have already noted, do lose the power to run when the adder is after them, but it is not the power of the reptile's eye which holds them—the adder may be out of sight of its victim at the time the terrified mouse is rendered incapable of further flight. The stoat has precisely the same power over a rabbit that the adder has over a mouse, and I have more than once seen a rabbit or a hare sit down and begin to scream when the pursuing stoat was not in sight.

The conditions for successful fascination are, as in mesmerism, dependent on the will-power of the victim, or, rather, on the lack of it. Some rabbits, probably old experienced ones, do not submit to the stoat's power of fascination: they run strongly away. It is an essential condition of successful mesmerism that the victim's will-power should first be broken down. The adder is said to have the power to draw birds from the air to its jaws. I should doubt this very much; 'fascination,' as I have seen it, simply renders the 'subject' dazed. The nearest approach to that of an adder 'drawing' a bird to it that I have ever seen was once when I noted a meadow-pipit hovering in an unusual manner in close proximity to the heather. I made a quiet approach, and found that there was a large adder coiled in the pipit's nest. The adder was in a coiled semi-erect position, and its black, forked tongue was in rapid motion. The adder's rapidly moving tongue seemed to be the centre of the pipit's attraction. I killed the adder, and found the pipit's young in its inside. Little wonder, therefore, that the pipit was hovering near the adder.

Adders are sometimes found in the nests of grouse and other large birds. They have been said to lie on the eggs to get the benefit of the warmth, but I know from personal experience that they can, and do, break quite large eggs and eat the contents. I once reserved a nest of the merlin-hawk, with a view to taking the young later for training purposes. One day when I visited the nest to see if the young had hatched, the old hen merlin did not fly off as usual, and I examined the nest. There was an adder coiled in it, and only one of the four eggs it had contained was left. I killed the adder, and found the contents of the three missing eggs (minus shell) in its stomach. A round bruise on the solitary whole egg remain-

ing in the nest served to show how the snake had managed to get at the contents of the eggs—namely, by violent 'prodding' with its mouth closed. I never saw the old pair of merlins belonging to this nest again, so I think it probable that both were bitten by the adder.

Many kinds of birds seem to recognise the adder as an enemy, and 'mob' it as they do an owl in daylight. I once saw a flock of starlings harassing an adder which was making its way across a ploughed field. The starlings formed two long ranks through which the snake had to pass, and as their enemy progressed, the screaming, chattering starlings formed fresh ranks in front of it. The snake went steadily on its course, and the starlings' hostile efforts seemed confined to making a noise.

The forward motion of the snake, which puzzled Solomon, is no longer a puzzle owing to the explanations of the anatomist, but I have often wondered at the behaviour of *part* of an adder at which I had shot. The reptile was moving at a rapid rate towards a glen. The charge from my gun cut it in halves, and the head half of the adder flew across the glen to a considerable distance. The adder was progressing at an angle to the course of the shot-charge, and the tension of its body when going at high speed explains why the head part flew off. But why did not the tail half of the adder shoot off in the other direction?

III.

The adder is by no means the malignant enemy of mankind which history, and more particularly religious history, teaches. The adder hides itself as much as possible, but it really does not lie about in the hope that it may get a bite at its hereditary enemy. If one touches a retreating adder with a stick it quickly coils, but it does not bite unless further provoked. Tease it, after you have rendered it doubtful of your intentions and it has already given warning by coiling, and it will bite—and quite right, too.

I saw a retriever, a playful, high-spirited, young animal, tease an adder for quite a long time. Each time the adder tried to escape the dog made a playful bound at it, when the adder coiled and hissed a warning. The dog's nose was often within striking distance for the adder, but it was evident from the snake's demeanour that it had no intention of provoking combat. I had no fear for the dog in this case, because his superior intelligence enabled him to anticipate and avoid the adder's offensive.

A curious incident occurred in this district some years ago, the actors being a retriever and an adder. The dog's owner had beheaded an adder with his spade, and the dog went to smell the decapitated head, which retained sufficient intelligence and vitality to bite him

on the lip. The retriever, a large, strong animal, nearly died in consequence of this bite on the lip.

It is impossible to dogmatise from the harmlessness or otherwise of individual adder-bites on the general effect of adder-venom; so much depends on the situation of the wound, the health of the victim, and the strength of the viper. The tongue of the serpent is really a harmless thing, so much so that naturalists are in doubt whether it serves any useful purpose in the reptile's present stage of evolutionary progress. I think the forked tongue of the adder is still useful to it in a variety of ways. Birds are strongly attracted to the rapid-moving black tongue of the adder, and that attraction, which seems merely curiosity, may lead them sometimes into the fatal jaws. The adder's tongue is most certainly not forked for nothing, and there is every probability that it is useful as a 'fork' when it is swallowing prey. The tongue is the organ most useful in speech and in distributing saliva to all creatures, and there seems no reason to doubt that the adder finds its tongue useful for those ordinary functions. (The adder's attempted speech is 'hissing,' of course.)

When we were children our parents were wont to admonish us for putting out our tongues in token of derision. This was said by them to be a 'Bad Man's trick.' The 'Bad Man' was the polite name for the Devil in our nursery days. The Author of Evil, as every one knows, once took the form of a serpent for the purpose of bringing about man's fall. Even a temporary visit from such a potent power for evil in the serpent's guise has left that unfortunate serpent's descendants with a number of bad habits, of which putting out the tongue is one.

The adder has a reputation for intelligence which seems hardly merited. 'The wisdom of the serpent' refers, of course, to the 'Old Serpent,' but our ancestors were simple-minded folk, and confused the one with the other—the natural with the spiritual.

One is surprised at times to see rudimentary traces of intelligence in individual adders. I once threw an adder into a loch, just to see how it could swim. It swam well and strongly towards the bank of the lake, and I prevented it from landing, when it swam out into the open loch. Some way down the lake it tried to land again, and I again met it and prevented its landing. This time it swam right across the loch, and I went round to see it land, but kept well back from the water. When the adder neared the end of its lengthy journey it raised itself half out of the water, and had a long look at the shore; and, seeing nothing to alarm it, crept quickly over the gravel of the beach and hid in the heather.

As I have already noted in this article, I once found a pair of mated adders in early spring near the hole in which they had passed the winter.

Careful search at the spot disclosed the presence of young adders. Those young adders, which were not six inches in length, and no thicker than a slate-pencil, coiled and attempted to bite as to the manner born. Close inspection showed them to possess the familiar marking of the adult adder, but the tracing lacked colour; at a little distance they resembled 'elvers' (young eels) rather than what they were. The adder has from six to a dozen or more young at a birth, but the balance of nature is in operation with adders as with all other creatures, and only a small proportion of the young come to maturity.

Man is by no means the adder's chief and only enemy. Cattle, sheep, and goats (and, I think, deer) have been seen trampling adders to death. Swine use them as an article of diet, and have been said to be 'immune' from adder-bite. I do not like the word 'immune' in relation to adder-bite. 'Impervious' better describes the matter in the case of the pig, which has a thick hide and a layer of fat under it. Should a breeding sow chance to be bitten on the udder, I should not give more for her chance of recovery than for a cow in similar circumstances. The adder's fangs are very fragile as well as very sharp, and the reptile is powerless to bite through the leather of a boot or a pig-skin 'legging.' Experiments made on fish are unreliable, for the same causes which give so-called immunity to the pig. The scales of the fish present an impenetrable glassy surface to the adder's fangs, which break off instead of penetrating. Remove the hide of a pig or the scales of a fish, and its supposed 'immunity' to adder-bite may quickly disappear.

To return to the enemies (other than man) of the adder, the common buzzard sometimes takes an adder to feed its young, and I have seen the female hen-harrier do the same. Both buzzard and hen-harrier know quite well that the adder is dangerous prey; for they, in the few instances when I have seen a bird of either species with an adder in its talons, were carrying the reptile by its tail. I have seen the greater black gull kill an adder and swallow it in a whole condition in a series of gulps. The gull carried its quarry to a great height, and let it drop three or four times. Then it hammered the head of its dangerous prey with its powerful beak, and finally swallowed it.

Many young adders are swept away in the sudden summer spates common in the Highlands. I have often found young adders (fairly large ones, too) in the stomachs of lusty trout intended for breakfast. Last year, when on a fishing holiday in Mull, I was advised not to fish in a particular loch, because the trout there fed only on adders and 'asps' (that is, lizards). I have not the slightest doubt but that a young adder would be a taking bait for big trout in certain Mull lochs.

THE GARUDA.

CHAPTER II.—*continued.*

II.

NOW, as we walked towards the cliffs, I told Dulloo of our plans for the morning. He was naturally of a sceptical turn of mind; except in the matter of omens the supernatural had few terrors for him. He had already heard all about Murrawalla's uncanny reputation. But he was not impressed. 'Children's talk, sahib,' was his only comment. 'There's a gang of dacoits sheltering there, or else perhaps coiners.'

'Anyway, Dulloo, we'll soon find out. But we'll have to go well armed.'

When we reached the end of the fields where they dropped down to the Khader we seated ourselves on a bluff to review the scene. Away to the eastward, across the sea of grass and tamarisk, we could just distinguish the course of the Ganges. And nearer—like a vast black smudge in the failing light—lay the great Murrawalla jhil. As we looked, a dark cloud appeared, rising and falling, over the centre of the jhil.

'*Nil sir*' (mallard), Dulloo remarked laconically; 'night-feeding duck fighting half-an-hour before their time. That means that there are men about on Murrawalla now.'

Gradually the shadow of the cliff lengthened towards the jhil, and night settled on the Khader. Now the Khader to me is normally an open, smiling land of happy memories. But to-night there was something very sinister about that empty landscape, where the only signs of life were the startled duck wheeling over the great dark marsh. What, I asked myself, was the unhallowed secret which the marsh concealed?

From our O. P. Judy pointed out to us the path which he had already reconnoitred to a spot at the edge of the jhil where were several disused dugouts of the marsh-men lying in a channel in the reeds. We agreed that Dulloo should precede us next morning to select a seaworthy craft, and that we should join him at the jhil soon after dawn. Then the waning light warned us that it was time to return to camp.

But as we rose to go an incident occurred which I was afterwards to have good cause to remember. About a mile to the north of us, and tucked away beneath the cliff, I noticed for the first time a large barrack-like building dimly visible in the gathering darkness. That it was a factory of some kind was evident from its two tall chimneys outlined against the evening sky.

'What in all the world is that place there?' I asked Judy.

'That?' he replied. 'Oh, that's the sugar-factory which has just been started; of course it's new since you were here last. It's a good show, with all the latest plant for crushing and refining. And, Heaven knows, there was room for improvement on the bullock-driven crushers and antediluvian boilers they've used up to date.'

'Who put up the money?' I asked casually. 'Money's pretty tight these days.'

'A refreshing instance of local enterprise,' said Judy. 'The owner's an Indian, by name Essar Dass. It seems he made a pile in the States somewhere—San Francisco, I believe. And he's a good fellow, Geoghegan says—all for encouraging home industry. Anyway, he asked us all over to tea yesterday, and took us round his factory afterwards. A plump little person, but remarkably shrewd; at least that's how it struck me.'

Whereafter we dismissed Essar Dass and his factory both to the limbo of unimportant things. Which was, perhaps, the first really grave mistake we made.

III.

During our absence the rest of the party had returned to camp. Gathered in the anteroom tent we found on our return Geoghegan and his wife with half-a-dozen other guns, soldiers and civilians from the neighbouring cantonments. It was, in fact, a typical Christmas shooting-party, completed by the presence of two very charming American spinsters on a visit to India for the cold weather.

After dinner Geoghegan unfolded to us his plans for the following day, with many and bitter regrets that the usual big duck-shoots were impossible. For, thanks to the taboo on the jhils, there were no boats or boatmen to be had: a state of affairs by no means uncommon in these degenerate days. Still, there were plenty of snipe and partridges to be shot, so the party was told off to its respective beats. And, as previously arranged, Judy and I were given a roving commission.

Next morning we were up betimes, and started for Murrawalla as the first level rays of the sun were lighting up the Khader. At the appointed spot we espied Dulloo waiting for us. Now, on the soft Khader soil one moves as quietly as a cat, so we rounded a clump of high grass and were upon him before he noticed us. We found him seated on his hunkers, very busy with an old cigarette-tin, which he handled as one handles a dice-box. And his face was as solemn as a judge's. He finished his throw as our long morning shadow warned him of

our presence. Past experience told me what he was about.

'Hulloa, Dulloo!' I hailed him; 'and how are things this morning?'

'I've thrown eleven,' he replied doubtfully, gathering up from the ground as he spoke a number of small black objects that resembled melon-pips, 'and eleven *should* be a lucky number. But then I threw eleven the night before I lost my arm.'

'What on earth's he playing at?' asked Judy.

'Only consulting the omens,' I answered. 'Every good Kanjar does that, you know, before he starts out on a sticky job. But they usually throw with sandal-seed: he's not using the orthodox dice this morning.—Oh, Dulloo,' I called, 'what's that you've got there in your tin?'

'Datura-pips, sahib,' he answered, just a trifle sheepishly.

'Datura?' Judy queried. 'That's the broad-leaved plant you see everywhere, with white flowers and prickly green fruit, isn't it? Thorn-apple,* they call it.'

'Precisely,' said I. 'And you might have added, the stock-in-trade of the modern thug, for it's about the most potent alkaloid poison known. No more strangulation or nastiness of that sort; just a smear over the victim's cooking-pots or food—that puts him to sleep for the next day or two.—Dulloo,' I added reproachfully, 'I never knew you were a thug.'

'Nay, sahib,' he assured me earnestly, 'there are no more thugs; the sirkar† caught them all. But the datura can be a good friend—you never know.' Which remark, events were to prove, was a remarkably true prophecy.

IV.

Dulloo had already selected a dugout for us, and we lost no time in launching her in the shallow water. And then we set forth on our Odyssey along the narrow twisting channel, soon to be swallowed up in the reeds, which rose a good six feet above our heads on either hand. In the bow sat Judy with a compass, for our object was to work inwards on a bearing towards the centre of the jhil. Judy was also in charge of our battery, a 12-bore and a Mannlicher, which we had deposited in the bows. Mine was a thoroughly unpleasant job: I found myself balanced precariously amidships, and wielding a pole wherewith to hold the course which Judy ordered. *Experto crede*; the art of poling a dugout is not acquired in a day. As for Dulloo, he sat at his ease in the stern and paid out the clue of Ariadne with his one and only hand.

In truth, it was a fascinating world in which we found ourselves; a fairyland apart, shut in by whispering reeds where the kingfisher hung

poised, a living amethyst against the green, and the little fishes glinted silver in the gin-clear water. Even the very coots who spluttered fussily into the *ewigkeit* at our approach had donned a resplendent livery of metallic blue. And once we surprised a cunning old boar who had been wallowing in the shallows. As he cantered to cover, scattering the spray in rainbow clouds behind him, the truculent cock of his ears did one's heart good—a gallant old boar who would have tired one's horse out and then died fighting. And yet there are people who will leave India without once having felt her spell.

Working on our bearing, we chose as far as possible the channels which led in the required direction. Hour after hour we progressed in this peaceful fashion, while gradually the sun grew in strength and the marsh noises around us ceased. Often we found ourselves in a blind alley in the reeds, obliged to retrace our course and to try another channel; but always our clue guided us back safely. And all this time there was not a trace of the enemy. Surprise, we know, is the most potent factor in war.

Perhaps we had grown careless. The occasional mugger whom we disturbed from his siesta on a mud-bank, and the bevvies of pochard feeding peacefully in the more open reaches, all seemed to argue an entire absence of the unusual. And my back had begun to ache abominably. Privately I had long since consigned Vishnu and Garuda, both, to the celestial regions where they properly belong. So it came about that—after midday, it must have been—when we were poling down a particularly narrow channel, and Judy had just remarked that we must be near the centre of the jhil, all at once the dugout went down at the bows with a jerk, and I awoke to the fact that Dulloo had slid over the stern silently as an otter. There was barely time to visualise the ring in the water where he had disappeared, and the string of bubbles which marked his course to the reeds, before the trap closed on us. The surprise was complete.

'Where are you going to, my pretty maids?'

It was a harmless enough remark, spoken in a perfectly friendly tone. Almost playful it was; the voice of a man entirely sure of himself and of his mastery of the situation. But such is the moral effect of surprise that we could scarcely have been more thoroughly upset by the roar of a bull of Bashan. Judy and I spun round of one accord towards the speaker—to the imminent jeopardy of the dugout—to find ourselves contemplating the muzzle of an automatic at about five yards' rise. The owner of the pistol remained partly screened from view in the reeds, but from the very first I was in no doubt as to his nationality. There is this about a Yank—even to those who, like myself, are wholly uninitiate in the American tongue—his speech bewrayeth him.

* *Datura stramonium*.

† Government.

CHAPTER III.

I.

AS the dugout righted herself I saw Judy stoop to grab one of the guns lying in the bows.

'Hands up!' The words came like the crack of a whip, and brought Judy up short before his fingers had reached the butt.

'That's better,' the voice went on in its original quiet drawl. 'I just hate to be melodramatic, but if there's any damned nonsense I shoot. And you haven't a hope.'

So there we were, both with hands raised to heaven, swaying to the motions of that infernal dugout. The position was peculiarly undignified. Then there came a crashing and crackling from the reeds in front of us and the nose of a dugout emerged, followed in due course by the complete article. In it were seated two figures. Amidships was he of the pistol. And he was a remarkable-looking man. About thirty-five, I should say, though he may have been a few years older, for he had obviously worn well. He was hatless, and his hair was fair—too fair to be golden—that strong, wavy hair which is rooted for a lifetime. But his eyes were his most striking feature. They were amazingly blue, of the vivid shade of cobalt-blue that Celtic eyes sometimes are, the eyes of a seer or a fanatic. Altogether it was a strong, handsome face. Yet its expression was repellent. A mouth that closed too deliberately, and lips a shade too thin—one felt instinctively that here was a stranger to all those little human weaknesses which endear us to our fellow-men. As

you may imagine, I took good stock of the man; for in such surroundings the sainted Ratan Haji himself would have been an apparition hardly more astonishing than a Yankee gun-man.

The other member of the crew was one of the local marsh-men—a mere child. From the stern, where he crouched clutching his paddle, he scowled his unqualified disapproval of us and all our works. As I met his glare of stony hate it struck me as distinctly odd that he should be there at all—at a time when his elders and betters would venture nowhere near the jhil.

As the dugout came alongside the white man went on, 'We'll relieve you of these guns of yours as a start, so as you can sit down and be comfortable.' Then, turning to the boy, 'Ali Haider,' he said, in execrable Hindustani, 'get hold of these guns there, will you? *jeldi* now.'

The boy Ali Haider boarded us, grinning like a mischievous ape. And after transferring the guns to the other boat he proceeded to search us thoroughly, while the white man—seated at a respectful distance—kept us carefully covered. When the search could be prolonged no farther, Ali Haider was ordered to hitch a rope and take us in tow.

'Now,' said the white man, 'you can take your hands down and enjoy life. We shall lead; but I guess you'll have to pole after us, for our engine-power's low.'

'Had for mugs, we are,' Judy whispered to me. 'Do as he tells you, but watch your chance. He may slip up presently.'

(Continued on page 531.)

THE PLANET MARS.

By Professor GEORGE FORBES.

I.

DURING the month of August in 1924 many people will ask the question, 'What is that fiery star low down near the southern horizon?' It is the planet Mars, that revolves round the sun in an orbit outside of the earth's orbit, nearer to the earth than the orbits of Jupiter and Saturn. It is seen in August, 1924, to rise at 9 P.M., and to set at 3 A.M. At midnight in the south it is no higher in the sky than a December sun at noon.

The earth travels quicker than Mars in its course round the sun, and overtakes it every two years and seven weeks. At the time when Mars is being overtaken, he must be in line with the earth and the sun. He is then nearer to the earth than at any other time. So he looks far brighter than usual, and this is why people notice the planet when it is in 'opposition' to the sun. His red colour is generally

attributed to the colour of his soil, like red sandstone.

It is interesting to make a little sketch of the stars near to Mars in opposition, and to mark his varying position among the stars from week to week. His general course is found to be from west to east, or from right to left in our latitudes. But, at the time of opposition, Mars and the earth are travelling in parallel courses. And the fact that the earth travels quicker and Mars lags behind makes the planet seem to be travelling backwards, from left to right, among the stars.

On the 26th July 1924, in its ordinary course from right to left, it reaches a notable group of small stars to the left of the constellation Aquarius, the Water-bearer. Here, for a day or two, it remains stationary, so far as we can see. Then it flies rapidly to the right through 30°, right across that constellation, and there becomes again stationary on the 24th September.

Again reversing its direction, it presently acquires its steady rate of motion from right to left. On the 23rd of August it is in opposition, nearest to the earth and at its brightest. This retrograde motion, at times of opposition, was a great puzzle to the ancient astronomers. If they looked on the earth as being fixed in space, with the sun and Mars going round it, they would clearly have to give to Mars a very funny route, sometimes going backwards.

Pythagoras, however, and his school of followers, including the great Plato, seem to have pointed out what has been stated above, that the apparently retrograde motion can easily be explained if the earth goes round the sun in a circular orbit, and Mars in a larger circular orbit, more slowly than the earth.

These philosophers thought that this simple circular motion was far more likely to be the true one than the queer forward and backward motion of Mars, on the theory of the earth being at rest.

But the ancients generally could not believe that the earth moved. So at last the Greek mathematician, Apollonius, showed how two circular motions, such as were favoured by the great Plato, could, if ascribed to Mars, give the appearance of retrograde motion with the earth fixed in space. He gave to Mars a double circular motion like a waltzer in a ballroom, who describes one circle round his partner and another round the room. Any one in the middle of the room would see the waltzer moving round the room, on the whole from right to left, but with occasional stationary points, and retrograde motions from left to right.

This theory of Apollonius was adopted by Hipparchus, Ptolemy, Aristotle, and all philosophers for over sixteen centuries, until Copernicus directed attention to the greater simplicity of the Pythagorean theory of a moving earth. Finally Kepler discovered, from the accurate observations made by Tycho Brahe on Mars during eighteen years, the exact shapes of the nearly circular planetary orbits.

II.

Mars is, in many ways, the most interesting of the planets. It is much nearer to us than Jupiter or Saturn, so we have a closer view of its features. Venus sometimes comes still closer to us, but at such times its illumination by the sun leaves most of it dark, and only a thin crescent is visible, for Venus then lies nearly between us and the sun.

Certainly we can map out the topography of Mars better than that of any other planet. With a good telescope we can see dark and light areas, like continents and oceans. Also, we can see that the arctic and antarctic regions are covered with ice and snow. By watching with a telescope the movements of some dark area, the rotation of Mars, like that of the

earth, is established, and it is found to take about twenty-four hours, just as in the case of the earth. Moreover, the inclination of Mars's axis of rotation to the ecliptic is about the same as in the case of our earth. Since the character of our seasons depends upon that inclination, it follows that the seasons on Mars must resemble our own seasons. In fact, a telescopic examination of Mars shows a great resemblance to terrestrial conditions, except that the year is nearly twice as long, and being so much farther from the sun it gets less heat from it. Mars offers more conditions suitable for the life of human beings than any other planet. But it is doubtful if we shall ever be able to find out whether it is inhabited or not.

There was one thing that used to surprise astronomers. The Earth, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune all have moons or satellites. Mars showed none. Venus and Mercury might perhaps have moons that are invisible owing to the blazing light of the planet itself.

In 1877 a splendid 26-inch refractor telescope had been set up at Washington, U.S.A.; and when the director, Asaph Hall, turned it upon Mars during opposition he discovered two minute moons, each a few miles only in diameter. But these moons differed from all satellites that were then known in being so near to the surface of the planet that they only take, the one seven and a half, the other thirty and a quarter, hours to revolve round the planet Mars, whose daily rotation is completed in twenty-four hours.

This unique phenomenon would enable an inhabitant of Mars to see the inner moon Phobos revolving every night from west to east; sometimes showing three full moons in one night, with all the phases, waxing and waning, completed in the intervals, exhibiting within a few hours the gibbous and crescent forms and the first and last quarters.

In connection with this discovery, mention must now be made of the most extraordinary fulfilment of a flight of human imagination that has ever been developed in the world's history.

Swift wrote the imaginary travels of Gulliver in the year 1726. He then spoke of the astronomers in the island of Laputa as being furnished with telescopes so wonderful that they discovered not only one but two moons revolving round Mars, very close to the planet, one completing a revolution round Mars in ten hours, the other in twenty-one and a half hours.

It is surprising that he should have said there were *two* moons, which is true. But it is simply astounding that he should have attributed to them periods of revolution so small as to be utterly at variance with any facts known about the solar system. And it seems actually miraculous that he should have,

so nearly to the truth, stated the periods of revolution of these two moons of Mars, which were never even seen till a century and a half later.

III.

The new astronomy owes more to photography and the spectroscope than it does to any new development of instruments, great as these have been in the lives of many of us.

Photography has been of service to astronomy in three different directions: (1) delineation, (2) position, (3) discovery. It was first used for the delineation of the moon's features by Warren de la Rue, Bond, Rutherford, and others. De la Rue then applied it to the sun to delineate the solar spots and faculæ, and also the phenomena of solar eclipses, and transits of Venus. The successful extension of this art to planets is more recent, and was largely due to the study of the planet Mars, as will now be told.

After photography had proved its superiority to the human eye in portraying accurately the markings upon the sun and moon, it seemed reasonable to expect a like success in the portrayal of markings upon the planets. The first attempts, however, dispelled that expectation, and the reason is very obvious to any one who has, with a telescope, sought to make a drawing of the fainter markings on any planet such as Mars, Jupiter, or Saturn.

The markings upon a planet's surface, beyond the broad outlines of continents, perhaps, or of belts of cloud, are often extremely feeble, and difficult to observe. The transparency of our atmosphere is not steady, but varies from moment to moment. So does the stillness of the air, which is essential for clear definition. Any movements of the atmosphere tend to blur and confuse the feebler markings on the planet.

On looking through a telescope at Mars or Jupiter, after a long wait, a momentary flash of exceptionally clear vision may disclose the existence of a spot, or a line, or mere dots, that had up to that moment been invisible. And the observer must then mark upon his drawing these glimpses, while he goes on looking, in hopes of confirming or correcting his first impression. Thus his picture may be filled in with details which are not seen by him all at once, but only 'glimpsed' occasionally.

Now, a planet differs from the sun, or even the moon, by the feebleness of its light. It requires a much longer exposure to produce a photograph, a duration of time generally much longer than the duration of any one of those exceptionally clear moments of vision. Details become obliterated by atmospheric fluctuations during the time required for exposure.

Thus it happened that disappointment was met with in all early attempts at delineation of the surface of a planet by photography. This arose from the absence in the photograph

of those glimpses that can be caught visually. But every one looked forward with hope, and we still do so, to a time when photographs of the planets will be as clear and superior to visual drawings as are those of the moon or of nebulæ.

One of the greatest charms to many of us in the history of astronomy lies not so much in the wonderful discoveries that have been made as in the dogged perseverance, patience, and skill of the astronomer in his continuous and unremitting search for truth. And the partial success that has been attained by the effort to photograph the finer details of the planet Mars is one of the best examples of this spirit.

Its history is worth recording here as a pleasing tribute to the untiring perseverance of the late Percival Lowell at the Flagstaff Observatory in Arizona, U.S.A., in his prolonged study of the planet Mars.

IV.

Up to the year 1877 the features depicted in drawings of Mars were permanent markings, perfectly clear and definite. In that year, when his moons were discovered, Mars and the earth came unusually close to each other, and Schiaparelli, for the first time, detected certain straight lines forming a kind of network over parts of the planet. The straightness of these lines did not look natural, and the suggestion was made that they were artificial canals made by human beings. At a later opposition of Mars the same astronomer declared that many of the canals were double.

Some people of imagination have looked upon the canals as means of transport between industrial towns situated at their points of intersection. The duplication of canals might have become necessary on account of the increasing traffic; one for the up trains, the other for the down trains, of canal boats.

On the other hand, some have looked upon the canals as a huge artificial system of water-supply for irrigation. If the red colour of Mars is due to the soil being a sandy desert, then the absence of water in these desert regions may have led to the construction of canals to bring water from the polar regions when the ice melts in summer time. For we do find that the ice-caps covering the north and south poles of Mars, as on our own planet, are seen to grow in the winter of Mars, and to be melted and shrink during its summer, alternately in the two hemispheres of the planet.

A great number of maps of the planets were drawn by those astronomers who were fortunate enough to detect these canal-like appearances. Among these, no one was more diligent, or more successful, than the late Percival Lowell, whose acquaintance I first made at the observatory of Harvard College over thirty years ago. He set up a magnificent

24-inch telescope, in the clear atmosphere of the high altitudes of Arizona, at the Flagstaff, or Lowell, Observatory.

While Lowell was thus confirming the observations of Schiaparelli, many other astronomers could not see the canals even with larger telescopes than his. They doubted the reality of the network of canals; and they suggested that the pictures by Lowell and others were the result of imagination, and that he unconsciously joined any spots or marks there might be into straight lines extending over great distances. Lowell, on the other hand, attributed his own positive results, where others failed, partly to superior qualities in his telescope, and partly to the climate.

Lowell continued, at successive oppositions of the planet, to confirm his original discoveries. Still the doubters insisted that the canals were an illusion. In answer to this he invited sceptics to his observatory. Again and again these independent observers, when favoured by moments of unusually clear vision at Flagstaff, confirmed his results. Still, many sceptics were not convinced.

Thereupon Lowell realised that the only way for convincing all astronomers of the existence of these canals was to secure an actual photograph independent of human hand, eye, or imagination. This would involve a new departure in the use of photography by the application of new processes, for, down to that date, photographs of planets had not been a success. All his efforts were concentrated on taking numerous pictures of Mars so instantaneously that in some of them he might chance to catch the favourable glimpses, under momentarily good conditions, which had hitherto been vouchsafed to direct vision.

He used the most rapid plates. He stained them with a dye that rendered them more sensitive to the red colour of the planet. He also interposed faintly-coloured films to accentuate the contrast between the chemical action of light coming from the canals and from the background of the picture.

At every step, though with many failures, his hopes became brighter. After years of laborious trials he was able to get a clear picture with an almost instantaneous exposure. Then he proceeded to take on each plate a great number of exposures in rapid succession on different parts of the photographic plate. Eventually he succeeded in occasionally finding perfect definition in some of the images.

In this way Lowell was ultimately able to circulate among astronomers photographs which, although they did not exhibit every detail which he had glimpsed in his eye-observations, did certainly prove to the world the existence of these lines which he considered to be artificial canals.

He did not assert that the great breadth

of the lines was all canal. He claimed that the lines indicated not only the canals, but also the belt of vegetation that would inevitably spring up to some distance on each side of the banks of the canals, as can be seen on the banks of the Nile.

Since the death of Lowell, his chief assistant and successor, Mr Slipher, has continued the good work with great perseverance. He tells us that the number of photographs of Mars already taken at the Lowell Observatory considerably exceeds 100,000.

Quite recently, by the application of these new processes, he has produced marvellous photographs of Jupiter, which have been the admiration of all who have seen them. Ten years ago such pictures would have been impossible.

V.

Every time that a line from the sun to the earth overtakes Mars that planet is in opposition, and at that time it is nearer to the earth than at any other time during that revolution. But at some oppositions the planet is much nearer than at others. It comes nearest to us when the opposition occurs in September, and in August of this year, 1924, it is only 35,000,000 miles away.

It is easy to understand the reason for this. The earth's orbit, though elliptical, is very nearly a circle, with the sun at its centre. In other words, the distance of the earth from the sun does not vary greatly in the course of the year.

But in the case of Mars the elliptical orbit differs much from a circle. It is an oval, with the sun not at the centre but nearer one end of the oval. Hence the planet is nearest to the sun and to the earth if the opposition occurs when the planet is at that end of its elliptical orbit. The earth is always in that line during September, and this is the reason why we get our closest view of Mars when the opposition takes place in September.

Every fifteen years we have an opposition at or near that favourable position. At those times there is the best chance to detect faint details upon the surface, as Schiaparelli found in 1877.

Moreover, the closer the planet is to us, the more accurately can its distance from us be measured. For this reason, in September 1877, that great Scottish astronomer, David Gill, carried out to Ascension Island, in the Southern Atlantic, the instruments required for the purpose. He then settled to the satisfaction of astronomers a perplexing problem as to the true distances, in miles, of all the planets and the sun.

The result reached by Sir David Gill in 1877 remained the best known until, ten years later, as Her Majesty's Astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, with more powerful appliances, and

with all the experience gained in the interval, he measured the sun's distance still more exactly, and in doing so performed a feat of accurate observation which stands out even to-day as one of the greatest triumphs of British astronomy.

Those of us who look out for the fiery-red planet in the south after 9 p.m. during this month of August will perhaps have an increased interest when bearing in mind what has been told in this article. Unfortunately this opposition of Mars occurs, like all the best

ones, when it is in a part of the ecliptic which never reaches a great height above the horizon in our latitudes.

We are not likely ever to receive messages from Mars. But to most people there is a perennial interest in discussing what at present is a question with no immediate prospect of solution, the habitability of the planet Mars. All that can be said with certainty is this: If human beings can exist on any planet, Mars is the one on which they would have the best conditions for their existence.

BUTTERFLIES AND COLUMBINES.

By MORRIS MARPLES.

I.

IT was evening when I arrived at Zweimatten. I had walked all day, with rucksack and butterfly-net, and I had not hurried. It was too hot at first; even the butterflies were glad to drink at every wayside pool, and dance their flickering dances where the sunshine blazed less fiercely. And when no longer the sun struck into the valley, I had been content to dawdle on the cool upward road through the pine-trees.

I was happy. Did not my collecting-case contain two specimens of *Podalirius*, that lovely swallow-tail of the Swiss water-meadows, beside my other captures? A very little thing can make an entomologist happy. Singing to myself, I made my way among the familiar chalets. The tang of wood smoke reached me, the tinkling of mule-bells, the music of running water. It was like a home-coming. Indeed, I regarded Zweimatten as a home in a foreign land; and more especially the Pension Minerva, where good Frau Abplanalp had mothered me every summer these ten years.

I turned the corner, and, behold, the hospitable white front, the green shutters, the creeper-covered veranda, and on the veranda Frau Abplanalp herself.

Her homely face brightened as she recognised me. 'Well, here you are, Herr Partridge,' she said in her deliberate English. 'I was waiting you long time. How are you then?' We shook hands, and she led me inside.

When I had answered all her questions, she herself conducted me to my old room, facing the Geissthorn and the rising sun.

II.

Half-an-hour later I came down, and found dinner had already started. The long *table d'hôte* was so full that I could hardly find a seat. There were the usual school-teachers, just arrived like myself, and very talkative; a parson and his wife; a couple of family parties; one or two sun-blistered climbers. So much I took in at

first glance. Cheerful English voices filled the room.

At last I managed to insinuate myself between the parson's wife and a little elderly gentleman, who seemed to be alone. One glance at the High Church lady was sufficient; she carried a lorgnette, crocheted between courses, and sniffed. I turned to my other neighbour.

He had mild blue eyes, and a smooth, oval, red face; his head was absolutely and entirely bald, like an egg. His mouth turned down rather mournfully at the corners; indeed his whole aspect was rather lugubrious. 'Humpty Dumpty,' I dubbed him mentally.

'Have you been out here long?' I ventured conventionally.

He wiped his mouth with his napkin, and pivoting, as it were, from the hips, 'Yes,' he replied, very deliberately, 'I have been here three weeks. This is a charming place, is it not?'

'I'm glad you like it. It's an old haunt of mine.'

'Ah, yes.'

'I've been here every summer for years now. This your first visit? I don't remember ever having seen you here before.'

'No. Not my first visit,' he articulated. 'Twenty-five years ago I was here. I was here for my honeymoon.'

'Really? It must have been delightful in those days.'

'It has changed very little. Everything seems exactly the same. It strikes me very forcibly. I have changed so much, and things here have changed so little.' He blinked his blue eyes and drooped his mouth.

'The people must have changed.'

'I suppose they have. Most of them.' He sighed.

III.

My curiosity was now thoroughly provoked, not only by his demeanour but by his whole appearance. I could not satisfy myself as to

what he was, or why he was at Zweimatten. As I looked at his well-starched collar, his neat blue suit (they don't dress at the Minerva), his gold watch-chain, I associated him rather with Torquay, or perhaps Harrogate. I pictured him strolling on promenades, occupying hammock chairs, wearing a panama and rubber-soled shoes. He seemed to me distinctly out of place at Zweimatten, and alone at that. And yet he had been here three weeks. 'Are you staying long?' I asked.

'Perhaps for a month,' he replied, 'or perhaps less. It depends really upon the weather.'

'Well, you are pretty safe at this time of the year.'

'No, it's not that.' He hesitated a moment. 'The hotter it is, the sooner I shall be able to go.'

I wondered what he meant. 'You speak as if you were here under compulsion,' I said, smiling. 'Surely that can't be so.'

'Well——' Again he hesitated, toying with his dessert. 'As a matter of fact, I'm waiting for some one.'

He had the air of imparting a secret, rather against his better judgment.

'Your wife, perhaps,' I dared.

'Yes. My wife.'

Perhaps I should have pressed him no further, so uncommunicative did he seem. But curiosity overcame me. 'She's coming out to join you?'

'No. She's—she's out here now. She's been out here for the last twenty-five years.'

He seemed to fling the statement at me.

As we rose from table I realised I had stumbled upon a domestic tragedy. His wife had been in Switzerland since their honeymoon; he had been in England. Building upon these facts, and upon his reticence and general behaviour, I solved the problem quite simply. There had been a honeymoon quarrel, and a reconciliation was about to take place. Why, else should he meet his wife?

I strolled onto the veranda with my cigar, my companion having left me. The Alpine glow was on the mountains, and the goats were tinkling homewards uncondemned. I stretched myself in a basket-chair. 'Queer about Humpty Dumpty,' I thought vaguely. 'Pathetic little man. What on earth did he mean when he said it depended on the weather—the heat?'

But before long I had forgotten him. My mind slipped back to butterflies, as it always does. The night was cool and fragrant; the rosy hills were fading. It was indeed good to be alive.

When it was quite dark I went to my room, pinned out my swallow-tails, and so to bed.

IV.

When I came down to breakfast Humpty Dumpty was already there. I sat down beside him, and he seemed quite pleased to see me.

'Good-morning,' he said, very cheerfully, without turning down the corners of his mouth.

'Good-morning,' I answered, rather at a loss what further to say.

But this time he took the initiative. 'Are you remaining here?' he asked.

'Yes. For a week at least. I'm an entomologist, and this is a very good place.'

'Indeed? I have observed multitudes of butterflies—particularly along the glacier path. You know it?'

'Oh, quite well. I'm going there to-day, I expect.'

For a second he regarded me, pivoting in my direction. 'Er, would you—would it embarrass you in any way if I were to accompany you? It is my daily habit to stroll that way——' He left off questioning, and a little anxiously.

'By all means do,' I hastened to assure him. 'Let's go together, by all means. I shall be awfully glad of company.'

'Yes? I have always gone alone, for so seldom do I meet any with whom I care to associate, or who are at all in sympathy with me. But you——'

'Yes, yes. Quite,' I interposed hurriedly, and was immediately sorry, for he looked so crushed. 'It must be a bit dull by yourself,' I went on. 'You'll be glad of some one to talk to.'

'I'll go and get ready,' he said, and went out.

I finished my breakfast, and, having packed my rucksack, I took my net, and found Humpty Dumpty waiting for me with the sandwiches. Sure enough, as I had imagined he ought to, he wore rubber-soled shoes and a panama!

We started along the glacier path through the fir-trees. The sun blazed pitilessly from a turquoise sky. The flowers, in the little alps we passed, splashed their colours abroad like butterflies on stalks. And the butterflies danced above them like winged flowers. Sometimes my skilled eye would detect one more desirable than its fellows, and I would leave the path for a brief, but exhausting, pursuit with the net.

Slowly we climbed the gentle gradient. Our talk was of the mountains, the flowers, our fellow-guests, anything and everything, such as two strangers in Switzerland might chance to discuss. But my companion seemed always a little detached, as if his thoughts were other than his words. I knew there was something on his mind.

V.

Not far short of the glacier we sat down to lunch in the shade of a great rock, and there, at last, he broached the subject I had long been expecting.

'I expect to be able to take my wife away in another fortnight if this heat lasts,' he said abruptly.

'Er—she objects to the heat?'

'Oh no. Not that. But she will be released sooner if it continues,' he replied mysteriously, and set me thinking of the sun-cure for consumption for want of anything more plausible.

'Yes. I suppose the heat does make a lot of difference,' I said, without meaning anything in particular.

He glanced at me. 'Yes,' he said, and was silent.

No suitable reply occurred to me; and I fell to examining a great blue columbine which grew beside me, like some fantastic tropical insect, on its slender stalk, so it seemed to me with my butterfly-ridden mind. The wood around and above was full of them, glowing blue in the shadows. Humpty Dumpty saw what I was looking at.

'The columbines are lovely, are they not?' he said softly. 'My wife loved columbines!' He rose and gathered one or two. 'Twenty-five years ago, in this very wood, we gathered columbines together.' His mouth drooped. 'I think she would like a few to-day.'

'To-day?' I repeated a little startled. 'You will see her to-day?'

'I see her every day.' My theories collapsed. 'I hope to see her very shortly. Would you care to?'

'I should be delighted,' I managed to say, though my mind was filled with confusion.

'Shall we go on then?'

We resumed the path. Humpty Dumpty carried his little bunch of nodding columbines carefully in front of him.

'Your wife is in Zweimatten?' I asked, after a minute's silence.

'No, no. She is waiting there.' He pointed in the direction we were going.

'On this path?'

'No, no,' a little impatiently.

Completely mystified, I began to suspect a touch of the sun. We were approaching the smooth lip of the glacier, and the stream which flowed from it was clamorous beside us. I could see the glorious cold green-blue of the ice. I said nothing. Humpty Dumpty led the way up to its very face.

'That is the most beautiful colour in the world,' he said, touching the ice with his finger-tips; 'the most beautiful colour in the world.'

For a moment he stood, apparently absorbed in thought. Then he roused himself with a jerk, and we began to scramble around the foot of the ice-wall over jagged rocks.

'Shall we go in here?' he said, and led the way into a cave in the ice. He took off his hat, and his bald head shone blue-green in front of

me. Over his shoulder I could see, just within the tunnel, what looked like a rough barricade, or partition of wood, obstructing further view. He slipped behind it. I followed, and stood amazed.

Through the blue, bubbled ice shone a beautiful pale face, a calm young face. Her golden hair lay loose and tangled about her head, shining with a strange greenish brilliance through the ice. On her side she lay, quite peacefully, and one white hand drooped across her bosom.

VI.

I gazed in silence, awed and wonderstruck. Before that still face, like an angel's, I forgot for the moment everything. I was startled when Humpty Dumpty's voice came, low and reverent at my ear. 'I can tell you now,' he said. 'I have tried before, but . . . There are some words I dread. . . . You understand?'

I nodded, without taking my eyes from his wife's lovely face.

'Oh, it has been difficult, this waiting. I have wanted sympathy, some one to confide in. . . . Twenty-five years ago. . . . It was on our honeymoon—Mary and I—we were on the glacier with a guide. She had wanted to go so much. . . . But a crevasse; she slipped through the snow. The rope broke at both sides across the sharp edge. She was in the middle, of course. Look!'

I looked, and saw the rope knotted about her and the cut ends.

'They tried to find her, but it was no good. She had gone too far, slipped right into the heart of the glacier. . . . I suppose the cold killed her. She would sleep first. . . . They told me twenty or thirty years. I went back to England. We'd only been married a fortnight. I was thirty. I sat down to wait. It was terrible at first. But I lived through it. I got used to it, I suppose. . . . Then they sent word. I came, and saw her again. . . . When they wanted to dig her out, I said "No. This is her tomb. She shall not be disturbed. I have waited for years. I will wait a little longer." You see, it is almost—almost as if she were alive—asleep. . . . I like to see her. I come here every day. No one comes but me. A few know she is here, but they do not come, naturally, for I have made it a shrine. I worship here. I worship my beautiful Mary, as she was all those years ago, and still is, though I have changed.'

He went down upon his knees on the ice, placed the columbines gently at the foot of the blue-green wall, and bowed his head. I knelt beside him. A minute passed, silent, save for murmurously trickling water.

Humpty Dumpty rose. 'Come,' he said; 'let us go.'

We passed out into the burning sunlight.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

MAKE BELIEVE.

By SYBIL GRANT.

HAVE you ever considered the possible value of a trained official diagnostician, where lending libraries are concerned?

This applies to England—not Scotland—where 'the worst vice is advice.'

In fashionable bookshops, salesmen will be found ready for the assumption of such a rôle; as interested parties, however, they are disqualified from the start.

To press best sellers upon bad buyers; to counter feeble demands for a book out of stock with works of which the firm holds an unwelcome surplus; to hurry wavering custom past 'the Morgue' (that dim slab where poetry is laid out) towards seven-and-sixpenny fiction—such is the business, indeed the duty, of salesmen.

With regard to lending libraries the position is different.

The present writer, no bookworm, reading either when ill, or when life offers no better alternative, is therefore entitled to speak for two-thirds of the great British public.

If you ever prowled about the countryside you will know certain little local shops where books are lent at a penny each, and 'a good read' is not only desired but expected. Subscribers demanding that neither time nor penny should be wasted, the young lady in charge is supposed to read and remember every book upon the shelves. Surprise and rebuke ensue should she fall short of this expectation. 'What is she there for?' Well, as a matter of fact, she is there sometimes to sell reels of cotton and sweets, often postage stamps, and nearly always newspapers.

Still the young lady does her best, patting one book and saying, 'full of society;' another, 'bit tragic—if you follow me,' leaving you to choose. And that is the catastrophe—the blighting process of making up what is called the mind, which takes the fun out of life, complicating railway travel, marriage, restaurant menu, and so on.

Sometimes, realising this, the young lady adds with primitive psychology, 'any'ow, ends up right all round—if you take my meaning;' guessing that we, who all hope so strenuously for happy endings where our desires lie, will be sure of falling to the lure.

It is the same in all libraries. From the humblest to the highest—in all of them the young lady lacks expert training in diagnosis; the difference between the chemist and the consulting physician.

The O.D. (for full name see above) would glance up at your entrance, and remark with professional interest (but not out loud) 'a clear case of——' and provide accordingly.

The task, delicate and difficult, demands natural aptitude, allied to thorough training.

Popular writers should prove useful at first. It cannot have escaped your notice that an author making 'good'—or at all events 'money'—in a certain line of work, is apt to patrol that line for life; and a loyal public follow him faithfully to and fro upon his 'beat.'

Once, having endured the unpleasant spectacle of a German singer (*sic*) waddling and wheezing through several hours of Siegfried, the present writer's grumble was met with: 'But only think! His golden wig is made from the hair of his grandchildren!' In the same way, once an author becomes an established favourite, he may waddle and wheeze complacently through edition after edition; or rather 'issue' after 'issue' (since universal interest in the birth-rate—controlled or otherwise—often leads publishers to prefer the language of Scripture and Burke). This fact provides another argument in favour of the O.D. Such fidelity upon the reader's part arises from a very general anxiety to avoid the strenuous process of thought, for with 'So-and-So' you know exactly what you are going to get.

Now the O.D. is there to prevent any such arduous process. She thinks for you. Not only does she provide you with 'So-and-So' after that first professional glance, but she enlarges your literary horizon—introducing you to hundreds of others exactly like him, each busy upon his own little beat.

Of course this essay would prove much more readable if names could be used; but the high cost of living and the low rate of literary remuneration* combine to make the writer shrink from giving personal advertisements—whether gratis, or in the more expensive form

* It depends.—EDITOR.

of law suits. Therefore must our illustrations be drawn with the blunted, prudent pencil of anonymity.

For instance, the O.D. would recognise at once those symptoms requiring 'a black draught' poured from that epitome of local drear—the work of a noted 'To-and-fro writer' excelling in details of dingy towns and dingy people owning more cash than comedy. Or others demanding a strong sedative compounded from the output of that leisurely stylist who keeps his followers upon the same tip-toe poise as his own considered language, waiting—for nothing to happen! One can almost see this writer weighing his sentences with the same intent leisure as the country grocers their sweeties to the school children—only the sentence (alas!) is less gaily coloured than the sweetie.

Yet again, completely reverse the process according to the symptoms of prospective readers, and a brisk tonic may be administered, such as this (quoted at random from an old ballad book), where the reader jumps into action on both feet:

She laid her cloke upon the earth
And then to little twins gave birth.

This last example shows a distinct advance in the career of our O.D., for she must not depend too much upon the convenient author belonging to the 'To-and-fro' category.

Such a practice savouring of 'cribbing,' she must learn to prescribe literature suitable for either bed, bath, or train; to read upon the hills, or by the sea; during political meetings, or public banquets. (For such occasions must pocket editions at popular prices have been invented—to hold concealed in the palm or the table napkin.)

Where bookworms are concerned there exists a book—if you can find it—to deal with every conceivable situation. From the neurasthenia subsequent to the discovery of unlawful trifling by secretaries of local slate or goose clubs—with either slate or goose (as the case may be), to the lesser emotion when your wife runs away—or, indeed, when she may have neglected to do so.

Indeed, this raises a new and alarming subject for speculation. Bookworms would become gratefully submissive to one saving them so successfully both time and trouble. Now the right book, administered at the right time, in the right dose, to the wrong person could produce almost any effect. How easy, under such conditions, to induce, rather than suit, a mood!

A pudding can become deadly as a bullet: it all depends upon the cook. Supposing, among the sheep, there should lurk a goat?

Supposing mischievous ambition should turn one O.D. into a purveyor of munitions of war, instead of mental nourishment?

An unscrupulous O.D. could abuse the gentle faith of a bookworm browsing placidly among

such luxuriant vegetation as the facile output of Miss Unôhoom, leading him to stronger meat than that pleasant parsley. Surely you foresee possible, and terrible, contingencies? Broken engagements, murder, inattention to the telephone or personal appearance—ruin.

The village plumber, after an intensive course of unsuitable reading amid the professional atmosphere of H.C. and gas—seeks the same kind of thing at Westminster. Meanwhile the village, left behind, bursts its pipes from chagrin; and ceases to exist. Or the O.D. (Lucrecia Borgia re-incarnate)—anxious to extend the practice of her lover, the village doctor or undertaker (either, or perhaps both)—presses the medical dictionary, complete with coloured illustrations and diagrams, upon nervous and imaginative subscribers. Result: plague, pestilence, and famine.

Among a dozen empty shell-cases once lent to the present writer for exhibition purposes, faint smoke revealed the chance presence of what is sometimes called a 'stinker.' Just bad luck.

Thus, among hundreds of invaluable O.D.'s might lurk a Lucrecia Borgia or a Bloody Mary; but surely the game is worth the candle?

You may answer 'No'; sticking to your farthing dip—the young lady with the happy endings. So might the present writer—if happy endings were, in truth, so readily obtained. As it is—why not the sporting risk?

If a parliamentary candidate could be found prepared to urge the establishment of yet another official, this humble pen might record a vote—at last!

The candidate will not be a fellow-countryman of mine (for you could no more advise Scotland what to read than what to think). Probably Rough and Rich. Candidates often are.

Something like this: 'Ladies and gentlemen. It is the juty of every citizen to assist in the improvement and develûpment of his native town, village, and so forth.

'I myself am a self-made man' (recipe given here for process of self-manufacture), 'proud of my sauce (*sic*), proud of my wife, proud of my children; and—last, but far from least—proud of myself. I . . . ' Asterisks here; not impropriety, merely autobiography. 'Why do I want your vote? To make £400 a year? I mock at the suggestion' (mocks). '*Me*—making per week . . . ' Financial autobiography involving army of asterisks. 'But when, with your vote in me hand, after a long day in the House of Commons boosting Boodles'—the constituency whose chief manufactures are hosiery, nonconformists, and teetotallers—'I go home for a gl— pipe, I am ready for a good read.

'Personally I'm not ashamed to confess that the Bible and *Hosier's Herald* (loud cheers) would be my choice. But should I say "no" to a book; a good book, mind you, that would

int'ruct and amuse? Offered by a nice smart gal that knoo her job.' Frown from wife, the speaker accelerates, changing, with a rasp, into 'top.' 'They sy Scotland's not with us 'ere; orl I say is, Scotland can sty outside. We 'ave

Wales, that great centre of fiction. And Ireland, that great centre of friction.

'Wot-I-mean-ter-sy is——' and so on. But I feel sure that you brought out your pocket edition long ago.

THE GARUDA.

CHAPTER III.—*continued.*

II.

SO, with Ali Haider paddling ahead of us, the procession started. Meanwhile the stranger surveyed us from the stern. He seemed to be in a talkative mood.

'There's no call for me to ask which of you two is Major Elkington,' he remarked, addressing Judy. 'From the word-picture supplied by our mutual friend Essar Dass I'd take my oath to you anywhere.'

Judy said nothing, but the stranger went on quite unabashed. 'A remarkable man, Essar Dass, believe me. In my particular line, now, I can only recollect two others in his class: R——, he's president of the Red International of Labour Unions, and X——, who got into your parliament last election for some Scottish constituency. But Essar Dass has 'em both beat. I may say right here that he's a big noise in the provisional government for India which we shall shortly introduce. That man'll make history. He's the brains of this stunt. I just do as I'm bid.'

'And who the devil are you?' Judy inquired pleasantly.

'Well, now, that's better,' said the stranger; 'for I want a talk. Six months with nobody but those Indians: it's been fierce! Somehow I can't hit it with them—not even with Essar Dass. But you and I now, we can understand each other. I don't mind telling you who I am; or what I'm here for, either. For why? Because you're out of the game. O-U-T, out. Now, don't you think of getting fresh, for it's no earthly. There are nine more of my boys around who'll come quick enough if they're wanted. That guy of yours who slid from the boat—oh, yes, I saw him—I reckon they have him by this time. Not that it matters at all, for the swamp or the alligators'll get him anyway long before he can hit dry land.'

'But to return to your question. I'm American—name of O'Gorman. So you'll perhaps guess where my folks came from. And I've been engineering all my life—airplanes latterly. During the war you may have heard talk of an engine of mine? No! Well, you can take it from me that it was a darned sight better proposition than that dud "Liberty." I guess that was why the agents of the Irish Republic came to me to build them something good for their war with you. Money was no object, they said.

'Well, now, I figured it out like this. Obviously a machine to be of any use to them had to be a night-bomber—sabotage, you'd call it. Likewise, there could be no question of airdromes—they kind of catch the eye. Likewise, the engine must be silent. So I sat down to work it out. And I done it. Yes, I delivered the goods. Helicopters!' His enthusiasm had been growing visibly as he talked, and now he almost shouted the word. 'I tell you, my bus'll land in a gale in one and a half times her length and take off plumb vertical. Furthermore, I can hover, without which you'll never get accurate bombing. And a silencer on the exhaust. My engine's quieter than a Rolls limousine, and the loss of efficiency's negligible.' By this time he had half-risen from his seat, and was flourishing his automatic to emphasise his every word.

'But,' he continued, 'by the time I'd built my bus you'd given Ireland best, so there was no market. That's how I come to be in this benighted country.' And he relapsed into his seat again, the wild light dying out of his eyes.

'You British make me tired,' he went on thoughtfully. 'You don't begin to know what you're up against, for you can see nothing but Bolshevik Russia. But we're everywhere: from Yokohama to Glasgow, from the Rand to Java and 'Frisco. Nationalism, republicanism, Swaraj, Pan-Islam—we use 'em all for one object: to crash the British Empire, as a first step to the rule of the proletariat. And mind you, it's got to come.'

'Take my case now. When they heard my bus was in the market, the "Freedom of India League" it was that got in touch with me in the States. I was to pack my bus and ship it as sugar-refining plant consigned to Essar Dass. And I was to ship myself to Calcutta: they'd do the rest. Well, they paid good money, and it was all for the cause, so I didn't kick.'

'That man Essar Dass is a live wire. He isn't one of your no-good non-co-operators: he's in your Legislative Assembly. And he had his sugar-factory all laid on for us. Why, your Governor himself opened the factory last fall. "A laudable and public-spirited enterprise which will bring capital into the Province," he called it. Essar Dass reckons to be made a Rai Bahadur in the next Honours List. And his staff are picked men: they know as much Communism as Karl Marx, and then some. Also, they can

rig an airplane. I've a dozen of them out here now: engineering students from the universities, and boys who've got sacked for making trouble in Tata's works and the railway shops. You'll see 'em in a while.

'So here I am with my bus rigged, ready for the word go. And likewise, here we are at my island.'

III

We had, in fact, at that moment emerged on to an unsuspected lagoon in the reeds, roughly circular in shape and perhaps six hundred yards across. Its surface was studded with a number of low, insignificant mud-banks of varying sizes, and it was towards the largest of these that we now directed our course—a narrow, hog-backed islet some three hundred yards in length, covered throughout with rushes and rank grass.

At first sight it showed not a sign of human habitation, but as the leading dug-out grounded, eight or ten figures seemed to materialise from the earth, to come running towards us. Each of them was armed with some sort of firearm. And if you had ever seen the National Volunteers, who until recently were wont to parade all over India, you would have had no difficulty in recognising the type—undisciplined, semi-educated, and disgruntled, with no respect for God or man, and ready to commit any excess from political murder to peaceful picketing.

'I don't figure to make your stay with us more unpleasant than need be,' said O'Gorman, turning to us, 'so you can land, and I'll leave you loose for a while. But behave yourselves, mind, for the boys are fair itching to shoot.'

'I guess you reckon to know all about camouflage?' he went on, as we reached the bank. 'Well, just you come along with me then.'

The bystanders were fingering their triggers lovingly, so we meekly complied and followed towards the farther end of the island, which in that quarter rose in a distinct hummock perhaps twenty feet above the rest. But it was not till we had actually reached the rise that we realised that the hill-top was a fake. Then we saw that it was a cunningly constructed roof of grass mounted on wire-netting frames, the whole exactly coinciding with the contours of the slopes. As we peered through the interstices of the grass, bit by bit we pieced together the outline of a vast shape housed within—great horizontal vanes of polished metal like the blades of a gigantic fan, and a maze of struts and tie-rods emerging from a dark, intermediate mass below.

'Some mountain, you'll allow,' remarked O'Gorman with conscious pride; 'and it's here we keep my very own "Garuda"—my bus, you understand. Over there, again, we've got the bomb-store—enough to blow up quite a few railway-depots and barracks, believe me. And away at the far end of the island are the boys' huts, all camouflaged; so, supposing any guy comes rubber-necking around, he'll sure miss them.'

'The "Garuda"?' said Judy. 'What made you choose that name?'

'Why? Essar Dass, he done it. I told you the whole plan was his, didn't I? Now, the Garuda, so he tells me, is the fancy bird of the god they call Vishnu; he used to joy-ride on the Garuda, as I understand. Consequently, my machine was billed for the part of the Garuda right away from the start; for Essar Dass reckoned when Vishnu and his fabulous fowl were seen flying around at night it would cause some stir. And after he had spread the glad tidings that on some big day—say Vishnu's birthday, now—that bird would make the British smell hell, why, then my Garuda had only to perform as advertised for the whole blamed populace to join in the good work. Simple, isn't it?'

'So Essar Dass selected this salubrious spot, for it's quiet-like here—once we'd frightened the marsh-men. And one dark night last rains we ferried the bus over, dismantled in her packing-cases. You can get a barge across then, you know, by the old river-bed from the factory. We caught a marsh-man for a guide. Subsequently we had to dispose of that marsh-man. When the bus was rigged we took him up at night, and dropped him away inland. We had to do the same thing twice more, and after that the marsh got kind of unpopular. But that boy, Ali Haider, he was my idea. We wanted a guide we could trust, you see, and the best communists are all caught young. Furthermore, he's too young to suffer from carnal desires, so he don't feel homesick.'

'Now we're about ready to begin. There's been plenty of talk—just the vague sort of dope we wanted—and everybody knows that next Tuesday is the day: "the ninth day of the new moon of *Magh*," Essar Dass calls it. It seems that's some big day or other. Gee! and they'll get their show. We've a sweet little programme laid on for that night—near a ton of bombs to be dropped with the season's greetings. Programme to be repeated nightly. After a performance or two, Essar Dass reckons anything may occur. His propaganda's been good. It only wants us to start things moving.'

'Well, friends, you see what you've butted into,' O'Gorman continued. 'Mind you, I've no nasty feelings towards you personally. None whatever. But you've sure got to be eliminated. See?'

Something in the altered tone of O'Gorman's closing words warned us to look out for squalls, but subsequent events left us no time to act. The storm-signal was a staccato order from O'Gorman, commendably brief and to the point. 'Now, boys,' he cried, '*pakkro!*' (seize them). And physical obliteration followed.

I found myself collared from the rear and hurled to the ground—the centre of absorbing interest to a very evil-smelling rugger scrum.

Of course, it was entirely futile to struggle, but at least there was one fleeting moment of triumph as my knee met a communist full in the face. Then they had us—bruised and panting—pinned helplessly to the ground.

O'Gorman next proceeded to rope us, and he did it most scientifically. When he had tested every knot to his satisfaction, we were bundled to the farther end of the island, and dumped unceremoniously into one of the camouflaged huts.

CHAPTER IV.

I.

We lay in silence for an indefinite time; and then at last Judy muttered, 'It's no good. I've done my darndest to get these ropes loose, but that fellow knows how to tie a knot. How about you?'

I made a similar report, and Judy went on, half to himself, 'Life's full of surprises. I ask you, who'd have thought of Essar Dass? And that tame Yankee of his, too! We've found out something, anyhow—not that it's going to do us any good; for, as far as I can see, we're for it. It's a black business. I'm d—d sorry, old chap, for I let you in for this.'

'Don't worry your head about that,' I said. 'After all, I came in with my eyes open. And we're not dead yet.'

'It would need a sporting insurance company to take the risk,' was Judy's only comment.

Whereafter the situation remained unchanged, as it seemed, for centuries, and the growing torture of those ropes still haunts me like a nightmare. But, for all our dolours, we managed somehow to discuss the position in its every aspect. Our conclusions were not consoling. At best, we were out of the game—as O'Gorman had truly remarked. At worst?—the fishermen supplied a thoroughly unpleasant precedent. And gradually the light failed as the short winter's day drew to a close.

It must have been just after sunset when at last we caught the sound of approaching footsteps. They came to a stop outside the hut, and a voice, which we recognised as O'Gorman's, remarked, 'They're in there safe enough, Lala-ji. You can go right in and see them for yourself, if it'll make you feel any better.'

'Oh no,' an unctuous voice replied. 'I do not wish to see. But it is most unfortunate that they came to-day. Most unfortunate.'

'That's Essar Dass,' Judy whispered. 'I'd know the old fox's voice anywhere.'

'Now, don't you have any sleepless nights about that, Lala-ji,' O'Gorman went on. 'That's all O.K., I tell you. The moon will be down by one o'clock, and then we'll take 'em up and drop their bodies where they'll be good and conspicuous in the morning. There's only three more days to go, and—with the bodies

found a good twenty miles away—who's going to come smelling round here? And you say you've got the swamp watched in case that Indian got through. Well, then, what's your trouble?'

We heard the sound of retreating footsteps, and then Essar Dass's voice again, growing faint in the distance. 'My trouble? That Kanjar—that untouchable—have you not let him get away? Are your men fools that they did not catch him? But at least I can stay here to see that there is no mistake about these two.' That thought seemed to please him, for he laughed—a fat chuckle of anticipation.

Afterwards silence reigned once more, and we lay digesting the programme provided for us. I think we were both too depressed for conversation. By this time it had grown quite dark; we had at most six hours' respite left. And perhaps it was some such thought which led Judy at length to break the silence—at the precise moment, as it happened, when a faint cry from without first reached my ears. 'There's a charming couple for you,' he murmured. 'You heard what they said? The only hope left now is that fellow Dulloo of yours. And he's an obvious rabbit.'

As though in answer to his words the cry came again, this time much nearer. 'Keep quiet!' I interrupted. 'Didn't you hear that? There it is again; the screech-owl's call.'

'Kur-r-reet! Kur-r-reet!' The call was repeated, this time close beside us. A most indubitable screech-owl, you'd have sworn. But the human night-birds of India have a whole vocabulary of their own, and Dulloo had taught me at least a part of it, the meaning of the night-jar's chuckle and of the whistle of the 'did-he-do-it' (plover), and how to interpret the variations of the jackal's howl. And I knew that the cry of the screech-owl means, 'I am coming to help.'

'Don't make a sound, for Heaven's sake,' I had just time to whisper. And a moment later the fringe of dead reeds round the ground-line of the hut trembled very gently as a dark something slid inside.

II.

For some time, perhaps a minute, Dulloo lay beside us, panting quietly. Then he began to speak in a low whisper. 'That was a near thing, sahib. There are four men with guns round your hut. Not that they troubled me much—sleepy buffaloes chewing the cud. It was that son of shame, the Sindi boy. He nearly trod on me in the grass. I'm a cripple now and slow.'

'But listen while I tell you quickly what you must do, for that boy—I do not trust that boy—he may look in. This morning from the boat I saw the *gora-walla* * with the gun before

* White man.

you did, but too late to warn you. I could not help by staying, so I went, as you saw. Once in the reeds they couldn't find me, though they passed twice within a few yards.

'But what was I to do? I could not go back along the line, for they were waiting for me. So I followed through the reeds—the water hereabouts is shallow—and when they took you to this island I lay hid, and watched till dark.

'About two hours before sunset the boy went off in the dug-out. After dark he came back, bringing that fat swine Essar Dass. When all was quiet I paddled myself across with a bunch of reeds on my head—you know the trick, sahib. Essar Dass and the *gora-walla* were sitting together in the *gora-walla's* hut, and the men were waiting for their evening meal before they slept. And, sahib—here he clutched my arm in his excitement to whisper in my ear—'tomorrow morning they won't wake up!'

'Not wake up?' I asked in astonishment. 'You haven't killed them, have you, Dulloo?'

'No, I haven't killed them. But I waited by their kitchen in the darkness while their *langri* was cooking their food. When he had finished making their vegetable-curry—a great pile of it—he laid it outside on a big brass dish while he went in to fetch the chapattis. Just a pinch of the datura then, sahib, sprinkled over

the curry; nothing more. They won't die—at least, I think not—but they'll sleep for three days, and nothing will wake them.

'Now, this is what you must do. Here is a knife to cut your ropes; see, I shall put it here beneath your head. But you must not cut now. I can pass the guards; but not so you. And they have only just fed. It will be two hours before the sleep of the datura comes. Meanwhile some one may look in.

'So you must wait till near midnight. Then, with the knife in your teeth, cut the other sahib's hands free. After that you are two strong men, and there will be none left to reckon with but the *gora-walla* and the boy, for Essar Dass is naught but a fat slug. I could not put these three to sleep, sahib. The boy cooks for the *gora-walla*, and Essar Dass, the twice-born, eats apart.

'And now, sahib, I go. If I am seen, the alarm will be given before the sleep has come. Remember, wait two hours.' And Dulloo slid out as he had come. All at once the reeds rustled again as Dulloo's head reappeared. 'Have I paid now for that matter of the arm?' he asked in a whisper, and I caught the flash of his smile. But before I could answer he was gone.

(Continued on page 555.)

THE ROMANCE OF RUBBISH.

By JAMES H. YOUNG.

I.

ONE of the most interesting phases of the world's development is the manner in which the people of civilised nations are utilising so many things which were only recently considered as valueless—to be thrown away as worthless; while what we have thought was useless stuff, merely fit to be trod under the feet as so much dirt, has been converted into a product of great value.

There is, in fact, no such thing nowadays as rubbish, for the modern manufacturer, collaborating with the modern scientific chemist, makes use of practically every sort of waste material, and transmutes the 'unconsidered trifles' of the universe into gold.

In this country recent scientific study and research have been singularly successful in achieving results which go far to demonstrate that the economic lessons of the war have not been forgotten, and that new methods of using things that were once thrown away are being continually discovered. New industries have been inaugurated, up-to-date factories built, modern machinery laid down—all as a result of the wonderful miracle of transforming waste into wealth.

A well-known Midlothian firm of paper manufacturers have given us a concrete example of this remarkable achievement. Experiments, which have been brought to a successful issue, have resulted in the perfecting of a process for making from various waste products of the company's paper-mills a material which can be used instead of vulcanite or ebonite, and which is in some ways superior to them for electrical work. The name of the new material is indurite, and the company has been reconstructed in order to deal with the product in an efficient manner.

Co-incidental with the foregoing triumph of chemical science in the utilisation of waste, Mr S. J. Peachey, a lecturer in chemistry in the Manchester School of Technology in 1920, has, after three years of experimental work, produced some extraordinary results. He has discovered that, with certain organic materials like leather-waste and cork-dust, new classes of material can be made to take the place of linoleum and all kinds of leather. By mixing leather-waste with a small percentage of rubber, and vulcanising by means of the new process, a new leather, which the inventor claims to be two and a half times as durable as ordinary leather, is produced at about one-third of the cost.

Leather for upholstering and bookbinding purposes, and for the manufacture of attaché cases and numerous fancy goods can be prepared in the same way.

From wool-waste a new felt can be prepared, suitable, its inventor claims, for a tennis-court, and from wood-meal a floor and wall covering can be prepared. 'We do not know where developments will end,' said Mr Peachey to a Press representative. 'We are experimenting in various directions—motor-car tires, boots and shoes, and other things. At present we propose concentrating on boots, shoes, and upholstery, and a new company is being formed.'

That there is 'nothing like leather'—old leather, too, at that—has, of course, long since been strikingly illustrated by the many amazing ways in which cast-off boots and shoes and apparently useless scraps of leather can be profitably used. First they—the old boots and shoes and scraps—are cut up into small pieces, and then put for two days into chloride of sulphur, the effect of which is to make the leather very hard and brittle. When this is fully effected the material is withdrawn from the action of the chloride of sulphur, washed with water, dried, and ground to powder. It is then mixed with a substance that will cause it to adhere together, such as shellac or other resinous material, or even a good glue, and a thick solution of strong gum. It is afterwards pressed into moulds to form combs, buttons, and a variety of other useful articles.

Prussiate of potash is also made out of old leather. It is heated with pearl-ash and old iron hoops in a large pot. The nitrogen and carbon form cyanogen, and then unite with the iron and potassium. The soluble portions are dissolved out, and the resulting salt, added to one of iron, produces the well-known Prussian blue, either for dyeing purposes or as a pigment.

Further evidence that there is money in old boots and shoes is furnished by the fact that wallpapers, screens, &c., are made from this valuable waste leather pulp. The finer the original quality of leather the better it takes the bronze and old gold of the designs which make these hangings things of beauty.

Bookbinders and frame-makers also know the value of this pulp, and carriage-builders press it into sheets which are invaluable for the roofs of the most luxurious vehicles.

II.

A sharp-witted American has discovered a silver mine in the waste products of the big cinema studios. Four ounces or more of silver are used in the making of every film you see, and until quite recently two of those ounces went into the sewers when the film was completed. Now, the silver is recovered and sent to the mint to be turned into dollars.

As most photographers know, plates or films are sensitised with nitrate of silver. When the exposure is made the light turns some of the silver salt into metallic silver. After development hypo is used to dissolve and remove the excess silver nitrate, that part of it which the light has not affected. On the average about half the original silver in the film goes into the hypo bath.

From every 5000 feet of film developed about four ounces of silver are washed off in the hypo fixing-bath. In the big film studios the fixing is done in immense tanks of hypo, which have to be emptied and refilled frequently, as the hypo becomes saturated with silver salts.

Three or four years ago these tanks were emptied into the sewers. Now, the waste hypo is collected by the 'mine' owner into precipitating tanks, in which the silver is freed, and finally emerges from the furnace as an ingot of pure metallic silver, fit for the mint. At Los Angeles alone over £2000 a month is saved in this way.

Bricks from beans is another of the most recent illuminating examples of the progressive and economic spirit permeating industry to-day.

Hitherto, castor-oil beans have been put through the process which extracts the oil, and the remainder flung away or used for fertilisers. It is of no value as feeding-stuff for cattle. No less than 100,000 tons were left over in one year from the factories. It has now been discovered that the residue makes up into very excellent tiles and bricks for interior building purposes, being both tough and light. The cost is very little different from that of stone or mineral composition tiles. In appearance the new building material is like polished stone, only it is not cold to the touch. Specimens were recently shown at the new botanical department of the Imperial College of Science, London.

Time was when the cotton-grower threw away thousands of pounds every year. The cotton-seed to him was an insufferable nuisance, to be got rid of at trouble and expense. After being separated from the cotton fibre it was thrown away. It has become now, through chemistry, the basis of a whole catalogue of activities known as the cotton-seed oil industries. Chemistry has shown the cotton-grower how to refine the oil made from the seed, and now it is extensively used as sweet oil for salad dressings, while much of it is employed as an adulterant or masquerades openly in the guise of olive-oil.

It is used also in the various lard mixtures, such as cottolene, and it makes a good wholesome food. From the residue, after the oil is pressed out, is manufactured cotton-seed cake, which is used as a cattle food. The crude, unrefined oil is good soap stock, and the cotton fibre taken from the hulls is variously employed

to make a high grade of paper, a good fuel, and a fertiliser.

Every one is familiar with a wad of cotton-waste carried by engine-drivers. It is waste, thrums, doubler's waste, winder's waste, picked loom-shed sweepings, and soiled thread waste generally. And it is found all over the world, whether it be called engine-waste in Great Britain, wiping-waste in America, known as *déchets d'essuyage* in France, or *putzwolle* in Germany. This, however, is only one of the uses of waste.

If you have a Bolton bleached counterpane on your bed, the web of it is waste. If you like a substantial bed sheet, the web is also waste. The beautiful cotton tapestries woven in France have a proportion of threads spun from waste. Medicated absorbent cotton is generally waste. The little tuft of cotton you see on bananas at times is waste, being part of the wadding in which they have been packed. The basis of the cordite used by our army and navy is waste. The cotton flock in cheap bedding and upholstery is waste. Celluloid is made from a fine quality of waste. Some methods of making artificial silk have waste as their basis. Very large quantities of waste go into consumption for mixing with wool in Yorkshire. And there are other uses for this wonderful fabric—a fabric which was surely misnamed waste!

III.

Sawdust, too, has a romance of its own—sawdust which was once a problem to the millwright, who scarcely knew how to get rid of it, and which now forms the basis of a considerable independent industry, with a handsome profit per annum. As a matter of fact, the one-time despised particles of sawdust are now more valuable than solid timber. By the use of hydraulic pressure and intense heat the particles are formed into a solid mass capable of being moulded into any shape and of receiving a brilliant polish. The only materials used are sawdust, alum, and glue. Imitation marble can be manufactured from a mixture of sawdust with ivory waste, water, glass, and glue.

There is no end to the uses of sawdust, and, after many years of experiment, an inventor has discovered how it can be utilised to make artificial wood.

A mixture consisting of sawdust, together with chalk and some chemicals, is subjected to very heavy pressure, and the result is a substance possessing all the qualities of real timber. Its specific gravity is the same as that of genuine wood, its hardness the same as oak. It can be planed, sawed, bored, nailed, painted, stained, or polished, and submitted to every process of carpentry or manufacture to which real wood is subjected. It will not deteriorate

in water, and on account of the chemicals it contains is impervious to rot, and burns only at a temperature very much higher than that at which real wood catches fire.

There are few people who are not now more or less familiar with that wonderful fairy tale of science relating to the utilisation of coal-tar and its products in the arts. At one time the most useless and inconvenient of waste products, there is scarcely an important industry to-day that does not utilise in some form coal-tar or one or more of its derivatives.

It is scarcely conceivable, but it is nevertheless true that this oily, dirty substance is now used as the basis of scores of the most exquisite perfumes and extracts—patchouli, attar of roses, verbena, heliotrope, and most of the other delicate extracts most favoured by dainty women in the boudoir. And these are only some of its more frivolous uses. Of the so-called newer remedies of the pharmacopœia, no fewer than three hundred, which are now more or less well known to medicine, are made from the same unlikely substance or its derivatives. Among these are phenacetin, antipyrin, anti-febrin or acetanilid. Those beautiful colours, now so common, known as the aniline dyes, are about nine-tenths coal-tar derivatives, and it was the discovery of Sir William Perkin, the celebrated scientific chemist, which gave to the world these rich hues that have revolutionised the dyeing industry.

To persons not trained to chemical science it still remains a mystery how all the most delicate hues of the rainbow can be produced from this once despised coal-tar, but it must be an even more difficult matter for them to associate a substance like saccharin—the quintessence of sweetness—with the old gasworks product. Saccharin, nevertheless, is obtained from coal-tar, and is *three hundred times* sweeter than sugar!

How the products of the slaughter-house are now utilised, even to the last scrap of horn, hair, or hoof, is too well known to need recapitulation. Suffice it to say that among the articles manufactured out of the former waste products of the abattoir are glue, fly-paper, sand-paper, gelatine, isinglass, curled hair, bristles, wool felt, hair felt, laundry soap powders, ammonia, bone meal, pepsin, glycerine, poultry food, and many others.

Slag—the refuse of mines and furnaces—old iron, wrought or cast, rusty or clean chips of steel and brass, old battered cans and other tin refuse, broken glass, old bones, rags, waste paper, even the sweepings of the street are all utilised in such a way as to become a source of usefulness and wealth. By what is known as the Wells system, gas is now being obtained from all kinds of waste vegetable matter. By it practically every kind of town and country refuse and waste that will burn can be used for

the extraction of gas. Electric light is also being obtained from waste.

How waste whey may be turned into profit was outlined recently by Mr Dampier Whetham, a member of the Scientific Research Department of Cambridge. In a paper read at a meeting of the Farmers' Club in London, Mr Whetham said the Ministry of Agriculture estimated that forty million gallons of whey, a by-product of cheese, was wasted in a normal cheese season. On a low basis this could not be valued at less than £1,000,000. Many hundreds of tons of lactose, which can be extracted from whey and is used as a basis for infant foods and is largely used by brewers, are consumed in this country, but at present our supplies come from abroad, mostly from Holland and America.

Cheese factories, he pointed out, could put down whey-condensing plant, a central lactose factory could afford to pay an adequate price for the whey and make a satisfactory profit from lactose, and in this way a new industry would arise.

Pearls from herring scales is a typical illustration of wealth from waste—and of Yankee 'push.' This new industry is being established at Peterhead, where an American syndicate are setting up a centre for the manufacture of 'pearls' from herring scales. The pearls will not actually be manufactured in Scotland, but the Peterhead centre will collect the scales and prepare them for dispatch to America, where they will undergo the completing process.

In conclusion, emphasis must be laid on the fact, which of course is now known to almost everybody, that radium, a substance of well-nigh incalculable value, is extracted from pitchblende, which was formerly regarded as worthless rubbish. The discovery of radium, in fact, is universally admitted to be one of the most remarkable results of chemical research and investigation that has occurred in modern times. The romance of its discovery is fitly crowned by the knowledge that it must ever be regarded as perhaps the most marvellous instance of the utilisation of waste products.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

PART II.

III.

THE 24th of August dawned blue and clear after a week of somewhat showery weather. Never had Wellwood Golf Course seemed in better condition; never had the fairway looked fairer, the grass greener, the bunkers bigger, the rough rougher. Before half-past ten an enormous concourse of people had gathered in front of the club-house. Special trains had brought hundreds from London; every golf pressman was there; scores of cameras were in evidence, and the representatives of an enterprising cinema company were making active preparations.

The game was to commence at ten-thirty. A few minutes before that hour, Mr Bentley, Sir John Merriam's solicitor and a member of the committee, stood upon the steps of the club-house talking to M'Alister, the club professional.

'Well, Andrew, who do you think will win?' queried Bentley cheerfully.

'It a' depends,' said M'Alister cautiously.

'Depends on what?'

'On a variety o' things.'

'Well, whom are you backing?'

M'Alister considered a moment. 'Ah dinna bet,' he said, 'but'—he paused—'I'll tell you who's the best player,' he went on. 'It's Mr Vincent.'

'You really think so?' Bentley exclaimed. 'Then you expect him to win?'

'No, I expect him to lose. He's no' the best man.'

The clapping of hands cut short their conversation. The brothers Merriam were coming out of the club-house. The crowd arranged itself; stewards stretched the ropes, and the game commenced.

Vincent, having won the toss, had the honour at the first tee. As he drove off, he felt an elation such as he had never before experienced in a match. He was absolutely confident. He knew he would play with unfailing skill and precision; he knew he would win. As he walked from the tee he glanced over his shoulder and met the dark eyes of Foster, who pressed closely after him. They exchanged the faintest of smiles.

At the end of the morning round Vincent was three up on his brother. He completed the round in sixty-eight, breaking the record for the course; and yet in discussing the game during the luncheon interval the spectators were forced to the conclusion that his actual play had not seemed so brilliant as the figures appeared to make it. He had holed no very long putts, had made no marvellous recoveries; but he had not made a single mistake. In fact, his play had been monotonously flawless.

Harold, on the other hand, had not been so consistent. He got into difficulties several times, and had it not been for flashes of real brilliance—as, for instance, a magnificent three

at the long seventeenth—the margin against him would have been greater.

The afternoon round began in an atmosphere of strained excitement. Many bets had been made on the result, and it was obvious that Harold would have to put up a very strong game if he meant to wipe out the adverse balance. He rose to the occasion by winning the fourth hole after a succession of halves, but try as he would he could not reduce his brother's lead further.

Vincent still played with faultless precision and an absence of 'nerves' that delighted those who remembered his record. At the famous seventh hole he recovered his lead of three by laying a magnificent iron shot from the tee a foot-and-a-half from the pin, and holing the putt for a two. At the ninth Harold was badly bunkered, and lost. At the thirteenth the same performance was repeated. Vincent was thus five up and five to play.

Harold's supporters abandoned all hope. Their man had played a good game, but he could not stand against Vincent's sheer consistency.

The enormous, excited crowd surged and pushed from the thirteenth green to the next tee. It was necessary to cross a rather deep and precipitous gully by means of a narrow bridge, and the stewards had a difficult task marshalling the spectators across it. So intent was every one upon getting a view of the game that only those in his immediate vicinity saw the accident that happened to Foster. Just as he was on the point of stepping onto the bridge he was jostled by an imperious and athletic dame. He slipped past the end of the bridge, made a violent effort to recover his balance, and then fell down the bank into the gully. His head came into violent contact with the trunk of a tree, and for a minute he lay stunned. Some of the stewards went to his assistance, and when he came to himself it was found that he had a twisted knee. They carried him into the club-house. Meanwhile the crowd, absorbed in the game, passed on.

Just after Vincent had driven from the fourteenth tee he began to feel vaguely uncomfortable; with every step the feeling increased. His confidence was ebbing away. He looked round, scanning the faces that pressed eagerly after him. Foster was not to be seen. What had happened? A cold fear seized him, causing the sweat to start to his brow.

He came to where his ball lay on the smooth, green turf. Facing him was the enormous bunker that guarded the fourteenth green. He had outdriven Harold by a yard or two, and he watched the latter's ball rise high in the air and fall on the green, stopping not far from the hole. He selected his heavy mashie. Even if Foster was not here to help him he couldn't lose now; he had only to get a half some-

where. Supposing he were to put his ball slap into that bunker, it would only make the game more exciting. He looked at the bunker. It fascinated him. In his mind's eye he saw a shot which put the ball under the sleepers on the far side.

Next minute his ball *was* lying in the bunker, right up against the face. He required two shots to get it out. 'Down to four,' buzzed the crowd excitedly, as they rushed to the fifteenth tee.

From the fifteenth tee Vincent sliced his drive into the wood and lost the hole. Going to the sixteenth, he took a brassie and played his ball into the stream, instead of playing short with an iron, as he ought to have done. Once more his lead was reduced. At the seventeenth green, when he had an easy chance of getting a half and winning the match, he laid himself a dead stymie, which he failed to negotiate.

The excitement became intense. The spectators were hardly able to support the strain. 'One up and one to go' was whispered and muttered on all sides. 'He couldn't play worse if he deliberately *tried* to,' groaned young Ratcliffe to his neighbour.

Vincent faced the eighteenth hole with set teeth. His face was pale and haggard. He *must* pull himself together. A half was all he required to give him the match. Surely he could manage that! He glanced at Harold, who betrayed not the faintest hint of nervousness. He was nonchalantly lighting a cigarette. One might have thought that he regarded the winning or losing of the match with supreme indifference. Vincent hated Harold for his coolness. It infuriated him.

The eighteenth hole was not very difficult. For an ordinary man it took two shots with a wooden club to reach the green, for a player of Vincent's calibre a drive and a long shot with an iron. Harold drove straight down the middle of the fairway. With a supreme effort Vincent pulled himself together. His drive was a beauty, for he was fully fifteen yards past his brother.

Harold's second shot was a magnificent one. The ball, dead on the pin the whole way, landed on the green, ran up to the hole, and then travelled some three yards beyond it.

When Vincent took up his stance he knew that he was playing the most critical shot of the round. If he could get a half all was well. Thanks to his longer drive the shot was appreciably easier than Harold's had been. Besides, Harold had had to carry a nasty bunker that stretched half across the entrance to the green on the right. He was clear of the line of the bunker.

'Anywhere on the green 'll do you, sir,' said his caddie.

Vincent took out his iron. Whatever he did he must not on any account get into that bunker.

With quivering nerves he played, saw the ball rise in the air, swerve out to the right, and finish right in the back of the bunker. A sound between a sigh and a groan went up from the crowd. The game was certain to go to the thirty-seventh hole now.

Vincent settled down with his niblick amid a dead silence. The ball was lying very badly. With a terrific effort he got it just out and on to the edge of the green.

As he went up to putt, the hole seemed infinitely small and remote. Harold had played two; he was about to play four. What chance had he? He set his teeth and shut his eyes, and played the shot before he had time to think any more, played it entirely at random, careless whether the ball went near the hole or not.

A long-drawn 'A-ah!' went up from the crowd. The ball had travelled straight for the hole, and had pulled up on the very lip. Harold bent down to putt. He was about three yards away, and he had played only two to Vincent's four. It seemed almost impossible that he could fail to win the hole now. The crowd watched in tense silence.

Then an extraordinary thing happened. Harold's ball, deflected by an invisible irregularity on the green, touched Vincent's on the side, knocked it into the hole, and itself lay an inch or two away. Just for a moment the spectators could not grasp the significance of what had occurred. Then with a rush came the realisation that the hole was halved, that the match was Vincent's. There was a loud cheer. The crowd poured across the green from all sides, excitedly discussing this most extraordinary finish to the most remarkable game ever played over the Wellwood course. Each player was surrounded by his friends; cameras clicked; pressmen jumped on to their waiting motor-cycles. . . .

As in a dream, Vincent felt Harold's handshake, found himself being carried forward in the stream of his supporters towards the clubhouse. People thumped him on the back and showered congratulations upon him. He answered mechanically. He was filled with an exultation oddly mixed with regret. He had won; that was the central fact. Yes, but in the end he had won by a fluke. If Harold's ball had not struck his and knocked it into the hole. . . . Besides, had he played fair? He would have to confess to Harold and make him take half the money. How could he bring himself to do it?

All the members had gathered inside the club-house, and the smoking-room was filled to overflowing. It was understood that there was to be some formal congratulation of the winner. At one end of the room Hay, the captain of the club, was seated behind a little table, with Bentley on his left. Harold and Vincent were escorted to chairs upon Hay's right. Bentley

was whispering in the captain's ear. Then, as the applause died away, he rose to address the audience.

'Gentlemen,' said Bentley, 'before our captain proceeds to congratulate the winner and to thank the two players for providing the most magnificent and thrilling game of golf it has ever been our fortune to witness, I have an interesting and important communication to make. The late Sir John Merriam summoned me to his bedside two days before his death and handed me this packet.' Here Bentley held up a long blue envelope. 'He gave me explicit instructions that it was not to be opened until the morning of a certain golf match which he told me was arranged for in his will. I opened the packet, gentlemen, at nine o'clock this morning. It contained a letter addressed to me, and one other document. I propose to read the letter.'

There was dead silence as Bentley drew a sheet of paper from the envelope and unfolded it. Harold lay back in his chair and gazed at the ceiling; Vincent leant forward with a strained expression on his face.

Bentley began to read the letter in a clear voice.

'DEAR BENTLEY,—You will recollect that I asked you for instruction as to how a man could make his own will. Following thereon I made a will leaving the residue of my estate to whichever of my two nephews should prove victor in a match over Wellwood Course. By the time you read this letter you will have found that will and be acting upon it, and I trust the arrangements for the match will be complete. I wish I could be there to see it. Alas! I am here, dying rather slowly and with time to think things over a bit, and I have come to the conclusion that it is scarcely fair to the boys to settle the whole of my fortune on the result of a game between them. That intolerable ass Fotherington would probably raise a question with the Championship Committee as to whether they were not thereby made professionals.

'Personally I have nothing to pick and choose between my two nephews. Accordingly I have written a fresh will, which is enclosed herewith. I think it is all in order. It has been witnessed by the night nurse and the second housemaid. Generally speaking, it revokes all former wills and testaments expressly. The legacy to the club is increased, those to M'Alister and the cottage hospital remain the same, and the balance is to be divided equally between my two nephews.

'Of course you may say that there is now no necessity for the match being played. Legally speaking, that is true enough; but I rely on you, Bentley, as a sportsman and a golfer, to let the game go on. Use your own judgment, Bentley, but as you are a better golfer than you are a lawyer, I am sure you will let the game

proceed without disclosing the contents of this envelope beforehand.—Sincerely yours,
'JOHN MERRIAM.'

There was a slight pause as Bentley finished reading this letter. Astonishment, pleasure, annoyance, laughter, and a great number of conflicting emotions were registered on the faces of the members.

'Using my own judgment,' continued Bentley, a little nervously, 'I thought it better to let

this match proceed without saying anything. I hope, gentlemen, that you will say that I was right.'

'Quite right,' shouted voices all over the room. Then the whole audience got to its feet as one man and cheered loudly.

Vincent rose from his chair, the haggard look gone from his face. 'Harold, old chap,' he said, holding out his hand, 'let us congratulate each other.'

THE END.

RUNNING THE BEHRING SEA PATROL

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT,

Author of *The Steamship Conquest of the World*, *Lightships and Lighthouses*, &c.

I.

WHEN the American Government, in 1886, dramatically seized three British schooners while roving the Behring Sea, the world's stage was set for what promised to become more than a passing *affaire diplomatique*. Public attention became riveted upon the loneliest stretch of salt water to be found upon the Northern Hemisphere, one which, hitherto, had been known little more than by name. At the same time interest became centred upon one of the lesser-known industries of the world—the quest of the seal and the sea-otter, the skins of which feminine vanity had decreed to be without a peer for warmth and lustrous beauty.

The upshot of this seizure was the Behring Sea Conference in Paris, notable for bringing Great Britain a diplomatic victory, and the bestowal upon the United States of America of the right to prohibit seal-fishing within a zone of sixty miles drawn round the Pribiloff Islands, the home of the animal. At the same time the arbitration court promulgated a close season for pelagic or open sea sealing.

The delivery of the award was one issue; its enforcement was another and of quite a different character, as the American Government speedily discovered. The majority of those engaged in the fishery accepted the finding of the court, but the less law-abiding decided to acquire by stealth what was denied by international political decree. They knew the sea rimmed to the south by the Aleutian Islands through and through, regarded American policing with indifference, and raided the Pribiloffs with impunity.

Remarkable stories of poaching audacity came drifting down from the north. One night the Commissioner of St Paul's Island, perturbed by reports brought to him of raids upon the herds frequenting the adjacent islands, and apprehensive of being the victim of a predatory visit, was seeking to evolve effective combative

measures. A messenger hurried in to say that a schooner was standing-in towards the eastern shore. The commissioner hastened to the scene, to realise that the ship was far from being engaged upon an honest mission; indeed, she continued her suspicious movements heedless of the crowds gathered on the shore watching her. Suddenly the schooner stood out to sea, and slipped over the horizon.

The commissioner redoubled his guard; the seal herds were watched night and day unceasingly, but no sign of the return of the strange vessel was recorded. The commissioner, thinking the danger past, relaxed the guard, but a night or two later the raider swooped down, landed a party, penetrated the rookeries, slaughtered the seals right and left, and made away again in the darkness before any opposition could be mustered. The swiftness and audacity of the attack brought complete success.

Another schooner swept down upon one of the outlying islands, and in about three hours clubbed nearly a thousand seals and got away with the skins. A little later this self-same poacher conducted a similar swift raid upon another rookery, harvesting a thousand skins in five hours. So audacious did these sea-rovers become as to regard the patrol with contempt. One vessel, completing its work in the fog, was surprised, when the protective blanket suddenly lifted, to discover a patrol boat a short distance away. The guard called upon the raider to surrender, but the latter weighed anchor, crowded on speed, and showed a clean stern to the watch, although in this instance the poacher was forced to abandon some 200 dead seals upon the beach.

The perfection of wireless telegraphy rendered the suppression of this nefarious traffic exasperatingly difficult. The raider was now able to lie 'doggo' in the blanket of fog so common in the Behring Sea, its captain, ears glued to the receiver of his apparatus, familiarising him-

self with the movements of the patrol and the actions of the island guards. He merely listened-in; never once did he touch his transmitter. The majority of the messages flung across the waste of the Behring Sea were 'open,' and from the information thus unconsciously vouchsafed, the poacher could determine just when and where to make his raid. Eaves-dropping by wireless proved the most powerful weapon ever placed in the hands of the seal-poacher; it could not be combated.

Realising the hopelessness of its efforts under the ruling conditions, the United States Government called a round-table conference of the Powers concerned—Great Britain (on behalf of Canada), Japan, and Russia, because their territories are washed by the waters of this sea—to determine individual responsibility for the maintenance and safety of the herds. As the result of the deliberations this duty was entrusted to the United States, because of the facilities which the Alaskan ports offered as bases for the patrol, while it was realised that such vessels, if American, could fulfil a variety of other essential duties, such as the shepherding and protection of the herring, halibut, and cod fisheries, and the control of maritime traffic in general.

II.

The Behring Sea Patrol, which was thus brought into being by common arrangement among the signatory Powers, is probably the most arduous police duty any country has ever assumed. For one half of the year this northern sea is practically closed to traffic, being as forbidding as the Arctic Sea next door. During this period Nature is allowed to reign supreme, the vessels engaged in the duty wintering a thousand or more miles to the south. With the coming of spring they awaken from their hibernation, to push off to the north during the early days of May. Swinging through the southern portal to the Behring Sea, they barge about its wild reaches for weeks, even months on end, swinging restlessly to and fro, up and down.

Running the patrol sounds attractive to the ear; the spice of adventure and possible brush with a sea-rover make irresistible appeal. But a few months of buffeting, drenching, and freezing in those lonely, silent, indifferently charted waters dispels the atmosphere of romance. Privation and hardship, inseparable from the fringe of the Arctic Circle, divest this northern sea of its peculiar fascination. Frost-bite, close confinement, the constant feeling of suddenly being called upon to make a desperate fight for life, and the other hard knocks rudely administered by Nature, which leave permanently visible physical traces, testify to the run about the Behring Sea being no marine joy-ride.

Few navigators venture into this saucer of salt water for trade, although the development of Alaska has brought more ships than were to be found twenty years ago. Woe to the captain who places implicit faith in his charts. The currents are vicious; gales spring up with dramatic suddenness, to rage with vessel-splitting fury. It is the sea where the snow and hail of the blizzard and the rain of the hurricane have an open ring to struggle for supremacy, and they drive against the intruder with the force of tenpenny nails. Withal, Nature is still pursuing her moulding process in this corner of the globe, and with unwonted activity. The seabed rises and falls with the restlessness of the waves which roll over it. Islands spring into existence during one night, to vanish the next. The natives, clinging precariously to the islets, recite strange and weird stories of enormous fires, tongues of flames, and huge plumes of smoke curling from the watery expanse where the lead sounds its deepest depths, for the Behring Sea is the safety-valve to the terrific forces working within the earth itself.

Hidden perils lurk on every hand. It was one of these which caught the *Tahoma*, one of the finest and most stately craft ever put on the patrol. In the darkness of the night, black as pitch, the captain moving ahead with the lead at easy pace, there came a sudden rending and splitting. The ship nearly turned stern over bow. She had slipped over a ragged reef of rocks, to be caught in the pocket of water within as neatly as a mouse in a trap.

The wireless sputtered and flashed the S.O.S. to every point of the compass. Within five minutes every vessel catching the radio was steaming full speed towards the wreck. Stranding or piling on a bar or granite fang is so common an occurrence in the Behring Sea as to induce every vessel, no matter whether it be ten or ten score miles away, to turn at the first call for help to lend a hand to her luckless sister. After valiantly battling for hours in the effort to save the ship, the commander gave the order to break away in the boats for the nearest island; and, as the wind sprang up, scattering the cockle-shells, it was every boat for itself. The order had been given to make for Agattu Island, and fortunately every boat reached safety.

Long after the *Tahoma* had been abandoned, her S.O.S. bounced to and fro over the northern sea, being passed on from a vessel unable to render aid, to another in a more fortunate position. Some vessels were willing to give succour, but could not do so as they had only enough coal aboard to make the nearest port. In this way it was a wild bevy of messages which came pounding into the radio-room of the steamship *Cordova*, southward bound from Nome. She swung round to hurry to the wreck, and at the same time flashed the *Kodiak*, which similarly

deviated from her course, but only to turn aside to make a wild dash to port to get more fuel. Still, she passed the message on to the *Patterson*, which happened to be nearest the scene, and which was the first to reach the *Tahoma*, only to find her abandoned.

The *Patterson* now warned the *Cordova*, which stood off towards Agattu, the nearest island, thirty miles from which she picked up the commander, four boats, and sixty-eight men. Being short of coal, this steamer had to break off to make port, but, intercepting the *Patterson*, gave her instructions to search Agattu for the survivors. The last-named ship succeeded in this quest, though she almost missed the distress signals of the marooned men, owing to the thick, stormy weather. The *Patterson*, having accounted for all missing souls, endeavoured to warn the *Koliak*, now hunting the seas, but the elements intervened, and so her captain headed for Unalaska, in the knowledge that the other ship could not stay at sea for more than two more days through fuel exhaustion.

Such are the hit-and-miss methods which rule in the Behring Sea. When the *Patterson* wallowed into Unalaska this little settlement was overwhelmed. In addition to the eighty-seven survivors from the *Tahoma*, there were the rescued members of the ill-fated *Karluk*, snatched from the Arctic Sea by the sister patrol-boat *Bear*, and severely short commons had to be observed by the whole resident and marooned population until the shipwrecked men could be sent south. It was subsequently found that the *Tahoma* had run full tilt against a reef seventeen to twenty miles out of its charted position—another instance of the luck of the Behring Sea.

III.

These sturdy little craft which run the patrol can relate stories of adventure without end—adventure strange, tragic, and grave, relieved with splashes of grim humour here and there. Many and varied are their duties. To-day they are hot on the trail of a reported seal-raider, to-morrow they are labouring frenziedly to snatch a vessel from the pitiless rocks. A week hence they are hurrying mail to a lonely outpost of civilisation, or, acting in the capacity of the 'Black Maria,' are bringing malefactors to justice. They are called upon to hunt for crazy men who, in the search for gold, have strayed from the beaten track; or perchance are striving to catch a whisky-runner who has stirred up trouble by landing his illicit cargo upon the Russian mainland in defiance of all law, Siberian and international. It is chevy and chase; fetch and carry; hold-up and be held up from sunrise to sunset, from twilight to dawn.

Fortunately, to-day, seal-raiding is seldom encountered. The poacher is cognisant of the big risks he runs, and he who indulges in this traffic is consequently made of stern stuff, while

his ship is sturdy, has a good turn of speed, is well equipped, and carries a powerful radio installation. The poacher roughs it, takes long chances, is steeped in cunning and strategy, but he finds himself matched against men of similar calibre. Possibly many raids are attempted, but few succeed, and the cost of the enterprise nowadays, coupled with the slender possibilities of success, acts as a powerful deterrent.

One of the most determined raids was that attempted a few years ago on St Paul's Island, brought to nought through the superior strategy of the captain of the patrol-boat *Unalaga*. The latter was making for Attu, when the wireless from St Paul reported heavy firing off the island and frantically requested assistance. The cutter had an eighty-miles' run to make the station, but steam was crowded on, the risk of the fog being taken. The *Unalaga* reached the island, wrapped in fog, and lay off-shore hidden in the white pall. An officer was sent ashore to deliver a ruse-message for wirelessly. Then the captain of the *Unalaga*, after steaming round the island, made full steam to the rim of the sixty-miles' territorial zone, to lie in wait near the point where he surmised the two reported raiders would attempt their escape.

A game of diamond-cut-diamond commenced in grim earnest. The fog persisted, and the patrol captain was running short of fuel. He realised that the raiders were staking their plunge on this knowledge, and so were lying 'doggo' until the patrol-boat was compelled to return to port, because they could calculate how long the fuel would last. The captain of the *Unalaga* essayed a daring stroke. Before his fuel was exhausted he hurried back to port, rebunkered, and was back again, watching and waiting along the circle. The vigil was irksome, and, by instruction, the air grew strangely silent. No radio flashed hither and thither.

The captain of the *Unalaga* now set out upon his master-stroke. He commenced to circle the Pribiloffs in a decreasing spiral, every man on the alert, and the quick-firing guns fully manned, ready to let drive the moment the outline of a vessel loomed up through the fog. But no sign of the poachers was ever found. Evidently they took alarm at the uncanny silence and scuttled to safety. The rookeries were found to have been disturbed, but there had been no slaughter. Those financing the luckless venture must have been heavily hit; they did not obtain a single skin.

IV.

It is the weather up north which the men running the Behring Sea Patrol regard with the greatest dread. One of the cruises of the *Unalaga* will never be forgotten by those who were on board, because the little boat encountered such a burst of weather as even the notorious Behring Sea has seldom equalled. Wind and wave were absolute masters of the sea for

days; every ship was driven to shelter, and the wonder is that the patrol-boat, which went out to lend assistance to any vessel in distress, lived through it.

The *Unalaga* was coaling-up as fast as she could at Sitka, in the closing days of the first month of the year, to cruise the fishing-grounds. A northerly gale sprang up, sending the mercury in the thermometer helter-skelter into its bulb. The cold became so intense as to compel the captain to issue the order 'cease coaling.' Then came a whole string of calamities, due to the terrifying wind and the low temperature—seven degrees above zero. Pipes froze and burst in all directions, and the wind nearly blew the vessel, riding in the crazy harbour, bodily over, several hawsers having to be run out to keep her in position. For forty-eight hours the hurricane held sway, when it eased up sufficiently to permit the resumption of bunkering. The little harbour was packed with thirty-nine fishing-vessels, huddled together like lambs exposed to the blast. One and all were badly battered by the storm, while their skippers were so terrified as to abandon every idea of putting out to the grounds until settled weather returned.

But the *Unalaga* had to make the patrol. Some unfortunate vessel might be wallowing and floundering among the angry rollers, her crew stricken down by frost-bite and injury. So, weighing anchor, the captain put out to sea in the teeth of the gale. The cutter is only a puny 190-footer of steel, of 1180 tons and 12½ knots, and she was bounced about like a cork. Towards evening the wind got up again, bringing with it a disconcerting low temperature. The scud came flying aboard, wreathing the rigging and upper works, and freezing as it fell. Life-lines had to be run round the decks and everything made fast. The sea, still rising, soon commenced to sweep the little craft from stem to stern, and brought with it a blinding snowstorm accompanied by low temperature, the result being that during the night icing-up commenced in grim earnest. With the gale increasing in fury, the speed of the boat had to be persistently reduced, until she was only just maintaining steering-way, the commander, realising his perilous situation, having swung round to the wind. When the blizzard had expended itself, a curious atmospheric condition, peculiar to the Behring Sea, set in. The thermometer dropped to one degree above zero, and the vapour rising from the water partly congealed, rendering it impossible to see more than 400 feet ahead, this caprice lasting for twenty-four hours.

This phenomenon completely iced up the cutter; and when once more the wind rose, and to the fury of a hurricane, the boat was in parlous plight. The weight of the ice caused her to roll and pitch heavily. The frozen spindrift brought down first one and then the other aerial of the wireless, cutting off com-

munication. Then the sea got a trip-hammer blow home, smashing the whale-boat and carrying away the gripes—though the actual damage inflicted could not be determined at the time, because the boats and falls, from the rail to the davits, were a solid mass of ice. The blow so shook up the cutter as to cause her to assume a starboard list of twenty degrees. The commander sought to mitigate this dangerous position by shifting all the coal over to the opposite side, the crew spending twenty-four hours on this task; but it had little effect, while the low temperature also began to wreak havoc among the crew, striking them down one after the other with frost-bite, though, happily, owing to the victims being turned over immediately to the surgeon, no permanent physical disabilities arose from this cause.

The captain deliberated. He had two courses open to him. The one was to cut all boats and the motor-launch adrift from the starboard side, and make a dash southwards to run into warmer weather to melt the ice and rid the cutter of this encumbrance. The other was to let the boat drift to leeward, with engines shut down, until the hurricane had blown itself out, keeping her on the starboard tack, and allowing the combined forces of wind and wave to hold the cutter in the upright position when she rode easier. As, however, in this attempt to make Yakutat the vessel would be exposed to bitterly cold weather, it was imperative to keep the crew between-decks, no one being allowed above except when necessary for the performance of some duty.

The second choice proved fortunate. With characteristic Arctic suddenness the wind dropped, and the temperature rose from three to nine degrees above zero in five hours. Ocean Cape was picked up, and the *Unalaga* staggered into Yakutat Bay and dropped anchor, carrying on her deck about one hundred and seventy-five tons of ice. This was cleared away with such tools as could be discovered—axes, mauls, hammers, and shovels, while streams of hot water were played upon the glittering mass. As the ice was dislodged the cutter returned to her even keel, but her after-deck was found to be severely strained. That run was probably the most nerve-racking made by any vessel in the patrol: it was a desperate grim struggle, waged continuously for nearly seventy hours, between the navigator and the blind forces of Nature.

v.

Other vessels in the service have had tempestuous experiences up north, notably the *Bear*, but she is a vessel which can withstand the hardest buffeting put up by the Arctic Sea. She was built expressly to fight the Polar hurricane and ice, and her Scottish builders completed their work thoroughly. Fashioned solidly of wood at Greenock in 1874 for whaling service,

she was bought by the American Government for the Greely Relief Expedition, and set out on that historic enterprise accompanied by another toughly built Scottish ship from Dundee. Subsequently, they were both turned over to the American Navy for exacting duty, to be detailed to the Behring Sea Patrol upon the assumption of seal protection by the United States.

Every year the *Bear* makes the run into the Arctic Ocean, rounding the top of the Continent to call at Point Barrow, and it is no unusual circumstance for her to steam 15,000 miles and be under way for 2250 hours during the brief season of nine months. She has a diversity of duties to perform. They range from the carriage of a ton or more of mail to distant settlements, inspecting the sanitary conditions of the remote villages, educational facilities, and reindeer herds; settlement of disputes between the local authorities and natives relating to taxation; conveyance of stranded natives, blown away from their homes while at sea by contrary winds; salvage of wrecked vessels; treatment of sick and injured; transport of fresh meat; landing of oil at the lonely lighthouses; suppression of illicit liquor traffic with the natives of Siberia; and the adjustment of delicate domestic differences among the natives, including the extension of advice upon such matters as those of divorce!

The year 1919 is one which will long remain a memory in the minds of the men who run the patrol, and of the officers and crews of the *Unalaga* and the *Bear* in particular. When the first-named reached the outpost of Alaska upon her northward run from winter quarters wireless messages of fearful portent came pouring in. Spanish influenza, which had ravaged the world, had swept over this inaccessible territory to exact heart-rending toll. How the epidemic contrived to reach this remote region remains a mystery. Yet white men, government officials, prisoners in the jails, natives—everybody, everywhere, was stricken down, and to such a degree of helplessness as to be unable to bury the dead.

Upon reaching Unalaska the commander wireless the government at home for immediate assistance. From many villages no news had been received since the previous year. The crew had to set about digging graves, making coffins, nursing, distributing food, keeping up the fires in the houses, gathering and tending the orphans of tender age, and cleaning up the homes. Scouring the country-side for the helpless children was the most arduous and distressing duty. In one house a mother and child were found dead, with four children nearly frozen to death clinging to them. In one day the crew discovered and rescued twelve motherless babies, transferring them to, and nursing them in, an improvised orphanage. From the surrounding villages and settlements poignant frantic messages came raining in. One ran:

'All down'; another read: 'Practically all adult natives dead; children destitute.' For a week no man had a wink of sleep, while food could only be snatched piece-meal. The commander became apprehensive of the safety of his men; they could not stand the strain much longer, and so it was with intense relief that the *Bear* was greeted on the eighth day, a date which coincided with the first collapse among the complement of the *Unalaga*; her commander contracted the fell disease.

The crew of the *Bear* took up the work of succour, and laboured frenziedly to get the epidemic under control before the arrival of the two battleships hurrying north with doctors, nurses, and supplies. Meantime, the *Unalaga*, owing to urgency, pushed on to Nushagak River, whence the most dismal reports had been received. Here the work of succour was particularly strenuous, as the ravaged districts were from three to thirty miles from the base, and approachable only over the trails or by canoe. In this district the humane labour of the sailors was complicated by the savagery of the stray dogs. The animals had been devouring the unburied, were as ravenous as wolves, and fought the rescuers incessantly. Indeed, a special detail had to be sent ashore to guard their comrades. The orders given were curt—shoot all stray dogs on sight. At one village the struggle between the animals and the armed men was particularly spirited and prolonged. The ferocious dogs returned to the attack repeatedly, in packs, but happily one and all were shot down before they could inflict any injury.

For six weeks the epidemic was fought tooth and nail before any ascendancy was observed. Many heroic incidents were narrated. One small party of relief workers had to make a journey of seventy-six miles by boat to reach stricken villages, where they laboured for thirty-seven hours without the slightest rest or sleep, so desperate was the situation. In one district the authorities collected two hundred orphans; a home had to be built, equipped, and staffed to secure their welfare before the season broke. Notwithstanding the superhuman efforts put forth, many of the afflicted villages could not possibly be succoured; their populations were either wiped out completely, or furnished only a few survivors, who made their way painfully to other settlements for assistance. In these instances the dead were simply left unburied, the majority to be devoured by the marauding dogs.

The Behring Sea Patrol has a long record of brilliant endeavour, exciting adventure, and thrilling romance, but the most illuminating chapter is the fight which was waged so desperately against the influenza scourge. There is not a man of the *Unalaga* and the *Bear* but hopes, and devoutly, that he may be spared a repetition of that 'fierce time.'



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

THE sound, the smell, and the changing colour of the sea, its restless movement, and the sombre mystery that seems always to hang upon it, have struck powerfully upon the hearts and senses of British people of all times, and once a year, at this season, they almost universally as a nation pay to it, as no other people does, a homage which is also a delight. It yields health and life; it soothes and rests; it pleases the eye by its beauty and constant change, and even among the dullest of holiday-makers it awakens some dim half-conscious wonder upon the infinite and all that is beyond human knowledge. It is perhaps the case with our people that many of them do not visit the seashore in the season of relaxation so much positively because they have a definite and reasoned desire to do so, as because they feel an instinct for this course and cannot hold away. In such intensity one might nearly dare to say that this instinct is peculiar to us. Others, like the Scandinavians and the Dutch, who won some fame and fortune upon the ocean, have had a great natural affection for it, and have courted it on all occasions. The French and others have their popular *plages*, like Deauville and Wimereux, where people of means display the fashions, bathe, and gamble. Italians have the Lido by Venice, the Spaniards have San Sebastian, for the Portuguese there is Mont Estoril, which serves the Lisbon people, and Espinho for the more industrious community of Oporto. Away from Europe the summer seaside-resort is a carefully developed idea wherever the people are of British stock and speak our language. The Americans apply their peculiar spirit to the arrangement of their own kinds of seaside-resorts. One thinks of the wild, hysterical diversions of Coney Island, of the massed mechanical system of Atlantic City, and of the wealthy respectability of Newport in the region of Boston. And in very different parts, everywhere, there are organised pleasure-places by the shore. In Tunisia lately I wondered on seeing the manner in which the French idea of the *plage* had been carried out at La Marsa and Hammam Lif, both near to Tunis and Carthage, while at La Goulette the people of humbler order shaped their system and enter-

tainment somewhat more upon a Blackpool or a Coney Island model. (Not to say that Blackpool with its Wheel and Tower and its versatility in provoking peculiar emotional disturbances, to the accompaniment of sea breezes of remarkably invigorating quality, is fairly comparable to Coney Island, where some American tastes and instincts are displayed in their rarest forms, as when one witnesses cock-shying for prizes at the head of a live nigger, laughing and dodging when he can, and 'sticking it' when he receives a hard wooden ball full in the face.) I have attempted seaside pleasures in varying moods and circumstances at all these places, and many others in distant parts. Of all of them San Sebastian, in the north of Spain, a bay with dainty islets, horned by dominating peaks, the most beautiful resort of the kind where artifice is liberally applied to nature to serve the needs of fashion, lingers most pleasantly in the memory for a general charm that in some respects places it above all others. At none of them, however, not one in foreign parts, do the visitors seem to assemble with that experienced sense of devotion, homage, affection, and delight—a finely blended mixture in their instinct—which may be witnessed at more than a hundred places round the sinuous line of our British coast in this present month. Our people in the mass are familiar with the sea as few others are, because in these small, railway-netted islands one can never be so distant as to be unable to reach it in a single afternoon—and, if it came to that, put a man in almost any part of England or Scotland and he could walk to the shore in a couple of days or less. How, on such an occasion, even though simple traveller by rail, one feels an emotional quickening in the moments just before the blue line comes in sight, despite that days and weeks or years had been spent upon its margin! This sense of a crisis of anticipated delight is remarkable, telling surely of the instinct. The fields, trees, a levelling, a suggestion of something ceasing, a little suspense, and there in a gorgeous, dazzling sweep, something of transcendent magnificence, seeming to sing mightily of God and freedom and infinity, is the sea. Whatever the means of approach and whatever the circumstances, this is an emotion that never fails, while an occasion may enhance

it to something bigger than can be contained by any common life. Those lines of Keats :

Or like stout Cortes, when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

convey a feeling that has hardly ever been so well represented in a poet's words. Even without the great adventurer's sense of discovery, in our own humble tramps is not a special dignity, honour, and affection awarded to that hill-top from which we can 'see the sea on a fine day'? And, familiar as the ocean may be to companions tramping for a day, with what sense of unfair disappointment, of utter failure, are they possessed who, having climbed the hill that was the goal, find that clouds and mist hold a curtain over the distant scene that imagination had been feeding on for hours!

* * *

These emotions are for British people as for no others in equal measure, for the sea is always so near to them, and they are so much of it and it is so much to them. In a country like Spain, for example, that also owes so much to the sea, and once built an empire through it that ranks in modern history nearest to our own, the sea, as it is strange to think, is a thing unknown and unseen by a majority of the people, dwellers in the inland parts from which it is not easily accessible. But in our islands it is for nearly all in the holiday-time of summer, and no other country has such a number and diversity of resorts upon its coast, all of them with some special quality or charm. Pair the urban suavity of Brighton with the rocky, breaking wildness of the Cornish coast; the rasping breeze of Margate with the smooth, languid air of Lytham; the castle-crowned bays of Scarborough with the open shore of Rhyl; the gray austerity of St Andrews with the shimmering opal tones the eye delights in when looking out to Arran from the Ayrshire coast. The sea, here at its best when beating on our islands and caressing them, is specially our possession, and our instincts have always quickened to this prideful truth. Britannia is Neptune's daughter. And so we have sung of her in ballads of the sea, the like of which are not known elsewhere.

But the standing toast that pleas'd the most
Was 'The wind that blows, the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor!'

Tom Bowling, of fine virtues, so kind and soft, so blithe and jolly, whose soul has gone aloft; Ben Backstay, a very different kind of mariner, who did so love his grog; Black-eyed Susan, who, waving her lily-white hand, was left pitifully behind; that fearful night in The Bay of Biscay, O; the density of feeling when The Anchor's Weighed; what happened in The White Squall—these are sea-songs of our home-

land matchless in their spirit. Yet at this moment when we speak of possession and of the rare ballads with which our fathers honoured it, a thought, with apprehension, creaks into senses lulled by sea-music and salt air. Scarcely ever are those songs sung now. A generation back no public dinner, where there was singing with toasting, was right and fairly done without 'The Anchor's Weighed' and 'The Death of Nelson'; yet a lad of twenty might call himself a Briton and be a good one now, without shame, if he had never heard them. This slipping off and sinking of our old sea-ballads is really a disturbing thing. It means the loss of a great sentiment; not a total loss, but one that is truly serious. Recently I visited an important music-shop in London and asked for a copy of an old duet, 'What are the Wild Waves Saying?' which a family affair had brought into sudden and quick remembrance. The attendant had never heard of it. I called the manager, but he could not bring to mind that old and lovely song. For his justification he consulted the printed lists of the music publishers, and could not find it named among them. Yet I cannot believe that it has gone. At least, some who are forty remember it and love it, and its music touched them deeply once. Carpenter took the uneasy words of Paul in Dickens's *Dombey & Son*—'I want to know what it says—the sea—what it keeps on saying'—and spread them out to a duet between Paul and Florence, wherein the music of Stephen Glover flowed and moaned in mysterious melancholy. It is easy to complain that the idea and sentiment, the tone and manner, of this song were Victorianly simple; but I heard my mother sing it, she who herself so much loved the August sea, and, with my compliments, I would not change her tattered lilac-covered copy of that song for all the stock of coon-stuff that the dealer holds or could gather within miles of Charing Cross.

* * *

Yet some of us are taken by moods at times when we wonder if the sense of possession, and respect and affection with it, for great and essential things that have seemed to be peculiarly ours, things of our existence and of our nation's soul, is quite so keen and pure as it was with the last generation; whether young people are not too careless of the greater sentiments, so distracted are they by new conditions and circumstances. But there are other reasons and excuses for them. They may look with some doubt and suspicion now upon the sea as on a friend who is truckling with the others. The sea is not Britannia's own, as through all the splendid time from Elizabeth to Victoria. She has parted with some of her rights and powers to the air above, and at the same time her nobility seems lessened by mean manœuvres below her surface to which she, one of the

most magnificent and awe-inspiring elements of Nature, has surrendered herself in the age of mechanics and materialism. We must go in with the rest, and one better than the rest, in the matter of the submarines, but it is a filthy business. Save for the supreme law of self-preservation and the justification that accompanies, we could have nothing to do with it. Those hearts of oak were Britannia's proper furniture for the sea. Steam and iron merchant vessels and the Dreadnought monsters were necessary concessions to what is called progress, but even they stripped the sea of some of its natural glamour, and the wireless has shrivelled up its mysterious immensity. At midnight lately I sat with a friend in his own private snugger in his house in a manufacturing town in the Midlands, and soon after the radiated concerts at London, Paris, and Glasgow had finished, and we were talking upon our own affairs, the air of this apartment was filled with pretty little chirpings as though fairies of the night were kissing and cooing in their ethereal element. In reality it was just the ships of the sea, many ships all over the sea, every sea, sparking and spluttering their wireless messages to each other and to land as well, and by the Morse code those at home in slippered ease in the Midland town could find them out. It is very wonderful; it is the new romance, but it has nearly finished with the old. Britannia of the hearts of oak, the mother-in-spirit of Raleigh, Drake, Nelson, and such a family of heroes as has never been equalled, is uneasy with these invisible murmurings and machinations, and these underwater cruisings, with a peep at the top and a shot and down again. She can neither rule nor love these things. Schooners! Clippers! Frigates! these were the sea-birds that Britannia loved and made her fortune by, and that is why a sail on the horizon touches the imagination and the sentiment of a seaside loungee at this time of holidays more than a biggish steamship by the pier. Nothing ever told of heroic, ubiquitous men, and nothing ever led so well to empire, as schooners and frigates, Britannia's white-winged darlings. Although it may be found better now to cross oceans by aeroplanes, a sky full of machinery will never stir the Briton's pulse like the picture of such ships, full-sailed in their freedom, leaping to the song of wind and wave, painted with a pretty cunning of appeal to our British instincts by Mr Spurling, that I see on the bookstalls in these days. His picture of the old *Macquarie* and the tale that went with it made me—who only started voyaging with the *Lusitania* and her like—uneasy for a day, morose and sadly regretful for a youth that missed its chance, fiercely envious of Joseph Conrad and my departed friend Frank Bullen, not for their enchanting skill and deserved success in authorship, but for the seas they roamed in sailing-ships

when they were young, learning ocean life from zephyrs to typhoons and strengthening their artist's souls from which they later penned their stirring salty tales. The *Macquarie*, built in 1875, last ship of her line and kind—she in all the ravishing glory of her canvas was a queen of the sea, and a fine figure-head of Victoria was at her bows. From 1875 she made grand voyages from London to Australia; then she became a cadet ship; next she was sold to the Norwegians; and now, not long ago, there was a report that she lay by Darling Island, in the Australian south, turned into a coal elevator, grabs fitted to the starboard-deck on which ladies and gentlemen, our parents and grandparents, basked amid thoughts and sentiments of their tremendous adventure, as she flew with them over the equator to the new Britain in the south.

* * *

But even another age of the sea has come and gone since then. Nearly six years ago there was a ceremony which had a twofold meaning for the naval men who, amid duties and emotions, had time and perception to reflect upon the second part of it, and, by favour and fortune, I was privileged to be present. It was a small dinner-party in the private cabin of the captain of one of our greatest battleships. He had invited an admiral of his acquaintance, myself, and one other to a feast which to him was a celebration of a magnificent climax to British naval history, and at the same time the sign of entry into a new unknown, which, to the mind of the naval man, seemed to bring peace with a certain kind of beautiful desolation. We were in the Forth, and nearly the whole of the British navy, with units of the American and French, was there that night. Laughter rippled through the lighted fleet, but there was a peculiar tension, suspense, and sense of an eve of formality with it. The conversation at dinner in the cabin of our captain host, all lights subdued save those which shone on the gleaming napery and flowers of the table, was unforgettable. The admiral, who had had some close and adventurous business with German mine-fields in the North Sea, and had played some pretty and successful tricks with the enemy and our own mine-fields, entertained us with great stories of the happenings of the naval war; but presently he and my host were led irresistibly to discussion upon a theme which, titled plainly, might be, 'What is to become of us?' For at that moment the German navy was steaming towards a fixed point off our shores, and on the morrow it was to become captive to us. Those were days of greater hope and faith than the present; and that night, even among experts, there was viewed a future when, the greatest danger gone, navies would be of little more use, the

gigantic British fleet would have accomplished its supreme task of making the ocean safe for all, and there would be nothing left to do but to abolish most of it. So these distinguished officers saw themselves relegated to idleness. They accepted the prospect cheerfully, as men sacrificed to an ideal, but there were inevitable human reservations. A few hours later that long amazing line of Britain's glory was creeping along the starlit Forth, and from the bridge they pointed out in the deep shadow of the bank the old first *Dreadnought*, done for, idle, left behind. The *Lion* was in our line that night, and she, a hero of the North Sea war, has lately been given over to the shipbreakers, useless in her turn. A change, a sad one, has come upon thoughts and policy since then, and it is that change, and through it, that Britons may come half-consciously to look upon the sea in a way that is new to them, and not wholly agreeable. The great British idea, its base, its principle, is at least disturbed, and seriously. There shall be sea-heroes yet, and victories too, but the old idea has gone. Yet, however careless may be its public expression at times, how the old instinct in our people does still survive! An interesting and impressive example may be adduced. We being a sea folk, it is natural that our sea-painters and their pictures have been great among all others. The subject has been irresistible to all our artists. You would find even John Constable, of the lanes and fields, the big trees and the pools, the grand masses of clouds and rare atmosphere, making pictures of the sea. Turner was not primarily a sea-painter, but how magnificent were his pictures of sea subjects. There is nothing like our gallery of marine painters. And the line continues. How the work of Mr Wyllie subtly appeals to the feelings of the people! And whose pictures of broad, blue, swelling oceans with modern ships, liners, on them, gray and rosy coasts and lighthouses, such as we see them gratefully in brilliant sheets at the railway stations, cheer us more in August than those of Mr Norman Wilkinson?

* * *

Now what among masterpieces is the most popular gallery picture in Britain at the present time? With the centenary of the National Gallery there have lately been discussions upon the merits of the masterpieces of that collection and the favour shown them. The old Italians, the Dutch, the Flemish, the British have been considered. But in the mass we are not a people of great artistic tastes and preferences, and our likings have a way of shining from our simple hearts and instincts without much trained regard for line and harmony. If there were to be a public vote for first favourite in the class of human life, I believe the sweet 'Innocence' of Greuze in the Wallace Collection

would prove the darling; but the picture that in these present times is placed by the people as their champion is clearly indicated. It is proved in the windows and on the walls of all the dealers, by reproductions in all sizes and everywhere, an inescapable but endlessly welcome and refreshing vision of the sea. 'Off Valparaiso' by Thomas Somerscales, that is it. It is a great picture by a sailor who knew the sea, and he painted it simply with no colour tricks or fantastic details. He made a great big blue swelling heaving sea, flecked with foam, and he set upon it a spanking British sailing-ship, all her canvas bellying, a little boat from shore—with a saucy red patch at its stern—come out to hail it, a gull skimming the waves, soft clouds in the sky, a distant shore, and all above and everywhere the air of the sea, the atmosphere, the wind, the freedom. This picture belongs to the Tate Gallery, but it is so much in demand in the provinces that it is constantly on travel in these times. They tell me that it is by much the most popular picture there, that people of all sorts gather round it when it comes home and linger there as in a spell. They say, too, that sailors come to look at it, and yield their expert praise to the accuracy of the yards and sails. Thomas Somerscales in a wonderful simplicity was inspired to a work that sailed home straight to the core of the Briton's instinct. And by that same instinct now, in ease and idleness, we seek the shore, for the life that is given us by the sea, and the hope with life.

'TOPSY TURVY.'

When I am just as wide awake
As any child can be,
And having such a lovely time—
Then Nannie comes for me
To go to bed, for 'it is late,'
She says—at half-past seven or eight!

When I am oh so sound asleep,
Tucked cosily in bed,
Then Nannie comes to waken me,
And calls me 'Sleepy Head!'
'Get up, or else you will be late
For breakfast—it is nearly eight!'

When I am ill, then people bring
The things I long'd to eat
When I was well and hungry too,
And would have thought a treat:
They, when I'm not dispos'd to play,
Give toys denied another day.

The world is all turn'd upside down;
'Twould be a happy place
If people only would have sense,
Which doesn't seem the case.
My children—I've made up my mind—
Will do things when they feel inclin'd!

ANNE MACDONALD.

AMÉLIE.

By C. J. NAPIER.

I.

THIS is the story of Amélie, a beauty of the Pyrenees, whose graceful form and large lustrous eyes made her appear good in the sight of men; and if her complexion left something to be desired, being, of a truth, somewhat spotty, she was, nevertheless, much admired and sought after by countless Frenchmen, and not a few Englishmen into the bargain. For years she held out against the most tempting offers, but fell at last. She is dead now, though her fame still lives amid the mountains that were her home.

Where a turbulent stream, born between two snow-capped peaks, reaches the foothills, and there, putting on girth and sedateness, winds its way through vine-clad plains, eventually to lose its brightness in the muddy bosom of the slow Adour, there exists one of those primitive Basque villages that the passage of time seems to have left untouched.

Built on either side of a rocky gorge, through which the stream tumbles in a succession of deep pools, its squat houses almost overhang the water, which thus becomes the natural receptacle of all the village rubbish. Stand on the narrow Roman bridge which through the ages has spanned the gorge at its upper end, sometime after mid-day, and you will see, splashing all over the place, a regular bombardment of bones, bread crusts, and other dinner-débris, flung out of the open windows by the inhabitants, a labour-saving device much appreciated by the goodwives—and the fat trout.

During the day you will discover only old men, women, and children about, the younger part of the male population being at work in the fields below; at least so you will suppose, but if you could take a peep into the dark interiors of the houses you would find many robust young fellows sleeping the sleep of the just. Lazy rascals, eh? Not a bit of it, for their vocation takes them out into the mountain passes, treading the rugged sheep-tracks all the long night with infinite caution, halting here, crouching there, lying flat amid the bracken until a low whistle falls upon their ears, telling them that danger, for the moment, has passed. Each man carries his bale of smuggled goods, and risks a Spanish bullet as he creeps across the frontier; and when he returns, an hour or two later, with his two *bidons*—old petrol cans—filled with spirits, he has the revolvers of the French Douaniers to avoid. Ten francs a trip, each way, is the pay the head of the gang deals out, though what the smug merchants of the big

frontier towns give the leaders for the use of their men the writer knoweth not. But this has nothing to do with Amélie.

In spite of systematic poaching, the river holds many trout, those in the village pools being as cunning as they are well fed. It is a waste of time to throw a fly here, though the villagers get fish out of them, using the loathly gentle. These larvæ they throw into the pools in handfuls at the same time as their tiny hooks, on which a couple of wrigglers are impaled. You can see, deep down in the clear water, the trout darting about seizing the little squirming white morsels, and, now and then, some greedy and inexperienced troutlet will, in the scrimmage, swallow the extra fat one that his elders avoid with such care. Then out he comes in one fell sweep of the long bamboo rod, describing a glittering arc in the air, to fall with a death-dealing thud on the rocky ground, or against the wall of a house behind the jubilant fisherman. They give no law and take no chances, do these old gentlemen; and if, as sometimes happens, they do hook a decent-sized fish, then their fine gut just goes smash. *Tant pis*, so much the worse, they say, and soon rig up another tackle and begin again.

Their argument in favour of these summary methods is not, perhaps, unreasonable. If you played a fish for a moment, they declare, he would at once put the wind up his companions, and you would have to wait maybe an hour or more before they would look at a bait again; so it's out you come, or break—there is no between. Below the gorge the stream becomes an excellent fly water. There are miles and miles of it, all free, preservation being unknown in these remote regions.

The villagers do not trouble these parts, except in certain tranquil and nearby spots, and then it is but a few old gentlemen, who look rather to a happy Sunday spent with a crony and several goatskin bottles of the rich red wine of the plains, than to a pocketful of fish—a basket is considered an affectation in Borda Churi.

In summer a good many Frenchmen come up from the big towns below, but they do little good. Fly-fishing is not their speciality, and in June and July the melting of the snows above keeps the water white and glacial, and not a fish moves. The melt over, the river falls with extraordinary rapidity to its summer level, and the fish retreat to the pools and rocky sanctuaries. Now and then an Englishman comes, like myself, for some enthusiastic idiot, keen on seeing his name in print, once wrote a fantastic account of the river to our leading sporting paper, with

the usual result. Still, it's a long way from London town, is Borda Churi.

II.

I was sitting outside the little town where I had taken up my simple and cleanly quarters, a couple of days after my arrival, smoking the after-dinner pipe and revelling in the glorious air and mountain views, when a ragged urchin of about fifteen sidled up towards me and stood fidgeting about with that timid manner assumed by country children all the world over when they contemplate a raid on your purse.

'Well, my lad, and what do you want?' said I.

'Will you buy some gentles, sir? Look, beautiful fat ones,' and bending down until his head nearly touched the ground, the little horror carefully removed his blue *béret* (the flat cap of the Basques, something like a Scottish bonnet), with both hands, and held it out to me, full of wriggling things, many of which still careered over his curly pate.

'You little beast, get away. No, I don't use gentles. How can you keep them in your cap!' I cried in disgust.

'It's the safest place, monsieur, and you hardly feel them so long as they don't get into your ears. I keep slugs there too when I get them for father to bait his night-lines, but they do creep, if you like. Have you fished yet for Amélie?' he went on. 'You will, of course.'

'Ame—what?' I said. 'What sort of fish is that?' with visions of grayling, perhaps—one never can tell with local names.

'Why, our Amélie, sir; the big trout that lives under the bridge; every one fishes for Amélie.'

Ho, ho! thought I, so there is the usual fabulous village fish even in this out-of-the-way spot. 'Now, how big may Amélie be, my gentle youth?' I asked.

'This big,' opening his arms to their widest stretch; 'and nobody can catch her because she is so wise, and has lived here for so long.'

'I see,' I said; 'about three feet long. Some fish, that! But what about the drag-nets, the chinkas, the night-lines, and all the rest of the damnable poaching dodges you people use? How is it that you have not succeeded in annexing Amélie long ago?'

'Oh well, monsieur, you see the *garde-forestier*, who is also the *garde-pêche*, lives alongside the bridge, and he sits at his window when he is not drunk in the café, and though he never interferes with any one, for he gets all the trout he can eat given him, he says he is fond of Amélie, and won't allow her to be netted. Also he points her out to people, and they give him money. And then the fat merchants who come up for a week with their families fish for her all day, and stay on always in hopes, and that means money to every one.'

'Very well, young man; to-morrow morning at nine come round here and you shall show me your three-foot Amélie, and we will consider her, though I feel pretty certain that I shall not trouble your village beauty with my attentions. I wouldn't harm her for worlds.'

'*Mais non*, of course not; monsieur is a real fisherman. I have seen him down below with his little flies. Ah, it is only the Anglais who are fishermen of merit; I know, for have I not carried for them their net and wickeski bottle!'

III.

And so, next morning, I and my sluggish guide stood on the bridge and sought for Amélie. The stream here was slow, and not over-deep. One could see the bottom easily—a dam, a hundred yards lower, holding up the water. But immediately under the arch there was a deep, dark hole, and it was here, with a hole in the masonry where some stones had been dislodged, Slugs informed me, that Amélie had her residence. There were no signs of her as yet. She was evidently a lady of shameless habits, who kept late hours, supping at one or two in the morning doubtless. Still, the boy declared that she would come out presently and lie beside a patch of weed well within sight.

'*Bon*,' I said. 'You can watch while I smoke;' and I lit my pipe, sat on the parapet, and unfolded a three-day old copy of the *Daily Lyre*. I had just digested an important letter, 'Stand by France. Curzon must go,' over the signature of Jane Smith, chairlady, Paradise Buildings, Upper Tooting, a letter which undoubtedly expressed the opinions of the influential section of the public, when my sentry cried, '*La voilà, monsieur*,' and I folded up Jane and looked over the wall.

Amélie was there all right, a fine well-shaped fish of a bit over two pounds, I should say, lying by the weeds, her broad tail gently fanning the current.

'Dear me,' I muttered, considerably stirred by the sight, 'I wonder if a well-spun natural minnow properly presented from the other side of the bridge would tempt you? I've half a mind to fetch my rod and try.'

But I soon got over my first and natural excitement, for I knew these old over-fed town fish; they were highly educated, and could tell an enemy from a harmless spectator as well as you or I. I had experienced the hopelessness of trying to catch them in the Itchen and the Canterbury Stour.

So I turned to go, when I was aware of an addition to our crowd of two.

It was a tall, rather cadaverous young priest, armed with a stout bamboo, strong enough to hold a shark, to the end of which was attached a few yards of thick cord, such as sea fishermen

use, a couple of feet of heavy-twisted gut and a formidable tinned—yes, ye gods, a tinned hook! He peered over the parapet in a short-sighted way. 'That's a fine fish, monsieur l'Abbé,' I hazarded, pointing to Amélie. 'Are you going to fish for her?'

'Possibly, yes, monsieur. Ah, I see it now. What may it be—a dog-fish? I am not well versed in piscatorial affairs. From its proximity it should be easily captured. But I cannot assert that I am a good fisherman,' he continued. 'I have only tried a little in the sea, from a rock. This is the line I used, and I have just purchased the pole.—No, I have not as yet caught a fish; but I apprehend that this small one should not be a matter requiring much skill.'

'Of course you will catch it,' I cried, hugely delighted at the naïveté of my companion, and scowling at the Slug, whose contortions were horrible to witness. 'But what bait do you propose to use?'

'Hitherto I have employed shrimps, but here they do not appear to catch them, so I have brought the remains of my evening meal;' and unrolling a bit of newspaper, he displayed, to my astonished gaze, half-a-dozen small yellow objects, such as arrive in France from Algeria about this time of year, and pose as new potatoes.

Gravely he threaded the biggest on to his terrible hook, which unfortunately it completely covered, and solemnly he lowered the lump into the water, where the current took it in charge and deposited it on the bottom, not a

yard from Amélie's blunt nose. And then the appalling thing happened.

Slowly, disdainfully, Amélie drifted towards the yellow blob, inspected it critically, as I expected, and then, oh shades of Walton! instead of looking up at us and winking, metaphorically speaking, of course, for she had no eyelids to wink with in reality, ignoring the rope-like line, she gently absorbed the thing and drifted back to her weeds.

Dumb with amusement, I heard the fisherman say, 'I no longer perceive my potato. It has probably fallen from the hook.' But the Slug was at hand. With a yell of rage he seized the bamboo and gently tautened the line. Alas, the potato had journeyed too far, and it was evident from poor Amélie's convulsive plunges that the anchor had taken hold, deep in her Little Mary.

There was nothing to be done; Amélie was doomed. Only a surgical operation, which must be fatal, could release her, and sadly the Slug gave the rod into its rightful owner's hands, with directions to tow the now-gaping and expiring beauty to a flight of steps which ran down to the water's edge at the end of the bridge. Here Amélie was hauled up to the bank, and when I saw the Slug opening a fearsome knife, disgust and sorrow darkening his expressive Latin features, I turned for home, pondering on the waywardness of fate that could bring about the death of a cunning, much-fished-for old trout at the hands of a *padré*, a pole, and a potato.

OVERLANDING WITH HORSES.

By WILL H. OGILVIE.

I.

TWENTY years ago I had my first and only experience of travelling overland with a mob of horses. Of sheep and cattle droving we had our fill in those days, but horses were seldom travelled in large mobs throughout the more settled districts. So that when I found myself 'at a loose end,' as they say, and heard of a mob travelling from the south-east of South Australia to Adelaide—a city which I had long wished to visit—I took the opportunity of gaining some new experience by offering myself to the drover as an assistant.

This drover was a typical specimen of the local sheep-shifter, but a very different kind of individual from the drovers with whom I had so far been acquainted—the dare-devil, hard-riding, and hard-swearing Queenslanders who came down with cattle from the Gulf. He was a quiet, rather seedy-looking, elderly man, who spent most of his time moving small lots of sheep from one south-eastern station to another.

He was, however, a most shrewd and capable drover, and a kind-hearted, decent fellow—illiterate and slow in speech, but quite clever enough to look after himself and his stock. He had with him one good man, a young fellow named Collingridge, quiet and well-behaved, a superb horseman and handler of stock. He had another young Australian with him—the son of a doctor in one of the south-east towns—a great strapping giant, good-natured and willing, but without any experience of droving whatever, and a very poor horseman. These three, with myself, made up the party.

There had been a large sale of horses at the breaking up of a well-known station stud, and as most of the buyers had come from Adelaide and the district surrounding it, there was quite a large mob of about two hundred horses to be taken overland.

On the morning appointed I joined my companions, riding my little hack race-horse, Molly O'Connor, and leading another thoroughbred colt of mine, on which I had strapped the few

belongings necessary for the journey. My pack-horse was slightly lame, but my intention was to let him run loose with the mob and have a chance of working sound before reaching Adelaide. I found the drover waiting for me, his pack-horses saddled, his assistants at hand, and the big mob of horses collected in the station stock-yards. 'Better turn your own horses loose,' he said; 'there are plenty to ride here.' I agreed; and we went over to the yards. He pointed to some horses in a small yard. 'We have to be careful,' he said, 'for half of them are unbroken. You see those two big grays in there? they tell me both of 'em are good hacks, but one of 'em's quiet and the other bucks like hell, and I can't remember for the life of me whether it's the horse or the mare.' I looked them over and decided that the mare was the quiet one. 'All right; catch her!' said my seedy-looking employer.

I saddled and mounted, and found I had chosen wisely. The mare was a gentle creature with easy paces, and would have given me a delightful ride but for the fact that she would not go a yard without the gray horse, and was eternally either boring after him, waiting for him to come up, or whinnying when she lost him; but for the first couple of days I rode her, and I have ridden many worse.

After I had changed my pack onto a rough-looking, under-bred brute, I let my horses go in the yards, and we were ready to start.

A station boundary-rider took down the rails, and our mob streamed out—a motley and mixed collection. There were race-horses, brood-mares, unbroken colts and fillies, a number of wild ponies, and some coarse-looking nondescripts, but no really heavy horses—which was something to be thankful for. The spirited young horses and a band of mischievous ponies started galloping at once, but Collingridge, well mounted on a fast horse, immediately slipped away to the lead and steadied them on to the road, while the rest of us rode on the wing and behind them. After four or five miles they settled down to a steady jog, but, being still on their own ground, we had to watch carefully for attempts to break away.

I do not know what we should have done without Collingridge. The drover, though capable and shrewd in the movements of stock, was no horseman, and much too slow for work of this sort. The doctor's son was inexperienced and unreliable. I, of course, had had plenty of experience in the saddle, but had still a good deal to learn about handling horses in large mobs on the road. Collingridge was everywhere, cool, capable, full of mature judgment and an almost uncanny prescience; it was a swift move indeed that caught him napping. He never wheeled a wing too far, or stopped the leaders too abruptly; he never chatted like the

rest of us, but kept his eyes always on his work—keen, alert, absolutely dependable.

II.

We gave the horses a long stage that first day, and when we yarded them some thirty miles from the head-station they were steady enough and easily held. When we let them out next morning they were hungry, and we fed them slowly over some rich flats that led towards the coast.

Now, between Adelaide and the south-east corner of South Australia lies the Ninety-Mile-Desert, a stretch of barren sand covered with mallee bushes. A railway runs across it, but there is—or was in those days—no stock-road; so that all stock travelling north or south had to keep to a narrow strip of land between the desert and the coast, the southern portion of it as bare and barren as the desert itself, though it opened out into better country as it neared the Murray River. Along this strip, and parallel with the beach, lies a curious piece of water, a far-reaching lagoon which follows the coast northward, divided from the sea by only a few hundred yards of rabbit-riddled sandhill.

The water in the Coorong, as this lagoon is called, is salt. There is, in fact, no fresh water on the first part of the Coorong track except that which is supplied by a couple of deep-sunk wells which stand near two long-abandoned and ruined houses. This makes the road impossible to sheep in a dry season, but those with cattle or horses may, by pushing on over long stages, surmount its difficulties even in a drought. Naturally, it is not a popular route; but on this occasion it was our direct and inevitable path.

On the second night we camped at a small bush hotel at the southern end of the Coorong, and as the yards were not big enough to hold our two hundred horses, we put them in a small paddock, where they rested contentedly till morning. At the first gray of dawn we started off merrily along the beach of the lagoon, which lay like a glittering shield upon our left, while the dark line of the mallee scrub marked the margin of the desert on our right. Our horses travelled well on the hard sand, and as I was now riding a beautiful little chestnut race-horse called Saracen, I enjoyed thoroughly every moment of that golden morning. Thousands of wild-fowl of every kind floated on the salt lagoon, or whirled above our heads, startled by the rattle of the horse-hoofs or the crack of our stock-whips. The young horses were in playful mood, and raced at the head of the mob, occasionally trying to break into the scrub on our right; but I had only to loosen the rein on Saracen and in a stride or two he was up with the leaders, and we would wheel them back into the line with a roaring whip-crack that woke the echoes. It was sound galloping; very

different from the broken ground over which we had come on the two preceding days.

Looking seaward, I was much bewildered at first by the appearance of the low sandhills which divided the Coorong from the coast. They seemed to shimmer—to shiver—to move, almost. I thought it was some trick of the sun-glare, but soon realised that these sandhills were moving—with rabbits! From crest to base each hill was a crawling mass of Australia's most hated enemy. Never before nor since have I seen so many rabbits together. What they lived on was a mystery. Desert sand, salt water, mallee roots and rough spear-grass seemed the only ingredients of that valley of the dead at that particular place. Either they starved in their thousands, or they travelled far afield to feed.

There were no sheep in this part of the country, no cattle or horses, and for many miles there was no sign of human habitation. A more desolate region could hardly be imagined, and yet it had a lonely beauty all its own.

Our drover, who had only travelled this road once before, had a somewhat hazy recollection of what lay ahead of us; but he remembered that there was a fresh-water well at an old ruined cottage about a day's journey on. As there was no object in lingering on this grassless track, we let the horses push along at a useful jog-trot, and we arrived at the old well some time before dark. There was little to guide us to it; the remains of an old chimney stood upon a grassy flat a little off the road—the first grass we had seen since we struck the Coorong. A broken and tangled wire fence surrounded what had once been a small horse-paddock, and just outside it was the much-looked-for well. The horses, which had had no feed all day, soon spread themselves over the grassy flat and showed no wish to stray from it. We, thirsty after our long day's ride, approached the well. 'Here it is, right enough,' said the drover; 'but the last blighter who was here has forgotten to put the lid on it, and there's two—no, three!—dead rabbits in it. Very dead, too,' he added, sniffing. 'Never mind, it'll be all right boiled.'

I was thirsty, but I should have had to be twenty-four hours thirstier before I could have drunk the tea with which our friend regaled himself that night. The doctor's son also passed what he called 'the rabbit soup.' Collingridge took a few sips and then went and leaned meditatively over the wire fence; but the drover seemed to take it all as a matter of course, and made no complaints.

III.

We kept a horse saddled all that night, in case the mob strayed; but we had no trouble. Without any fence to hold them but the old gapped and broken wire, they kept religiously

to the green patch of grass, ate greedily, and then rested in groups with their heads to the lagoon.

We were up before dawn and waiting impatiently for the drover to finish his 'rabbit soup' and let us get on to more congenial country. Collingridge's horse had gone lame the day before, and he wanted a fresh one. He expressed a desire to ride the big gray which I had avoided on the first day. With some trouble we caught him in an angle of the old wire fence, and Collingridge, with fine courage, mounted him in that cold, inhospitable dawn and rode him triumphantly, though he bucked savagely and long. I was more than ever glad I had chosen the mare.

After an hour or two's ride along the lagoon we came to a homestead and a creek of fresh water. As there was feed here and good camping-ground, as well as a yard large enough for our horses, we took off our packs and determined to remain for the rest of the day. To drink clean fresh water, to lie on our backs upon our blankets and blow our tobacco smoke into the shimmering heat-haze, while our horses fed greedily around us, was a pleasure never to be forgotten.

We yarded the horses early that night, and then borrowed the settler's boat and his gun and went duck-shooting on the Coorong. We got a few, and enjoyed a supper fit for a king, with the brook babbling in friendly fashion at our feet. Unfortunately—for me at least—we made one mistake; we laid our blankets that night on some damp grass. I had no waterproof sheet, and undoubtedly this fact was to blame for the agonies which I suffered two days later.

Early next morning we packed up and left, the horses, refreshed and contented, swinging along the sandy beach in great style. By this time even the ponies had given up trying to break from the mob, and all four of us were able to ride together behind them and steer them with a shout or a whip-crack.

At midday we left the beautiful but inhospitable Coorong behind us, and turned slightly inland; a little later we passed more homesteads and some cultivated ground, and found the stock-route fenced into a narrow lane. In a part of this lane we camped for the night, lighting two fires about a couple of hundred yards apart and holding the mob of horses between them. Two of us camped at each fire, and divided the night into two watches. Collingridge and I were at one end, the others at the other. I took the first watch up to midnight. Collingridge rolled himself in his blanket and was asleep in a moment. I crouched over the fire, turning the horses back when they came up to our end, and hearing the drover shout at them when in turn they tried to pass his fire. We had come a long way,

and I was dead tired, and very, very sleepy. Every now and again I roused myself with a start as the restless horses came trampling up to the fire—and mechanically turned them back. At last I must have fallen asleep, if only for a moment, as I woke with a start to find horses rushing past me at a canter. I called Collingridge and he was up in a moment, but though we ran our hardest, about a dozen horses kept ahead of us on the road, dashed through an open gateway and disappeared in the darkness. Knowing that it was futile to chase them farther on foot, we returned to our fire, driving the other truants in front of us, and Collingridge took up his watch, while I was no sooner on my blanket with my head on my saddle than I was sound asleep.

In the morning we were lucky enough to come on the lost horses feeding in an open glade, and we recovered them without trouble and proceeded on our way rejoicing.

We had not gone far that morning when I was suddenly overtaken by the most acute rheumatic pains, undoubtedly a result of the wet camp two nights before. This pain grew worse and worse, till I groaned in agony. If one had been flogged with heavy sticks, or put through a threshing-mill, one could not have felt more absolutely bruised and broken. I begged the others to go on with the horses, while I found some corner into which I might crawl—and die! They were sympathetic, but unhelpful; after all, there was nothing that they *could* do; and the mob passed on along the dusty lane. I tied my horse to the fence near some farm buildings, and dragged myself into a large hay barn and lay down in some hay. Gradually the pain grew less, and I fell asleep. I must have slept for hours, as it was late afternoon when I woke, strangely refreshed and rejuvenated. I mounted my horse and cantered on, catching up the mob in about ten miles. The drover's delight at seeing me again was obvious. He had evidently given me up as a hopeless victim to the rigours of the track. He was the more pleased because they were now in open country, and the horses had been wild and restless and had given them a lot of trouble, short-handed as they had been throughout the day.

I had no return of the pain, and no ill effects.

IV.

We now began to travel through better feeding-country. The horses filled themselves as they sauntered along, and there was no lack of fresh water. They no longer looked like hunted devils, but began to do credit to their drovers.

We left Lake Alexandrina to our left and approached the Murray River, our track now taking us through well-settled country and past comfortable and well-built homesteads. At one point of our journey we came upon an unusual

sight—a single ostrich jogging slowly across the stock-route. This puzzled us all for a while, as, though of course the emu is an old friend and comrade in the Australian Bush, the ostrich is a rarity seldom seen outside zoological gardens. In this case we found that a neighbouring squatter had an ostrich farm, from which this bird had evidently strayed. It was interesting to note the great attention which the horses gave to this lonely traveller; whereas, had it been an emu, they would scarcely have lifted their heads.

In due course we reached the Murray River. After the uninteresting and often arid country which we had passed through, there could have been no more pleasing sight afforded us than that of the wide rolling river, flanked by its beautiful drooping willows, under the feathery boughs of which the black fellows paddled their flat-bottomed river-boats, busy with the cod-fishing which is the universal industry of the dwellers along that noble river. There was no bridge over the Murray at this point, and we were obliged to cross our horses by the slow and wearisome process of loading them in bunches of fifteen or twenty on a large flat-bottomed punt in charge of a fussy little boatman. At first I thought we should have difficulty with the younger and wilder portion of the mob, but they had all by this time become amenable to discipline, and as the loading-yards were convenient and suitably designed, we soon shipped our charges to the Adelaide side of the river without accident or mishap of any kind. Once across, we turned them into the large stock-yards and proceeded to a small hotel on the river bank, where we sat down to an excellent meal of the famous Murray cod, magnificently cooked. After many days of mutton and damper and tinned jam this was a luxury which we duly appreciated.

We now proceeded northward through the hilly country which surrounds Adelaide, passing through a number of small towns and villages—mostly with German names and filled with a population undoubtedly German. Large wheat farms lay at the back of these villages, and perhaps no part of South Australia was more prosperous or supplied a more contented and law-abiding population.

The stock-route was now for the most part a fenced lane, and we had small opportunity for feeding our horses, so we pushed on as quickly as we could towards the city. Going through one of the German villages I had a lively experience. I was riding in front of the mob to steady them—as one of us invariably did when going through a town. As we were jogging quietly along the very quiet street, one of the mob happened to kick an old tin bucket which was standing on the side-walk, and it somehow got carried into the middle of the roadway and among the horses' feet. This was too much for

the equanimity of the unbroken colts and fillies. Frightened by the banging of the tin and the clatter of their own hoofs on the metalled roadway, they broke into a mad gallop, and the whole mob stampeded through the town. I tried to stem the rush with whip and voice, but the horses were blind with fear and excitement, and as I could not get off the fenced road had I wished to, there was nothing for it but to gallop ahead of them till we reached open country. I could not help thinking that if my horse stumbled and fell I should have had the whole trampling two hundred on the top of me. Fortunately Saracen was as fast as the wind, and we managed to keep ahead until we got out into the mallee, where I at last succeeded in steadying them up; but it was an exciting gallop for more than a mile.

The horses were very nervous and edgy for the rest of the day after this experience, and late in the afternoon a train rushing by within fifty yards of the road set them all galloping again, and they broke away into some scrubby ridges on our left. From these, without Collingridge's daring riding, I think we should never have gathered them. With the highest skill and the greatest gallantry, he drove his gray buck-jumper through the close-set saplings at top speed, heading and putting together the scattered bunches of horses. I helped him as well as I could. The other two were left far behind us; but they pushed the slower nags along the road, and before dark we were able to put the correct count of horses into a small hotel paddock which we had wisely secured beforehand.

This was our last night before reaching Adelaide, and it remains vividly in my memory. The drover, for some reason best known to himself, determined that we should not camp out in the open, but should treat ourselves to a comfortable bed and a good feed at the rather pretentious hotel to which the paddock belonged.

'The horses are safe,' he said; 'this is our last night on the road. I'll treat you to a good dinner and as many drinks as you want.'

Collingridge was indifferent; the doctor's son welcomed a spree; I, for my part, guessing the nature of the hotel, thought we should be much more comfortable camped under the stars in our dusty rags than making the social pretence which would be required of us; but I fell in with the more popular plan.

We pulled the pack-saddles off our horses and threw the gear into an outhouse. Then, a seedy-looking lot of scoundrels, with inches of dust on our clothes, faces streaked with sweat and dirt, our jackets torn to ribbons by our last wild ride in the saplings, we marched up to the hotel and asked for rooms. I shall never forget the face of the magnificent painted barmaid as she confronted with a fine scorn our humble and unwashed employer. Her manner and words would have been a deep insult to any less modest and easy-going person; but our friend swallowed it all with a smile. Good-naturedly he accepted her scornful appraisal of himself, and finally we got our rooms—if not exactly the best in the house; and our supper—if not in the fashionable dining-room.

The fact of the matter was, it was not a bush hotel at all, in the sense understood by our drover—not a hostelry for the accommodation of travelling man and beast—but was one of those pretentious week-end establishments, built a few miles out of every city, for the use of business men and others, who conveyed their 'ladies' there on short and rather riotous visits.

Nothing more incongruous could have appeared in such a place than our rough-bearded and shabby leader in his travel-stained riding-breeches, and our three disreputable and dust-ridden selves.

Two of us, at all events, got great fun out of the experience. The drover enjoyed his drinks, and pledged the tow-headed barmaid in bumpers of beer without the slightest trace of ill-feeling.

We got him away as early as we could in the morning, and before traffic had become general in the suburbs we had our horses safely behind the rails in the city yards, ready for distribution to their various owners.

THE GARUDA.

CHAPTER IV.—*continued.*

III.

AFTERWARDS Judy and I agreed that the period of time immediately following Dulloo's disappearance was by far the most trying of all that hectic night, for hope had been born again. We lay with nerves stretched to breaking-point, straining our ears for the first sound of an alarm. So great was the strain that disaster, when it happened, came almost as a relief. Suddenly our suspense was ended by

Ali Haider's shrill scream shattering the silence. 'Who's there?' he cried; and then in tones of fury, 'Ohé sintri! Wake, you dog! and shoot that son of—'

At the sound of the first words Judy threw all discretion to the winds. 'Get that knife, for God's sake, and cut me loose!' he exclaimed. 'There'll be hell to pay in a minute.'

There was no need to tell me twice, and I set to work like a beaver with the knife in my teeth. But the hut was dark and the rope tough—

I'll never forget the taste of hemp till my dying day. And as I worked there came an answering shout from O'Gorman, who must have left his hut to find out what was wrong, for Ali Haider cried again, '*Woh jata! Woh jata!*' ('There he goes! There he goes!') 'And the sentries are asleep. Shoot, sahib; shoot!'

My lips were bleeding and a tooth had broken, but two strands of the rope were through. And then there came a gun-shot, and, after a pause, another.

With a mighty jerk Judy got his hands apart. Snatching the knife out of my mouth, he cut his legs free, and then, rolling me over unceremoniously, he did the same for my hands. 'Free your legs yourself and come on,' he cried. 'They're murdering that poor beggar outside.' And I found myself alone with the knife in my hand. Judy had gone berserk.

I followed as quickly as I could. I still retain a vivid mental picture of the scene outside. O'Gorman was standing by the water's edge, outlined black against the reflected moonlight, with a shot-gun in his hands. And there was another smaller figure, capering and fawning round him like a jackal. It was Ali Haider, and by the fiendish joy expressed by his antics I knew that the shots had told.

Judy went straight for his man as fast as a pair of very numb legs would carry him. But at the last moment, before they met, Ali Haider saw him, and his cry of warning brought O'Gorman round to face Judy's spring. Now in the ring the money would have been on Judy, though he was giving away two stone. But here he had an armed man against him, and was still numb and crippled from the ropes. O'Gorman caught his rush on his gun-muzzle, and tossed him back as you might toss a truss of hay. Then, giving ground slightly, O'Gorman proceeded deliberately to reload his gun. 'Oh, it's you, is it?' I heard him say. 'Well, you had to have it anyway, so you may as well get it now.'

Do you know the nightmare wherein you run frenziedly for countless æons to avert some prodigious ill; and yet, for all your running, remain anchored in the spot you started from? While all this was taking place before my eyes I was the runner in that nightmare. But as O'Gorman opened his gun I stumbled over a prostrate body, which moaned and tossed its arms deliriously. I saw that it was one of the sentries. And it flashed through my mind that the datura had anticipated Dullooo's reckoning. The sentry's weapon—an old Martini carbine—lay on the ground beside him. In my impatience my arms seemed to work like dead things; but with the click of O'Gorman's closing breech ringing in my ears I got the carbine to my shoulder.

Though you may be the most unselfish shot in the world, there must have been times when

you have halved a bird with another man. And no matter how gracefully you may have waived all claim to it, how often have you not known in your heart of hearts that, by a millionth of a second, the bird was yours? I never heard O'Gorman's shot; it was swallowed by the roar of black powder from the carbine. But I felt that that millionth of a second had been mine. And the margin was enough; Judy did not fall. But O'Gorman pitched forward on his face, a dark mass on the beach.

About twenty yards from the shore, with the moonlit ripples breaking round it, there was another dark mass in the water. And that was my first concern. Dullooo was fatally wounded; a glance told me that. He must have taken most of the contents of a twelve-bore through the lungs at twenty yards. But at least he was still alive. I picked him up and carried him to land. And there Judy joined me.

'O'Gorman's as dead as a door nail,' he announced. 'You put half-a-dozen buckshot through him—and incidentally you thereby saved my life. I felt the wind of his shot by my ear. How's Dullooo? A bad show, I'm afraid.'

At the sound of his name Dullooo opened his eyes and tried to speak, but a fit of coughing choked him. We propped him up on our coats; there was nothing more we could do for him. But he wanted to speak—wanted to badly; his whole frame quivered with the efforts he was making. With some notion of easing his mind, I whispered in his ear that the old matter of his arm was repaid a thousand-fold. And I'm afraid I talked a lot of nonsense besides. But he only nodded impatiently. And at last, with a supreme effort, he managed to jerk out—'Watch that boy! I fear that —' The sentence was cut short by a convulsive spasm, followed by a gush of blood; Dullooo had died in the act of warning us. But he had recalled us to our senses, for we had wholly forgotten that there were other living men on the island still besides ourselves.

And as he died, a sudden angry glare lit up the island and the whole lagoon, swamping the moonlight and showing the water oily black against the unearthly whiteness of the reeds. The aeroplane shed and the dump were both in flames. The work of Essar Dass and the boy, no doubt, and they had not spared petrol to make a job of it.

We both had the same thought, but Judy recovered from his surprise before me. 'The explosives!' he gasped out, and started to run frantically towards the dump. But he had scarcely gone two strides before there was a small explosion—I can best liken it to the preliminary crack of the cap with a hang-fire which just precedes the cartridge's full dis-

charge—and next instant the entire earth split in twain.

IV.

When I recovered consciousness it was daylight, and I was lying on my back with Judy bending over me. He was busy sluicing me with water, which I resented strongly. Also, my head ached atrociously, and some one seemed to have stuffed my eyes, nose, and mouth with peat. There was something odd, too, about Judy himself when I came to look at him. One of his eyes was closed and bleeding; his eyebrow hung over it in a most peculiar way.

'For heaven's sake, man, stop pouring that water over me,' I expostulated peevishly. 'You don't want to drown me, do you?'

'Oh, you've come to, have you?' he answered. 'That's good. I was beginning to think there must be something really wrong with you. Well, just you lie still like a good little boy, while I see to this eye of mine.'

I did as I was bid, and gradually the happenings of the night came back to me.

'Judy!' I called.

'Hulloa!' he shouted back from the water's edge.

'Judy, look here, I'm devilish sorry I was so peevish just now. I didn't remember.'

'That's all right, old son,' he said. 'And I've just discovered that I haven't lost an eye. So all's well.'

'And what about the—the others?' I asked.

'Well, as far as I can gather, most of the drugged brigade have come through all right. You see, there's nothing in this blooming island but mud—for which we can thank our lucky stars—so the explosion was localised. And their hut was down here at the far end. The hut's gone, of course, but I've counted eight of them—a bit flushed and starey about the eyes, but still breathing. And the rest are probably somewhere about. We'll know as soon as help comes from camp. With the island smoking like a volcano, they're bound to find us soon.'

'And Essar Dass and the boy?' I asked.

'I can't be sure,' said Judy slowly; 'but I've found what looks uncommonly like bits of them. Hoist with their own petard, I imagine; and a good job, too. Poor little Dulloo! Well, at least there's this about it, "He went to his God in state."'

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WARNING DEVICES OF GAS IN COAL MINES.

NOT only is it of the utmost importance that all lights used in coal mines should be so protected that they cannot ignite inflammable gases, but the proportion of these gases present should be accurately known, in view of the liability of electric sparks from the cutting operations to cause explosions. Devices for giving visual or audible indications of too great a percentage of gas have been invented recently by Professor W. M. Thornton, O.B.E., D.Sc., D.Eng., of Armstrong College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. These are applied to miners' safety-lamps. They are based upon: (1) the burning with a pale blue secondary flame of combustible gas, such as fire-damp or petrol vapour, round the flame of a miner's oil safety-lamp; (2) the curving, when heated, of strips made of two metals, one of which expands considerably, while the other expands very little. Two of these strips are fixed vertically and parallel to each other above the flame of a safety-lamp, and separated by heat-resisting material which is also an electrical insulator. The heat from the oil-flame is not enough to curve them much, but when a dangerous percentage of gas is present, the additional heat from the burning of the gas causes the strips to bend towards each other until their ends touch. One of the strips is connected to a tiny electric lamp, such as is

used in torches, but with a red bulb. The other lamp-contact is connected to one pole of a dry battery housed in a chamber under the oil-container. As both the second bi-metal strip and the other pole of the battery are connected to the frame of the lamp, the circuit is completed when the ends of the strips make contact, and the red lamp immediately lights up. A variation of the device consists of a single bi-metal strip, the curving of which moves a pointer over a scale graduated in percentages; another, also with one metal strip, acts by releasing an extinguisher, which at once reduces the light from the lamp, but leaves a glimmer by which the miner can find his way out of the dangerous area. The device can also be made to ring a bell; and it has been successfully applied in a slightly modified form to electric safety-lamps.

ALMOST A POCKET GRAMOPHONE.

Many will appreciate the advantages for caravans, yachts, and picnic parties of a gramophone which folds up into a box measuring only $6\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2} \times 4$ inches. The lid, which is deep, and hinged at one end, houses a collapsible leather amplifier, at the inner end of which is a socket for the tone arm. In place of the metal disc employed in an ordinary machine for carrying the records there is a central detachable socket from which four folding arms radiate. The inside of the

box is, of course, occupied by the motor. Full-sized records are played by this machine; and, as the sound disc and the tone arm closely resemble the standard pattern, the tone is satisfactory. The folding-arm socket, the tone arm, and the handle, when detached, pack neatly into the top of the box, and it is the work of a few seconds to place them in position. All the metal parts are nickel-plated; the box is covered in black cloth, crocodile, or real hide; and the price of the instrument is moderate.

THE ARRIVAL OF MACHINE TELEGRAPHY.

Although printing telegraph systems have been in use for many years, it will be news to most readers of *Chambers's Journal* that manual telegraphy (Morse Key and sounder) is being rapidly supplanted by machine telegraphy, and that telegraph operators now send messages by means of a lettered keyboard similar to that of a typewriter. When the keys are depressed they punch perforations in a paper tape which passes to a transmitting instrument, where the holes cause electric impulses to be sent through the telegraph line. At the receiving end the impulses may be transformed directly into letters and words by a printing machine, or they may be caused to perforate another tape for retransmission. By means which cannot be described here, four, or even six, transmitting instruments can send messages over one wire in each direction at the same time. This system, which is known as the 'Multiplex,' has proved very successful, especially for transmitting messages between London and the provincial centres, but it is too complicated and costly for lines which carry comparatively few messages. For these a much simpler instrument has been devised, known as the 'Teletype,' a machine about the size of a typewriter. It would be impossible within the limits of one of these notes to describe how this instrument works. All that can be done is to give a general idea of the mechanism. The teletype consists of a keyboard transmitter and a printing machine; there is no tape to be perforated, the signals being sent direct by the keys and printed at the receiving end in the form of letters and words. The printing machine at the transmitting end also prints the messages, which can be kept as a record. Except the signals for the different letters, which are necessarily electrical for transmission, the instrument operates mechanically, although the mechanism is driven by a tiny electric motor. The signals for transmitting the letters are made on what is known as the five-unit code. If a given unit of time be divided into five intervals, during each of which electric current may or may not be transmitted, it is possible to produce thirty-two different combinations of current and no-current intervals. The five time intervals are provided by five cams on

a rotating shaft. If each cam were to make an electric contact, the contacts would occur one after the other at regular intervals. Whether a cam does or does not make contact is controlled by the keys of the keyboard. If the A key is depressed intervals 1 and 2 make contact, while 3, 4, and 5 do not. For C the first interval is a blank, while 2, 3, and 4 make contact, and 5 is a blank. These signals transmitted to the other end of the line cause the receiving instrument to print the corresponding letters at the rate of forty words a minute, this having been found to be the best practical working speed. The British Post Office is using sixty-two teletypes, and it is being widely adopted by the Eastern Telegraph Co., the Marconi Co., the Dutch Government, and other Administrations. Messrs J. & J. Colman, Ltd. (Colman's Mustard), are using the teletype on their private wire between London and Norwich, and it is thought that there will be a wide extension of the use of the teletype by private firms. This development is already taking place in America, where there is talk of teletype exchanges on the same plan as telephone exchanges. The teletype is being successfully used for wireless transmission of telegrams in the United States, and the transmission is secret, the Morse code not being used. The American Navy Department has made successful experiments with the teletype on aeroplanes communicating by wireless with teletypes at base stations.

HUGE DUTCH DRAINAGE PUMPS.

Some of the most powerful drainage pumps in the world are to be found in Holland, where they are used to keep large areas of land which are below sea-level free from water. In a paper which he read before the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Scotland, Professor J. C. Dijkhoorn, of Delft Technical University, described some huge pumps which are in service at Zoutkamp. In these Dutch drainage schemes the water has to be raised only a few feet, the maximum lift in this case being 5 feet 9 inches, but enormous quantities are dealt with. There are three pumps at Zoutkamp, which together are capable of raising 100,000 cubic feet a minute through a height of 4 feet 3 inches. These pumps are known as screw-pumps, because they consist of what are practically screw-propellers working in pipes. Each pipe takes the form of a siphon with a horizontal portion in the middle, from which the legs spring downwards at an angle of about 45 degrees. The mouths of the pipe are cut off at a like angle to make them horizontal, and they are well below the surface of the water on the high-level and low-level sides respectively. At the suction or inlet side the mouth of the pipe is 12 feet 9 inches in diameter, but it becomes smaller towards the horizontal pump casing,

the inlet of which measures 9 feet 10 inches across. The mouth of the discharge pipe is slightly larger than that of the inlet pipe. In the horizontal pump casing the pipe is swelled, while a stream-lined hollow cone is arranged in the middle, leaving a space all round, through which the water is propelled by the screw. The screw consists of a central portion which forms a cross-section of the cone, upon which are mounted the propeller blades, these rotating round the annular space between the cone and the inside of the pump-casing. The propeller is mounted on a horizontal spindle, which passes through a water-tight device to the outside of the casing, where it is coupled to an electric motor of about 450 h.p. By means of reduction-gear the motor drives the propeller at 53 revolutions per minute. At the outlet side the propeller is 11 feet 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter, and fixed blades are provided to take the rotation out of the water, so that it flows straight to the outlet mouth. Pumps of this description which are above the water-level have to be filled before they will start. This is effected by pumping the air out of the pump-casing, when the water flows in to fill the void. An emergency valve is fitted to each pump to let in air in case the electric motor fails. If this were not done the water would siphon back from the high to the low level.

A SLOW LANDING SPEED DEVICE FOR AEROPLANES.

A slow landing speed is a desideratum for every aeroplane, especially if it can be obtained without detriment to the full speed of the machine at other times. This is realised with the De Havilland automatic camber gear, which has been recently brought out. The device consists of a hinged flap at the rear of each wing, extending along its whole length. These flaps are pulled downwards by springs to an angle with the wings. But at speeds of 70 miles an hour and over, the air pressure keeps them up and in line with the wing curve, and the wings then act like those of the ordinary pattern. As the speed is reduced the flaps are pulled down by their springs until they reach the limiting stops at 45 to 50 miles an hour. In this position they have a braking effect, and the landing speed is reduced by about 8 miles an hour. This, however, is not the only benefit; the flaps improve the angle of climb, and they make the machine safer to handle at low speeds when approaching a landing ground.

A SIMPLE BEATING AND MIXING MACHINE.

So far as the amateur cook is concerned, it is a safe assumption that many attractive dishes are seldom made because of the time and trouble involved in beating up or in mixing the ingredients. Once this irksome feature is eliminated, the production of whipped cream,

omelettes, batter, and cakes can be undertaken with a light heart. A beating-up and mixing machine has lately made its advent, which vastly reduces the time and labour needed for these operations. The mixing bowl is made of stout aluminium, measures 7 inches across the top, and is 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches deep. At the bottom the diameter is 5 inches, and the corners are well rounded to facilitate cleaning. Across the top is a bar, which is extended into a handle at one side, for steadying the machine during its operation. It is not necessary to clamp the bowl down, as is the case in many culinary appliances. A 'sun' gear-wheel is fixed centrally under the bar, and a spindle passing through the bar and the centre of the sun-wheel carries a horizontal arm and terminates in a flat mixer which increases in width towards the bottom of the bowl. A handle is attached to the top of the spindle, by which the arm and the mixer are rotated. The arm carries a spindle at its outer end. This spindle has a flat mixer secured to its lower part, similar to the central mixer, but wider at the top than at the bottom. When it is turned it clears the central mixer by about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch, the clearance being parallel from top to bottom. A planet pinion on the top of the second spindle meshes with the fixed sun-wheel, the ratio between the two being about 1:5. But as the sun-wheel is fixed and the planet pinion revolves round it, an extra turn is given to the latter for each revolution. This means that when the handle with the arm and the central mixer is turned at, say, 100 revolutions per minute, the planet mixer rotates at six times the speed and has a beating-up effect. As a matter of fact, the handle can be turned at 140 revolutions per minute without any great effort. Splashing on to the gear or outside the bowl is entirely prevented by a cover-plate which extends over about one quarter of the top, leaving the contents clearly visible at all times. Lastly, both the bowl and the mixers are very easily cleaned, the latter having plain flat surfaces, while the gear can be lifted off the bowl in a second, without undoing any screws. All parts are made of aluminium, and every item is of ample strength. Now for the results. The time taken to whisk-up cream into a stiff paste is quartered. For Yorkshire pudding $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. flour, one egg, and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk were put into the bowl together and turned into a perfect batter in 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. By hand several separate operations are needed and as many utensils, with a big increase in the time taken. Fluff cakes are mixed in two operations by the machine in 8 minutes, against 35 minutes by hand. Great saving in time is also effected in mixing other types of cakes. Moreover, the mixture is kept in a cooler state throughout the operation than it would be if the mixing were done by hand, a consideration which will be at once appreciated by all good cooks. Finally, the effort required is less than for hand mixing.

A CURRANT-PICKING DEVICE.

Any fruit-grower accustomed to stripping currants from their stalks preparatory to their being cooked or preserved will welcome the appearance of a handy little contrivance which renders this tedious and somewhat dirty task quite superfluous. The device consists in the main of a lidless box made of tin-plate, much longer than it is broad, and narrower at one end than the other. In this narrow end a number of steel prongs, like those of a dinner fork, but rather more rounded, take the place of the tin-plate which forms the other sides of the appliance. The method of using it in gathering currants is quite simple. A branch of the bush which is to be picked being held in a convenient position with the left hand, the pronged end of the appliance is passed behind the end of a bunch of currants; on drawing the vessel outwards and slightly upwards, the currants are removed, leaving the stalk on the bush. When the vessel is about two-thirds full the contents are emptied into a basket or other larger receptacle. In the case of black currants, should there be any unripe berries in the bunch, the appliance can easily be manipulated so as to avoid picking them. These unripe berries are always at the end of the branch, and therefore can be left to ripen by not drawing the prongs far enough to detach them.

LIQUID-AIR MINE RESCUE APPARATUS.

In the third and final report of the Mine Rescue Apparatus Research Committee of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research a very interesting account is given of liquid-air mine rescue apparatus. This apparatus is worn by the men engaged in rescue operations in mines where the air is unfit to breathe. There is carried a sufficient supply of liquid air, the evaporation of which enables a man to breathe while undertaking more or less strenuous exertion for two hours. The equipment comprises an insulated container for liquid air at the back, together with a purifier, while in front is an indiarubber breathing-bag, the two being supported by pipes from one to the other, which pass over the shoulders. The inner container, which carries the liquid air, is a perforated case of nickel silver tightly packed with calcined asbestos wool, which soaks up the liquid. Surrounding the inner container is an air space, which distributes the liquid when filling, and collects the evaporated air. The latter gathers in a perforated pipe passing through the container, and is led into a space packed loosely with asbestos. This space is formed between two vessels of nickel, of which the inner surrounds the inner container, leaving the air space already described. From the asbestos-packed space the air passes through a cooling-pipe to enter the pipe crossing the left shoulder; thence

it passes round above the breathing-bag, with which it communicates to the pipe over the right shoulder, and thence to an inhaling valve. The exhaled breath passes to a purifier, in which it is brought in contact with caustic soda. This chemical renders part of the air fit for breathing over again, which economises the use of the liquid air. Every precaution is taken to render it impossible for a man wearing the apparatus to breathe the external air, the mouthpiece being very carefully supported, while the nose is closed by a clip. The container holds five and a half pounds of liquid air, and can be filled in one minute. The complete apparatus weighs forty pounds, which does not exceed the weight that an infantry man was called upon to carry in the Great War. Flexible pipes connect the mouthpiece with the inhaling and exhaling valves. The containers are, of course, very carefully heat-insulated, and they are stoutly protected by a leather case. The breathing-bag is also protected by bronze springs, so that even if the man lies face downwards, it does not collapse; it is further guarded by a canvas cover. Rescue-stations, where a number of these outfits are kept and where liquid air is manufactured, have been established at several stations in coal pit areas, such as Rotherham, Newcastle, and Mansfield. The liquid air is stored in vacuum vessels, but even so, a considerable amount of wastage takes place, which has to be made good from time to time.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (a) a reply post-card, or (b) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

AN AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

How the dead pages wake to pulsing life
At the creative touch
Of friendship's magic finger!
Surely even such
The pages of our life are; for there comes
A vibrant word, the glow
Of minds in contact, the swift lightning flash
Of sympathy, and, lo!
From out the soul's blank whiteness rainbow
glories rise,
Out of its silence, surging melodies.

ETHEL HOLDSWORTH.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

'DON QUIXOTE' AND THE ORPHANS.

By ASHMORE RUSSAN.

CHAPTER I.—BILLY BROOKE ACQUIRES NEW RESPONSIBILITIES AND A FAMOUS NAME.

I.

AS a Court for the administration of justice, a temporary jail, and the centre of all happenings of consequence, the house of the *Juez* in the little Oaxaca town of San Pedro Mixtepec, although not much to look at, served its useful purposes. It was also a house of call for travellers. At any rate, Juan of the Spurs—so called from the enormous size of his heel decorations—had taken there, as to an inn, the mining engineers, Billy Brooke and Jerry Marshall, whose adventures in the aforesaid Mexican state I propose to set down.

For the rest, the squat, one-storeyed building, with the broad, many-pillared veranda where guests were accommodated, overlooked the *plaza* with its sparse tufts of rusty grass, its lone, ragged coconut-palm, and its patchy pink-and-white church, whose discordant bells had started ringing soon after daybreak, when, after riding all night, the travellers had arrived. Since then they had jangled incessantly; not, however, in honour of the new-comers, but of the town's patron saint, whose day it was.

As the *Juez* himself, old, with features grotesque as a gargoyle, but with humorous twinkles in his deep-set eyes, had risen extra early to bid his visitors welcome and indicate the proper veranda-posts to which their horses and pack-mules should be tied, and their own hammocks slung, the travellers had quite settled down when the children began to gather for the *fiesta* heralded by the bells, filling the space immediately in front of the building, perhaps because it was customary to assemble there, possibly to inspect the strangers.

As, however, Juan of the Spurs was unpacking the provisions, it may have been the spectacle of such plenty in a land of beans and *tortillas*—and not too many of either—that drew the youngsters; but, whatever the attraction, the said adventures were largely direct consequences of the gathering.

Having breakfasted, Billy Brooke was sitting sideways in a hammock, with a tin of chocolate on his knees, amusing himself by tossing pieces of the *dulce* amongst the crowd of little ones

yelping shrilly with unaccustomed joy, when his attention was drawn to two who looked different; not better clad, for all were three-parts naked, but whiter, cleaner, fairer, and more wistful.

'What d'ye think of those two, Jerry?' he cried, turning to his colleague and indicating the pair, a boy of about nine and a baby-girl some four years younger.

'What do I think?' Marshall snorted, lifting heavy brows and snapping his jaws like a trap. 'Well, if you want to know, I think some miserable scamp of a mining man has been along before us, and they're two of the little things the rascal's left behind him.'

Brooke got upon his legs, still stiff from his forty-mile ride over the Sierra Madre, and, tin of chocolate in hand, hobbled to the two white children. '*Por Ustedes*,' he said in his stilted Spanish, and gave a cake to each. Then, noticing the jealous, hungry looks of the others, he emptied the tin amongst them.

A rather whining, high-pitched chorus of '*Muchas gracias, señor!*' greeted the unwonted largess, but the children with the fair hair, and, as Billy now saw, blue eyes, uttered not a word until the cries had subsided. Then, with a wistful glance and a half smile at the stranger, the boy nudged the baby-girl, whose mouth already was stained brown with chocolate, and took off his ragged hat. 'Thank you, sir,' he said in English, and bowed gravely. And to the still more staggering surprise of their benefactor, the baby dropped a most astonishing curtsy and echoed 'Tank you.'

It was too comical. A sort of tattered towel, held in place by a long thorn, was the curtsying baby's only wear. Mr William Brooke, M.I.M.E., of the famous Exploring Company of London, roared—rather hysterically, perhaps—for an emotion to which he was no stranger had suddenly gripped him by the throat. 'Did you see that? Did you hear, Jerry?' he cried. 'These two are English!'

Mr Jeremy Marshall, A.I.M.M., also of the great Exploring Company, likewise hobbled stiffly from his hammock to the edge of the veranda. 'Miserable scamp of an English

mining man then, Billy,' he said indifferently. 'And that's about all there is to it.'

Brooke shook his head, fair as the boy's before him. 'Not by a long shot!' he rejoined emphatically. 'These are no stray fossicker's kids. They've been brought up properly. It's a little lady and gentleman we have here. Clothes they haven't any to speak of, but their manners are O.K.' He turned to the boy. 'What's your name, sonny?'

The youngster's face lit up at being addressed directly in English. 'Hugo Lestrangle, sir,' he answered.

'And your sister's? She's your sister, of course?'

'Adelaide, sir.'

'Juan!' shouted Billy Brooke. 'Is there a *tienda* in this town?'

'*Sí, señor,*' replied the guide, looking up from the packing-case he was handling.

'Then take these children and buy them some clothes. Here's the *dinero*.' And Mr William Brooke, M.I.M.E., gave the *mozo* twenty dollars in Mexican money.

Marshall laughed sarcastically as Juan of the Spurs clanked away with the youngsters, holding each by a hand. 'At it again, Don Quixote!' he said. 'I am wondering what next you'll do.'

'Find out all about them,' Brooke replied. 'Their mother was a lady, whatever or wherever she is now. Hugo and Adelaide Lestrangle—just consider that conjunction of names! Discovered at San Pedro Mixtepec, a place right off the map. Never heard of it till its cocks and dogs greeted us, and just as I'd concluded I couldn't ride another yard, and was looking for a soft spot to fall on, Juan shouted, "This is San Pedro Mixtepec, where I was born. They know me here."'

II.

The presence of the two mining experts on the Pacific side of the state of Oaxaca was due to the willingness of the Exploring Company to take risks. That way British trade and the empire has been built up. A sample of very rich silver ore, accompanied by a report, had reached the London office. The locality of the 'prospect'—the writer of the report called it a 'mine'—was Santa Elena, Oaxaca.

At Miahuatlan, about half-way from the city of Oaxaca, the experts should have been met by the owner of the 'mine,' a certain Pablo Revuelto, for so the covering letter indicated. But either he had not turned up, or they had missed him. Declaring that he knew Santa Elena, Juan of the Spurs, otherwise Ramirez, had offered his services as guide.

He had brought them safely over the Sierra Madre, but had then pretended that he had forgotten the road. Hence the visit to San Pedro, for the purpose of making inquiries,

Juan said—but they soon discovered that his real object was to see his *novia* and get married on the strength of the substantial reward for which he had bargained.

When the *Juez*, dressed now in *fiesta* clothes, reappeared with a quirt to drive away the clamorous crowd of children, Brooke questioned him. Yes, he knew the *niño* and *niña Inglés*. They lived with the Widow Natchez. He was unable to give any further information. This was absurd, and Billy Brooke told him so bluntly. But the *Juez* countered by asking questions on his own account. What was the strangers' business at San Pedro Mixtepec? What were their names, and where had they come from? Marshall, whose temper was short and humour of the pawkiest, resented the questioning. '*Bueno!*' he said. 'That's all right, *Juez*. I'll introduce you to my friend at once. Possibly you may have heard of him before—Don Quixote de la Mancha; and he's bent on living up to his reputation. Myself—well—I'm Sancho Panza, of course. From London last. Travelling in Mexico for our health. What do you think?'

The gargoyle puckers about the judge's mouth deepened; a quick gleam came into his slits of eyes. Suddenly, without a word, he backed off the veranda and into his house.

'You've done it now!' said Billy Brooke.

But the *Juez* returned in a moment and came towards them smiling, with his hands behind him. '*Señor,*' he said, addressing Marshall, 'as a *caballero* of Spain I am bound to believe what you say. But truly, if you ever really existed, you ought to have been dead some centuries, you and your friend. But possibly you are *aparecidos* (ghosts), in which case I must inform you that, according to an old Spanish law, which to-day remains a law of this republic, it is my duty to arrest all witches, possessors of the evil eye, lepers, wandering foreigners, and *aparecidos*, and send them to the prison at Miahuatlan. That old law, of which I am a careful student and an exponent by my office, has never been repealed. Will you read it for yourselves, *caballeros!*' And with a victorious grin that almost extended from ear to ear, the old fellow held out a book.

One glance was enough. The cover was lettered boldly: '*Don Quijote de la Mancha—Cervantes.*'

Billy Brooke shouted, 'Properly had! Good for you, *Juez!* That's one for your nob, Jerry, and it serves you right.'

'You see, gentlemen,' the old fellow went on, and his small eyes twinkled, 'it is never prudent to take ignorance for granted. I am not a Mexican born. I am a Spaniard. But I have lived in Mexico a very long time. Many things I have learned—that it is wise to keep one's tongue from jesting until one knows with

whom one is speaking. You questioned me about the little *Inglésas*. Ask of the Widow Natchez. She knows. And should you meet him, which is not unlikely, but I pray you may not be so unfortunate, ask of Don Pablo Revuelto. He should know, also. You will remember that name—Pablo Revuelto? Beware of him.'

Naturally his auditors started and exchanged glances. It was the name of the man they were in Mexico to meet; the sender of the ore; the writer of the report; the declared owner of the 'mine' they had travelled so far to examine.

The *Juez* proceeded: 'But do not ask more of me. As I have told you, I have learned many things, the chief of which is prudence. You must now excuse me. I have to assist the band, or it will not play on the *fiesta* of San Pedro, and I shall not be forgiven.'

He trotted away towards the pink-and-white church, leaving two rather astonished Britishers staring at each other.

Billy Brooke was the first to speak. "'Here endeth the first lesson,'" he quoted. 'What does the old chap know?—Beware of Pablo Revuelto? That's not much of a testimonial.' And he took from a wallet the original report received with the samples of ore.

The handwriting, thin, pointed, hardly legible, was evidence that the actual writing must have been the work of a Spaniard or of a Latin-American. It was signed 'Pablo Revuelto' in a different, bolder hand, by the man who had failed to meet them for some reason unexplained, and who, it had been suggested, knew something about the English children, with regard to whom the *Juez*, no ignorant Mexican *Indio*, but a law student and a scholar, preferred not to be questioned further. That there was a mystery somewhere was patent even to the matter-of-fact Jeremy Marshall.

III.

When presently Juan returned, his charges were scarcely recognisable. For the boy he had bought a white cotton jacket, trousers of the same material, sandals, and a small *sombrero* with silver decorations; for the baby, sandals, petticoat, and tiny *rebozo*. But Juan of the Spurs had a third companion, whose presence perhaps accounted for the success of his shopping—a rather pretty Indian girl, whom he proudly introduced to his *padrónes* as his *novia*, Felipa.

Having probably made a nice little commission, he beamed when congratulated on his various purchases; and, asked if he knew the Widow Natchez, replied that he did, and could take them to her *ranchito* in five minutes. This the boy confirmed, and they set out at once. At the door of the hut, a poor place of *adobes* thatched with palm-leaves, they encountered a very old Indian woman, who stared at the party

in amazement, but mostly at the children's new garments.

'Doña Catarina,' said the boy, by way of introduction, whilst the baby ran to her at once. To Brooke and Marshall's eager questions she answered briefly. The children had been left in her care by their mother when dying. She had also left money, many *pesos*, but a bad man had stolen it. He had also stolen the children's clothes, so that they had been forced to wear rags. Often they had not enough to eat, for she was only a very poor old woman, but she had done her best.

'Was that bad man Don Pablo Revuelto?' asked Brooke by a sudden inspiration.

The old Indian's face turned ashen. She shook with fear, glancing about her in terror. 'I am a poor old woman,' she repeated in a high-pitched wail that told of extreme alarm.

Brooke took out his wallet. 'I know,' he said. 'But we are friends. This will prove it.' And he gave her money—a handful—which she clutched as untold riches. 'Now tell me,' he went on, 'where is Señor Lestrange, the children's father?'

'Dead,' she answered. 'He died first. I can show you where they are buried. The children often go.'

'You shall,' Brooke rejoined. 'But tell us more. Was there nothing that Don Pablo didn't steal—no papers—nothing?'

Again the old woman glanced about fearfully. Then whispered in her questioner's ear, 'There are papers and stones—a boxful. I buried them. Don Pablo does not know where.'

'Take us to the place.—Juan, go back and fetch tools—a spade and a pick,' Brooke commanded.—'Wait here, Hugo,' he added to the boy, 'and bring him along with you.'

Doña Catarina led the way to a small wood, open, and with many flowers on the trees—orchids and tillandsias. 'This is where they are buried,' she said—'not in the *cementerio*. The *padre* said the *Inglésas* are heretics. There is the grave, *señores*.—No, *niña*, thou must not cry. These are friends.'

A white-washed wooden cross gleamed in the brilliant sunlight above a mound. It bore one word, written in ink—rain-smeared and almost illegible—'Hugo.' On the grave lay a wreath of long-withered flowers to which a card was still attached, weather-stained, almost pulp. Brooke picked it up, and with difficulty read what was written thereon: "'To my ever-loved Hugo. From Adelaide. Would that I might join you soon, beloved.'" The reader's voice broke. He finished stammeringly: "'But I must live—live—for the children—in a strange—land. Yours, Hugo—and mine. Farewell.'"'

'Where did you bury the papers?' Brooke asked, when able to control his voice.

'There,' she said, pointing to the mound. 'It is the only safe place. Don Pablo searched

everywhere—tore their *ranchos* to the ground. But I had given the box to those to whom it belonged. Even Don Pablo dared not disturb their resting-place.'

When Juan and the boy came with the mining-tools, the old woman bade them watch well in every direction before she indicated the place to dig. But the box was buried scarcely a foot deep. Tied up with strips of rawhide, no impediment to sharp knives, it was open in a moment. Brooke seized a bundle of papers, which he proceeded to examine. Marshall, with all an expert's eagerness, pounced upon a packet of ore. 'By thunder!' he cried. 'It's the same stuff—the Santa Elena stuff! Impossible to mistake it. What have you got, Billy?'

'Mining titles. Two hundred *perenencias*. That's five hundred acres. Properly surveyed and demarcated. Plan all in order. Location Santa Elena. Granted to Hugo Lestrangle, British national, and everything paid for two years. And—hello!—here's a draft of a letter addressed to the Company. Why, it's an English version of the report we received in Spanish—word for word.'

'What do you make of it all?' Marshall asked.

'Dirty work—damned dirty work!' Brooke answered. 'What happens to the despoiler of the fatherless and the orphans?'

'He gets rich—sometimes,' Marshall answered cynically.

'I'll see to it that Don Pablo Revuelto doesn't,' said Brooke grimly. 'We must talk to the old *Juez*—find out just what it is he's afraid of, and a lot more.' He turned to the ancient Indian. 'Take the children home, Catarina, and don't spare that money I gave you. They're going to have plenty very soon, and so are you, or my name isn't Billy Brooke. Fill up the hole, Juan, and bring the box along.'

The discordant clangour of the bells had ceased when they reached the *plaza*, and a brass band was playing '*Cuba Libre*.' It was a good band and a credit to a little town in the wilds of Oaxaca. Crossing the *plaza* to the church, they found that the conductor was the *Juez* himself. Presently he came to them, when Billy Brooke, who had the better knowledge of Spanish, told him everything. His confidence was not misplaced.

'You have made a great discovery, Don Quixote,' said the *Juez*, with his queer, puckering smile. 'A wonderful discovery, and you have confirmed a belief to which I have clung in spite of much discouragement. There is a Judge of the Orphans in every municipality in Mexico. I am the Judge here. But now I know that in the municipality of San Pedro Mixtepec there is also a *God* of the Orphans. But come to my *casa*. There is much I have to say that must not be overheard.'

Don Pablo Revuelto was chief of a band of brigands, the *Juez* told them, when the key had been turned in his door. The band dwelt in an inaccessible place, where the country police, the famous *rurales*, could not get at them. Don Pablo was a most dangerous man, and many people who had offended him had died or disappeared. He had been the Englishman's guide, so must have known of the great find at Santa Elena. Most probably the report had been entrusted to him to mail to London, and he had destroyed it and substituted a translation signed by himself. The Englishman had died of some mysterious disease after a short illness, and his wife had followed him very quickly. There were many strange rumours. They might be true. *Quien sabe?*

Brooke examined the dates on the documents and plan. 'The original grants have only a few weeks to run, and more taxes will be due shortly,' he said. 'We must get busy and make a show of working the mine. Mr Lestrangle's draft report is dated nearly two years back. Don Pablo's is dated almost eighteen months later.'

'As he couldn't get hold of the original *escrituras* and destroy them,' Marshall suggested, 'he waited until the titles had nearly run out before communicating with the Company, intending to let them expire, then re-denounce the mine himself, and so get new titles.'

'Well spoken, Don Sancho,' said the *Juez*. Then, gravely, 'When you get busy, as Don Quixote has said you should, and I agree, you should remember that your lives will be in considerable danger. Don Pablo is reckless and vengeful. He is greatly feared. Even I fear him. But somebody must go to the city of Oaxaca to pay the taxes and renew the titles in the name of the heirs, and, as I have told you, I am the Judge of the Orphans here. It is therefore my duty, and I will go.'

'*Señor Juez*, you're a brick!' cried Brooke. 'Also a *caballero muy grande*,' which, being interpreted, means a very fine gentleman.

Santa Elena, the old man then told them, was merely a bluff looking over the Pacific, twenty leagues to the south-east. The best way to get there was to go to the coast and follow the coast-line.

A brief conversation after the interview sufficed to settle everything. They had a tent and camp-beds. They would leave for Santa Elena on the morrow, and for their safety take the children with them. Also old Catarina, if she would go. This agreed upon, Brooke fell to examining some memoranda he had discovered amongst the documents.

The writing was in pencil and barely legible, but there was a name with an address—'Rupert Lestrangle, Chertsey, Surrey, England.' To that gentleman he addressed a telegram, which he

gave to the *Juez* to despatch in Oaxaca city, with another to the company. That to Rupert Lestrangle read: 'Have found children late Hugo Lestrangle at San Pedro Mixtepec Oaxaca

Mexico. Communicate Exploring Company, London.' That to the company was long and explanatory.

(Continued on page 581.)

THE PERSONAL DEVIL IN SCOTLAND.

By C. W. MACGILLIVRAY.

I.

WHATEVER may be the views held at the present time about the existence of a personal Devil, there is no doubt as to the implicit belief which obtained regarding his personality in Scotland during the early years of last century; but, curiously enough, the personality was not the same in all districts. In the south, the land of Burns, the Devil was regarded as crafty and unscrupulous, but with something comic in him, to be over-matched by guile similar to his own; while in the stern north he was regarded more as some one terrible and awe-inspiring, to be feared and dreaded, and not lightly to be alluded to. The following two stories, one of the south, the other of the north, illustrate these qualities far better than anything we can say.

The first was related to us by a much-loved and respected professor, now no more, and was told to him in his youth by an old minister in Ayrshire. It was known to us as 'The true history of John McNeill and the Devil,' and is as follows:

Ye see, when the Apostle Peter was wanderin' about in these pairts, convertin' the heathen, it happened that his mare cast a shoe, so he askit where he could hae anither pit on. They tell him, 'If ye gae doon to the smiddy at the cross-roads and ask for John McNeill, he's the best shoeing-smith in a' the country.'

So doon he gaed, and John made a fine job o' it. Peter thankit him an' said, 'As ye ken, I hae nae siller in ma pockets, but I'll dae better for ye than that. I'll gie three wishes, an' see ye dinna forget the best.'

'Aw,' says John, 'that can bide a wee. Ma first wish is, that if any one clims intae the peer-tree in my back yaird he canna come doon again till I let him.'

'That's a very foolish wish,' said Peter, 'but it's granted; but ye've only twa mair, so dinna ye forget the best.'

'Toots,' says John, 'that can bide a wee. Ma second wish is, if any one sits doon on that chair he canna get up again till I let him.'

'That wish is as foolish as the first,' says Peter, 'but it's granted. An' noo ye've only ae wish mair, so dinna ye forget the best.'

'Aweel,' says John, 'that can bide a wee. Ma third wish is that if any one gets intae this wee

purse o' mine he canna get oot o' it unless I let him.'

John's wee purse was made oot o' iron rings netted thegither.

'That's the maist foolish wish o' a,' says Peter.

'Ye werena a'ways very wise yersel,' says John, giein' Peter a queer look.

'Aweel,' says Peter, 'it's granted, but ye're no' verra wise either; an' awa' he gaed, an' nane saw him mair.'

Noo John McNeill was a jovial, drouthy chiel, but his ain warst enemy, an' when fou an' fearin' tae dee had made a pact wi' the Devil for ten mair years o' life. An' the years cam' an' the years gaed by, an' the ten years were up. When the Devil cam' tae the door o' the smiddy an' lookit in an' says, 'John McNeill, are ye ready?' 'Oh aye,' says John. 'Deil, I'm ready, but bide a wee till I feenish this shoe.'

'Oh tak' yer time,' says the Deil. 'I'm in nae hurry.'

'Mebbe,' says John, 'ye'd like tae gae intae ma back yaird; there's a wheen bonny peers there. They're fine an' fresh, an' they'll be a change for ye frae where ye've cam' frae.'

So oot gaed the Deil, an' a few minutes later oot cam' John.

'Weel, Deil, I'm ready noo.'

But the Deil tried an' tried, but doon frae that tree he couldna get.

'What's wrang wi' me, John?' the Deil cried.

'Weel, I'm no' hinderin' ye,' says John, 'but gin ye gie me ten mair years, ye'll come doon fast enough.'

'I'll see ye far enough,' says the Deil.

'Aweel, it's a' ane to me,' says John; 'ye can bide there as lang as ye like, but there'll be naethin' but peers tae eat, sae ye'll need tae become what they ca' a vegetarian.'

'Aweel, John,' says the Deil, 'ye will hae yer joke, sae I suppose I'll hae tae gie ye thae ten years; but ye'll no' catch me the next time I come.'

An' awa' gaed the Deil.

An' the years cam' an' the years gaed by, an' again the Deil cam' tae the door o' the smiddy, an' says he, 'John McNeill, are ye ready?'

'Oh aye,' says John. 'Deil, I'm ready, but bide a wee till I feenish this job. Ye'll no' be wantin' ony peers the day, I'm thinkin'.'

'Naw,' says the Deil. 'I'm gaein' tae keep ma eye on ye, John, tae see that ye play nae mair pranks on me.'

'That's a' richt,' says John. 'Sit ye doon an' mak' yersel' comfortable, an' I'll no' be oot o' yer sicht. I'll be ready the noo. . . . Come awa' noo,' says John; but the Deil couldna rise.

'What's wrang wi' me?' says the Deil.

'Weel, I'm no' hinderin' ye, but if ye're no' comin' I'll be gettin' on wi' ma wark. Weel, are ye gaein' tae gie me anither ten years?' says John.

'No' me,' says the Deil.

'Weel, ye can sit there till Doomsday for a' I care,' John says.

So the Deil wriggled and wriggled, then says he, 'Weel, ye'll need tae hae thae ither ten years, I'm thinkin';' an' up he got an' went oot o' the smiddy cursing.

Weel, the years cam' an' the years gaed by, an' anither ten years were gone, an' the Deil stood at the door o' the smiddy.

'John McNeill,' says he, 'are ye ready?'

'Oh aye,' says John. 'Deil, I'm ready noo. Ye'll no' be wantin' ony peers or tae sit doon, I'm thinkin'.'

'Naw,' says the Deil, 'I'm no' comin' in. I'll stan' here an' wait for ye.'

'I'll pit on ma coat an' come wi' ye, but whaur, Deil, am I gaein'?'

'Ye'll fin' that a' in guid time,' says the Deil.

'Aweel, a hantle siller never comes amiss where'er ye are,' says John, pullin' frae his pouch his purse made o' iron rings. 'Losh keep me, I didna ken there was a hole in it tae let the siller through.'

'But there's nae hole,' says the Deil.

'But there is,' says John.

'But there's no,' says the Deil.

'But there is,' says John. 'I kent ye were gey and auld, but I didna think ye were blind. But they tell me ye are still wonderfu' clever an' that ye can mak' yersel' sae sma' that ye could even get intae this purse, an' then ye could see whether there's a hole or no'. But I'm thinkin' that's only auld wives' clash.'

'Oh, ye think sae,' says the Deil, an' wi' that he got sma'er and sma'er and loupit intae the purse. Wi' that John sneakit it to, an' says he, 'Ye'll be able noo tae easy see whether there's a hole in the purse or no'.'

'Let me oot,' says the Deil.

'Nae fears,' says John. 'Will ye gie me anither ten years?'

'Naw,' says the Deil; an' wi' that John started tae blaw up the fire till it was white heat, an' then he drapped the purse intae the middle o' it.

'That'll be a hame frae hame for ye,' says John.

'Aye, but ye can get too much o' hame,' says the Deil. 'I'll gie ye the ten years.'

An' then John minded that he hadna got anither wish.

'Na, na, Mr Deil,' says he. 'Ye'll need tae let me aff a'thegither.'

'No' likely,' says the Deil; and wi' that John

reaches oot for a pair o' pinchers, an' picks oot the purse red-hot an' lays it on the anvil, an' taks a heavy hammer an' gies it twa or three hard dunts, an' the Deil squealed.

'I'll gie ye twenty years, John.'

'Na, na,' says John, 'it maun be for a'thegither. I've got a heavier hammer here, gin ye would like it.'

'Aweel, ye maun hae yer wey,' says the Deil, an' gettin' oot, he girns at John. 'But I'll get ye in the lang run a' the same in the nateral way;' and awa' gaed the Deil.

An' the years cam' an' the years gaed by, an' ae nicht John dreamed that he was deid, an' up he cam' tae the golden gates o' Heaven and knockit, and Peter cam' tae the gate an' askit, 'Wha's there?'

'It's me,' says John.

'An' wha's me?' says Peter.

'It's John McNeill,' says John.

'Oh, I hae ye noo,' says Peter, 'an' I mind ye fine. Ye had yer three chances an' ye didna choose the best. So ye canna get in here. Ye maun gae doon tae the ither place an' see gin they'll tak' ye in there.'

So awa' doon gaed John, but when the Deil saw him comin', says he, 'Ma certes! here comes John McNeill. Close the gates o' brass an' pit up the bars o' iron, for gin John McNeill gets in here there'll be nae peace for ony o' us.'

An' at that John woke up in a cauld sweet, an' frae that nicht he mended his ways. So noo, gin yer mare draps a shoe, an' ye gae doon tae the smiddy at the cross-roads, ye'll fin' nae mair God-fearin' man an' mair regular church-goer or better shooin'-smith than auld John McNeill, an' I'm thinkin' he'll manage tae jink the Deil efter a'—at lang an' last.

II.

In the above narrative the quaint and comic predominate, and it is a mixture of farce and fairy tale.

The second shows its northern qualities. As will be seen, it was told to my father directly, and with an absolute belief in its truth. We called it 'The Man on the Spit,' but whether the explanation is as hinted, each one must judge for himself.

It was on a fine spring morning that my father, a young Edinburgh doctor, strolled down from his father's manse on the hill-side to the edge of the loch, smoking his after-breakfast pipe. The long road stretched away in the distance, and on it was to be seen a solitary figure. On coming nearer my father recognised an old friend, John Mackay, the shepherd; but he hardly knew him. Instead of the strong, ruddy figure, he beheld a pale, drooping, haggard creature, with a look of fixed despair on his features.

'Dear me, John, what's wrang wi' ye?' he asked.

'Oh, doctor, man, but I'm gled tae see ye,'

says he. 'I've had an awfu' nicht. I've been wi' the Devil, an' he nearly caught me, an' I'm feared he'll catch me the next time.'

'What nonsense are ye talking now?' says my father. 'Tell me all about it.'

'Oh I'm gled tae see ye; ye're the first ane I've met, an' I maun tell some one. Ye see, doctor, I was on the far side o' Ben Clibrick lookin' efter some sheep, an' ye ken what a storm it was—cauld an' wind an' rain—an' I was wet through an' half-deid, an' as I cam' ower the brow o' the hill at the heid o' the lang glen, I thocht o' the lang miles between me an' hame, when suddenly I saw doon in the fit o' the glen a bricht licht whaur I kent there was nae hoose. Whaur's that, I wunner, thinks I, but I was ower cauld an' weet tae care muckle. There maun be a fire there, I thocht, an' I'm gaein' for it. Sae doon I stumbled through the heather, an' sure enough, when I got near, there was a wee bit thatched hoose wi' a windy an' a door, an' frae the windy cam' the bricht flickerin' licht. Sae I gaed tae the door and rappit, but naeboddy answered, sae I gaed tae the windy an' peered in. There, on the hearth, was a roarin' fire o' peats an' logs, an' sittin' before it on a low stool was a tall, dark figure, wi' his left elbow on his knee, an' his heid restin' on his hand; while wi' his richt hand he slowly turned a long spit placed ower the fire an' restin' on twa uprights, an' maist curious o' a', there on the spit was a hale sheep, the spit goin' in at the side o' its neck an' comin' oot between its hind-legs. But I couldna stand the sicht o' a' that warmth an' me sae weet an' cauld, sae back I gaed tae the door an' rappit again, an' there bein' nae answer I pressed doon the sneck and gaed in, shuttin' the door ahint me; but the man took nae notice, sae I gaed ower tae him, an' pittin' ma hand on his shooder, said, "Ma mannie, I'm awfu' weet an' cauld; can I sit doon by yer fire a wee while an' warm masel?"

'At that he turned his heid an' lookit up at me wi' a queer, mockin' look in his dark een. "Ay, ma man," he says; "ye can sit here an' warm yersel' gin ye'll turn the spit."

"Fine that," says I; an' wi' that he gets up and gaes tae the door. As he pressed the sneck I lookit roun'; tae find him starin' at me wi' a queer, sneerin' laugh, an' then he opened the door an' gaed oot, closin' it ahint him. Sae doon I sat, an' takin' the handle o' the spit in ma richt han' began tae turn it slowly; an' what wi' the heat an' the fac' that I was fair tired oot, I maun hae got sleepy, for I suddenly woke up an' couldna believe ma een. The sheep seemed tae hae lengthened oot. Its hind an' fore legs were longer, an' its heid was a' covered wi' lang black hair, an' I saw that it had become a naked man. The spit gaed richt through it frae the side o' the neck, an' its heid hung doon on ma side o' the spit. I still turned the handle, no' knowin' what I was daein', an' as I turned, the heid

cam' slowly up till it was facin' me, an' its awfu' glowerin' een, like coals o' fire, were starin' straight intae mine, an' juist as I thocht I would hae deed, roun' gaed the spit an' doon tumbled the heid. I turned on at the spit, no' knowin' what I was daein', an' very slowly roun' cam the heid again, wi' the awfu' starin' een lookin' again intae mine. We maun hae stared at ane anither for mair than a meenit, when the awfu' cratur suddenly opened his lips an' cried, "Turn quicker, man; yer burnin' me." Wi' that I sprang tae ma feet, knockin' ower the stool, an' made for the door. As I pit ma han' on the sneck, I lookit roun', an' there was the awfu' cratur standin' up wi' his legs wide apairt an' the spit richt through him, an' his arms stretched oot as if tae spring on me. I managed tae open the door an' oot intae the darkness, an' I ran wi' the fear o' death on me. Once I lookit back ower my shooder, an' there, in the open doorway, stood the cratur, ready tae spring. He couldna run, for the spit was ower lang, but wi' great spangs he cam' efter me as I ran ower the rough hill-side an' heather, an' he was juist comin' up on me wi' his arms outstretched an' his hot breath on the back o' ma neck, when click went the spit on a stane, and ower he tumbled. He was up again in a second, an' again efter me cam' he wi' thae big spangs, an' he was juist on me when again, click gaed the spit on a stane, and ower again he gaed, heid ower heels, an' on I ran. But noo I sort o' kent whaur I was. The first licht was juist breakin'. Ye ken the spot yersel', doctor—the big burn wi' its steep banks ran doon on my richt, while on ma left the bigger burn cam' tumblin' doon the hill-side, wi' a waterfall where it joins the ither in a dark black pool, deep lyin', wi' sheer rocky sides. What was I tae dae wi' the cratur efter me? I juist commended ma soul tae God and sprang. Ye ken that nae man in his sober senses ever thocht o' jumpin' that linn, but I did it. I gripped the heather wi' ma twa han's, and pu'd masel' up, an' turnin' ma heid I saw the awfu' cratur juist pausin' tae loup across on me, and then click gaed the spit on a stane, an' ower he fell an' doon intae the deep black pool. The water fizzed an' biled as if ye had drapped a het coal intae it, an' wi' that I fainted an' kent nae mair. When I woke up I was lyin' on my face, grippin' the heather wi' baith han's, wi' ma legs hangin' ower the brink o' the cliff. The mornin' sun was shinin' brichtly frae a cloudless sky, the larks were singin' in the lift, an' a' was calm an' peacefu'. Sae up I got an' lookit roon'. There was the glen, lonely an' desolate, wi' nae trace o' any hoose nor any cratur in sicht, an' the black pool quiet but for the swirlin' water. I thankit God for my escape, an' awa' doon I cam' hame. But I ken fine, doctor, it was the Devil that was efter me, an' he'll get me yet; sae oh, doctor, man, what am I tae dae?'

'Toots, John man, ye must hae dreamt it,' says my father.

'Sure as deith it's a' true; ye needna doot ma word.'

'Tell me, John,' says my father, 'ye didna by chance look in at the bothy on the far side o' the hill where they've got the still gaein?'

'Ah, weel, doctor, it was awfu' cauld and weet, an' I'm no' sayin' that I didna hae a gless or twa o' whisky tae keep oot the chill—but that, doctor, had naethin' tae dae wi' it.'

My only reason for bringing forward these stories is that it seems a pity that such old tales should be lost by the death of the original narrators.

WHITE AURORA.*

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN, F.Z.S., Author of *Habits and Characters of British Wild Animals, Tracks and Tracking, &c.*

PART I.

I.

THOUGH the scion of a race well acquainted with halter and stall, White Aurora was truly a wild beast, harking back to some remote ancestry which knew only the lash of the storm, the shafts of the Thunder King, the kerb which marks the borderland of race. His mother was quiet for a hill-run mare, but for White Aurora the fetters of the 'breaker' could never be. They might, indeed, have broken his spirit, but never his wild will; and so Aurora lived to the end—a child of the storms.

For a number of years this horse ran with the herds on the Bentland Range. It is a wild region, comprising an unfenced area of approximately four hundred square miles, given over to the foresting of deer, consisting of rugged glens, heather-grown, wind-swept slopes, and here and there smiling little dells rich in those treasures which are rare outside Caledonia. As far back as history goes, a drove of horses has run in this wild land, the herd, as a rule, numbering about fifty head. Close watch is kept over them, and when a foal is born the mother is separated, haltered, and taken down to the lowland pastures, where she remains with her foal till the latter is old enough to fend for himself. Thus he is weaned and duly broken to his task in life, so that, no matter how wild his branded mother, he, at any rate, never knows the freedom of pasturage which is her happy lot.

As is often the case with a beast which, distinct by outstanding characteristic or colour, lays claim to notoriety, White Aurora became surrounded by such a fabric of legendary that fact and fable have become inseparable. He became, as it were, a double personage—not merely the great white stallion, fleetest of deer, who could cut rings round his herd in full stampede, but, further, a white ghost spirit, which fled on the storm-winds and achieved strange and incredible things.

When little Aurora was born in a grassy corrie far back in the range, he did not for long escape the observation of the shepherd on

account of his colouring—or rather his entire lack thereof. For Aurora was white as a snow-flake, without spot or blemish, and a few hours after the shepherd had picked him out, a man turned up mounted on a long-limbed, speedy animal from the Shires. Very quietly he went to work, and, in spite of her initial coyness, the mare was soon munching contentedly from the sieve of oats, while the man slipped a halter over her ears. So, with her white foal frisking about her, the mare was taken down to the valley, the first and last time that White Aurora followed submissively at the heels of man.

Ere Aurora was many weeks old it became evident that the foal was to make a very beautiful animal, and since both his mother and his father came of excellent stock, there was at once some talk of retaining him to run with the herd. He and his mother were given a croft at the back of the old farm-house, and, chiefly on account of his beauty, no doubt, Aurora became a great pet of the household. So far he had proved a gentle, winning little beast, and the children of the old house loved him dearly. Clutching his forelock, they could lead him where they willed, and he would leave his mother quite gladly to accompany them to the hayfields, or on some other delightful ramble; but a very different story was it if any one tried to fix a halter over White Aurora's delicate ears. He was quite prepared to follow, but to an indignity of that kind he objected from the first.

Nevertheless, the halter was duly fixed, and White Aurora was left to wear it, a proceeding to which he submitted quietly enough, having no alternative; but if any one applied himself to the other end of the halter it was quite a different matter. Up would go his heels, and with a piercing scream he would set off, his would-be captor merely touching the hill-tops till a tree or some other obstacle demanded an immediate release of the rope.

In due course Aurora's mother was returned to the hill, and there followed the most uninteresting period of the white foal's life, for he only ran in the lowland pastures with other colts till such time as his training fell due. He

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was to be broken only to the saddle, so that, whatever the future held for him, he would be to some extent manageable, but the breaking of Aurora reflected more upon his would-be tutors than upon himself. He gave them very clearly to understand that that kind of thing was not for him—that in his veins there lived the blood of a race which submitted to none, save those swifter than themselves. He rolled, he screamed, he kicked. Then, showing his white teeth, Aurora made for his tormentors.

All of them managed to gain the high stake fence, but one, a little slower than the rest, was in the act of getting over the bar, eight feet up, when Aurora sprang at him like a panther. He caught the man's forearm in his teeth, himself striking the fence with such force that he crashed backwards into the corral.

The man's arm was terribly injured, indeed marked for life, while it seemed that White Aurora had broken his own neck, for he lay very still, just as he had fallen. The gate was thrown open, and the men ran in. Instantly Aurora was on his legs, and, glancing wildly round, he saw the way of exit. One gigantic leap carried him through the gate, and next moment, with streaming mane and tail, he was speeding across the pasture.

Then, for the first time, those present realised Aurora's marvellous turn of speed. Two skilled horsemen on fast mounts were after him, but, half-stunned and still a foal though he was, he left them standing. Over the boundary wall, lightly as a roe-deer, and while his pursuers made the detour he plunged across the river, and was streaking over the meadows towards the blue hills of his birth.

At the foot of the rocky slope White Aurora, wild-eyed and with head aloft, whinnied shrilly, and from high above, faint and far, came an answering call, or was it merely an echo? A moment Aurora faltered, then, glancing back, he leapt the last boundary, and into the wild he plunged. Thus the freedom of White Aurora opened.

Up, up, they saw him go, smaller, smaller, now merely a snowflake on the blue of the mountain face, then finally he vanished into the glens which were to hold so many of the secrets of his afterlife.

'We'll never break that beast,' said the man with the injured forearm. He spoke truly. He had good reason to know.

A day or two later an attempt was made to round up White Aurora. It was the last attempt, for he charged one of the horsemen, striking his mount broadside on, and both rider and horse were hurled in sickening fashion down the steep and rocky slope for a hundred feet or more. Nearly every bone in the man's body was broken, and it was a sad and dispirited party which conveyed him home.

Thus, though some diversity of opinion existed

as to the wisdom of allowing an unbreakable beast to run the range as master-blood, it seemed that White Aurora had taken the matter into his own hands. For a time opinion remained divided, but those who favoured Aurora made good use of their heavy-ended weapon—'Let those who don't want him, go and catch him!' And in the end, being men slow of action as of tongue, a soft-voiced, easy people who loved the ways of least resistance, they left White Aurora to establish his own strange history, like some wild chieftain of undisputed range.

II.

In many ways were the daily lives of the hill-horses similar to those of the wild deer which shared their range, for in both cases the ruling spirit was ever the desire for peace and plenty. So alike they sought the most secluded glens and corries, where the coarse green grass grew sweetest, and many things that the wild deer knew the horses had come to know. There were certain pools, foul with moss water, at which neither drank; other sequestered pools which both loved to visit. There they met on a common footing, but never as friends. The horses were quite prepared to be friendly with the deer, particularly the old mares with the old hinds, but the deer regarded them as a kindred apart, for they belonged to man. And though together, one difference marked them as apart. Both dwelt in instinctive dread of a lurking foe. So a stag, because he was the boldest, would lead the herd to the drinking-place, ever watchful, pausing with ears erect; so the horses, as they drank, were wont suddenly to start and fling aside, in inherited terror of the watcher by the pool. And as with the browsing deer-herds there was always one with ears up and eyes watching, so with the horses. But the difference lay in this: the deer knew for what they were watching. It was man; for them man was Fear in the material form. But the horses merely feared something, an inherited fear, of what they knew not. Man? No! For when, as he appeared on the skyline, and the deer fled for the ptarmigan heights, the horses would simply mass and remain where they were, watching but unafraid.

This fear of a foe that did not exist was at all times with the wild horses of the Bentland Range, and it led them to a fuller knowledge of the wild kindred about them. There were, for example, the blue hares, the appointed sentries of the heights, for they are many, timid, and their eyes are keen. And when a hare limped by, the wild horses knew by the manner of his going why he was shifting his quarters. One day he would bound wildly through their midst—perhaps many hares, till the whole heather seemed alive with them—but, save for a passing glance, the horses and the deer would heed them not. By some mysterious means they knew that

the peril, be it falcon, eagle, or fox, presented no menace to themselves; but at other times the sight of a single hare, doubling under the peat-banks and crouching as he ran, would cause the deer and the horses instantly to pack, watching whence the hare came, where soon the outline of shepherd or stalker would loom through the mist. Similarly White Aurora with his clan learnt to read the wild, high curlew calls, and knew that the wind was going to change, and from which quarter it would blow, an hour or so before the change took place.

So, amidst their wild surroundings, many of the ways of the wild crept into the lives of the Bentland horses. But now there was in their midst a wilder spirit indeed, ever ready to flee with the deer, snorting the man-taint from his nostrils, ever the first to mark the alarm and the first to heed it.

That winter, when the storm-winds began to blow, two mounted men set out to round up the drove. The young white stallion 'broke,' and as he plunged down the glen, at full gallop among the rocks, the men let him go, and were glad of it, for they knew that, having broken, fire and water would not turn him.

The mares were taken down to the rough river-pastures, thankful for their shelter and abundance, but White Aurora ran wild on the wild white hills of his own choosing. Very wild indeed he became, swift and wary as the oldest hind. There were indications that at night-time he came down to the valley, leaping the high boundary walls or crashing through the fences, spending some hours with his herd. But ere the first glimmer of daylight came he was back in his snowy, ice-bound heights, and no man saw his coming or his going. So wary and wild was he, indeed, that the first threads of romance soon began to weave their fabric about his ghostly presence. Some said that none but a supernatural horse could thunder as

Aurora did through those ice-bound glens with never a stumble; others prophesied that it would merely be a matter of time ere Aurora crashed to his doom from one or another of the slippery ways he was wont to traverse with such reckless ease.

How many hundreds of miles White Aurora covered that winter, lonely and at times hard pressed for food, no man can say. At sundown he would be seen by the shepherds of the Tinnan on the extreme north of the range; at midnight he would visit his herd at the southern extremity, thirty miles away; and the first dim lights of dawn would reveal him wending his way upwards from the cattle-pastures of the Tevara, twelve miles to the east. Thus, with the whole universe at his fleet hoofs, free as a gull, Aurora, never weary, seemed indeed to hold time and distance as no barrier.

But, sullenly distrustful of man as he was, one thing never failed to draw him forth from his mist-wraiths—the passing of the mail-coach; and be it day or night, the clatter of hoofs on the highway would bring him thundering down the slopes with a gladsome whinny of greeting. Sometimes he would accompany the coach for miles, circling about it, crashing through the fences, lightly leaping the walls, truly a glorious and romantic figure with his streaming mane and tail, in which the frost-jewels often glinted. So his name became widely known, and many there were who made the trip by coach just to see the wild white stallion, which could be seen in no other way but from the decks of that vehicle. And no matter how icy and devilish the gale, how stormy and wet the night, at some time during the stage the lamps would reveal that fleeting ghost of the storms—if only to appear for a moment, then thunder back into the night, as though to wish them Godspeed on their errand.

(Continued on page 589.)

ISAMBARD KINGDOM BRUNEL, F.R.S., D.C.L., M.I.C.E.

By J. and S. HARRISON.

I.

IF one may judge from the amount of space devoted to such topics in the daily press, it seems that the general public is considerably interested in the speed rivalry between Atlantic liners, and in such a matter as the recent record run of a Great Western train from Swindon to London. It is therefore all the more remarkable that so little is known or said of the extraordinary engineer whose work so largely made the giant locomotive and the big ship possible.

On second thoughts, however, one realises that there are two reasons why the name of Isambard Kingdom Brunel has been allowed to

sink almost into oblivion. First of all, his name is not associated with any one epoch-making invention of the sort which makes a date in the school history-book. Secondly, his work was his life; and one cannot find any of those interestingly scandalous tit-bits of information about his private life, or any memorable bon-mots in his public utterances so dear to the scribes of our popular magazines. And yet a remark of his, made on the spur of the moment during a dinner given by the directors of the Great Western Railway, started a chain of events vastly more important than any caused by the most explosive utterances of Victorian statesmen and diplomatists.

II.

Brunel was born in 1806 at Plymouth. He was the son of Sir Marc I. Brunel, a well-known engineer and inventor. At the early age of twenty young Brunel came before the public notice by an act of heroism performed during the construction of the Thames tunnel, which he had helped his father to design. An accident occurred while he was working in the tunnel, and his self-sacrificing endeavours to help the workmen in his charge caused his directors to insert the following notice in the leading newspapers of the day :

'That this court, having heard with great admiration of the intrepid courage and presence of mind displayed by Mr Isambard Brunel, the company's resident engineer, when the Thames broke into the tunnel on the morning of the 12th inst., are desirous to give public testimony to his calm and energetic endeavours, and that generous impulse which induced him to put his own life in more imminent hazard to save the lives of the men under his immediate care.'

By the time this amazing man was twenty-four years of age he was awarded the Fellowship of the Royal Society for his research into the use of carbonic acid gas and for completing the designs of the beautiful and much-photographed Clifton Suspension Bridge.

About this time the merchants of Bristol, realising the inadequacy of transport facilities between their town and the metropolis, endeavoured to get a bill passed through Parliament for a railway. A second attempt proved successful, and royal assent was granted in 1835. Brunel was appointed engineer to the new Great Western Railway at the age of twenty-seven. He did not get this appointment without some difficulty, however, for the committee delegated to deal with the applications for the post at first resolved to give it to the candidate who would offer the lowest estimate for building the line. Brunel immediately withdrew his name and wrote to these gentlemen thus : ' You are holding out a premium to the man who will make you the most flattering promises. It is quite obvious that the man who has either the least reputation at stake, or who has most to gain by temporary success, and least to lose by the consequences of disappointment, must be the winner in such a race.' This brought the committee to its senses.

His first years with the Great Western Railway were attended with difficulties, placed in his way by vested interests and by various people who made it their business to safeguard the public. When he wished to place his terminus at South Kensington, the inhabitants of 'salubrious Brompton' objected that 'streams of fire would proceed from the locomotive engines.'

Nevertheless Brunel went on building his

line in the face of all difficulties. Paddington station, the Brentford docks, Hanwell viaduct, and the Maidenhead bridge are a few of his works which Londoners may see. The $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile-long Box tunnel gave the medical profession some misgivings. So thoroughly did the medicos of ninety years ago poison the public mind that, for some time after its opening, there were travellers who used to avoid the terrors of the tunnel by posting along the turnpike road in that part of the line. Brunel's love for beauty, which expressed itself whenever opportunity allowed, led him, when part of a tunnel slipped away during construction, to plant it with ivy so that it would present the appearance of a ruined gateway.

Brunel's railway was remarkable, among other things, for the fact that his tracks were 7 feet across. Stephenson and most of his imitators had used the now almost universal narrow gauge of 4 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. This latter dimension had been adopted merely because the ordinary trucks and carts of the day were built with this width of track. Brunel was firmly and, as it now proves, rightly convinced that the narrow gauge could not accommodate a locomotive large enough for the work to be done. The lack of standardisation in gauges, however, led to such inconvenience on the railways that in 1845 a Royal Commission sat to report on the matter, and Brunel, in order to demonstrate the advantages of the broad gauge, ran trains from London to Exeter in the then unprecedented time of $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours, including stoppages. The Commission was either unconvinced of the necessity for speed or, owing to the scaremongering medical men, were afraid of it ; and when it came to scrapping one of the systems, they decided on making the broad gauge illegal. And now in the age of motor transport, railway engineers are realising how much the narrow gauge is hampering efficiency ; and the Great Western Railway has to be content with scheduling a train between Swindon and London (77 miles) in 72 minutes. The fight over the gauge question led to Brunel's immediate defeat but ultimate vindication. In all, he designed 1200 miles of railway for the Great Western Railway.

III.

During the construction of the London-Bristol section of the railway, the directors held a dinner at Radley's Hotel, Blackfriars. One of them spoke of the enormous length of the railway, and provoked Brunel to exclaim, ' Why not make it longer, and have a steam-boat to go from Bristol to New York, and call it the *Great Western*?' The remark was, naturally enough, treated as a joke, but Brunel was in dead earnest, and got to work at once with his project.

If his innovations in the railway world gave

his contemporaries shocks, they were small compared with the upheaval he caused in the world of steam navigation. Dr Lardner, a noted authority on steam practice, wrote in the *Times* of 27th August 1836 that 'he thought it would be a waste of time, under all circumstances, to say much more to convince them of the inexpediency of attempting a direct voyage to New York.'

In spite of all the warnings of philosophers and experts, the steamer was launched on 19th July 1837, and her early career was a hectic one. It had become known that the St George's Steam Packet Company had bought the *Sirius*, with the object of anticipating the *Great Western* in the Atlantic run. The latter boat steamed down the Thames for Bristol in a great hurry, and a fire broke out on board. It charred the timber frame, and nearly killed the boat's designer, who fell eighteen feet into the hold. Brunel was, however, fortunate enough to fall on Captain Caxton, and thereby escaped death. The fire was quickly got under control, and the people of Bristol were surprised to see the steamer which rumour had declared destroyed by fire. Nevertheless, fifty of the fifty-seven passengers who had booked passages cancelled them.

The *Great Western* left Bristol eight hours after the *Sirius* left Cork, but arrived at New York on the same day as, and only a few hours after, her rival. The palm, however, went to Brunel's steamer, for, not only was she the faster boat, but she had over 200 tons of coal left in her bunkers at the end of the journey. The *Sirius*, on the other hand, had used up all her fuel and, further, consumed every combustible thing on board, including, so it is said, a child's doll. The *Great Western* crossed the ocean in fifteen days, and demolished criticism by making regular passages till the end of 1846. She then worked among the West Indies until 1857.

In 1857 the *Great Britain*, Brunel's second ship, was launched. This remarkable boat was the first steamer to be built of iron, and was the first of any size (she was 2984 tons displacement) to use a screw propeller. It should be noticed in passing that Brunel introduced the screw into the navy in spite of Admiralty obstruction.

If further proof is needed that Brunel was no narrow specialist, one need only remember that Brunel designed the Brentford docks and the Monkwearmouth docks, improved the Bristol harbour works, and constructed the Plymouth Great Western docks and the Royal Albert Bridge. The Great Exhibition found him an ardent supporter. He designed the exhibition buildings, and the two great towers of the Crystal Palace are his work. He actively opposed the granting of awards and diplomas. 'I think money-prizes a mistake,

and medals and diplomas nearly as bad,' he wrote. His contention was that the products of a man's brain belonged to humanity. In this belief, he never took out patent rights on any of his numerous inventions, and he made his discoveries public through the medium of papers read to the learned societies. When, at the close of the Great Exhibition, he was compelled, unwillingly, to accept pecuniary acknowledgment of his services, he spent the money in building model cottages for the workmen on his Devonshire estate. He spoke in emphatic language of the necessity of housing the lower classes adequately.

During the Crimean War he designed a floating gun-carriage for attacking the forts at Kronstadt. But when Captain Cowper Coles, C.B., submitted a better design in the form of a turret ship, Brunel dropped his scheme and, free of cost, placed his drawing-office at the captain's disposal.

Essentially a man whose mind ran to construction rather than destruction, Brunel designed the hospitals for the Crimea. They were used too late, unfortunately, but were of such advanced design that the Germans copied them sixteen years later during the war against the French.

The closing years of Brunel's life were occupied with the construction of the leviathan steamship *Great Eastern*, a vessel six times as large as any of his day. Built of iron and driven by both screw and paddle-wheels, she held the record for magnitude of dimensions for nearly half a century. In 1856 the company building her was in financial difficulties; but new capital was found, and she was launched at Millwall in the following year. Against Brunel's expressed wishes, the directors crowded the docks with friends and spectators, and in the confusion some people were killed. The news of this tragic happening was a severe blow to Brunel's already failing health, and he was seized with a paralytic stroke on the deck of the *Great Eastern*. He died two days later at his house in Westminster, on 7th September, before the ship underwent her trials. During her life the *Great Eastern* was engaged in cable laying, and the two Atlantic cables were her most important work.

IV.

Of the private life of Brunel extraordinarily little is known. He ate and drank very frugally, and sometimes went days and nights without sleep. Excessively fond of smoking, he was never seen without a cigar in his mouth. He loved children, and on one occasion, when he was attempting to amuse some kiddies with conjuring tricks, he very nearly killed himself. He was pretending to pass a coin from his ear to his mouth, and a half-sovereign became stuck in his throat. Tracheotomy was performed,

and an attempt to extract the coin with forceps nearly ended fatally. Brunel was, however, enormously interested in the experiments being conducted on himself, and, on his advice, an apparatus was constructed for inverting the body of the patient. He was placed in the machine, his body inverted, and the back gently struck. After two or three coughs the coin dropped from his mouth, six weeks after the accident occurred.

One of Brunel's sons (two boys and a girl survived him) wrote an exhaustive *Life of I. K. Brunel*, and it is interesting to note that, in the whole of the very complete account of Brunel's works, only one meagre paragraph is devoted to mentioning—almost casually—the marriage of the biographer's parents.

For the rest it is only necessary to point out that Brunel brooked no interference from directors, and was never deterred by 'experts.'

He demanded a high standard of loyalty from his assistants (whose rights and amenities he jealously safeguarded), and expected that contractors should obey the spirit as well as the letter of his contracts. He never spoilt a ship for a ha'p'orth of tar, and the longevity of his railway and other works amply justifies his methods.

His death occurred during the same summer as that of his friend Robert Stephenson, and the president of the Institution of Civil Engineers said, 'We at least, who have benefited by their successes, who feel that our Institution has reason to be proud of its association with such names as Brunel and Stephenson, have a duty to perform; and that duty is, to honour their memory and emulate their example.'

Brunel believed that humanity would not forget its benefactors. How far he was justified in that belief the reader may judge for himself.

SPOTTING SLEUTHS.

By SHERLEY MCEGILL.

I HAVE always considered that it is a mistake to recruit detectives from the rank and file of a police force. In the first place, a police recruit must possess certain standard physical qualities before he is accepted. He must be big, strong, and active. Then, a few years in the ranks helps to conform him to a certain type which is easily recognised by even the average unobservant man in the street. Drill, for instance, develops a peculiar stiffness of carriage which immediately betrays the policeman's or soldier's identity. Street patrol work has also the inevitable effect of stereotyping the policeman's walk into a slow and steady gait.

As a rule, when a policeman's ability and his aptitude for detective work have convinced his superiors of his fitness for the C.I.D. branch of the force, he has already developed all the physical characteristics of the conventional constable.

The modern scientific criminal, who is of necessity a very keen-witted and observant individual, can invariably see a 'tec before the 'tec spots him. He knows that a detective is usually over 5 feet 9 inches in height, and that he is broad-shouldered and well-built. He also knows that he walks in a particular way and that there is a direct, searching look in his face.

All the members of the detective division of one famous British police force are big, burly, red-faced giants. They are remarkably fine specimens of manhood. But even a child would recognise that they were merely policemen in mufti.

The detective whose appearance advertises his profession is not quite so fortunate in shadowing criminals as his less noticeable colleague. I can

illustrate this by what I know of the records of several men in a certain detective force. Some of the sleuths are ordinary-looking men. One of them has the stooped shoulders of a student, and there is a dreamy, abstracted look in his eyes. Nobody would suspect that he has tracked more criminals than any other man in the force. A colleague of his, a corpulent, red-faced, jolly-looking, prosperous man, who looks as if his sole interest in life consists in having a good time, has also a great record as a successful detective. Another detective is a slim, clean-shaven, delicate man with iron-gray hair and the appearance of finding it difficult to make ends meet. He looks like an insurance agent with a very small book. Yet this man has succeeded in bringing off several sensational coups.

A Government department which employs a number of its officials on work of a detective character states that it prefers the members of this Special Inquiry Branch of the service to be not more than 5 feet 8 inches in height and about thirty years of age. They must not have any marked physical characteristics. In other words, they must look like the average man in the street. But this appearance of being ordinary must be mere camouflage. They must be keen, active, quick-witted, and possess plenty of initiative.

A detective, who has now retired, owed much of his success to his genius for make-up. He was a veritable Sherlock Holmes in this respect. He had also some ability as an actor, and to this fact many unsuspecting criminals owed their capture. He could carry off the part of a tramp or a dock labourer with the same ease as the more difficult parts of a Burlington Bert

or a moneyed young aristocrat with very little sense.

However, one of the best disguises of which I have ever heard was adopted by an eminent sleuth who was shadowing a notorious criminal. This man was afraid of nobody but the sleuth referred to. The latter knew this, and he also knew that his quarry would be expecting him in all sorts of disguises. He, therefore, conceived the bold idea of dressing up as an ordinary policeman. The criminal did not suspect the 'slop' until it was too late.

I know a detective who was detailed to watch the movements of a number of criminals suspected of frequenting a house in a certain busy thoroughfare. He hit upon the bold plan of watching the house as a blind man. For several days he frequented the street wearing a placard on his breast bearing the words 'Blind from Birth.' He sold matches and bootlaces, and some days he received over a pound from charitable passers-by. Several charming young ladies

took his arm and piloted him across dangerous thoroughfares. Moreover, to make his disguise more realistic, the police kept moving him on whenever they saw him. In the course of a week he had collected £5, which he afterwards disbursed in charity, and sufficient information to justify a successful raid on the headquarters of a dangerous conspiracy.

The personnel of a detective force should consist of as many men of different physical and mental types as possible. There should be no bar against a man because he is small. The men with the keenest and most analytical brains are usually small men from a physical point of view. The criminal never suspects that the small man has a warrant or a revolver or a pair of handcuffs in his pocket. He invariably suspects the big, powerful-looking fellow. Moreover, the pay and prospects in the detective branches of our police forces should be big enough to attract the brainiest men in the country.

KEEPING TRYST.

By D. E. STEVENSON, Author of *Peter West*.

I

EVERY evening at sunset, before she shut up her little shop for the night, Mistress Maclagan climbed the hill at the back of Port Andrew, and placing one hand above her tired eyes, gazed out westward over the sea.

Sometimes the sea was stormy, and great heaving billows, capped with white, stretched away to the horizon where the sky merged grayly with the deeper-toned water. Sometimes it was calm and peaceful, and soft fleecy clouds, edged with red, floated in the still heavens. But Mistress Maclagan was no artist; she had lived too hard and too practical a life—one too monotonous in its daily and sordid details—for any artistry to have survived in her. Nor did she come to see the fishing-boats floating into the little harbour with lowered sails or tacking adventurously homewards against the steady land wind. These things were nothing to her; she saw them with her outward eyes only; they did not penetrate to bring comfort to her soul.

The path up the hill was steep and slippery—stony in places—and to Mistress Maclagan it seemed to get steeper and stonier as the years went by. Nevertheless she persisted in her evening climb; wet or fine, summer or winter, she watched the sun set from the slight shelter of three gnarled fir-trees, and then made her way home in the gathering gloom.

All these years of loneliness had not accustomed her to being alone, to walking alone through the haunted dusk. Dark monstrous

shapes watched her hurry home from the shelter of round boulders or plucked at her gown from behind gorse bushes. Little hands caught at her ankles as she tripped over the loose stones, and eerie shadows lurked beneath the high wall of Mr Peddie's garden, ready to spring out at her.

Sometimes imagination ran riot, and the little woman would pick up her skirts and run, never stopping till she found herself safe and sound in her cosy shop. Here the neatly labelled boxes of silks and cottons, pins and needles, and various other useful commodities peculiar to a haberdasher's establishment would soothe her to a more reasonable frame of mind.

It may well be asked why the widow persisted in her expedition, when it not only afforded her little artistic satisfaction, but caused her such acutely uncomfortable sensations. It was, in her neighbours' eyes, a 'daft-like reason.' The habit, however, was by now so ancient that the village folk had come to accept it without remembering its origin, as is often the way with old-established things. If there happened to be neighbours with her at tea or supper when the hour for her mysterious climb arrived, she would excuse herself with a little ceremonious bow—for she was an old-fashioned person.

'Awa' wi' ye,' they would say genially, with nods and smiles of encouragement and comprehension. 'Awa' wi' ye—we'll hae a bit crack till ye come back.'

But when she had gone they would shake their heads over her with morbid relish.

'She wears ill!'

'Aye, she luiks mair nor her years.'

'A bittie daft, ye ken.'

Well, well, we're all a 'bittie daft' if it comes to that. Don't we all dream dreams and see visions? Don't we all climb a hill at sunset to see the dear face of a loved one out beyond the evening mists which veil the sea? That's not daftness, Mr Worldly Wiseman; no, the daftness lies not in the visions, but in letting the world guess at them—not in dreaming, but in being caught in the act.

II.

One cold evening in November—the wind was blowing icily from the sea, whistling through the keyholes of Port Andrew, and moaning in the lums—Dr Dingwall passed the Fir-tree Brae just at sunset and saw there a slight figure shivering in the wind. Now the good man considered it his duty to keep the folk of Port Andrew in health, just as much as to attend to them in sickness—in fact he treated his patients like a pack of children, to be humoured or scolded as occasion demanded—so he stopped to pass the time of day with Mistress Maclagan, and incidentally advised her to go home and take a hot drink.

'This is no' a nicht for ye tae be out,' he told her kindly.

'But I come here ilka nicht,' she replied, looking at him with dazed eyes.

'An' what d'ye see?' he questioned, looking round and half-shuddering at the desolate bleakness of the scene.

Mistress Maclagan did not answer. Her brain felt numb—too numb to tackle the task of explaining to the doctor. She turned to stumble home through the haunted shadows that beset her path, and Dr Dingwall took her arm, because, to his practised eye, this was a sick woman, if ever there was one. So for one night the little widow arrived at her door without having run the last fifty yards, for the leering shapes fled at the sound of the doctor's firm footsteps.

'You'll go tae your bed,' he told her firmly, as he pressed her into a chair. 'I'll be sending in the nurse tae give ye a hand, and there's tae be no more gallivanting up yon hill.'

Mistress Maclagan raised her eyes to the doctor's with the look of a trapped animal. They were blue eyes, faded now to a dullish gray, and her smooth cheeks had grown thin and pale, save for a patch of high colour below each cheek-bone.

III.

All that night and the next day the sick woman lay in her bed, tossing and turning and murmuring with fever. She was back in her youth, living in a big industrial town near a factory where her husband worked. Big

John—how good he was to her; he was always buying her little presents as surprises, and he could afford it, for he got good wages at the works, and was a trusted man at his job. She fancied herself watching for him at the window, with her baby in her arms. The bright splash of sunlight which fell in the narrow street tired her eyes; she hid them in her baby's neck. It was such a soft neck, and smelt sweetly of nuts—the scent of the warm firm flesh came back to her after all these years. Little Will—little Will with his father's fair thick hair and her own sea-blue eyes—'A bit of us,' his father called him. Little Will, who was their pride and joy.

The scene changed, and in her fevered imagination Mistress Maclagan re-lived the darkest time in her life. John's brief illness and death, which left her at once husbandless, homeless, and penniless, with little Will dependent on her. Once more she stood in the tiny house where she had been so happy, taking leave of all the dear things that had made her home. The little table they had bought together—she and John—the dresser with its shining array of china. Oh God, it had been hard, hard! She turned and moaned with her face in the pillow, and the nurse bent over her with soothing hands which raised her for a few moments out of the dark abyss of the past. The room swayed and trembled as she drank some medicine obediently, and then she sank back, and the waves rolled over her once more. . . .

She was in the house of her husband's people, a mere drudge, a thing of no account, with only little Will to save her from utter shipwreck. For his sake she had stood it all for three years—the endless labour, thankless and futile, the ignominy of being dependent on people who did not care for her. But at length she had broken loose, and, taking her boy, her one treasure saved out of the wreck of her young short married life, she fled to Port Andrew and started the tiny shop with money borrowed from her husband's former employer.

How good he had been to her, how understanding of her need! She did not want sympathy or charity, but just to be trusted. The money was lent 'as from one man to another.' It was to be paid back by yearly instalments. That and his smile as he shook hands with her had set her on her feet, bracing her for her struggle against the world.

Once more the scene changed, and Mistress Maclagan saw herself in her new home, full of the peaceful happiness which comes after much suffering, Will growing up sturdily to school-age, a small edition of his handsome father. It was, indeed, peace after storm, and the haven sufficed the world-weary woman; but it did not, could not, satisfy the untried spirit of her son. Will, grown to man's estate, found the village

too small to hold his wide ideas of youth and freedom. She saw it coming for long, watched the wander-fever grow to maturity like a magic beanstalk which was to lead him into the unknown.

So Will ventured forth into the world to make his fortune. He told himself that it was for his mother's sake; she should spend her old age in comfort, with silk dresses and servants to wait upon her, and she, poor soul, only wanted Will, and wincey dresses, and porridge, and hard work.

Ah me, those wide ideas of youth! What cruel geni! scatter the seeds? How they must laugh to see the pain they cause, the wild hopes brought to naught, and the promising lives wrecked.

Mistress Maclagan was left behind, to gaze westward with blurred eyes, to sink down slowly but surely under the burden of lonely terrors, left to grope in the darkness for a loved hand that was lost for ever in the immense unfriendly world.

Gradually, as the years went by, Mistress Maclagan, in her fond dreams, saw her boy as he had been in boyhood, when he was all hers, and before any visions of the great world had come to disturb their peace. She saw him as a merry lad with curly fair hair and a pair of patched knickers—patched until little of the original stuff remained. What a laddie he was! Not bad, mind you, but wild and mischievous as a Shetland pony. Oh, Will, Will! . . .

IV.

She sank at last into a stupor of weariness, seeing in her fevered dreams the great world go round with its myriads of strange faces, and herself searching amongst them for her boy. Would she know him again after more than ten years? That worried her, and she roused herself to ask the nurse, who was sitting by her, 'Will I know him?'

'Yes, yes, of course you will,' soothed the nurse.

Sleep came then, and the nurse left her to visit some other patients, left her sleeping peacefully, and returned an hour later, to find the bed empty and her patient fled.

The doctor found her at her usual post on the hill, and carried her home. Nobody knew how she had managed to drag herself there, for she could scarcely stand on her feet. Only sheer determination had prevailed over the weakness of the flesh.

The doctor's heart failed him as he laid her down gently on her bed and covered her with the patchwork quilt. There was something in her which was wearing her and driving her, so that the soul of her shone through the etherealised body with an almost unearthly radiance.

'It's that son,' he told the nurse, who had

come but recently to the village. 'She's just wearying away.'

He determined to be with his patient at sunset on the following day, and so prevent her from attempting her usual climb. That she would attempt it he was sure. He gave a few simple directions to the nurse, and went home wearily enough to his belated dinner.

Half an hour before sunset on the following day Dr Dingwall knocked at the door of the little shop, and found his patient in a deep sleep. He sat down and watched her for a few minutes, marking the uneven breathing and troubled aspect. There was little he could do for her; she was worn out with waiting and watching; he suspected that for some little time she had had insufficient food. Gad, why was life always harder on a woman? It made one boil! Would she wake, he wondered. Was the magnetism which drew her each night to the deserted hill-top sufficiently strong to rouse the spirit from the exhausted body?

The thought had scarcely formed in the doctor's brain when Mistress Maclagan awoke and tried to sit up.

'I mus' gang out for a breath o' air,' she whispered huskily—it was her usual formula.

'You're too tired the nicht,' he told her gently, and pressed her back on to the pillows.

For a few moments she lay there quietly with closed eyes, and two bright tears gleamed on the dark lashes, whose beauty time and sorrow had failed to destroy. 'You'll be better to-morrow,' he added mendaciously, for he could never bear to see a woman cry, and there was something about those silent tears which wrung his heart.

'I've never missed a nicht yet.'

Silence fell in the little room, a silence that could be felt. Only the ticking of the clock could be heard, and in the corners the dusk gathered as the sun set redly over the hill and tinged the white waves with palest pink.

The sick woman began to murmur softly, and in the gathering gloom her husky voice took on an added significance. It was like the voicing of all the sorrows of the world rather than the lament of one neglected woman.

'Oh, Will! I've watched for ye ilka nicht these ten years—it's a long time to wait, laddie, a long time—I canna watch for ye ony mair. There'll be nae mither waitin' on ye, laddie, dear; ye've left it ower late comin' hame.'

She was quiet then for a little, and then suddenly she cried aloud, 'Oh, Will, I'm comin'; laddie, they'll no' can stay me.'

The doctor leaned over in sudden anxiety and called for a light, but even before they brought it he knew that she had spoken truly—the brave spirit which dwelt within her frail body had indeed gone to Keep Tryst.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

CHALK STREAM AND MOORLAND BECK—A CONTRAST.

By ROWLAND BURGESS.

I.

FED by perennial springs that rise in the chalk hills far away across the wide valley, the placid river flows deep and clear, winding through marshy water-meadows that are brilliant with the living gold of kingcups and the flaunting banners of the yellow iris.

The water-level changes but little, winter or summer. Sudden spates are unknown, and the water remains calm and unclouded through weather that would bring down a roaring chocolate flood in wilder streams.

Here the river is tamed and harnessed. Weirs and sluice-gates regulate the flow, the surplus water finding its way to a smaller stream flowing at a lower level, through carriers and ditches innumerable; the meadows between are full of pitfalls for the unwary when the grass is high.

Coarse fish of all kinds flourish in the weedy depths, pike among them. Against the pike relentless war is waged, regardless of season, yet some escape the nets. There was one in the mill-pool that, to the eye of the miller's boy, a youth of fourteen, appeared to be 'as big as I be.' I hooked him once! It was a catastrophic incident, not to be dwelt upon.

Trout, the fish *par excellence* of the river, are less plentiful than they used to be in the good old times when tar was used for its legitimate purpose of rendering buildings waterproof. Nowadays one is fortunate if at the end of the day the creel contains a brace of two-pound trout.

Still, even yet, in may-fly time, there is the chance of a seven-pounder. I may as well confess at once that I have never caught one. Indeed, prior to my introduction to the chalk streams, I had a hazy sort of idea that brown trout of this weight occurred only in glass cases, as mural decorations.

I came to know one well; his name was Jonathan, and he lived below a foot-bridge, alongside some camp-shedding, where the water was ten feet deep—lives there yet, for all I know. Twice daily during may-fly time, at 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., he left his stronghold and moved up a few yards to the safe harbour of a willow that trailed its branches in the water, and with

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quiet dignity absorbed a few selected may-flies, presumably as dessert after an aldermanic meal of minnows.

II.

My red-letter day occurred toward the end of the hatch, when the fish were becoming picky. A week earlier trout had taken may-fly of any sort readily, provided always that it was the genuine article, and not a spurious imitation. Now they discriminated. One fish would look only at young and tender virgins, newly hatched, with their dainty wings unfolding; another preferred the elderly matrons, who, worn out with their three days of strenuous life, floated quiescent with outspread wings to their fate; others, again, would have none of either, but picked out the few spent males (darker in colour than the females) that happened to be above the water when the paralysis of age came upon them. The males at the end of their short lives do not, like the females, seek a watery grave, but collect in swarms over the meadows for their dance of death; rising and falling in the air in perpendicular lines as long as the sun shines upon them, falling ever lower until they reach the grass, to rise no more.

The day was perfect, soft and warm, with a whisper of wind from the south to break the surface of the smoothly-flowing water. The transparent sheen of pale green leaves upon the trees, not yet sufficiently dense to mask the tracery of their branches, gleamed and quivered in the bursts of sunlight breaking through a light drift of cloud. The new growth of willow-herb upon the margin of the river was not high enough to interfere with casting, yet afforded some measure of camouflage to the kneeling angler. Swifts were weaving back and forth, dipping to the surface to snap up the may-flies that came sailing down like a fleet of fairy yachts. Conditions all seemed favourable, yet not a trout was rising, either on the shallows where the water rippled swiftly over clean, sharp gravel, or from the depths, where banks of trailing weed swayed in the slow-moving stream.

Three barren hours I passed, slowly pacing the bank, or seated in hiding below the haunt of a warrantable trout, scanning the water ahead through field-glasses for a distant rise.

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Dace there were in plenty, and occasionally a monstrous chub quietly cruising in the shadow of the bushes would raise my hopes, until I got a clear view of the markings of his big scales as he turned.

Presently, amid the splashing rises of a shoal of dace in mid-stream, an oily ring broke the water. It was no place for a self-respecting trout, but, as I watched, he came up again—certainly not a dace. Worth trying, at all events.

Twice my fly floated over the spot with no result, but at the third cast there was a queer sloshing rise. The line tightened, and for the space of a heart-throb I thought I was into a big one; his play was erratic and sidelong, and he proved to be a small fish, a little over a pound, foul-hooked near the ventral fin. The fly had displeased him, and evidently he had tried to drown it with a slash of his tail. We were fishing a self-imposed limit of two pounds during may-fly time, so he was returned to the water.

One more undersized fish fell to my rod before the light clouds of the morning had all cleared away, and the noontide sun-glare on the water had put down all the trout. Spearing my rod upright, with a few yards of line streaming in the wind to dry the fly, I lay down to rest and dream in the shade of a sycamore that grew upon the bank.

While I was watching the antics of a pair of dabchicks—the only things moving on the river—suddenly my reel squealed; looking round hastily, I saw a bird gyrating wildly in the air above my rod! A swift had taken my fly as it flickered in the breeze, adding another item to my list of strange captures, which included a water-rat, a cow, and a boy—foul-hooked in the left ear. (It was his own fault; he *would* stand behind me, in spite of repeated warnings.)

Considering the speed and strength of the swift's flight, it was surprising how little resistance the bird offered. A slight twitch of the line, and it came to earth in a wide spiral, crouching in the grass with outspread wings, dazed and motionless, allowing me to pick it up without a struggle, but digging sharp claws deep into my flesh. The hook was held only by the neck feathers, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the bird fly off, when tossed into the air, as though nothing had happened.

Rounding the next bend, which brought me within sight of our fishing-hut, where the luncheon-basket awaited our pleasure, I came full upon a wild duck paddling slowly up-stream, followed by a string of fluffy babes. The instant I was seen the chicks scurried to the bank, and hid themselves in the rushes. Their mother, instead of following them, splashed and floundered on, squawking and trailing one wing in the water as though it were broken, keeping with apparent difficulty just ahead of me until

I reached and entered the hut, when she rose from the water and flew like an arrow back to her brood, congratulating herself, no doubt, on having misled me. Here my friend, who had been fishing the upper beat, joined me for lunch. He reported no fish moving, but his creel contained a glorious three-pounder, which he had spotted rising in the white water of the mill-tail.

III.

There was no likelihood of fish until the evening, so during the afternoon we strolled leisurely down to the lower end of the water, a distance of three miles, where the small stream came in. Here we separated again, he to fish the main river, while I turned my attention to the tributary.

This stream was chiefly of value to us as a spawning ground for the trout, but each year just a few of the best fish, their domestic duties over, elected to remain there, as the weeds, which if left uncut would cover the water with a white flowering mass, were crawling with shrimp and tiny water-snails, and there were myriads of minnows.

The white glare of the sun had given place to a tender mellow light when I resumed my sport. It was one of those calm, cloudless evenings of early summer when the very air seems luminous, giving to meadow and woodland a clear and soft gradation of colour seen at no other time, and to the lengthening shadows, transparency.

Here and there small fish rose at the spent gnat, which was beginning to fall on the water, but to cast at them were folly indeed. The stream was only about six yards wide, the shallow water flowing on a level with the meadow; to show oneself near the haunt of a big trout before his feeding-time meant putting him down for the night.

Cover for the angler there was none, save at one place where a screen of hawthorn bushes masked the stream on each side with branches interlacing over the water, forming a dusky tunnel where a mighty trout cruised slowly up and down at such times as he deemed the supply of surface food to be worth the expenditure of energy. There was but one opening in the bushes, a gap barely four feet wide, with thorny trouble waiting on either hand if the cast were not straight and true.

I took up a strategic position, lying prone upon the bank with my rod at hand, to await his pleasure. The fly was coming down thicker every minute, and it would not be long before he began his patrol.

Soon I heard a faint 'plop' somewhere down the tunnel, the outer edge of a widening ring appeared, and I essayed the crucial cast—there would be no second chance.

The fates were kind, and allowed my fly to miss the bushes and to fall in mid-stream at the critical moment, just as a dim gray shape came

sailing up out of the shadows. He took the fly in a quiet and dignified manner, but lost his dignity a moment later. With a sweep of his broad tail, and a plunge that set the water rocking, he turned and tore off down stream, whither I could not follow. For a moment the reel sang, then the line stopped dead with a heavy strain upon it, fouled in some hideous snag that he knew of and I did not. It was the end. For a minute I could feel him, then all was over. Peace reigned upon the water, and profanity upon the bank.

The next fish saw me first, and all that I saw of him was a wave of water travelling swiftly up-stream from a spot twenty yards below where I expected him to rise. The big fish here are cruisers all; the hatch of fly is not so strong as on the river, and there are no long, deep runs beneath the banks where a trout may lie and have his meal brought to him by the current.

About a quarter of a mile higher up a cart-road crossed the stream, carried upon a low brick arch. There was no wall on either side of the bridge, which was, indeed, little more than a culvert. If one lay flat upon one's stomach, and peered cautiously over the edge, one might chance to see the tail and hinder-end of a grand trout that lived beneath. Many times I had seen this much of him, but never his full length, nor had I ever found him feeding; perhaps this evening—

Yes! A long-range reconnaissance through my glasses revealed a rise under the bridge; then another in the shallow pool below it, where the cattle had trodden out a drinking-place. A few seconds later he was up again, a dozen yards lower down the stream among the weeds. Crouching, creeping, and grovelling, I got within thirty yards of the bridge, and then lay still; I dared approach no nearer until I knew the extent of his beat. There was no sign of him at the moment; probably he was working the other side of the bridge.

Soon he returned, rising leisurely on his downward journey. There was no need for him to hurry over his meal; he was sucking in the spent fly that were too feeble to rise from the water, and no small fish durst trespass upon his preserve.

Nearer and nearer he came, but I might not venture to move hand or rod while he was coming towards me. Then a rise not three yards from where I lay gave me a clear view of his noble proportions. He turned when abreast of me, and when he rose again some ten yards above me I cast from my recumbent position as well as I was able. It was a feeble effort, but a lucky one; he took the fly without hesitation, and the fight was on. He made for the bridge, but I managed to stop him in time.

Leaping, he turned and raged down past me before I could recover line, and plunged into the middle of a thick weed-bed. Orthodox

methods of persuading him out of it were of no avail, and there was only one thing for it. I was not equipped for wading—it was not done—but what mattered wet feet in June?—the water was but knee-deep. At my approach he dashed out, carrying with him a bunch of torn weed attached to the line, and went like a torpedo into the next clump.

For ten minutes it was a chase from one weed-bank to another, but the cast held out, and at last in a patch of clear water he turned on his side, and I got the net under him.

A glorious fish, in panoply of bronze and silver, mighty of girth, and small of head. Six pounds? Well, no, not quite. Call it five, for safety. I had no balance with me, so was unable to register his live weight, but on the kitchen scales, three hours later, he, or rather she, tipped the beam at four pounds fourteen ounces.

My friend came in with a brace that together rather outweighed my solitary kill, but I was satisfied—nay, more than satisfied—and this, my record trout, enshrined in glass and gold, now adorns the wall of my study.

IV.

A blustering wind from the Atlantic, bearing upon it the aromatic perfume of sun-warmed gorse blossom, sweeps down the valley. Fitful sunshine and misty rain in turn bathe the steep coombs of Exmoor, whereon the russet brown of last year's bracken is stippled with the tender green of new unfurling fronds. The wine-coloured water, clearing after last week's flood, chafes white against the boulders that cumber the stony bed of the stream, breaking into a smother of foam as it cascades over low rock ledges into deep, quiet pools where clots of froth revolve slowly in the eddies, to rest awhile ere it goes churning down over the stickles below.

The flood has left its traces. Grass laid flat, as though a comb had been passed over it; drift-wood upon the bank, and tufts of river-wrack upon the lower branches of the alders that overhang the stream.

Through stockings and waders the water strikes cold at first as I splash up through the stickle toward the deeper water, casting in front of me as I go. Although the rushing stream is here but ankle deep from bank to bank, a good trout may lie behind any stone.

The fly, a long hackled 'blue upright,' floats bravely, dancing down over the ripples. A glint of silver, a twitch of the rod, and the line tightens. A six-inch fish is lifted from the water without ceremony, tenderly unhooked, and returned; our limit is seven inches.

A few fish are rising on the sill of the pool, where the deepening water runs smoothly in stream-lines over the gravel. They are better left alone; the fly is sure to drag in such a place, and small scared fish will carry the

warning to their betters in the deep run under the bank.

Edging into the bank, pushing beneath branches and tearing away from brambles, I get well up into the pool without disturbing them. No fish appear to be rising here, but one need not wait for that. A short horizontal cast under the bushes brings a fish splashing up, to refuse the fly at the last possible moment.

Try a few yards higher up, by the root of the oak tree. Got him! Over ten inches, and full six ounces in weight—a good fish. Now the edge of the fast water in the centre, where it comes pouring down between the rocks. Difficult to see the fly among the foam-flecks. Was that rise at my fly? Try him again. No mistake this time! A plump quarter-pounder is dipped out in the small landing-net, killed, and dropped into the basket. It is well to use the net for all but the very small fish; 5 × gut, and the slender tip of a 'fairy' rod are neither of them adapted for weight lifting.

Comes next a chain of turbulent rapids and small swirling pools, the bed-rock channel carved and broken into deep narrow gullies, pot-holes, and sharp ledges by the grinding torrent of flood-time. The water surges angrily round my waders as I slip and stumble over the rocks, threatening every moment to sweep me off my feet, although it is less than knee-deep. Unless one knows the river well, this part is unfishable; at any moment an unwary step may plunge the fisherman into four feet of tearing water.

A veil of mist upon the craggy heights, and a rainbow spanning the narrow valley, herald a passing shower which lashes and stings my face as I struggle on, casting into each rock basin and channel as I go. Three small trout are added to the basket. A big one, full half-a-pound, hooked in rough water, goes dashing over a fall and is lost. No matter; the day is young and the fish are bold.

At the head of the rapids lies the 'holly tree pool,' amber brown and clear, embowered in trees, unapproachable except from the water. If one wades up carefully, keeping close in against the bushes, and, by casting low, can manage to send the fly far enough up under the prickly canopy of dark green leaves, a good fish is almost a certainty. One only, as although the small pool, some four yards wide, shelving to four feet deep beneath the tree, is always full of fish, all the others will have scurried to cover by the time the first is landed.

The luck holds. From behind a submerged root a fish darts out and seizes the fly as it floats slowly past. There is a commotion in the pool as he flashes and turns. I grope with my left hand for the net, but it has gone from my belt! Looking wildly round, I see it hanging in a thorn bush a hundred yards below; it might be a hundred miles away, for all the use it is to me now. In these waters, however, the net is more

of a convenience than a necessity. Playing the fish out, I strand him on the shelving bank, and lift him ashore. A beauty! The first authentic half-pounder of the season.

V.

The steep hills, thickly wooded upon their lower slopes, crowd in ever closer until the valley narrows to a rocky gorge streaming with water from the hill springs, the river pouring headlong through in a series of falls and rapids.

As I climb out on to the bank for lunch, rabbits scatter in all directions. A startled stag, with head thrown back, goes bounding up the hillside, followed by his retinue of hinds, and stands for a moment at gaze upon the skyline. A buzzard is wheeling high above the tree-tops, and a hawk, hanging motionless in mid-air above the bracken, drops like a stone to earth, then rising, circles slowly round, and again hovers on the wings of the wind.

Birds in these solitudes have little fear of man. A robin, chattering at my elbow, shares my lunch, accepting eagerly such small offerings as I throw to him, attacking fiercely with voice and beak any other bird that comes to share the feast.

My sandwiches finished, and my line, which has been strung out on the bushes to dry in the wind, greased and wound on to the reel, I essay the passage of the gorge. It is rough going, but not too difficult; there is a kind of rugged broken path among the trees where wading is impossible.

Above the gorge the hills fall away, and the moor becomes more wild and open. Trees are left behind, save for a few stunted wind-blown thorns scattered singly upon the rounded slopes that stretch away, fold upon fold, to Dunkery Beacon, the highest point of all. The stream, laid bare to the sky, flows through a barren land that knows no man-made boundary.

It is smaller here, and the fish are wild and shy, yet they rise freely enough if not scared by the sight of the fisherman, or the gleam of a waving rod. Far more are returned to the river than go into the basket. I have caught enough small trout, and only exceptional fish are retained.

It is time to return, yet I still fish on; there is always a better pool ahead.

At last, four miles from home, with the sun low in the west, I break away from the water, and with a heavy basket and a light heart take a short cut across the moor that leads back to mankind.

Which is the better? The slow stalk by the quiet chalk stream, with its long hours of hope deferred, and its few minutes of glorious life, or the strenuous day upon the moorland stream, with the rod never idle, and the fish never large?

For the life of me, I cannot decide!

'DON QUIXOTE' AND THE ORPHANS.

CHAPTER II.—AT SANTA ELENA.

I.

WITH the boy Hugo astride a small mule, and baby Adelaide safely stowed in a disused packing-case slung on another, which also carried the Indian girl Felipa, who had volunteered to go in place of old Catarina, too feeble for such a journey, the party set out for Santa Elena, as arranged.

Juan, who had suddenly discovered that he knew the road to the Bluff perfectly well, rode ahead with a Winchester rifle slung across his back, an example followed, as regards rifles, by the mining engineers on the emphatic advice of the *Juez*, whose name they had ascertained was Don Salazar Romero.

Reaching the coast in a few hours, they turned eastward into a roadless and almost trackless uninhabited country, keeping to the *playas*, or little beaches, wherever possible, and camping, within a few feet of the surging waves, upon one of them at sundown, to the boy Hugo's great delight.

Next evening they arrived at a great promontory rising some hundreds of feet above the ocean. This, Juan of the Spurs declared, was Santa Elena, and gaining the top by a narrow, winding track made by wild cattle, they camped upon it in the dark. It was a bleak, eerie kind of place, crawled over by hordes of pugnacious land-crabs, illuminated fitfully by myriads of fire-flies as large as morpho butterflies and as erratic in their flight. Brooke and Marshall, old campaigners, pitched the tent, whilst Juan lit a fire and looked after the animals, very uneasy owing to want of water, and, as he said, to the presence of prowling *tigres*.

The children were soon asleep, and, having eaten, the mining experts sat smoking at the fire, where, assisted by Felipa, the guide was cooking some of the smaller land-crabs for his own delectation. While thus engaged a voice suddenly hailed them out of the night.

'*Buenas tardes, señores!*' it said. 'I've a fancy to come and sit by your fire, if you have no objection.'

The tone was impertinent, but Brooke gave the desired sanction, and the new-comer stepped into the light—a wild-looking fellow, with ragged beard and hair, and of generally unkempt appearance, but armed with rifle, revolver, and *machete*. At sight of him Felipa disappeared into the tent without a word.

'You're welcome to our fire, and to food if you want it,' Brooke went on. 'Perhaps you can tell us where to get water for our animals?'

'The nearest is a league away,' said the man

gruffly, as he sat down with his rifle between his knees. 'It's a drinking-place for wild cattle,' he added, 'and very dangerous at night. Always after sunset *tigres* lie in wait there. There's no water near this hill.'

'If that's so, it isn't a very desirable camping-place,' said Marshall. And observing that the fellow was eyeing covetously a bottle of whisky which stood unopened on a packing-case, he drew the cork, poured some of the spirit into a glass, and proffered it.

'*Bueno!*' cried the man, swallowing the whisky at a gulp and smacking his lips. 'No, señor,' he replied; 'it's the very worst camping-place in Oaxaca, for several reasons. One is that the chief objects to *injustos ocupantes* (squatters). You are trespassing on his land at this moment, and I would strongly advise you to continue your journey at sunrise, and earlier if you've got a pair of owl's eyes amongst you. It will be a lot safer.' And the fellow laughed hoarsely at his own pleasantry.

'I wasn't aware the Bluff—Santa Elena, I think you call it?—had an owner,' Brooke remarked.

'Don Pablo owns whatever he fancies,' the fellow chuckled, 'and people don't tumble over each other to say him nay. He takes what he wants and keeps what he gets. So do his *hombres*. He has taken a fancy to this hill. That's why it isn't a good camping-place for travellers. But that is excellent *aguardiente* you have, señor—or is it *mescal*?'

'I thank you for the warning,' rejoined Brooke, not in the least surprised to learn that the 'chief' owned the name of Pablo. 'If you are hungry, eat.' He indicated bread and dried meat on the packing-case. 'If still thirsty, drink again.'

At once Marshall took the hint, and measuring the quantity by the greed in the fellow's eyes, he poured a good four fingers into his glass. Had it been *aguardiente*, *mescal*, or *tequila* of the strongest, it probably would not have had much effect, but the Scottish brew was of a new and pleasing flavour, and as the fellow had no scruples about asking for more, his tongue was speedily loosened.

The chief was called Don Pablo Revuelto, '*un hombre muy grande, muy valiente*' (a very great man and very brave), he told them disjointedly, and he set such extraordinary value on the Bluff that he had ordered the speaker, José Guerrero, *capitán* in his illustrious service, to watch it day and night. He, Guerrero, had seen the fire from a distance, and had almost killed his horse in his haste to warn the intruders off.

However, as the new sort of *mescal* was so exceedingly good, and as his dear *amigos* had been so generous with it, he would disobey orders and permit them to stay till morning. Having thus expressed his great consideration for weary travellers with a small supply of whisky, he presently staggered away into the night. They heard him galloping off at a furious pace—evidence of great familiarity with the neighbourhood, or he would not have dared to ride at such speed, drunk or sober.

The moment he had gone Felipa returned. 'That man is Don Pablo's friend,' she said. 'He is a *bandido* and a brute, one of the worst—the second chief amongst them.'

'Then we are in for trouble,' said Brooke. Marshall nodded, and his rat-trap jaws set firmly.

II.

At daybreak Juan of the Spurs took the thirsty animals in search of water, found in plenty in a near-by creek, while the mining experts set out to 'prospect' the Bluff, a steep, triangular slope of some thousand acres, the apex being the highest point. Many outcrops of mineral were visible, but they first sought for evidence of the demarcation.

Within a hundred yards of the camp the first boundary pillar was discovered, strongly constructed of stones from the hill and cement. At each angle of the claims a pillar had been erected, and once one of them had been found, the locating of the others was a simple matter.

'Mr Lestrangle may not have been a mining man,' Brooke remarked thoughtfully, 'but he didn't do things by halves, and somebody certainly had a theodolite.'

The next task was to find the mine, or 'prospect,' and they set to work examining the outcrops within the discovered boundaries. This was not difficult for their trained eyes. The small excavation which Lestrangle had made had been filled in, and the surface planted with bushes. But fragments of ore had been left in the scanty grass around, and thus the rich outcrop was betrayed. Thither they at once removed the camp.

This done, they set to work to trace the direction of the rich vein, which was easy. Right to the top of the Bluff they followed it, and with Marshall holding the end of a rope which he had twisted round a small tree, Brooke descended the ragged face of the cliff, overlooking the Pacific Ocean. In a score of places similar veins showed where broken off in the great cataclysm which had split the hill in halves and toppled a part of it into the waves. Then he climbed back, sat down, and lit his pipe.

'Well, my adventurous, neck-risking Don Quixote,' said Marshall, when he had gathered up the rope. 'What do you make of it?'

'It's no windmill, Jerry. It's huge. It's fabulous. It's millions. I doubt if in the whole wonderful history of silver mines in Mexico you'll find anything to compare with this. I can see a pier out yonder'—he pointed over the thundering surf to the seemingly still water beyond—'and a score of freighters—argosies—taking away ore to the smelters. Coming and going—coming and going—day and night.'

Marshall laughed at his colleague's enthusiasm. 'Going to cable home?' he asked.

'Ping—cr-r-r-k!' A bullet had flattened itself on a piece of rock beside them. The report of a rifle followed immediately. Juan, who had just joined them, pointed to a thicket of bull's-horn thorns a quarter of a mile off. A wisp of smoke was rising above it, and disappeared as they watched.

'I fancy little Adelaide and Hugo would be a lot safer in San Pedro Mixtepec,' said Marshall grimly.

'That's a question,' Brooke rejoined, then sprang to his feet. 'Get a move on, Juan! Our rifles are at the camp. There are boulders enough lying about for a breastwork, and we can stand a siege. I'm not going to run away to-day, or to-morrow, from this new El Dorado—or Platado, to be correct—unless I have to.'

They walked fast, but not hurriedly, down the hill to the camp, and working behind a screen of the horses and mules, built a breastwork four feet high around the tent. A council of war followed, Juan participating.

He suggested that Felipa should take a swift horse and ride to the *Juez*, who would summon the nearest force of *Rurales* (the famous Mexican police troopers). But the shot might have been fired by the brigand Guerrero, not yet sober, as a joke, and it might be well to wait and see what happened. If Don Pablo's *bandidos* were really about in force and surrounded them, so that it would be too risky for Felipa to go, then he, Juan Ramirez, who, he was proud to inform them, was the best scout in Mexico, would undertake to ride through them, or ten times as many. Of course he might, by some mischance, be shot, or captured, and it was rather a pity he hadn't married Felipa the day before yesterday, as he had intended. But *quien sabe!*

'What do you say, Marshall?' Brooke asked when the loquacious Juan had brought his harangue to an end.

'Post a sentry, of course. I'll take the first turn.' And rifle in hand, Marshall strode to a thicket, whence, himself unseen, he could command the whole of the Bluff and the edges of its bordering scrub and wood.

III.

Meanwhile Brooke, with the help of Juan, cleared away the rubbish hiding the small ex-

cavation. Below the outcrop, weathered near the surface and friable, the vein was two feet thick, and judging by the samples, amazingly rich throughout. Doubly satisfied, he filled up the hole and sat down to play with the orphans, who were having the time of their lives.

Whilst baby Adelaide prattled in lisping Spanish to Felipa, Hugo told him much. The boy had been to Paris, and had lived in San Francisco and Mexico City. His father had brought them to San Pedro, as he expected to remain there a long time. He had an uncle and aunt in England, and his mother had often written to them—home, she called it. Brooke listened and confirmed his resolves.

Herecalled his instructions and also Marshall's, so greatly in the interests of the orphans, who had been thus miraculously rescued from what seemed a certain life of ignorance and poverty. Marshall's instructions were to assay and prove the ore in bulk. That now was only a matter of form. Apparently the mineral was rich throughout. His own duties were to estimate the quantity of the pay ore and the probable life of the mine, and, if satisfied, to make a contract with the owner, organise a labour force, and prepare ore for shipment.

Of course, the contract would now have to be made with the Judge of the Orphans for the municipality of San Pedro Mixtepec, and an amusing mental picture presented itself to him of the *Escritura* which the old *Juez* would prepare—the parties being Don Salazar Romero in his capacity of, &c., of the first part, and Don Quixote de la Mancha of the second part. But his reflections were suddenly interrupted.

'Billy! Get everybody behind the *schanz*.' Marshall had learned his business in South Africa. 'The trouble seems to be coming to a head.'

At once Brooke saw the children and Felipa to the tent, and with Juan joined the look-out.

Three groups of mounted men were visible, each at a different part of the base of the triangle. Clearly their approach had been concerted. They appeared to number about fifty, most of whom dismounted and flung themselves on the ground, evidence that they had ridden far. From the party in the centre two men detached themselves and rode forward, rifles in hand.

'I think we'd also better get behind the *schanz*,' said Marshall. 'And it may save trouble if we show them we're armed and prepared for a row.'

With their weapons plain to be seen they climbed over the wall. At less than a hundred yards distance the approaching men reined up. One of them was their visitor of the previous night; the other was taller and better clad and accoutred. They could see his face clearly in

the strong light. It was exceptionally dark, that of a mestizo, and its expression was savage.

'Who are you? And what in the name of *El Diablo* are you doing there?'

The questions were yelled fiercely by the taller man. Straightway Marshall's irascible humour took fire.

'If you want to know, we're Don Quixote de la Mancha and his esquire, Sancho Panza,' he shouted back. 'Don Quixote's a knight-errant. His job's redressing wrongs, rescuing orphans, putting rogues in durance vile—in the *Carcel*, *sabe?*—and anything else quixotic that comes his way. Who the devil are you?'

The tall man turned to his companion. He appeared to be considerably puzzled. Presently he shouted again: 'I am Pablo Revuelto.' For which intimation the listeners were quite prepared. 'Two *extranjeros* I should have met at Miahuatlan left for this place a few days ago. I believe you are they. You have been watched—seen tracing the boundaries of my claims, where you are camping now. If you come from *El Compañia de Exploración de Londres*, all is well. I am the owner of the mine, and you deal with me. If not, I order you to leave at once.'

While the brigand was speaking Brooke was thinking hard. What would be the use of temporising? At the moment they held the advantage, being in possession. And as Revuelto probably knew they had brought the orphans with them, of what avail would be ostrich methods? Without turning his head he spoke to Juan of the Spurs standing close behind him. 'Listen, Juan! My horse is the fastest. Saddle him behind the tent and ride to the *Juez*. Tell him what is happening. Take the cattle-track down to the *playa*. Go by the coast, and hurry. If you keep the tent between those fellows and yourself, you may slip off unseen.' He raised his voice, addressing the brigand chief.

'We are from London. We are aware you are Pablo Revuelto, but you are not the owner of these claims. The owners are the children of Hugo Lestrage. They are safe with us. I advise you to keep away, for if you cause any trouble, we shall know how to protect ourselves and them.'

It was a declaration of war, immediately accepted. Don Pablo jerked his rifle to his shoulder and fired three shots. Two of the bullets struck close to Marshall, who had not moved.

Without a word he returned the fire—a snapshot—apparently without taking aim. Don Pablo reeled in his saddle, clutched at his shoulder, and nearly dropped his rifle. Next moment, recovering himself and shouting out a savage oath, he and his companion swung their

horses round and galloped off, riding recklessly down the hill to their fellows, an opportunity taken advantage of by Juan of the Spurs to steal away unobserved.

'I had no idea you were that kind of a shot,' said Brooke admiringly. 'I never saw anything quite so quick. You hit him hard.'

'Yes; I hit him where I wanted—in the right shoulder,' Marshall rejoined. 'He won't be able to shoot at me again without warning for some little time, unless he can fire from the left shoulder, which isn't common. And he won't give me such an easy mark again, either—if he gets over it. But we're in for a rough job, certain. I fancy they'll try to rush us at night. Felipa knows the country. Hadn't we better try to get away with the children?'

Brooke pointed to the rude track which, skirting the Bluff, led to the beach below—the way Juan had taken. All the brigands had ridden off, but one party had wheeled and was now galloping in that direction. 'Juan only got away just in time,' he said. 'They'll pick up his trail in a minute or two, and if he doesn't ride like the devil, he won't reach San Pedro. What chance would Felipa and the kiddies have?'

Clearly there was nothing to be done except to hold on and trust to luck. It was four o'clock in the afternoon. Nursing his horse, Juan of the Spurs, a splendid rider, like most Mexicans, would cover the twenty leagues in six or, allowing for darkness, eight hours. For themselves they must watch through the night. It had been an eventful day, but its surprises were not nearly over.

IV.

At six o'clock, approaching sundown, after which it would be dark almost immediately, Marshall shouted a warning. He had heard firing—single shots at regular intervals—about every five minutes. Faint at first, the sounds had quickly become louder—nearer. He did not think a Winchester was being used, but something much heavier. On the instant another shot rang out, not half a mile away.

'Shot-gun, I think—black powder, anyway,' Marshall declared.

He had scarcely spoken when they heard a straggling volley, from a much greater distance apparently. A shout from very near followed, and immediately a party emerged from the scrub in the west, the direction of San Pedro, galloping hard. At once Brooke recognised his own horse and Juan, leading the others, six in addition to the guide.

There was no sign of pursuit, and the party rode obliquely across the Bluff, as straight for the camp as was possible. Juan of the Spurs was the first to arrive. He sprang to the

ground, breathless. '*El Juez!*' he panted. '*Rurales*—and a *señorita*—and *señor* from *Inglaterra!* I met them—on the way.'

Then, with a great clatter of accoutrements and jangling of chain bridle-reins and huge silver spurs, two gray-and-silver clad troopers dashed up and sprang to the ground. The next to arrive was a Mexican, who greeted the mining experts in a mixture of Spanish and American English. '*Buenas tardes, gentlemen. I Englese Intérprete—sure! I bring Englese Mees and Meester from El Ciudad de Mexico, pronto.*'

Before the mining experts had time even to begin to guess at the meaning of Juan's and the interpreter's announcements, the old *Juez*, looking desperately tired, rode up accompanied by a youth carrying a shot-gun, and a flushed, dishevelled, but strikingly handsome girl. That these were the '*Englese Mees and Meester*' was evident, for clothes, saddles, bridles, and seats alike were English. Off came the hats of the mining experts, who were much too astonished for any other form of greeting.

'Oh, *Señor Morales*,' cried the girl rather breathlessly, springing to the ground and addressing the interpreter, 'please find out which of these gentlemen is known as *Don Quixote*.'

The question was answered by the *Juez*, who seemed to understand it perfectly. With a grin that altered the angle of every wrinkle of his gargoyle face, he pointed to Billy Brooke and panted, '*Don Quix-óte, señor-ita.*' Then, indicating Marshall, '*Señor-ita, Sancho Panza.* You will—perceive—that as yet—neither is an—*aparecido.*' He chuckled with delight.

'Oh!' she cried. 'I am so pleased to meet you and thank you—both of you. Where are poor Hugo's little ones? Poor darlings! I must see them immediately—'

She was interrupted by one of the *Rurales*. '*Pardon, señorita,*' he said, and addressed Brooke. '*We have been attacked, señor. The brigands did not come to close quarters, but they will, and if we are to beat them off, that breastwork must be raised and extended. Also the horses must be watered. There is much to do and little time.*'

Just then Marshall, who had exchanged a few words with the English youth, drew his colleague aside. '*As a miracle of speed and effectiveness, Billy,*' he said, '*your telegram to Chertsey, Surrey, England, ought to take first prize. It has Ariel and Marconi beaten to a frazzle. That boy's Rupert Lestrangle. The girl's his sister.*'

'I was wondering,' said Billy Brooke. 'It does seem a bit miraculous, but as the telegram can't possibly have been despatched, the *Juez* being here, I'm afraid we shall have to call it a singular coincidence. Let's get to work.'

(Continued on page 606.)

SOME REMINISCENCES OF NIGERIA.

By J. M. STUART-YOUNG,

Author of *Merely a Negress*, *The Seductive Coast*, *Minor Melodies*, &c.

I.

BURUTU-ITES are boasting that their town is to be the finest in West Africa when it has been rebuilt. The last time I discussed the matter orally, it was with one of those few men who are really typical of the Niger delta, a man who has been stationed there during two decades, and who sneers at the claims of the hinterland.

'Give me the bush!' exclaims the official, with an eye to his allowances and the possibilities of economical living. But, 'Give me the coast!' cry others, with an eye to the autocracy and almost unquestioned power that centres around headquarters.

Yet both Burutu and Forcados can be very depressing. At Forcados—as at Manchester—it rains on the slightest provocation. And the swamps around Burutu are certainly neither salubrious nor invigorating. The men, necessarily, become liverish and irritable. It is imperative that they get through a heavy toll of work; but their encounters with the shipping of three or four nations, and the incessant handling of cargo, make them inclined to dispute. It would almost seem, especially when these men get a trifle 'run down,' that a quarrel is courted, and welcomed, as a relief to the feelings.

II.

I vividly remember my first voyage up the Niger from Burutu to Lokoja. That is nearly twenty years ago. Obviously there have been great improvements since then. The British Government had at that period held the reins for only a few brief seasons. The Niger Company was still 'the' company; and the agent, at each little station on the way up, was generally both postmaster, customs officer, and M.O.

Going up the Niger in those days seemed like travelling back to the prehistoric ages, so far as natural conditions were concerned. Almost as soon as the stern-wheeled paddle-steamer left Burutu we found ourselves in the wilds. Vegetation rioted on the banks. And nothing in Nature can be so depressing as mangrove swamp! After the first twenty or thirty miles the vegetation becomes more individualistic; huge trees can then be distinguished rebelling against the parasitic growths around them.

But for weary league after weary league the delta appeared then to be quite empty of human life. A great silence, impenetrable as the hush that heralds the dawn, reached on either hand into the depths of the virgin forest.

It was December, and the air was warm as wine, sluggish as syrup, heavy as an anæsthetic. The sun was so ardent that there was no pleasure to be found except right in the front of the vessel; and I remember wondering why—so different from the ocean steamers!—the natives had the best part of the decks, while the European was left to swelter in a veritable oven of congested capacity.

On the morning after leaving Burutu we reached the first clearing, on the right bank of the stream. There was then no European house. To-day it marks one of the most prosperous stations on the lower river. Then, it was merely a wooding-station. Our stay was only sufficiently long to allow the crew—Igaras and Nupis, then even as now—to take aboard the half-score cords of billets for the steamer's furnaces.

There were natives on shore—wild-looking creatures—quite naked. The children were semi-aquatic. They could swim like little frogs. They were all over and around the ship, demanding empty tins and bottles. When we moved from the shore they darted around us in small 'dugouts,' and so adept were they with their paddles that the canoes seemed a very part of themselves.

It was amusing to watch four or five of them dive for the one bottle, and afterwards struggle around the bobbing canoes, until each one marked from the others his own special property, and re-embarked.

III.

It was on a sandbank near to this village that I caught my first glimpse of saurian life. There lay a group of three crocodiles quite immobile in the sun. Their bodies overlapped in the most curious way. One would have believed that they were mere tree-trunks, until the use of the binoculars made their outlines leap upon the vision. We could then see clearly their ugly snouts and their wicked little eyes.

On the same sandbank, pluming themselves at the edge of the water, was a flock of tiny kingfishers. They ran hither and thither so rapidly over the sand, that one could have believed they were volplaning over the surface. On the other bank were a couple of saddle-billed storks, gravely fishing, and occasionally raising a meditative leg.

As our voyage continued, the tortuous passages that had belonged to the delta seemed to give way to a much broader stream, although we were not yet in the main river. Gana-Gana,

even then, was an island trading-station of importance. We anchored there for some time, and I had the pleasure of meeting men who have helped to make the history of Nigeria.

Our next stop was to be Assay. Meanwhile I had had several chats with the pilot-captain of the vessel. He told me that the channel was a mystery to all save the most experienced of natives. It was as easy to 'lose oneself' on the Niger as if one were traversing a pathless desert.

Snags abounded, but the fall of the river had left most of these exposed. Shoals were in the habit of changing every year. Nor were the banks exactly the same for two seasons in succession. I could well recognise what difficulties there would be in ascertaining the right course to follow, in the middle periods, when the water stood between high and low. The Nupi captain assured me that he had been trained to the waterways ever since he was a boy. When I asked him if he did not find the life monotonous he gave me a glance of wonder, and replied that, on the contrary, he thought the Niger a fascinating river.

IV.

It was during this initial trip, also, that I saw my first hippopotamus. I went out on the second day with two fellow-passengers into a wide creek that lay on the left bank. We were not out for sport so much as for curiosity. The 'boys' had promised that they would find hippo for us. We had the good fortune to discover three of the beasts asleep. On the mushy beach, near to a great complexity of dark-green undergrowth, they lay—male and female and baby. Despite its uncouth shape and its unwieldy bulk, I felt in the young animal all the irresistible charm of youth. I should ardently have liked to examine the young beast at closer quarters. Our safety, however, demanded an early return to the ship.

Even while we lingered on the farther bank the animals awoke. They entered the stream. I could see the two grown creatures yawning, their great mouths like red-roofed caverns, inside which gleamed whitely their tusks. The baby climbed onto its mother's back, while she swam along the bank. It was a sight both amusing and charming.

There ensued several small stations, all greatly resembling each other. Iron-roofed stores, a small bungalow, and a gang of about twenty labourers—that was all! But the accumulation of produce, demonstrated by both beach and stores, proved the perspicacity with which the trading firms had chosen their sites for future development.

We reached Onitsha on the third day. It was then only a tiny village. I remember that we went ashore to purchase fowls and eggs, but that (it not being market-day) the whole

commercial 'native community' seemed to be under a hundred. When I recall that, in the years 1908 to 1919—my own trade-period there—the market has frequently held no fewer than five thousand traders at one time, the reader will need no assurance that the Middle Niger had not yet been properly developed.

It was just above Onitsha that I saw my first egrets. On the neck of the swamp that connects the Anambra creek's right bank with the mainland flourish hundreds of these birds. We could not go ashore, but we saw several flights of them from tree to tree. The feathery acacias threw their long arms over the rank rush-grass that marks the island, and these white herons, so prized for their tail-feathers, make their perches on the branches.

V.

Between Onitsha and Idah, and between Idah and Lokoja, were innumerable sandbanks, so that our passage was often difficult. There had been a disappointing rainy season, and the water had not risen so high as was expected. We saw several more groups of crocodiles, and two more schools of hippo. Strange bird-life and weird orchid-formations on the banks met one's gaze at every new turn of the river.

It was delightful to be in wider and less congested areas. The ground was rising all the way; and as the surrounding country became more imposing, and as the flat banks merged into hills and even mountains, I found the Niger full of lure.

Butterflies there were by the thousand, gaudy and gay—scarlet and chrome, crimson and blue, black and gray and primrose. The great stillness was as insistent as ever, and made one sometimes doubt the reality of one's very existence.

I have passed up the Niger a dozen times since then. But the journey can never again have the same thrill of mystery—with that vegetation, massive, immense, running from the very edge of the water right up the bank, until it was lost among the great outstanding trees! Millions and millions of grasses and bushes and shrubs, until the immense green whole kissed the horizon, and seemed to be absorbed by the deep-blue summer sky!

And our little steamer, with its freight of four or five Europeans and about a hundred negroes, seemed to be like a restless ant, tentatively feeling its way along a runnel of water between unknown banks of emerald-green matter.

Nature, when confronted in this way, made one feel so infinitely *small*! Man, in comparison with this riotous wealth of vital energy and power, seemed impotent and as weak as a child.

I remember quoting to a fellow-passenger William Watson's poem on 'World Strangeness.' He could only give me an amazed glance

of curiosity in answer to my query whether he felt himself to be either a guest or a prisoner. He had made this journey many times before. He found the scenery depressing, and he had no use of any kind for mere romantic speculation.

What an acquisition to a nation's wealth are these great waterways! As the unknown reaches out before the bows of a steamer, and as each earlier view closes behind, who can fail to realise the meaning of Empire?

It seemed to me, on that initial journey up the Niger River, that this 'house with starry dome' was indeed only *one* tenement in God's great scheme of town-planning. It seemed indeed as though I were straying 'from room to room,' and that the Eternal Owner—Whom we had not seen, and Whom we might never see!—stayed behind for a moment to close each of the doors. But, like William Watson, whose lyrical cry of wonderment I had quoted, I could not tell whether that Owner were Host, or Guardian, or Warder!

VI.

Sometimes at night, from either bank, would come the throbbing of tom-toms. It gave a most eerie sensation to one who had never before traversed a tropical river. The sound would hover in the air, and then gradually die away. One could readily guess that a message lay behind each of the rhythmic sequences of beats, but whether a message of peace, or prayer, or warning, or resentment, one could never know.

Only twenty years ago, in territory which the old Chartered Company had already occupied for half a century, and yet it was as though the absolutely unknown lay before!

These occasional glimpses of trading-stations—corrugated-iron roofs, emaciated Europeans, sluggish natives, self-confident coloured clerks—did very little to remove the impression that we were travelling over undiscovered territory. Everything seemed so primitive, and yet so strangely old and mysterious! These were pagan populations mostly, and crowds of them would swarm to the beach to welcome us, especially if (as often happened) it was a busy trading-day on shore, and they had *trekked* many miles to the river-side station.

We would see a great swirl of naked black limbs, and the gleam of eyes that showed up white and prominent in ebon faces. Behind all would rise the interminable green vista—that impenetrable forest, motionless and weirdly threatening, from which they had come.

My acquaintance, who had listened so coldly to my quotation of Watson's verses, promised me a strange phenomenon below Lokoja. He was an engineer connected with a cotton ginnery in Northern Nigeria, and he held both country and people in amused tolerance and

contempt. We were passing, at this time, huge cliffs. On the top of these the trees seemed to hang like fragile green toys. The night was falling. He spoke to the man at the wheel, and the steamer went nearer to the shore, until it was *chugging* a path right under the lee of the mighty rocks.

Then he pulled the rope of the siren. The steam shrilled forth in a discordant yell. The hush of advancing night had been around us. But now—before the shriek of the siren had subsided—there arose a wild answering clamour from the cliffs. It sounded so fiendishly desolate, so like a soul in torment, that I grew pale. My blood ran cold with the unexpected horror of the sound. My companion pulled the siren again and again; and it seemed as though all Hell had been let loose.

The natives of the lower deck were covering their ears with the outspread palms of their hands. Their eyes rolled in terror, and they shouted their expostulations, until the Englishman desisted from his frolic.

Those wild echoes, that had been chained up in the rocks from time immemorial, hold deadly terror for most of the natives. They do not ascribe the sounds to natural causes, but fervently believe in the imprisoned spirits of the river-banks. The effect upon me was so bizarre that for many days afterwards I had need only to recall those supernatural yells to feel as though the tropical night itself had found a voice, and had hurled a message of warning and horror into the ears of the puny mortals who had dared to intrude into her domains!

A score of years can be as wide an interval in Nigeria as in progressive Europe. I feel that I shall never again see the Niger, unsophisticated and alien from advancement, as I saw it first in 1905.

VII.

I commenced these musings by referring to Burutu. The old Burutu was practically wiped out of existence in the disastrous fire that we all remember in the early part of 1918. It is said that three-quarters of a million pounds sterling 'went west' in that one tremendous burst of flame.

'You know how it happened?' a friend asked me recently.

'Yes,' I replied, 'for I happened to have a clerk down there supervising the despatch of produce, and he gave me the fullest details. It arose from the simple fact of a native woman frying fish inside a mat-house. The roof caught flame, and the fire spread to other native houses, until the whole compound was in a blaze.'

My interlocutor had been in Burutu during the great conflagration, and he nodded his acquiescence. 'We never expected that it would seize upon Niger Company property,' he averred. 'The thing was practically beyond our

control before we were awake to the terrible danger in which we stood. Where were you at the time?'

'I happened to be at Awka, building a station there,' I replied. 'Strange to say, I was the first man to hear on the Middle Niger. My clerk wired to me within two hours of the commencement of the fire, and he kept me advised at three-hours' intervals right onward. I repeated the disastrous tidings by telegraph to Onitsha, but the agent of the Niger Company there knew absolutely nothing. In the excitement at Burutu he was not *officially* warned until thirty-six hours had elapsed. Meanwhile Onitsha went on calmly despatching its produce down-river (for it was the shipping season) as though nothing was toward.'

'It took us all by such deadly surprise,' my friend returned. 'Except when a steamer is alongside, there is something reactive in the air of Burutu. In spite of our hard work, or maybe because of it, a lapse between steamers throws us into a languorous sort of mood. Everybody believed that the fire would be confined to the native quarter. Added to this, the fire first became apparent during the heat of our noonday vacation. Nobody was very eager to be worried by the disturbance. The whole group of mat-houses seemed to go up before you could say *knife*. It was just as though the tropical sun had shot down a levin, to destroy the whole trumpery framework of the native compound. When we got back to work we had all reason to be upset; but even then we scarcely feared for the safety of the produce and the stores. If anything, we felt considerably resentful against the outcry of the natives.'

'I know the sort of feeling,' I interposed. 'I have sensed that kind of thing several times when a native house has caught fire. The negroes seem to go literally mad. They gesticulate, they wail, and they rage against the fire, just as though they were combating some incarnate devil. It all, somehow, seems gratuitously forced, a sort of *fake*, or an artificial pose. But they are wiser than we are. They have learned to their sorrow and agony what a fierce master fire may be.'

VIII.

My companion continued his narrative. 'I saw some of the other Europeans scattered about the beach, with gangs of labourers in attendance. They were now seeking to isolate the flames. Although I felt still very dubious, I thought it time to lend a hand, and so I joined in the scene, which was now one of great noise and flurry. The hungry tongues of flame had already leapt several gullies and caught the palm-oil. I quickly saw that the sheds and stores were threatened. The building in which we keep large quantities of kerosene and petrol was in danger. By this time the group of native

houses was nothing but a heap of crimson embers. The women and children had rushed pell-mell into the bush. We Europeans were frantically urging every possible man and boy into service to help isolate the fire. It was, I can assure you, quite a breathless experience.'

I nodded. It was easy enough to visualise the whole scene. 'Did the negroes work well?' I asked.

'Like devils,' my friend replied laconically. 'But our biggest difficulty lay just there—in the insufficiency of labour. The government could have been more helpful than they were if they had—during the afternoon and evening of the first day—allowed us to *force* labour, for the whole town was soon in imminent danger of being wiped out. The task of moving the tremendous stock of palm-oil, in the casks, was beyond our capacity. There were literally thousands upon thousands of casks, and we had to have three men rolling each one. We needed practically *unlimited* labour. To make an unbridgeable gulf—that was the problem. But the fire seemed to leap spaces that were impossibly wide. The ground, also, was soaked with many long years of oil-leakings. By the evening of that day, though we all worked until we could scarcely stand, the ground seemed to be one wide prairie of red-tongued fire. And when the kerosene went up—well, it almost seemed as though earth and sky had linked hands for one impassioned moment. There was one great column of flame and smoke; and the heat and smell combined was deadly, terrible, past my powers of description.'

He pulled thoughtfully at his pipe.

'We quite forgot the existence of the upper river,' he went on after a pause. 'Fortunately for us! We therefore had steamers alongside, and were able to save the firm's papers, books, records, and, incidentally, our own skins! On the day after the first outbreak all we could do was to stand helplessly looking on. But, even then, we made efforts to retrieve the sea-end of the compound, and we were comparatively successful. Like common stevedores we all slaved away until night, occasionally pausing to exchange remarks upon the grandeur and incredibility of the spectacle. I don't believe there has ever before been such a fire in Tropical Africa, and I cannot believe there will be one like it again! Late that night we all stood on the veranda of the A.G.'s house (which, as you know, was saved), and the *sis-sissing* of the flames, as the rivers of blazing oil lapped their way to the wharves, was simply marvellous. The wharves themselves were destroyed. When the fire had died down—after several days—in such a degree that we could examine the results, we found six-inch iron girders twisted and bent and gnarled, just as though they had been made of the flimsy texture of a child's wrecked Meccano toy!'

I remarked upon having myself seen, six months after the event, many hoops of palm-oil casks standing erect in long regimental rows where once the produce itself had been. My friend nodded. The oil and the casks had been consumed so rapidly that the latter had dropped into ashes on the ground, leaving the hoops standing erect through the fiery ordeal. For many months they were a dreadful landmark of the passage of the flames.

IX.

However, as I remarked at the commencement of these reminiscences, there is soon to be a completely new Burutu. It will, we all hope, make amends to the Niger Company for the heavy financial loss which they sustained from the fire of January 1918. If all the plans

coalesce into actuality, there are to be giant wharves, large enough to accommodate several steamers at the same time. The extension of the ground will allow space for the accommodation of all the casked produce that arrives from the river. There are to be a dozen great stores for the accommodation of merchandise, and also adequate roofing accommodation for 'bagged' produce. Then there are to be recreation grounds and gardens; a fine group of residential bungalows; and last, but not least, well-made roads to link the town with its scattered annexes. All sanitary precautions will be taken, and there should be in this new Burutu-by-the-Sea health, comfort, and happiness for all.

We await the realisation of that optimistic, yet eminently realisable, project.

WHITE AURORA.

PART II.

III.

ONE night a party of smugglers, returning from their bothy, startled the white stallion from his lair in the corrie. They saw the wild-fire in his eyes, the moonlight shining on his lustrous silver coat. He wheeled, and made for a goat-path along the cliff-face, a path no wider than a man's body, and in places caked with ice where the moss-waters had oozed over it. The foothold was impossible for any but a goat, yet White Aurora took it at a gallop.

They all saw what happened, and swore to it to their death-beds. They were not imaginative men, and they were sober. The white horse had not gone thirty paces ere he lost his foothold, fell, and spun downwards into space.

Four hundred feet below lay the deep waters of Loch Vault, ice-covered and snow-coated, and the men, standing watching, heard the stallion strike the ice with a booming crash at the point where he was wont to drink. They went down to see, and there, sure enough, was the great black rift in the snowy sheet, about which the troubled wavelets still licked. It remained all winter, and many saw it, including men of learning, and thus the news spread that White Aurora had met his inevitable fate.

I have said that in his foal-days White Aurora loved the children at the old farm-house, who could lead him hither and thither as no man ever could. These children went to school over the hill, and the journey was rough and tiresome for little feet during the winter months. One night, a week or so after the event last described, a terrific storm, of the kind which lives in history, swept up from the north-west at the hour of the children's returning. Men saw it coming across

the pasture-lands like a waving muslin curtain, with night behind it.

The children's father ran out, taking his dog, but the storm smote him with stunning force ere he was clear of the policies. His lamp was blown out, he could hardly make headway, but his dog was wise and full of all the understanding of the hills. So he bade her go on and 'seek the weans,' and crouching low against the gale, she went on into the whirling blackness.

Ten minutes later the dog returned to her master, trembling and afraid, casting terrified glances towards the darkness ahead, as though some fearsome devil lurked therein. In vain the man cursed and coaxed and urged. Nothing would induce her again to leave his side.

Some time after, when the storm had abated a little, the children were found on the road home, little the worse for their experience. Their story was not quite clear, for they were dazed by the fury of the storm. But of this all were certain, that when the peril first befell them a great white horse loomed suddenly from the maelstrom, and coming up to them, sniffed their faces in friendly fashion. One of the little girls gripped its forelock, and holding hands, sheltered by the animal's body, which moved belly-deep in the drifts, they were led on their way, for none could see in such a blizzard. To the very gateway of the occupation road it led them, and here their father, who saw nothing of the horse, found them awaiting him.

If indeed White Aurora had met his fate by the cold waters of Loch Vault, it was a very material ghost he left behind him, for his offspring run to this day in the valleys of the Bentlands. In other words, White Aurora, after his alleged death, ran with the herd for years,

and under his ghost leadership it remained a materially prolific herd. What the whisky pedlars saw was doubtless a great ice-cake his pounding hoofs had dislodged, but nevertheless the strange incident lent lustre to his romantic life, and many there were who held that during those latter years it was a spirit horse which ran with the Bentland herd.

IV.

Early the following spring the mares were again given the freedom of the range, and White Aurora, joining them, was content for a time to spend his days in indolent ease. But at night-time he left his herd on wild deeds bent, and many a lonely shepherd drew his plaid more closely about him or shuttered his shieling window on hearing the thunder of hoofs, quick and even as the bark of the mitrailleuse, pounding nearer and nearer, presently to melt into the night. Dread superstition there was, and no little fear, but the feeling grew that the spirit of the white horse was a good spirit, because the deer herds thrived, the barley crops ripened, and many sturdy sons and daughters were born to the happy homes of the valleys.

With the coming of the rutting-season and the earliest frosts a change came over the wild deer. The stags became swollen about the neck and hunched in the back like greyhounds. Sedentary at other times, living often in pairs remote from the hinds, travelling no farther than their food requirements demanded, they now became restless as White Aurora himself. When the harvest-moon came, their hoarse and savage roarings could be heard from dawn till dusk, and terrible and inspiring the sound was as it rumbled and rang among the crags. Now and then the dry crash of antlers could be heard, now and then a stag would be seen rolling with grotesque and savage energy in the peat pools, to rise, slimy and dripping, uttering his primeval challenge.

The stags were anything but good neighbours at this season, and the horses had learnt to give them a wide berth. Formidably equipped they were, and in the right mood to use their equipment—quick as weasels and ready as rattlesnakes with their venom. More than one old mare had been severely gashed by the stags—more than one, indeed, had been mortally wounded by some vicious monarch of the hill whom she could not escape.

One evening, when the stags had attained their full voice and the rifles of the stalkers were laid aside, a tinker on the hill witnessed a strange contest. White Aurora was quietly browsing with his drove when a royal hart suddenly stepped into their midst from among some crags. His head was drawn rigidly back, his red eyes rolled, and he uttered a grating, rasping bark, which at once made clear his evil intentions.

Instantly the horses bunched and began to make off—all but one. The white stallion stood his ground, his glorious head aloft, and because he was so much a landmark the hart singled him out. At a stiff-legged run it whirled towards him, then down went the spreading antlers, and, casting high the peat, the great stag charged. It seemed for a moment that they were to meet head on, but in the ace of time White Aurora turned to present his hind hoofs.

This was a mode of defence with which the stag was unacquainted, and in an instant it was done. The human observer heard the hacking thud as the stallion's hind hoofs struck the well-timed blow. The stag seemed to crumple backwards, then it sprawled grotesquely, and the man saw its legs bristling stiffly skywards as over it rolled.

The stallion looked at his vanquished foe, then with a whinny to his herd he went on quietly browsing.

When presently the gipsy went down, White Aurora streamed across the corrie towards the crags, and as he went the observer saw a parcel of hinds jump out from behind the rocks and fall in behind the snow-white leader! They, at any rate, knew that where he led it was safe to follow.

V.

That winter perhaps the strangest incident of White Aurora's authentic career occurred. Again he ran in solitary possession of the range, when one December night the Christmas coach was on its way over the lonely road, which, with many a twist and hair-pin turn, finally gains the valley. Rain had fallen for many hours, but now it was unnaturally mild and calm, so that the clatter of hoofs and the rumble of wheels echoed far across the stillness.

The coach had reached the foot of the hill, and, its decks crowded with Yuletide passengers and fare, was in the act of rounding the bend, when the yellow light revealed White Aurora standing motionless in the centre of the way.

The driver cracked his whip and shouted, expecting the wild stallion to leap aside and leave the road open; but no! White Aurora stood his ground, and next moment the brakes were forcibly applied to avoid what promised to be a lively collision.

As the coach came to a standstill Aurora uttered an eager whinny to the horses in the traces, and trotting by within reach of the whip, he vanished into the night, leaving all with the feeling that they had beheld a ghost.

The driver was a superstitious man. 'Now, what did that mean?' he asked, half to himself. 'I've seen him a hundred times, but never known him act like that before!'

As he spoke the roar of angry waters came to

his ears, and he shouted something to the footman. The latter took one of the oil-lamps and went ahead fifty paces. Presently he returned. 'Yes, gentlemen,' he said, 'the bridge is down and the burn bank-full. Another few yards, and we'd have been over the edge.'

But ere they turned the coach a ceremony was performed, and there in the silence of the night they gravely toasted the wild white stallion.

VI.

Many years passed by, each with its fruitful crop of stories concerning Aurora, for it is to be feared that, finding him a source of revenue, the Highlander knew no limit in his wily efforts to beguile the wealthy Sassenach tourist. Many visited that land to see White Aurora, and, his fame spreading the length and breadth of the island, his offspring were sold at fabulous prices. And during his latter days many noble beasts ran with his drove.

But the hand of time must tell, and one night a shepherd, out on the hill, heard a crazy, cackling laugh mounting the hillside, and as he crouched in the bracken he saw a witch woman, who was known to be bad, seated upon White Aurora, who, slowly and dispiritedly, as though her curse were upon him, was at her bidding. A little later the witch was found dead in the heather, having left her spirit, so it seemed, to dwell within the white horse.

Thus evil days fell upon White Aurora, and, cursed himself, the shadow of that curse fell upon the range he ruled. No foals came to the drove, dread sickness fell upon the sheep, the barley rotted where it stood, and clear it became that Aurora must go. No longer could the range profit by his presence. Yet there were many who believed that dire retribution would fall upon him who raised his hand against the spirit beast—though, if indeed he were a spirit, the hand of man could never harm him!

But among the disbelievers there was one—a disreputable, devil-may-care old soldier who had seen much service abroad—who declared that he would rid the range of this pest. White Aurora had raided his barley patch—an evil habit the old stallion had recently acquired in no small measure—and several times had broken down the fence. Indeed, White Aurora had become a rogue in many ways, and was known to have killed several stags as he had killed the first.

More than half-tipsy one evening, and full of heedless boastfulness, the old soldier rammed a double charge of powder into his gun, and loading it with ball and a crooked sixpence, he betook himself to the shores of Loch Vault. Hiding behind a cairn of stones at the end of the rugged glen, overlooking the pool where

Aurora was wont to drink, he began his lonely vigil.

But his valour began to wane as the chill night wore on, and many a stiff pull from his bottle the old soldier took to brace himself for the meeting. Then, just before dawn broke, there sounded overhead a strangling, evil cry, and, looking up, the hunter saw the great white horse sailing silently and majestically down the glen towards his hiding. Not a hoof clicked, not a pebble stirred, yet in a moment the ghost beast would be upon him. He flung up his gun and pressed the trigger. There was a shattering report, then silence.

Next morning the old soldier's friends found him lying unconscious, with his gun burst beside him, and twenty feet away, blown to atoms, the remains of a great black-backed gull!

The ridicule of his comrades merely served to raise the mettle of the old soldier, and a little while later he again took hiding by Loch Vault, but higher up the glen this time and accompanied by a young stalker, both armed with modern rifles. They had chosen a brilliant moonlight night, and, faithful to the hour, White Aurora came down the glen. They heard the click of his hoofs as he drew near, they saw the moonlight glimmer on his heavy coat, and tensely they held their breath as the great white beast came on towards his drinking-place.

Simultaneously two shots rang. The white horse stood a moment like a marble statue, but an awful scream, which they knew to be the scream of the witch woman as her evil spirit tore from Aurora's keeping, rent the quietude. Then, leaping high, Aurora plunged headlong down the glen.

Swifter, swifter now than ever before, while the boulders flew like pebbles from his hoofs, and as he ran his coat became lustrous, like the glow of the Aurora Borealis. Brighter and brighter still, till it outshone the moonlight, and then they saw above his streaming mane a wild, mad, human face with flowing hair and eyes which fixed them with a stony, death-like glare.*

So to the water's edge, and never pausing in his headlong plunge, White Aurora smote the waters. A cloud of white foam, shining as he had shone, rose to engulf him, but in a moment that, too, settled with the echoes, and the silence of the night closed in.

So never more was White Aurora seen by mortal man, and, mark you this, never since his passing has stag or horse or sheep been known to drink from the waters of Loch Vault.

THE END.

* It is said that the old soldier died within a month; that the hair of the stalker turned snowy white, and that he, too, died within a year.

COTTON GROWING IN BRAZIL

By GEORGE M. CHARD.

I.

WHEN the Portuguese, in the year 1500, discovered Brazil, they found the natives already wearing cotton cloth, and it is evident that cotton is indigenous to the country, for everywhere one goes there is to be seen the cotton-plant growing by the highway. At present there is a cotton famine throughout the world, due, *inter alia*, to the following conditions.* The United States, which have been the principal exporters of cotton, are suffering from a shortage of labour; the negroes, who constituted the principal producing element, are migrating to the North, and the fields are without labour. India and Egypt can barely produce sufficient to supply their teeming millions; the South Sea Islands and Africa cannot fulfil the domestic demand. Against this, place the fact that the coloured races, the chief users of cotton goods, are increasing rapidly, and one gets a fair view of the situation.

Let us take this country of Brazil, with its population of 25,000,000, lying mainly within the Tropics. This year there has been a 'bumper' crop, and yet prices are many times higher than before the War, and three times greater than they were six months ago. Cotton grown here is nearly all consumed in the local mills—fetching approximately as high a price as if sold at Liverpool. For some long time past the daily market report has been 'buyers but no sellers.'

Now, this country can produce cotton in a manner that is probably without equal. A man acquires a stretch of land; he burns off the brush; he prods holes in the soil, drops in a few seeds, and sits down and waits. In six months he has a crop of cotton; but his luck does not end here, for in a further four months he has a second crop, and so on for five years. It is small wonder that planters here denominate cotton 'white gold.' In the U.S.A. the cotton crop is an annual affair, and in each season there must be fresh plantings. In Brazil one planting suffices for five years, and even weeding is non-essential after the first twelve months owing to the rapid growth of the plant.

II.

The question of successful cotton-planting involves the following conditions:

1. A sufficiency of cheap labour when the crop is ripe.
2. A sufficiency of rain.

3. A dry season for the gathering of the crop.

4. Proper transport and market.

Having these conditions, the planter cannot help making money.

Providing the plantation is not too far distant from the port, the cotton-seed—which forms roughly some 70 per cent. of the crop—can always find a ready market, and at a good profit, in Hull or Liverpool; but planters here are making so much money from the lint that they either burn the seed or allow it to rot. The population of Brazil is growing apace; poor, war-worn Europe is depositing its surplus on these shores in unheard of quantities, and they all require cotton clothes, and are at the same time accentuating the distressful shortage. In the city of Bahia, where these lines are written, there are five great cotton-weaving mills, employing in some cases over 2000 operatives. The shortage of raw material has become so acute that they are daily threatening to 'close down.'

All cotton lands are not alike as regards soil and other conditions, but it is estimated that some of the best are paying a net profit of £40 to £50 per acre; this, in spite of the fact that, apart from the government experimental farms, there is scarce a plough or a harrow to be found in the whole state of Bahia. What the profits would be were the scientific methods of the British introduced it would be difficult to say, but they should be sufficient to satisfy the most grasping. Land is cheap. Freeholds can be purchased at from ten shillings to three pounds per acre, according to proximity to the railways and rivers. The cotton lands are situated on the breezy downs of the central plateau—a region bracing and free from fevers. The state of Bahia is about three-fourths the size of France, and the greater part of this area is suitable for cotton culture. Labour is plentiful, cheap, and of a skilled variety. The seasons are regular, and, in short, all the conditions necessary to success are at hand.

If science were absolutely essential to the making of money by the cultivation of this crop few, if any, fortunes would be made here. That the plant will respond to careful treatment, and that profits will be proportionately larger is a certainty. Local diseases, of the cotton are few and far between, but if a crop be wholly or partially destroyed, there will be another in a few months to retrieve the loss. Large fresh areas are being laid down this year, but it will be a long time before supply overtakes the demand, and the price of lint becomes normal once more.

* See also 'Why Cotton is so Dear,' by A. S. Moore, in *Chambers's Journal*, April 1924.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE STRANGE NARRATIVE OF SERGEANT MILLEFEUX.

By ALEXANDER BIRD.

PART I.

I.

WATERLOO! Shall I ever forget that day? No! I, Jean Millefeux, who have been in sixteen pitched battles and more skirmishes and affairs than I can count—I who have seen such sights as burning Moscow and the crush on the Beresina Bridge, I tell you that Waterloo was greater and more terrible than those. Why? For this reason: it was the end. When we lost Waterloo we old ones of the Guard at least knew that it was not merely a battle we had lost—it was the Empire, it was France, it was Napoleon. Waterloo was the finish-up of everything, and we did not need St Helena to teach us that.

We of the Old Guard had stood all day noting one move after another on that fatal chess-board. In close column we had stood, with one eye on the battle and the other on Napoleon. He stood quite near to us behind the plain deal table which they had carried out of the farmhouse. He had his map spread all over it, with a cannon-ball at each corner to keep the wind from lifting the paper. There he stood, now bending over his plan of battle, and then looking through his telescope over the field. The historians tell a lot of nonsense about what he said at different times during the battle. They tell you that when the Scots Greys tumbled over that unlucky infantry of Reille's he cut an attitude, just like an actor, and exclaimed, 'Oh, those terrible Greys! Those terrible Greys!'

Now I was quite close to him all the day, so near that I was inclined at times to advise him what he should do; so it is certain that I know better than those historians. Now, what he really did say about the Greys was just this: 'D——!' That was all. And then he turned to an officer of the staff and said, 'The fools are coming too far. Ride like the devil to Marcognet and tell him to eat them up.'

Well, as everybody knows (except, perhaps, the English), we had won—or at least we were going to win—the battle, when the Prussians came up. That turned the tables, of course. It was then that the Emperor made his supreme effort. He mounted his horse and came to the head of our column, sitting as calm on his white

horse as if nothing was the matter, and Ney was beside him with his red face and his bull-dog jaw.

'My lads,' said the Emperor to us, 'I must sleep in Brussels to-night. You will make me a way, won't you?'

What a cheer we gave him—it rings in my ears yet. Up went our bearskins by the hundred on the bayonet points, and the *Vive l'Empereur!* was like the roar of an ocean. I believed then that we should win the battle after all, but we were too few. Half of the Guard had to go and keep back the Prussians. However, we did our best. Ney formed us in three columns, and when he took his place on horseback at our head and drew his sword, there went a movement down the ranks like a lion tossing back its mane. To see that iron column marching steadily on the English centre with the white gaiters stepping like one—ah, that was a sight!

But heavens! what a tornado of fire we marched into. Such a hurricane of lead I had never experienced in all my hundred fights. And, indeed, it was only a hurricane of lead that could have stopped us. We paved the road with our men. Ney himself went down three times, but he had a charmed life in a battle, had Ney. Friant fell into my arms with two bullets in his chest—one for each lung. As for me, I was never touched. It was like a nightmare; the battle became a blur, and then, somehow, we were back again, a mere handful. However, we formed a square round the Emperor, and then we moved off the field, and the night gathered in darkness all around. There were men there with their heads bandaged up, others with their arms in slings. Our clothes were riddled with shot, and half of us had lost our bearskins. But Corporal Morand had the flag safe, with the head of the eagle all right in his pocket; it had been slashed off by an English dragoon.

We marched off over the fields, keeping clear of the general rout, for that was like a torrent—horse, foot, artillery, wagons, all mixed together and hurrying pell-mell to the rear. If we had got into that flood of fliers we should have been scattered in a moment. But we kept

away to the right, and when the Prussian hussars came upon us they found us in steady ranks, and, *ma foi*, we gave them to understand that we were still the Old Guard, and not to be meddled with.

After that we were unmolested, and about three in the morning we halted at a tiny hamlet for rest and a meal.

II.

I had just lain down to snatch an hour's sleep when our captain came and called me. 'Sergeant,' said he, 'the Emperor wants you at once.'

'Right, my captain,' said I, and I went off to the cottage where Napoleon had established himself, and such of his staff as were with him. Ney and Soult were standing at the door, and seemed to be waiting for me. As soon as I came up Ney led me into the kitchen of the cottage and announced me to the Emperor.

'Sergeant Millefeux, sire,' said he, and then the door shut to, and I was alone with Napoleon. He was sitting at the fireside, poking at the coals with his boot. He turned towards me.

'Ah! sergeant,' said he, 'I can rely upon you, I think?'

'Sire,' I replied, 'you have relied upon me before.'

He smiled at that. 'It is true, my friend,' he said, 'but this is the greatest of all. See, *mon vieux*,' he exclaimed, jumping up off his chair, and pulling at my ear as his custom was, 'do you want to save your Emperor?'

'Sire!' I said, and I did not say anything more—that was enough. And so Napoleon felt, for he smiled again.

'Sergeant,' said he, 'the safety of your Emperor will soon be in your hands. Follow out implicitly what I shall tell you to do, and you will have served Napoleon Buonaparte.' He drew himself up proudly as he mentioned his full name, and a shiver passed through me. It seemed to me at that moment as if I had been appointed to save the world—the responsibility frightened me for a moment.

'Listen,' suddenly resumed the Emperor. 'You will leave here now and go to Bourges. You know how to ride a horse, and a disguise will be provided for you. Your uniform would bring all the royalists on the road about your ears. To-day's misfortune will unloose the leash of all the curs in France. Two miles short of Bourges on the Paris road you will come to a house—the Maison Rouge. You will find two Italians living there. Say to them these words, "The Emperor wants the priest." You will stay at the Maison Rouge till they tell you to go, and then you will—' the Emperor paused a moment, and then, staring fixedly at me, he went on—'you will kill both the Italians and bring the priest to me wherever I am. Do you understand?'

'Yes, sire,' I replied.

'Then go,' said he, 'and do not fail me, for it is the last errand you will do for your Emperor,' and he laughed. It was a laugh that made me shiver. I did not know why, but I think I understand now.

Next moment I was outside the cottage, and Ney led me to a barn, where I found a horse all ready for my journey and a civilian's suit of clothes. When I had changed my uniform for these I looked like a farmer, but, all the same, I had a pair of excellent pistols in my pocket.

III.

Very little happened to me on my way to Bourges. I stayed at various inns, and I got several good nights' sleep, and that was a very good thing after such a battle as Waterloo.

On the tenth day after leaving the Emperor I was drawing near to Bourges, and presently I came in sight of a red-brick wall, which ran along the road for some distance. It was the boundary wall to a large house, also of red brick, which stood back from the road, and which I could see through the screen of trees and shrubs that filled the space between the wall and the house.

I rode on till I came to a large gate, and on the stone-work over that I read the name: 'La Maison Rouge.' I was no longer in doubt then. Here was the house, the object of my journey. I pushed the gate open, and found myself in a broad avenue which led up to the house.

It was a square-built mansion, with a door in the middle, a window at each side, and three in the upper storey, precisely like what a child draws on a slate. A grassy lawn stretched along the front of the house, and a couple of peacocks strutted about on it. Everything was quiet as death. There was no sound, and no sight of human beings, either master or man. It was merely a moment that I stood in front of the house, taking it all in, when a most remarkable thing happened. The house-door opened, and a man stepped out upon the lawn. I almost fell from my horse in astonishment—it was the Emperor!

There he was in his gray coat and his little cocked hat, with his full face and his piercing blue eyes. I threw myself from my horse and advanced towards him. 'Sire!' I exclaimed. 'Sire?'

He turned towards me, looking me through and through. 'Ha!' he exclaimed at last, 'who are you?'

'Sire, I am Sergeant Millefeux,' I replied. 'I am wearing the disguise you ordered.'

'Millefeux,' he repeated reflectively. 'Ah!' he continued, 'one of my old *grogards*, is it? Ah yes, I remember you now; it was in Egypt I saw you last, I think.'

I was about to remind him that he had seen

me many times since then, when, suddenly, a voice broke in behind me—a voice full of rage, and yet also of terror. I turned round and saw a short dark man who had come up the avenue behind me. He gesticulated in true Italian fashion, and poured out a flood of Italian speech. I do not know that language, but one can easily tell it when you hear it spoken. He addressed himself to the Emperor, and I was wondering how he dared to speak so cavalierly, as it seemed to me, when Napoleon suddenly swung round and walked back into the house without reply, and the dark man turned to me.

'Who are you?' he demanded in French. 'How dare you come here? What do you want?'

There was no doubt he had a most threatening way with him, as if he wished to frighten me—me, Sergeant Millefeux! Ha, ha! he did not know he was speaking to one of the Old Guard. However, I saw that he must be one of the Italians to whom I had to deliver my message, and, as my instructions were to kill him after I had got the priest, and not before, I merely said to him, 'Listen, my friend. The Emperor wants the priest.'

At that you never saw such a change in a man's countenance. The scowl departed instantly, and a look of relief and confidence and friendliness took its place.

'Oh,' he said, 'is that it? I did not know. I thought you were a stranger. Just wait here a moment,' he continued, 'and I will tell my brother.'

Thereupon he hurried into the house, leaving me standing there full of puzzling thoughts. How on earth was the Emperor here in the *Maison Rouge*? The plot was evidently deeper than I had suspected. However, I concluded at last that I had nothing to do with that. I had only to carry out my orders—to get my priest off to wherever Napoleon wanted him.

By the time I had got through this amount of thinking my Italian friend had returned. He invited me into the house.

'You must stop here for a while,' he said,

'and when the time comes you shall take M. le Curé to His Majesty.'

'But the Emperor——' I began.

'Is here, you would say,' he interrupted, with a smile. 'M. Millefeux, you are a soldier, and, what is more, you are a servant of the Emperor. That should teach you to carry out your instructions and not look beyond them. Now,' he continued, 'let me show you your room, and in an hour's time we shall have some dinner ready for you.'

He then led the way up a wide, noble staircase, opened a door on the landing, and ushered me into a handsome room.

'We have been in constant expectation of you,' he said, 'and you will find everything to your hand.'

He then left me, and I spent the next hour in resting myself on a splendid couch, in brushing the dust of the high-road from my clothes, and making myself as presentable as I could in case I should meet the Emperor again in this mysterious house. All the time, too, in spite of myself, I could not help wondering about the presence of the Emperor in the house, and I was still vainly trying to find a solution to the problem when the Italian returned to tell me that dinner was ready.

In a large room downstairs covers were laid for three persons. The Italian whom I had already met, and another as like him as one monkey is to another—these were my companions at the meal.

The cooking was very good, and I put all troublesome thoughts out of my mind and applied myself to the viands with the gusto of an old campaigner.

When the dinner was over one of the Italian brothers went away, while the other proceeded to clear the table. As for me, I filled my pipe and settled myself comfortably in the biggest arm-chair in the room, with the second biggest to put my feet on. I always make the best of things—on the retreat from Moscow, for instance, I have slept inside a dead horse.

(Continued on page 620.)

A FEW DAYS IN DOMINICA.

By the Rev. MONTAGUE L. FOYLE.

I.

IT is impossible for one who has spent only a short time in Dominica to do more than describe a few first impressions of what has been called the loveliest and grandest island of the Caribbean Archipelago. Only faintly is it realised, even by experienced West Indian residents, that Dominica is a vast, undeveloped, and most mysterious stretch of country, ranking after Jamaica and Trinidad as the largest British

possession in the Caribbean Sea, practically unsurveyed and unsettled except along a thin strip of coast-line. The population crowded into its estimated area of two hundred and ninety-one square miles has never been satisfactorily computed; there does not seem ever to have been any extensive geological survey, and one wonders what surprises will reward the enterprise of the pioneer when once the development of the island is tackled in earnest. During my stay there I had constantly before me a survey map dated

1904, on which the main roads were indicated in red, and a glance was sufficient to show that the thin streak of colour was almost entirely confined to the coast; only once did it manage to struggle across the island. Experience led subsequently to the conclusion that it would have been far more fitting to call the roads 'horse-tracks'; in no case were they for any distance suitable for the motor, whilst even the most primitive specimen of West Indian cart soon reached a point from which no farther progress was possible. Motor traffic, indeed, is possible only in the neighbourhood of Roseau, the capital; none, therefore, but good horsemen should ever think of becoming planters in the island. Before our steamer reached anchorage we had obtained from her deck some idea of Dominica's size. Our course was south-westerly from Montserrat, the last port of call; *en route* we had passed the large French island of Guadeloupe, with its dependency, Les Saintes, and at about ten o'clock in the morning found ourselves abreast of Cape Melville, Dominica's most northerly point. Steadily the vessel ploughed her way through the deep blue tropical sea, yet it was well on in the afternoon before we were on shore at Roseau, three-quarters of the way along the west coast. There is nothing like actual West Indian experience to give a correct idea of the vastness of the Caribbean Sea.

The journey along the coast had also served to give some idea of the marvellous scenery for which Dominica is famed. As the steamer approached it was immediately obvious that our objective was even more mountainous than the average West Indian island, the view at two miles from the shore being one extensive vista of lofty towering peaks, which eventually became familiar as Morne au Diable, Morne Diablotin, Morne Laurent, and Morne Trois Pitons; Morne being a French word peculiar to the West Indies, and signifying little mountain. Diablotin is computed at 4747 feet above sea-level, and Morne is the highest peak in the British Leeward Islands, in which colony Dominica is included. Imray's View, as it is called, is the crowning peak of Dominica. The name perpetuates the memory of a devoted botanist and physician, who, in the middle of last century, by introducing cotton cultivation and establishing the lime-juice industry, helped to tide over, as regards Dominica, that distressing time which was general in the West Indies after emancipation.

As we drew nearer and the coast features became more distinct, there came such a deepening sense of grandeur that even the most experienced traveller was held spell-bound. Bold promontories jutted out into the sea, majesty was given to the coast-line by a series of deep and stately curved bays, whilst creeks and inlets, fringed with white sand, and overhung with thick tropical vegetation, added marvellously, as the

water sparkled in the fierce sun, to the general witchery of the scene. Very remarkable is the fresh-water supply of the island, and in few other equal areas in the world can so much running water be encountered. What appear at the distance to be thin white lines streaking the mountain-side turn out on closer acquaintance to be foaming, rushing waterfalls, and already three hundred and sixty-five watercourses, none of them ever dry, have been charted. Some, like the Indian and Layou Rivers, are of quite respectable dimensions, and could easily be made navigable. The rainfall of the island is naturally heavy; the mountains act as huge, never-ceasing condensing machines; and showers perpetually fall, half-a-dozen drenchers a day being quite the ordinary measure in the capital.

II.

It is strange how these West Indian islands vary; Antigua, less than a hundred miles away, is flat, often rainless, more or less barren, the scenery presenting, in the main, features so like those of the homeland, that the island has been described as the most English-like in appearance in all the West Indies. Dominica stands at the other extreme: drought is unknown, water perpetually runs to waste, rain never ceases, mountains defy the explorer, and vegetation is typically tropical. A seventeenth-century traveller left on record the words: 'One of the real beauty spots of the earth, its only drawback is the rain, which falls every day, and often out of a clear blue sky. The island must surely be the wettest spot on earth.' The latter part of this statement is an exaggeration, but it will serve to show how remarkable is the humidity of Dominica.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the island has become far famed for its superbly luxuriant foliage; the combined action of heavy rainfall and perpetually brilliant sunshine upon a soil naturally fertile could not do other than produce a vegetation both profuse and abundant. Our attention had early been attracted by the great forests covering the mountain slopes, and one could not help speculating as to how many species of timber were concealed in those mysterious depths, and what would be their market value. It was very evident that we were about to land on an island where only a small portion of the total area was under cultivation, and that our gaze was resting upon primitive, virgin, tropical forest. In this respect Dominica, as seen from the sea, offers a most striking contrast to such an island as St Kitts, where it is obvious from the large patches of green pleasantly dotting the mountain-side that man has to a very large extent succeeded in subduing Nature. About ten miles before reaching Roseau we passed an extensive grassy plain, known as the Grand Savannah, and reminding one very forcibly of the Sussex Downs as they

slope towards the sea. Here is land which Nature has left clear for immediate cultivation, and the visitor wonders why some enterprising planter has not already entered into possession. It is interesting to remember that during the Boer War this Savannah was suggested as a very suitable place for internment of our prisoners of war, and that arrangements were commenced for the reception of visitors, who subsequently found accommodation in St Helena.

Towards Roseau the mountain slopes had been partly cleared, and it was obvious that we were approaching the domain of man. The little town, with its population of some nine thousand, stood out distinctly, white-walled, white-roofed, and red-tiled, against a rich luxuriant foliage, in the midst of which the stately palm was the predominating feature; whilst yet another mountain, Morne Bruce, crowned with ruined fortifications, constituted a perfect background to the scene. To do justice to the vegetation encountered during the course of a short journey in and around the town is impossible; gigantic ferns, lovely creepers, rows of lime-trees with their attractive dark green leaves and beautifully golden balls, tropical flowers, banana, citron, and coffee plantations, all these (with many other tropical growths) passed before the eye as the panorama unrolled. The Botanical Gardens, of which Dominicans are justly proud, are beautiful in their stately grandeur, and excellently cultivated, models, one would venture to say, of what such establishments should be.

One of the never-to-be-forgotten aspects of the life of the island is the vast numbers of large toads to be encountered everywhere. They flourish in thousands, and by night the air is filled with their hoarse croakings. The tourist is almost certain to return to the steamer having purchased as a souvenir one of these objectionable-looking amphibians, skilfully preserved and stuffed by the Dominican blacks. It is a relief to be able to add that, unsightly though they be, these pests are quite harmless.

III.

There is a question, however, that is bound to arise as soon as the traveller finds himself face to face with the people of the island. Can this really be a *British West Indian* island? he asks, as he wonderingly looks round. Perhaps he has already familiarised himself with the other islands of the Leeward group, and has therefore been led to anticipate a certain type of negro. But here in Dominica he finds himself encountered by a black population which absolutely refuses to be squeezed into any British West Indian mould. The colours of the clothing are exceptionally vivid; the facial types are distinctive—the men, for example, frequently favour that short, pointed beard which is generally regarded as the Frenchman's peculiar asset; the names above the stores are not

English, whilst the language spoken is a very corrupted French patois, absolutely unintelligible. If by any chance the visitor has touched at one of the large French islands of Martinique or Guadeloupe, he will be forced to confess immediately that Dominica constantly reminds him of *them*, and *not* of any British West Indian islands he may know, an impression which becomes stronger as he notices the all-prevailing Roman Catholicism, passes the residence of the Belgian bishop, or enters his spacious cathedral. A French island under British rule, such is a correct description of Dominica, and one is led to an investigation of its history.

It was on Sunday morning, 3rd November 1493, that the great Columbus first sighted the same lofty peaks that attract attention to-day, and with great appropriateness he gave the island the Latin name for the Lord's Day. In some ancient records Dominica is frequently referred to as Sunday Island. It is said that Columbus was so impressed with the rugged appearance of his newly found treasure that when, after returning to Spain, he attempted to describe its configuration to Queen Isabella, all he could do was to crumple up in his hands a piece of stiff parchment. For years no intrepid colonisers dared to try to displace the native Carib, who strongly entrenched himself in those impregnable mountain strongholds, and for a very considerable period, therefore, the island was unsettled. In 1627 it was one of the places in the West Indies granted under letters patent to the Earl of Carlisle, but his lordship seems to have done nothing at all in the way of colonisation. Subsequently the Spanish, French, and English all found themselves settled there at the same time; the hold of the last two nations was, however, far stronger than that of Spain, whose colonisers gradually retired, so that in 1748 France and Britain were able to enter into an agreement whereby Dominica, in joint-occupation, was looked upon as a neutral island. But our fellow-countrymen forgot that Martinique was not far away, and that the French had been very firmly established there since 1635, a state of affairs which has continued to the present day, for Martinique is nothing if not exclusively French. During those neutral years there seems to have been a constant stream of colonists from that island into Dominica, so much so that when, by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, Dominica was restored to Great Britain, there were loud but unavailing protests on the part of the population, the majority of whom proved to be of French extraction.

Time and again in the struggles of the eighteenth century Dominica was attacked, changed hands, and then changed hands again. The last struggle for possession was in 1805, when Roseau was bombarded by a powerful French fleet and reduced to ashes. The thanks of Great Britain are ever due to a certain Sir George Prevost,

who, by his skilful handling of the local militia, saved for our Empire this gem of the Caribbean Sea. At the close of the Napoleonic wars Dominica was finally handed over to our nation, the French element speedily settled down under the new régime, and from then till now the history of the island has been largely a record of agricultural successes and reverses. But the all-preponderating element which France has contributed to the local life will never be eliminated, and on that account alone Dominica is well worth the closer attention of the tourist. The place-names are perpetual reminders of that foreign influx during bygone days; such village names as Coulihaut, Coulibistre, Barroui, Mahaut, Marigot, and Saline are only a few illustrations amongst many of the firm French stamp that rests upon the island, whilst it is safe to say that the use of the patois will never be abolished. It is gratifying, however, to remember that upon the recent West Indian tour of the Prince of Wales, Dominica, as the first of the Leeward Islands visited, led the way in demonstrating the loyalty of the whole colony, and that in this, as in any of the islands once French but now British, there is no trace whatsoever of those problems so vexing in the French parts of Canada.

IV.

Amazing stories are still current in Dominica concerning the Maroons, as the fugitive slaves of bygone days used to be called. The island's impenetrable forests naturally afforded these unfortunate desperados great protection; once safely concealed within the thick tropical growth covering the mountain-side, the runaway was so untouchable that Dominica became the great objective of all the blacks planning a dash for freedom. Escaped negroes from all the neighbouring islands gradually congregated in the interior; they were speedily joined by fugitives from Dominica itself, so that in the middle of the eighteenth century there existed in that dark, mysterious interior a large, free, black population, little removed from savagery, living very comfortably on foodstuffs easily raised on such a fertile soil, defying all attempts at capture, congregating in camps under negro chiefs, perpetually engaged in civil war, and at times committing depredations on the planters. It seems incredible to us in these days of law and order that the wild men of Dominica, as they were called, should have defied for close on two hundred and fifty years the united efforts of both British and French, and that for their eventual suppression quite a large military force was needed. With the coming of emancipation the need for Maroon life ceased to be, though one cannot help wondering whether any untouchable people still dwell within that mysterious hinterland.

There exists in Dominica to-day a feature of

West Indian life profoundly interesting to the anthropologist, for the island shares with those small pieces of land off the coast of British Honduras the distinction of housing within its shores the last of the original Caribs. These were the inhabitants whom Columbus encountered, and some idea of their disposition may be obtained from a remark by an old writer that they held the French to make the most tasty meat and the Spaniards the toughest. Slavery practically exterminated the Caribs, and had it not been for the action of the British Government in preserving them in Dominica and Honduras, the race would now have to be classed as amongst the dead peoples of the world. Their chief receives his staff of office direct from the Colonial Office, and is also granted a small pension by the Government. It should be added that 'His Majesty' is a very unpretentious ruler, and has occasionally been seen selling baskets in the streets of Roseau and offering fruits on the steamers.

V.

Three excursions were possible during the few days spent at the island; two of them were by horse, and it was amusing to watch the efforts to remain in the saddle of some of our party who were unused to equestrian exercise. On the first occasion we revelled in the glories of the Roseau valley. Philatelists have commented at times upon the size of the stamps of Dominica; it is well to remember, however, that these somewhat large pieces of paper bear a representation of Roseau as seen from the sea, very skilfully prepared and neatly printed, and those who desire to obtain some idea of the wonder mountains of the island can hardly do better than examine carefully its unused postal specimens.

The valley ran for several miles in a gently inclined slope, profuse vegetation covered every mountain-side, whilst on the lower reaches we noticed especially limes and coffee. Down the middle of the valley the Roseau River flowed in a deep, roaring stream, every ravine providing its own mountain torrent, which tumbled with a rush into the main water. At the extreme end of the valley the rocks converged into an acute angle, and from the apex a cascade fell hundreds of feet in one white sheet of silvery foam with a thunder that could be heard a long distance away. On the way up the valley our attention had been called to the iron telegraph poles, unobtrusive reminders of the awful ravages that can be accomplished by tropical insect life, for wooden posts would speedily be eaten away.

The second excursion was to ride by the side of the sea practically all the way to Layou, through village after village bearing French names, past people to whom we could not speak, and feeling all along the road that we were encountering at every step conditions

of life absolutely different from those of a 'pukka' British island.

The third excursion was by motor-boat, twenty-two miles along the coast in a northerly direction, a journey which gave ample opportunity of studying the shore from close in. Foliage overhung everywhere; deep caves were noticed; tiny settlements, accessible from Roseau by boat only, were passed every mile or so, and at many of them our vessel halted for the purpose of taking off and receiving mails. Rodney's Rock was passed, an imposing projection rising sheer out of the sea, and earning its name from the fact that, after the great admiral had on 12th April 1782 destroyed the naval power of France by obliterating her fleet between Dominica and Guadeloupe, one of the shattered enemy vessels drifted ashore at this spot. Portsmouth, the end of our coastal journey, proved to be a small West Indian town of about one thousand inhabitants, standing on a spacious bay affording wonderfully safe anchorage. Close by the pier a tomb

is shown which is said to contain the remains of Prince Rupert, the redoubtable nephew of Charles I. Whilst it is an historical fact that this prince did sail the West Indian seas, yet there is no record that he died in these waters. Nevertheless the beautiful expanse of water bears his name, and most West Indian voyagers know of Prince Rupert's Bay as a very secure anchorage.

The story of the complete exploration of Dominica has yet to be written. In the meantime the words of that great traveller and distinguished writer, William Gifford Palgrave, best sum up the glories of the island: 'In the wild grandeur of its towering mountains, some of which rise to five thousand feet above the level of the sea, in the majesty of its untrodden forests, in the gorgeousness of its vegetation, the abruptness of its precipices, the calm of its lakes, the violence of its torrents, the sublimity of its waterfalls, it stands without a rival, not in the West Indies only, but, I should think, throughout the whole island catalogue of the Atlantic and Pacific combined.'

THE VISIGOTHIC CROWN.

By ROBERT H. HILL.

I.

ALARIC STANE signed the cheque with an exaggerated flourish, and threw it across the table like a penny to a street minstrel.

'Thirty thousand pounds, my friend. I have paid high to call the old manor of Pidcote my own, but I do not grumble. Precious few pickings will be left out of that sum after the Jews have had the meal they're waiting for, eh?'

His face, which was handsome after a bold, arrogant style, was just then spoilt by a malicious gleam in the eyes and a hard, cynical twist about the mouth, but the youth opposite him was too full of his own loss to resent the other's insolent tauntings. 'Don't remind me of that, Stane,' he said moodily. 'Every Shipton for the last hundred years has been a careless spendthrift, but this crowning humiliation has been reserved for me. I haven't come to whine, though, but to ask you a straight question: What are you going to do with the place? Of course I have no right, really, to question you, but don't you see that if I can feel it is in your hands, and that, perhaps—some day—you'd be willing to let me buy it back, I could go to work with an easier mind? Because that, henceforth, will have to be my whole ambition—to win back the old place for future generations of Shiptons.'

Stane very deliberately produced an old pipe and puffed for some minutes without replying. His eyes had narrowed, and he seemed to con-

sider the question. Finally he said, 'That is just exactly what I expected you to ask me before we parted, Tony, and I am bound to say the ambition does you credit. Yes, I'll swear to hold the manor in trust for you—on one condition.'

'I'll promise anything in reason.'

In spite of all his self-assurance the new master of Pidcote appeared to hesitate for words. 'This, then, is my condition,' he said at last. 'It concerns a certain young lady named Helen Meighan—'

Tony Shipton sat upright, and his mouth formed into an uncompromising line.

'Yes?' he questioned. 'Be careful, for Helen and I are practically engaged.'

'So? Then you should have no fear in putting her to something of a test. I propose that you shall leave Pidcote to-morrow, and that for the space of one year no letter shall pass from you to her. Do you accept?'

Tony gasped, and then flushed angrily. 'What in thunder! So you want me out of the way, do you? Is it possible you hope to induce Helen to marry *you*?'

Stane frowned ominously. 'I did not undertake to discuss my motives,' he said shortly. 'You have my offer, and let me say that its rejection means good-bye to all your hopes of regaining the manor; I shall know how to make sure of that. If, on the other hand, you consent to our pact, it is, of course, understood that you say nothing about it to the young lady in question.'

'Then I refuse absolutely.'

The other raised a deprecating hand. 'Think, before you make it irrevocable. I would point out again that you are unjust to your—your sweetheart if you are afraid to put her to this little test, for both your sakes.'

'I am not afraid, but, hang it, it's beastly unfair to her——' It was plain, however, that the argument had struck home.

'You will find me willing to re-sell the manor at purchase price whenever you care to approach me,' interrupted Stane suavely.

The younger man subsided into thought. 'It is her ambition as well as mine,' he mused aloud; 'but to leave her without a word——' Then he looked up at the other. 'Give me until to-night to answer you,' he said, and rose to his feet.

Stane waved his hand smilingly. 'With the greatest pleasure. Until to-night, then, let us dismiss the subject. Ah, there is something on which I wished to consult you among your collection of antiquities.' He moved across the room and opened the polished mahogany doors of a cabinet displaying a heterogeneous collection of pottery, arrow-heads, and prehistoric relics. From a top shelf he lifted down a ponderous crown of iron, and held it before him admiringly. 'This specimen of royal headgear,' he remarked, 'has a strange attraction for me. Will you be so good as to tell me its history?'

But this nonchalant change of topic was too much for the dispossessed owner. He faced the other's smiling effrontery for an instant, and then turned on his heel. 'Oh, look it up in the catalogue—and go to blazes!' he shouted, and flung out of the room.

II.

Alaric Stane watched the door close, and the satisfied smile was still upon his face. 'He'll accept the bargain undoubtedly,' he murmured. 'Well, well, a year is a long time, and it will go hard if I cannot make that forlorn little songbird the mistress of Pidcote Manor before he returns.'

Then he sank into an arm-chair and proceeded to follow out his visitor's advice by reaching for the auctioneer's catalogue, already drawn up when he had notified his intention of buying the old house out-of-hand. A few minutes' search revealed the object of his hunt, and he read the brief notice through slowly: 'Lot 59. Barbarian Crown of fourth-century workmanship. Unearthed near Rome in 1894, and purchased for the Shipton Collection in 1907.' Little enough, and yet the thing itself held a strange fascination for him as he turned it over and over in his hands.

The sun poured in through the open French window behind him, and outside there reigned the absolute, drowsy stillness of a midsummer afternoon. He got up again, and walked rest-

lessly over to the window, then down the steps, and out on to the well-trimmed gravel paths around the house. A gardener working on an adjacent flower-bed looked up and touched his cap, but the figure moodily treading the gravel-path passed on without a sign of acknowledgment, and the labourer stared after it with a frown of puzzlement until it passed from view along one of the winding paths which led through the shrubbery.

The sequestered path ended in a wicket-gate leading out into the highway, and on this Alaric Stane leaned, staring unseeingly up and down the little-frequented road, and across the deserted stretch of common land which bordered its opposite side. And then, in a sudden return to present consciousness, he awoke to the fact that the barbaric crown was still gripped in his right hand. He poised the thing on the top-most bar of the gate, and studied it with an ironic smile. Presently, still in the same mood, he lifted it in both hands and set it upon his head. . . .

From the flower-covered common across the road there came the drowsy murmuring of bees; a breath of air brought a sudden rustling stir among the leaves around him. With a flash of black-and-white feathers a swallow circled in front of his eyes and was gone. Away down the road, where nestled the red roofs of Pidcote, there was the distant rumble of wagon wheels. But Alaric Stane, as he stood by the closed gate of the shrubbery path, was motionless as a figure of wax; for the moment a dull listlessness seemed to have overcome him, while through it there pierced a persistent question which strangely worried him. How came it that this ponderous thing of iron, so heavy to the hand, should rest so easily upon his head, and its weight pass unnoticed? Devil take it, it was almost as if he were accustomed to the thing, had worn it before.

There was, too, an indefinable something else, but what it was he did not know.

He stared along the road towards the village. After all it was nearer than he had realised, and his eye could travel for some distance along its broad street. It seemed to be in quite a bustle of activity, too, which attuned ill to the midday sleepiness of all Nature around; a number of people had gathered in the road, and their shouts were wafted to him on the still air. Their faces were all turned in the same direction, and they pointed away over the common at the horizon.

Stane stiffened and clutched the bar of the gate as a new and unexplained sound beat faintly upon his ears. It was like the first dull rumbling of thunder, and it came from far across the billowing country beyond the common. He turned once more towards the group at the village end, and saw that now there stood out ahead of the others an old,

white-bearded man, unknown to him, and wrapped in a long white robe which reached to his feet. His outstretched arm pointed over the common, and his high-pitched voice came distantly to Stane's ear. In the listener's state, almost of torpor, it caused him no surprise that the words were in a foreign tongue, since he understood them well enough: 'The storm gathers in the north. Away, my children, to Rome—to Rome! Stay for nothing, or the deluge will have broken over your heads. Fly, for it is the barbarian hordes; it is the Visigoths!'

And still that faint rumble sounded from far beyond the horizon, while Stane continued to watch the little group around the bearded patriarch, which, however, was now fast dispersing. He caught his breath in a quick gasp of surprise, for a movement on the crowd's outskirts had revealed to him unmistakably two figures he knew. Standing hand in hand, their eyes still fixed on the old man's face, were Helen Meighan and Tony Shipton! That their dress was different from anything he had ever seen mattered nothing; it was undoubtedly they, clasping each other's hands, and the sight drove the watcher to instant action. He threw wide the gate, and sprang into the centre of the road.

III.

Out on the road Stane halted. Something told him that that white highway leading into the village was not his path. Also a new thing was stirring deep inside him, and the thought of Helen Meighan no longer excited him. Without understanding he perforce obeyed; he struck off the road, and took his way with long, unhesitating steps across the common towards the north. On and on he went over that open country, sometimes taking easy strides, and sometimes urged unaccountably into a swinging run. The landscape appeared changed, but he had no astonishment to give to the increasing roughness of his way, or the gray outlines of unknown mountains rising in the distance; even the white, deserted villas sparsely sprinkled on both hands had the appearance of something seen long, long ago, yet still vaguely familiar to his eye.

On a grassy knoll he halted, listening. The ominous sound in the distance came to him more clearly now across the still air, and suddenly he understood its import. It was no longer the muffled rumbling of thunder above the hills, but the thudding hoofs of countless horses—heavens, of how many myriads of horses, to cause such reverberations from the remoteness of the hills? Shading his face with his hand, he stared across the open stretch of country as far as his eye could reach, and in a moment he saw. . . .

Straight ahead it seemed as if the whole dark

outline of hillside crept slowly downwards to meet him. A violent tremor shook him from head to foot, but it was not of fear; that found no place among his emotions. In his tingling ears there rang again the cry of the old patriarch, 'The storm out of the north—the Visigoths!'

Impelled by an impulse he could not pause to analyse, Alaric Stane began to run in long, exuberant bounds. And he ran *towards the hills*! His mind was empty of all coherent thought as he ran onwards. Instinct alone was directing his steps. The trampling of the horse-hoofs was mingled now with strange, savage shouts, while ever and anon there rose above the tempest of sound a strain of wild, haunting music which oddly stirred him. The galloping hordes of the barbarians were coming with incredible swiftness towards him; only a few hundred yards separated them now, and it seemed that the storm must inevitably sweep him to destruction at the moment it broke upon him. Yet he waited its coming without fear, for the knowledge of many things long forgotten was slowly awakening within him, and already he knew how to act.

With a roar like the falling of a thousand cataracts they came, and for an instant he stood in their foremost ranks as they swept around him. Then he had clutched the flowing mane of a riderless animal, half-horse, half-pony, and with a lithe, easy swing he was upon its bare back. Jubilant shouts of greeting echoed round him, but the headlong advance did not check for an instant, and in the front rank of the warriors he galloped back over the grass-lands. He lifted his right hand for a moment from the shaggy mane, and felt the ancient iron crown still resting easily upon his head; and at the touch, in a final flash of awakened memory, he knew himself for what he was—Alaric, King of the Visigoths!

IV.

King of the Visigoths! All thoughts of any other existence, all sense of unreality, had slipped from him. He was nothing at last except the barbaric conqueror, with his chiefs around him, riding into the enemy's country upon the greatest of all his raids. The war-cries of his people sounded on every hand. A short distance behind him there thundered an uncouth chariot, in which stood women—strange, warlike creatures with flowing hair, and wrapped in cloaks of skins which reached to the knees. The sound of the harps they twanged rose ever and anon above the shouting and the hoof-thuds, a weird music, half-wailing, half-triumphant, which yet fired the blood, and seemed to spur the horses to an ever more furious canter.

Now they had reached the point at which the ground sloped down to the Roman village below, and could look away over the wide-stretching country beyond it. Along the white

Roman road was winding the dark column of refugees from the village, seeming at that distance scarcely to move at all, with their hampering baggage. But what was that in the remoter distance on which the light of the sinking sun was glinting fitfully? Alaric, straining his eyes, knew it for the breastplates of Roman soldiery, and knew that, once among their escort and mounted behind swift horses, the fugitives might yet be safe. To the ruthless spirits of the Goths, the idea of losing even such booty as that slight column represented was enough to drive to frenzy. But the refugees could still be overtaken.

Down the long road galloped the stream of warriors, until the white stone houses of the village uprose on either hand, when, into the centre of the road some twenty paces ahead of Alaric and his foremost warriors, there strode a young Roman.

So unexpected was his sudden appearance, and so calmly did he stand his ground, with his hand raised in a gesture of command, that the horsemen instinctively checked their steeds and pulled up, rearing and plunging, almost within arm's length of the youth, while those behind were thrown into instant confusion. As for the boy, he dropped his arm, and began to speak at once in a clear, ringing voice: 'Ho, which among ye is King Alaric, the son of the Balthi? I come to challenge him to combat, as it was foretold me I should, these three summers gone, by an old wise woman among us Romans. Alaric, I summon thee to answer.'

Then Alaric the king threw back his head and laughed, and called back in the Latin tongue, 'And how ended the prophecy, stripling? Doubtless the witch whose palm thou gilded promised thee victory over the barbarian king, hey!'

Thereat such of the warriors as understood his words broke into shouts of laughter, but there was no change on the face of the Roman boy. 'The issue of the combat I tell thee not. Come, therefore, and put it to the test, or before these thy people I will call thee coward.'

V.

There passed a scowl over Alaric's face, and without a word he sprang from his horse and stepped up to the boy. 'Thou hast called thy death upon thyself,' he shouted, and brandished his axe.

For answer the Roman unsheathed his short sword—his only weapon—and stepped lightly backwards. The king followed him with a bound, and with all his strength he brought his axe crashing upon his opponent. But the youth sprang nimbly to one side, and the battle-axe cleft the empty air. Next minute a sharp pain in his shoulder told the Goth that the short sword of his opponent had found a mark. The sting of the wound, and the knowledge

that his whole army looked on at the fight, fired Alaric's blood, and he closed with the Roman in earnest. Not for an instant did he doubt the ultimate result of the combat; the youth, bareheaded and without armour, with no weapon but his sword, had no advantage save his greater speed. Yet Alaric fought guardedly, for he knew as well as any how evil is the fate which awaits the over-confident. For a time they circled each other, the youth's lightness of foot still telling to his advantage, and once again the Roman sword bit into the shoulder of the king. And then came the opening for which Alaric watched. Throwing himself forward, he brought down his axe once more with all his strength, and the boy's right arm hung limp at his side.

The Roman stooped, and in a flash had picked up his fallen sword with his left hand. But now, although the adversaries circled and struck continually as before, the issue was foregone. It came at last, for with a mighty crash the Gothic battle-axe found the home it sought, burying itself deep in the shoulder of the Roman. He fell without a sound, and the king, obeying the law of the barbarian, had heaved it forth and raised it again to deal the death-blow, when from behind him there came a piercing shriek, 'Antonius!'

A girl, dishevelled and with black tresses flying in the wind, was rushing from a house at the roadside towards the prostrate form. Alaric stepped back and watched the scene grimly. Kneeling down, she raised the youth's head to her lap, and began to tear away the blood-stained doublet. Slowly he opened his eyes.

'Helena—go,' he murmured, and then, as he raised himself on an elbow, a haughty smile stole over his face, and, in something of his former ringing tone, he cried, 'Ho, King Alaric, where art thou? Come near, where I may see thee. The end of the prophecy thou askedst of was this: that I, being vanquished, should have bought safety for my friends. Look to the horizon.'

Alaric raised his eyes, and there, on the distant ridge, a black speck showed where the last of the fugitives was passing out of sight under guard of their escort.

A low murmur of rage burst from the lips of his marauders, but the king silenced it with a gesture. When he turned back towards the Roman he saw that he had once more lost consciousness, and that the maid was bending over him, oblivious of all that vast audience.

'Listen, girl,' he said softly, and at the sound of his voice she raised her eyes towards him. 'He is thine, and I give thee his life, if indeed thou canst still snatch it from the grasp of death. If not, take comfort in believing that he is thine hereafter through all the ages.' And raising his voice, the king swore it in a mighty oath by every god of the Visigoths. Then he

beckoned to his warriors that they should bear the wounded man indoors, and himself turned away and walked thoughtfully back through the ranks of his army. . .

VI.

The sun had almost sunk now, and was setting an edge of gold upon the far-away western cloud-banks. Alaric walked on along the road alone; his head was bent forward, and across his mind the crowding thoughts chased one another like scudding clouds across the wintry moon.

Yes, the sun was almost at rest, and the last twitterings of the birds hailed the coming of the night. He reached and passed through his wicket-gate, and leaning upon the topmost bar he watched the two figures who, hand in hand, came slowly along the road. All the harshness and arrogance had gone out of his face, and in its place had come a very wistful expression. He spoke to himself, slowly, disjointedly—"Antonius—Helena—"he is thine for all time." In this life as well as in the last, for it was fated to be so. . . . No, it has not been a dream, but a memory——' He shook his head and sighed softly, but already his inward struggle had ended in victory.

The two figures were only a few paces away from him now. Suddenly they saw him, and approached the wicket-gate. Tony Shipton's mouth was set in a line of firm resolve. 'Mr Stane,' he began at once, 'I cannot accept your offer; it would be too cruelly unfair to Helen. I have not explained anything to her—yet,' he hastened to add.

Stane regarded them a moment in silence. 'I wanted Tony to promise not to write you a line for a whole year, Helen,' he remarked.

Astonished indignation showed on the girl's face.

'But he will not consent, you see,' added Alaric.

'Not in any circumstances,' put in Tony firmly.

'Not in any circumstances, Tony?' A sudden smile lit up the face of the older man, and none could have guessed how great an effort his words cost him. 'Not even if—you go together?'

The girl was the first to grasp the sense of his words, and if he yet clung to any lingering, selfish hopes, that radiant light which lit up her face had instantly dispelled them. The look of happiness faded almost at once. 'We can't, you know, yet,' she said. 'We are both poor now.'

Leaning across the little gate, he placed one hand on a shoulder of each. 'You two children were always destined for each other, and you can't refuse to let an old buffer like me lend Fate a helping hand. No, no, don't interrupt me, Tony; it will only be a loan, to be repaid when you come to take back the manor, as I'm trusting some day you will.'

They did not speak, but each held on for a long time to the hand he extended to them, until Alaric gently drew away and picked up the crown of the ancient Visigoth king.

'You can't buy this back, Tony, for I've taken a fancy to it,' he said. 'It seems to hold a lingering memory of vanished ages and states, and of old-time battles fought and won.—Of another battle, too,' he added to himself as he bent over it, 'quite modern and not at all spectacular, but, oh Heaven! none the easier for that, all the same.'

WRITINGS WRONGLY ATTRIBUTED TO DICKENS.

By B. W. MATZ, Editor of *The Dickensian*.

I.

MUCH has been written concerning the way Dickens suffered at the hands of literary pirates and journalistic hacks during the early days of his career as author. How these writers, devoid of originality themselves, and possessing no imagination or literary ability of their own, waited hungrily for his stories to appear in order to turn them to their own sordid and commercial account, is common knowledge; how by plagiarising them, attempting to continue them, or by closely copying their titles, characters, plots, or by adopting a colourable imitation of Dickens's pseudonym, it was possible to create an utterly spurious interest in their wares.

Readers will readily recall how the *Pickwick Papers* and other books of Dickens's were treated in this respect. The names of *Pickwick* or Sam

Weller were used to cover up the inanities of many a publication, or to attract the enthusiasm of the Dickens public. We had *Pickwick Abroad*, *Pickwick in America*, *Sam Weller's Jest Book*, *Nicholas Married*, *Nicholas Nickleberry*, *Oliver Twiss*, *Dombey and Daughter*, and scores of others. Dickens became so enraged at one time that he brought an action against one of the pirates, with, however, no very satisfactory results.

But there was another phase of this dishonest trafficking with his name that has been little dealt with—that of reprinting stories and articles by other writers over his illustrious name in order to trade on his great reputation and reap a substantial benefit thereby.

Perhaps it would be charitable to assume that some of these cases were due to jealousy or sheer ignorance, although we suspect that the

chief aim was to make money out of his name and fame, even at the risk of chicanery being discovered. We wonder whether Dickens heard of, or saw any of, these deceptive publications, and if so what he had to say of them. Being chiefly perpetrated in America, possibly they never came under his eye.

The mine in which most of these pirates worked was *Household Words*. As is well known, it was a rigid rule of Dickens as editor of that journal that all contributions to its pages should appear anonymously, no matter how famous and distinguished the writer might be. Even his own contributions did not bear his name. It is also well known that he so rewrote many of his contributors' articles that it was often difficult to judge which were his and which not, and as a consequence many an article was wrongly judged to be his. Even his own son, in attempting to discover his father's anonymous writings in *Household Words*, fell into errors of the kind. It is not altogether surprising that others were equally unsuccessful, and so we find that some publishers, without any other data to go upon than chance guesswork, reprinted from that paper stories and articles which on a cursory glance they determined were from his pen, and published them as such.

Several volumes and pamphlets were accordingly issued during the early days of *Household Words* which would have by now become lost to the world had they not Dickens's name attached to them to suggest a hall-mark of worth. Some of these, through the ardour of the collector of Dickensiana, have been preserved as curiosities and rarities, and a quite fictitious value is put upon them in consequence.

II.

There are two flagrant examples of this dishonest use of Dickens's name. The first comprises three stories, entitled respectively *Fortune Wildred*, *Lizzie Leigh*, and *The Miner's Daughters*. They were published, in one volume with a paper wrapper, in New York without a date, but probably in 1855.

The text on the wrapper reads as follows:

FORTUNE WILDRED

The Foundling
To which are added

LIZZIE LEIGH

and

THE MINER'S DAUGHTERS

A Tale of the Peak
By CHARLES DICKENS.

New York:

De Witt & Davenport, Publishers, 160 and 162
Nassau Street.

The title-page proper differs from the wrapper by the substitution of the word 'also' for the

words 'to which are added,' and by the omission of the sub-title to 'The Miner's Daughters.'

Dickens wrote none of these stories, and although it might have been claimed by the publishers that the wording of the title-page did not credit him with the authorship of the first named, it clearly did in regard to the second and third. We are unable to state who wrote 'Fortune Wildred,' nor can we discover that it appeared in *Household Words* under that title; but 'Lizzie Leigh' was by Mrs Gaskell, and 'The Miner's Daughters' by William Howitt, and both appeared in *Household Words* during the year 1850. 'Lizzie Leigh' had previously been issued by the same firm in 1850 in separate form, and in *The Irving Offering*, an annual published in New York in 1851. In each case Dickens was cited as the author.

The other flagrant instance of such trickery was the reprint of a story called 'Sister Rose,' published in Philadelphia, also without a date, the title-page of which reads:

SISTER ROSE

in Seven Chapters

By CHARLES DICKENS

Author of *Pickwick Papers*, *Bleak House*, *Old Curiosity Shop*, *David Copperfield*, *Oliver Twist*, *Dombey & Son*, etc.

Philadelphia:

T. B. Peterson, No. 102 Chestnut Street.

It was evident that there should be no doubt as to who Dickens was.

In the centre of the title-page are extracts from press opinions in praise of Dickens generally and of Peterson's editions of his works in particular. The author of the story was Wilkie Collins, and it also was filched from *Household Words*, where it ran as a serial in 1855.

We wonder what Mrs Gaskell, William Howitt, and Wilkie Collins thought of these piracies?

Not only publishers but editors also adopted this unwarrantable method of using Dickens's name. We say unwarrantable, because if they had wanted to be sure who actually wrote the stories, they need only have inquired of the editor of *Household Words*.

About this time it was the fashion to publish literary annuals, of which *The Keepsake* was perhaps the most notable and reputable example. These annuals contained contributions from various writers and artists, and were very popular in their day. Three of them contain stories wrongly ascribed to Dickens. One of them, *The Irving Offering*, we have already referred to. Another was entitled

THE JOSEPHINE GALLERY

Edited by the Misses Carey with 8 fine coloured portraits of Notable Frenchwomen. Small 4to Morocco, gilt edges. New York, 1861.

This contains a story entitled 'A Suburban Romance,' described as by Charles Dickens, which, as a fact, was by W. H. Wills, and appeared originally in *Household Words* on 14th December 1850, and was included in the volume *Old Leaves Gathered from 'Household Words'* by W. H. Wills, published in 1860, a year before *The Josephine Gallery* saw the light.

The third annual referred to was called *Leaflets of Memory*, published by W. H. Appleton of New York. It contained a story entitled 'The Daily Governess,' also wrongly attributed to Dickens. This story in all probability was taken from *Household Words* and given a new title. We have been unable to discover if this is so, but it certainly was not by Dickens.

There was also published in America a volume entitled *Confessions of an Attorney*, the second part of which comprised articles grouped under the general heading of 'Abuses of the Law,' all of which were attributed to Dickens, doubtless because they also appeared originally in *Household Words*. Although Dickens wrote a good deal on the subject in his paper, it so happens that none of those collected by the American attorney was actually written by the novelist. We give below a full list of them as they appeared in this book, with the names of the rightful authors appended:

'Martyrs of Chancery,' by A. Cole and W. H. Wills; 'Law at a Low Price,' by W. T. Haly and W. H. Wills; 'The Law,' by Charles Knight; 'Bank Note Forgeries,' by W. H. Wills and Dickens; 'Duties of Witnesses and Juries,' by D. M. Hill.

Perhaps the American attorney in question had no dishonest motive, and would have used his examples of literary abuses of the law from *Household Words* even had he known who actually wrote them. He assumed they were by Dickens, and said so without further inquiry.

III.

The cases so far quoted, with one or two possible exceptions, are manifestly instances of trading unjustifiably on the name of Dickens, and each emanated from America. Mistakes, however, in identifying some of Dickens's writings have been made in this country, the most notable being that of the little pamphlet entitled *A Curious Dance round a Curious Tree*. This was published in 1860, and bore Charles Dickens's name upon it as author. It originally appeared in *Household Words*, 17th January 1852, and was published in pamphlet form in aid of St Luke's Hospital for lunatics in 1860. It was, however, written by W. H. Wills, and appears in his volume *Old Leaves Gathered from 'Household Words'*, which was published in the same year as the pamphlet, wherein it is acknowledged as one of the articles which owed

much to the assistance of Dickens, 'whose masterly touches gave to the Old Leaves . . . their brightest tints.' That Dickens wrote a good deal of it the discovery of a portion of the manuscript testifies; but that he did not claim the authorship is evidenced by the little sketch appearing in W. H. Wills's book during Dickens's lifetime.

A much more intricate problem, and one that is now unsolvable, in which the names of Dickens and Wills are involved, is the case of an article entitled 'A Plated Article' which appeared in *Household Words*, 24th April 1852. In the contributors' book to that paper the authors are stated to be C. D. and W. H. W.; but Wills evidently claimed the authorship, since he printed the article in his volume of *Old Leaves*, with his usual acknowledgment to his editor's assistance. Dickens also claimed the authorship, for 'A Plated Article' appears in his volume of *Reprinted Pieces*, which was published during his lifetime. There the problem must be left.

In 1855 another pamphlet, entitled *Drooping Buds*, was issued in aid of the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street. This was a reprint of an article from *Household Words* of 3rd April 1852, written by Henry Morley. The original pamphlet bore no author's name, but a reissue was made in 1866 with the authorship wrongly attributed to Dickens. Only one copy has been seen of this issue.

In 1908 the present writer was fortunate enough to have access to the contributors' book of *Household Words*, and with its aid was able to identify all Dickens's work in that paper. These were published ultimately in the volume entitled *Miscellaneous Papers*, and added to Dickens's already published works. Before this date bibliographers were continually trying to discover amongst the anonymous mass of material in the volumes of the novelist's weekly paper the uncollected work of Dickens which they knew reposed there.

Many were successful in certain cases, but many were far from the mark. The articles in the following list, to which we append the names of the actual authors, were all credited to Dickens by different bibliographers:

'Foreign Portraits of Englishmen' (21st Sept. 1850), by W. H. Wills and E. Murray; 'Household Words and English Wills' (16th Nov. 1850), by W. H. Wills; 'Epsom' (7th June 1851), by W. H. Wills; 'Douglas Jerrold' (5th Feb. 1859), by Wilkie Collins. In the volume entitled *To be read at Dusk and Other Sketches and Essays hitherto Uncollected*, by Charles Dickens, edited with an Introduction by Frederick G. Kitton, was an article called 'By Rail to Parnassus,' which appeared in *Household Words*, 16th June 1855. This was, however, the work of Henry Morley, and not Dickens.

The last delinquent in this respect, and perhaps the worst because of carelessness, was the present writer, who, in compiling and editing the volume of *Miscellaneous Papers, Plays, and Poems* already referred to, committed the error of crediting Dickens with two poems which he certainly did not write, namely, 'Hiram Power's Greek Slave' and 'Aspire.' The explanation of how these errors came about was made in a contemporary at the time, and in subsequent editions of the volume they were omitted.

There is one reflection which the writing of this article inspires: what a wonderful journal *Household Words* must have been! Everybody seemed to read it. They not only read it, but bound the numbers into volumes, and kept them as a storehouse of knowledge and entertainment for continual reference. Even to-day,

when one dips into them in search of a bibliographical fact, one is tempted to read on, and exclaim that Dickens not only knew what the public wanted, but gave it them in ample measure. There was no weekly paper like it before, and certainly there has been none like it since. Authors were given the space they wanted for their purpose, and not restricted to a certain number of lines, whatever the subject, the method adopted to-day which encourages superficiality. Little wonder then, when editors or publishers wanted something good and worthy for whatever purpose, that they should turn to Dickens's paper for it. The error they fell into was that of crediting Dickens with being the author of everything that appeared in its pages, or, at any rate, of the particular item they chose, without making sure that it was so.

'DON QUIXOTE' AND THE ORPHANS.

CHAPTER III.—TO THE RESCUE OF A CAPTIVE DAMOZEL.

I.

AS Marshall had announced, the 'señor and señorita from *Inglaterra*' were Rupert Lestrangle, younger brother of the orphans' father, and his sister Mabelle. Immediately after her husband's death, which had been unexpected and was quite inexplicable, Mrs Lestrangle had written to his people. As no answers had been received to many telegrams and letters sent by them in reply, the brother and sister had resolved to visit Mexico and ascertain for themselves what had become of the widow and the children.

The mining engineers also learned that the dead man had been a great traveller and explorer, that he had no regular occupation, and made his home wherever the country and people took his fancy.

Versed in various sciences, and having discovered the great silver ore deposit by accident, he was able to recognise its value, and had written to his brother Rupert about it, giving particulars of the locality. On arriving at San Pedro Mixtepec, the newcomers, like Billy Brooke and Marshall, had been taken to the Judge's house, but, unlike the mining engineers, they had found the *Juez* immediately communicative. He was just setting out for the capital of the state on the orphans' affairs, but willingly deferred his visit to Oaxaca City in order to accompany the travellers to Santa Elena. The rest has been told.

At the camp on the Bluff, as the trooper had declared, there was much to do and little time to do it in. Quickly the breast-work was strengthened and extended so as to afford protection for the many animals, while the embryo

mine was opened afresh and converted into a dugout for the women and children.

At a council the *Juez* declared, and the troopers agreed, that the brigand leader, for whose body, alive or dead, the governor of the state had offered a reward of ten thousand pesos, could muster about a hundred men, all trained to arms in the frequent revolutions, and outlaws to the last ragged rascalion. The *Juez*, however, was of opinion that if boldly faced they could be beaten off. They were *bravos*, not *braves*, and beyond the plunder of the camp there was not much to gain unless they secured prisoners. There were just two motives for an attack, both strong, however—the prospect of heavy ransoms for the *Inglés*es if captured—all *Inglés*es being reputed fabulously rich—and the passion of the savage man for revenge. On this the *Juez* laid the greater stress.

'There is no more atrocious devil in the *Infiernito* (little hell) which Mexico has become than Pablo Revuelto,' he said, 'or in the *Infierno bajo* (the hell below). He has been wounded by our brave friend Don Sancho. For his blood he will thirst while his fiendish breath pollutes God's good air. Don Sancho,' he added, turning to Marshall and chuckling, 'may not himself fear becoming an *aparecido*, but he would certainly be in much less peril of it if he had made one of Don Pablo.'

'I may succeed in doing that before this business is over,' Marshall returned. 'But you are right, *Señor Juez*. I saw that fellow's looks when my bullet struck him. He'll have revenge, or go cheerfully cursing to your very deepest hell trying to get it.'

That the bandits would attack was the firm opinion of the other Mexicans. But when?

Each answered the question in the Mexican way—'¿Quién sabe?'

II.

At the darkest hour, just before dawn, Rupert Lestrangle, on outpost duty lower down the Bluff, suddenly shouted a warning, and discharged both barrels of his gun. A few seconds later he sprang into the fort. 'They're coming!' he cried in great excitement. 'Couldn't see 'em, but heard their spurs clanking. What fools they must be not to have taken 'em off! What does the fellow say in—in—isn't it *The Last of the Mohicans*?—"Fire low and sweep the glacis!" Did that, by Jove! Must have peppered the legs of a dozen of 'em.'

Just then his sister came up the rude ladder which afforded egress from the embryo mine. 'What is it, Rupert?' she asked. And Billy Brooke, who had thought her fair English face lovely, would have sworn that her voice was the sweetest he had ever listened to.

'They're coming!' young Lestrangle repeated. 'Hadn't you better stay below?'

'Certainly not,' she said, and asked for his revolver and cartridges, as, having a shot-gun, he would not require them. Finally she appealed to Don Quixote.

'The *Juez* is in command,' Brooke replied. 'You would be much safer below, but I shall ask him if it is permissible.'

'There are many precedents,' said the old man in answer to Brooke's question. 'In Spain, the Maid of Saragossa. In France, Jeanne d'Arc. But I am sure the señorita will pardon me if I suggest that by remaining with the orphans in the mine of the orphans she will avoid the risk of speedily becoming the most beautiful of *aparecidas*.' And he chuckled with glee.

'Oh Lord!' muttered Marshall, who stood near. 'He's worse than Mr Dick with his everlasting ghosts. Hullo!' And lifting his rifle, he fired over the parapet at a small flame in the darkness. One of the brigands had evidently struck a match to light a cigarette. The response was immediate.

'*Fuego!*' bellowed a hoarse voice. Next moment flashes from some fifty rifles stabbed the blackness, and a score of bullets spattered on the stones.

At the word '*Fuego*' Brooke had flung an arm round the girl, who was leaning over the rampart, and, exerting his strength, had drawn her swiftly out of danger. 'You must pardon me,' he said. 'It had to be done.'

Except for a whispered 'Thank you,' the girl made no comment on her rather rough handling—perhaps because just at that moment her brother called to her. 'You can have the pistol and the gun now, sis,' he said, in an odd, constrained voice. 'You'll find the cartridges in a satchel near your feet.' And thrusting the

weapons into the girl's hands, he groped his way towards the dugout ladder.

'Funk,' thought Billy Brooke, but he was mistaken. He heard the girl open and close the breech of the gun, then her voice. 'Please take care of these a few minutes. I must see to my brother. He has been hit.'

'Surely not!' he cried.

'He wouldn't have gone away otherwise,' she rejoined. 'Nor would I go now, but for that.'

In the dugout a faint light was burning. The girl disappeared down the make-shift ladder, but returned almost immediately.

'It isn't serious,' she said. 'Just a bullet graze on the arm. I was only needed to tie a bandage. You must remember if any one gets hurt that I am rather skilful with bandages.'

'What a wife for a mine manager!' thought Billy Brooke. It was a reflection which recurred often in the next few days.

III.

As gray streaks were now showing in the east, forerunners of the dawn, Brooke spoke to one of the *rurales* who was lying under the parapet to keep warm, for it was very cold on the Bluff.

'The sun will be climbing up in a few minutes,' he said. 'I scarcely think they will try a rush now. Anyway, they don't seem in any hurry about it.'

The man rose and listened. 'They certainly will,' he answered. 'Ah! They're on the move—creeping up at this moment. Look out!' And from the opposite side of the fort his comrade confirmed the warning.

There was an instant uproar. Yelling '*Muerte a los gringos!*' at the tops of their voices—all English-speaking people being *gringos*, or North Americans, to the Mexican *peóns*—the bandits came on at a run. But the defenders were well prepared. The sharp cracks of the Winchesters blended with the heavier explosions of the black powder cartridges young Lestrangle was using, for at the first shot he had clambered up the ladder and taken his gun, and was now firing as fast as he could, all the time yelling the slogan he had adopted, 'Fire low and sweep the glacis!'

It was soon over. The attack fizzled away in less than three minutes. No bandit got within the fort. Cursing savagely, they scattered down the hill, such of them as were able, to seek refuge in the scrub which bordered it.

While Felipa and Juan of the Spurs lit a fire for coffee, the others discussed the situation. Brooke and Marshall declared that they had not really come to Mexico to fight brigands. They would protect the orphans and their rights, but were not prepared without help to hold the Bluff indefinitely just because it covered a rich deposit of silver ore. What did the *Juez* think about it?

The old man grinned as he answered. 'You are right,' he said. 'It is not to be expected, even of the Knight of La Mancha. For the children, yes; not for filthy lucre. But nevertheless, for my part, most honoured and chivalrous *caballeros*, I would say that I am very pleased to be here. It is a delight to me. The genius of my great countryman conjured up Don Quixote and Sancho Panza out of his soul, and in the spirit I have had almost daily intercourse with them, but I never expected to meet them in the flesh. I have done so notwithstanding, and as I find them worthy of emulation'—here the *Juez* drew up his squat figure and expanded his chest; for the moment he was Don Salazar Romero, Knight of España—'I will do no less than they. This hour I start for the city of Oaxaca, and these bandits shall be swept off the earth. *Caballeros*, I shall only ask you to remain here a little longer. In the shortest time I shall return with fifty *rurales*. I only request that Señor Morales, whose task is finished, shall accompany me.'

'Rummy long-winded old juggins,' said young Lestrangle. 'What has the jolly old beggar been talking about?'

Whilst Brooke explained, Marshall, Juan of the Spurs, and the troopers saddled their horses, and presently rode off to scout around the Bluff, and satisfy themselves that the bandits had really departed. Except the body of *El Capitán* José Guerrero, lying on his back with a cigarette—the attempt to light which had cost the fellow his life—still between his finger and thumb, they saw no sign of their assailants. Half-an-hour later the *Juez*, accompanied by the interpreter, started on his perilous journey.

Feeling sure that the brigands had returned to their hiding-place, wherever that might be, and had taken their wounded with them, Brooke and Marshall resumed their prospecting, following up more of the outcrops, and taking numerous samples for the latter to assay. Later on they were joined by young Lestrangle—with his wounded arm in a sling. Thoroughly interested in their task, having food with them, and feeling perfectly free from danger, they continued their operations until close upon sunset, when they returned to the camp, to learn to their utter consternation that Miss Lestrangle had taken little Hugo for a ride, had not returned, and that Juan of the Spurs and one of the *rurales* had gone in search of them—had been gone an hour.

'Why did you permit the señorita to go?' Brooke demanded of the trooper in charge of the camp.

'We all tried to dissuade her,' he answered; 'but as the señor will know, she is very wilful. She said the horses wanted exercise, and she would only ride down to the *playa*.'

Just then, to add to their anxiety, they saw the other trooper gallop out of the scrub into

the open, leading Juan's horse. In a few seconds he had reined up before them. 'The señorita and the boy have been captured by the *bandidos*!' he cried breathlessly. 'It is very unfortunate, but I warned her of the danger. So did Don Juan, but she would go, and alone with the *niño*. Don Juan, who served in the army as a scout, is trailing them on foot. He says you are not to be alarmed. He will find them.'

'Not to be alarmed!' They were desperately alarmed; indeed, young Lestrangle was frantic. He wished to set out to the rescue at once—proposed a score of plans, each succeeding one wilder than the last. But as the *rurale* pointed out, in a few minutes it would be dark, and nothing whatever could be done until the morning. Of this Brooke and Marshall were only too well aware. The scrub fringing the Bluff and the forest beyond it consisted largely of the myriad spiny growths for which the arid regions of Oaxaca are notorious—impenetrable in daylight except in the trails made by wild cattle, and then at the cost of many scratches, quite impossible to traverse at night by any less familiar with the thorny paths than reckless bandits like José Guerrero.

Old campaigners, who had fought in many revolutions, the troopers, perhaps to cheer the strangers, were inclined to minimise the danger. The bandits were just highway robbers, they urged. Ransom would be their only object, and as the brute Guerrero was dead, and Don Pablo lying badly wounded in some hiding-place, no harm would be done to the captives.

(Continued on page 612.)

THE HILL LOCH.

I CANNOT leave the loch until the dusk
Its pale web spreads upon the hills
And calmness falls. Above, the wild snipe drums,
Like some weird monster, while his mate
From far below sends up an answering call;
The wily trout now roll in careless glee,
The air is full of scent and mystery.

Within the reed-bed's shelter all's astir—
Domestic squabbles of the coot and water-hen;
The wary teal comes swiftly back to rest,
The grouse gives out a sudden rocking cry,
Soft twilight deepens to the verge of night;
Adown the hill creep wisps of fragrant smoke.
The filmy edging to a denser cloak.

Reluctantly and slowly mounting up
Across the hill, by mould'ring drystone dykes,
Past bog and well-ee, and a crofter's homie,
I gain the crest and see a lurid line
Of heather set ablaze by wanton hands;
The hissing, roaring, living tongues leap high
As in the blackened track I pass them by.

Now doubly-dark the glen, scarce seen the path
To where the winter waters tore a way
(Beneath their bed still runs a hidden stream),
But by an easy rise the old cart track
Conducts the wand'rer to the homeward side;
Below, the misty strath spreads far and free;
A distant lighthouse gleams upon the sea.

D. M. M.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE GLORY OF SEPTEMBER STARS.

By Professor GEORGE FORBES.

I.

IN our latitudes the stargazer's year commences with the fall of the leaf; partly because, in summer, few hours remain after the long evenings of twilight when stars can be seen; and partly because after that month all our favourite constellations begin to appear at eventide.

Some enthusiasts make a practice of beginning their astronomical year by staying out of doors from sunset to sunrise, during the whole of one clear night when there is no moonlight, in September. They can then witness the night's procession of nearly all the stars, marching from left to right while they face the south. Throughout this 'march past' the stars retain their formations and relative positions, as if they were fixed to a vault of heaven which turns round an imaginary line drawn from the observer to the North-star, Polaris.

During this night-watch almost every star and constellation that ever shines in our sky is passed in review. Only those in that part of the heavens occupied by the sun, near Virgo, the Virgin, in September are outshone by the sun at sunrise and sunset. So that on this New Year's eve of the star-lover, nearly every old friend comes in turn to the saluting point and claims recognition.

Even those people who have not previously learnt to call the stars by their names often find that this 'all-night sitting' in September serves a purpose. It introduces them to that more intimate acquaintance with individual stars and constellations, which gives always thereafter a new zest to their outlook on the heavens.

On a September evening the sight of Capella, at the head of the constellation Auriga, the Charioteer, over the north-eastern horizon, warns the old hand to look out, in the next few hours, for the rising in the east of Taurus, the Bull; Orion, the Hunter; Gemini, the Twins, and all those brilliant stars which will, before the dawn, culminate in the most gorgeous star-picture that can ever be seen in the sky from any part of the earth's surface.

Such a continuous study of the star-pro-

cession, from sunset to sunrise, at one or two dates in the year, helps to unite into one whole the various aspects of the sky as seen in the varying seasons and hours.

On any other night, it is a good plan to spend a short time, always at the same hour, every clear evening, in the enjoyment of recognising old friends among the stars and looking out for any new features. Besides the noting of the phases and place of the moon, this practice leads to watching the movements of planets among the stars. It may lead to the unexpected enjoyment of an exceptionally brilliant meteor-shower of superlative grandeur, as was my own good fortune in 1873, on the 23rd November, when the lost comet of Biela reappeared as the finest meteor-show I ever saw, always excepting the unique display of Leonids on the 13th November 1866.

The same habit may disclose to view on some night an unrecorded comet. But, best of all, the habit may lead any one to the first discovery of a new star. This luck must fall upon some one. In 1892 it was the luck of an Edinburgh man, Dr Anderson, who had the habit of interviewing daily the stars at 3 A.M. And again, in 1902, in the same way, he was the first discoverer of a new star in Perseus, the brightest ever seen for about 300 years. These wonderful new stars are rare. They rise to full brightness from invisibility in less than a day, and seldom remain visible to the naked eye for more than a month or two.

By choosing always the same hour for this interview with the stars, the order of procession from month to month, the same as from hour to hour, can be fixed in the mind. If a star atlas (like Proctor's pocket one) and a flashlight be always used, any one will be able, in a year or two, to name every star that he can see, some three thousand in all.

II.

Suppose, then, that on a moonless September night, say between 7 and 8 P.M., one begins an all-night study of the brighter stars in the south that follow each other from left to right throughout the dark hours. Which are the brightest stars to be seen at that time? There are three, in different parts of the sky, that

will catch the eye as being quite the most resplendent—one in the west, one overhead, and one to the east of north.

Nearly overhead is Vega, or Alpha of the Lyre constellation, shining with a soft steel-blue colour. Then in the west, above the still sunset-flushed part of the horizon, Arcturus flashes in a solitary grandeur with an orange tint. Lastly, a little east of true north, just as high above the horizon as Arcturus was seen in the west, the brilliant Capella shines yellow. Capella is at the head of a C-shaped string of stars, not all risen yet, forming the constellation Auriga, the Charioteer.

Besides these three first-magnitude stars, Vega, Arcturus, and Capella, there are many others to claim special attention at this hour, 8 P.M. in September. Half-way down from Vega to the southern horizon the bright Altair is recognised by his having two less bright companions, all in one straight line pointing up to Vega. Altair is the brightest star in the constellation Aquila, the Eagle.

If we look up again at Vega, the five brightest stars in its neighbourhood take the form of a long Roman cross, and make up the constellation Cygnus, the Swan. If the night be really clear, the Milky Way in this region will be seen to be divided into two luminous branches that meet at the Swan constellation.

Altair and the Eagle being now half-way from the zenith to the south horizon, a glance to the left reveals a great square with four bright stars at the four corners. This constellation is the great square of Pegasus, and its two upright sides point to the Pole-star.

From the top left-hand corner of this very conspicuous square a string of three bright stars runs to the left and downwards, being part of the constellation Andromeda.

If the observer now examines the northern sky, other groups of stars, or constellations, are noted. At this hour, 8 P.M. in September, the seven stars known in this country as the Plough are very low down a little west of north. The Plough is part of the constellation Ursa Major, the Great Bear. It is a guide to other stars. Four of the seven stars form the ploughshare. The other three are the curved shaft of the plough—or the tail of the bear.

The two end stars of the ploughshare are called the pointers, because they point to the Pole-star, fairly high up in the north. A line from the middle of the Plough through this Pole-star leads to the constellation Cassiopeia, or Cassiopeia's Chair. At this hour it is right above Capella, already identified. The five stars of this constellation, if joined by imaginary lines, would form a W written in the sky, so Cassiopeia cannot be mistaken.

Return now to the Great Bear. If you carry the eye along the curve of its tail and beyond it comes to Arcturus, already noted as setting

in the west. This is a useful way for identifying Arcturus at any time. The same curved line carried on an equal distance beyond Arcturus would lead to Spica, the brightest star in Virgo, the Virgin. At this hour, however, Spica is below the horizon. In fact, during September, the sun is close to Spica, and prevents it from being seen.

When to the glory of the few stars that have now been named is added the general impression of the less conspicuous ones, we have before us now, at 8 P.M. in September, a truly wonderful panorama. But it is as nothing when compared with the glory that is about to arise out of the eastern horizon in the next few hours, heralded by Capella and the C-shaped Auriga.

The same panorama as that which we see at 8 P.M. in September, with the same stars in the same positions as now over the landscape, will be seen one month later and two hours earlier; or two months later and four hours earlier; that is to say, at 6 P.M. in October, or at 4 P.M. in November.

So also exactly the same panorama would have been seen, in the same positions as now over the landscape, one month earlier and two hours later, or two months earlier and four hours later; that is to say, at 10 P.M. in August, or at midnight in July. It is always a change of two hours for each month.

III.

Having now surveyed the constellations at 8 P.M., we note that a great change occurs in the next four hours. By 10 P.M. in September Arcturus has set in the west, and Vega has climbed down from her great altitude. But it is to Capella, the third of our brightest stars, and to her neighbours now risen or about to rise above the horizon, that the gaze of any watcher must be directed from now onwards.

At 10 P.M. Capella is twice as high above the horizon. And now she shows herself as the queen of a string of five stars, shaped like a capital C, which at this hour lies nearly on its back. All these five stars belong to the constellation Auriga, the Charioteer, except the bottom one, which happens to belong to the neighbouring constellation Taurus, the Bull, now coming into view as the herald of the more splendid Orion. The king of the constellation Taurus is a ruddy star, just risen, and its name is Aldebaran. It is of the first magnitude.

After another two hours, that is to say, by midnight in September, the grandest constellation of all, Orion, the Hunter, is coming into view below Aldebaran. At this hour Orion has not yet assumed an upright position as the bold hunter, but is fixed in an inclined position, leaning to our left.

Hour after hour the star-gazer will watch the gradual marching of Orion to the right, and his gradual assumption of a more and more upright

position, owing to his turning with all the constellations round the Pole-star, high up in the north behind us.

In September, the watch on Orion will have to be prolonged to sunrise before this splendid group of stars reaches an erect attitude in the south. By that time Capella has reached a position overhead far above the head of Orion.

During these early morning hours of the September day a succession of superb stars have risen in the east and mounted higher. First come Castor and Pollux, the golden pair of twins; then Procyon, followed by Sirius, the Dog-star, the greatest star of all. Half-an-hour later, at 3 A.M. in September, Leo, the Lion, rises in the east. It is unmistakable, because a line drawn through six prominent stars in Leo takes the form of a reaper's sickle, with the very bright star Regulus at the end of the handle.

And finally, toward the hour of sunrise in September, Orion stands erect. Two bright stars mark his shoulders, two more his legs. Three little stars indicate the head. But the three stars, in a line nearly horizontal, that mark his belt, with others suggesting a sword hanging therefrom, are the feature that identifies him best. The more so because these three stars point down to the left towards the superb Sirius, and upwards on the right towards the ruddy Aldebaran.

Sirius and Aldebaran are the feet of an arch of magnificent stars that frames the picture of Orion. This jewelled arch includes Sirius, Procyon, Castor, Pollux, and Aldebaran, some of the most beautiful of all stars.

The splendour of the six stars is overwhelming, and no star in the heavens can rival Sirius, a star upon whose magnificence every human eye must be riveted in silent admiration. Yet, however much the jewelled frame may enhance the picture of Orion, it is the seven principal stars of that constellation itself with their immediate attendants, due south of us, that fascinate the beholder at midnight of Christmas time, towards sunrise in September, or soon after sunset in March. This wonderful spectacle, with the encircling frame of such giants as Aldebaran, Capella, Castor, Pollux, Procyon, and Sirius, creates a picture so complete, so exquisite, that no single one among them, not even Sirius, can for the moment claim more honour than as being a unit in this most superb illumination, a prospect which has drawn forth the admiration of all nations for a hundred generations, nay, for as long as men have been upon our planet.

IV.

And now the ten-hour watch in September is over. We have noted the key-stars and constellations from Arcturus, which set soon after the sun, followed by the Cross of Cygnus at the fork of the Milky Way, and Vega. Then came

Altair of the Eagle, and the great square of Pegasus with Andromeda. The stars which rose during the period of our watch began with Capella's constellation Auriga, the Charioteer. It was followed by Aldebaran of the Bull, and later by Orion, and the twins Castor and Pollux, by Procyon and Sirius, and finally by Leo, the Lion. Thereafter, Virgo, the Virgin, was due to rise, but, that region being now occupied by the sun, sunrise closed the diorama near the bright star Spica of the Virgin, and we have been able to pass in review nearly all stars from Virgo to Virgo.

Given an easy guide to the constellations, a star-atlas or a planisphere, and a flashlight, this ten-hour tour of the heavens may be undertaken without further guidance. The same accessories, if used for half-an-hour at a fixed time on every clear night, will give a steadily increasing pleasure to any one who wants to know the names of the stars and the order of their succession in the nightly review.

Having thus acquired a bowing acquaintance with the monarchs of the firmament, many a watcher will seek a more intimate friendship. Old-fashioned geography, dealing with the towns of the world, was content to indicate their position. The new geography expects its students to know about the manufactures and commerce of each town, why they are there, and its relations with other towns. So it is with astronomy. In old days people were content to know the position of each star. Now we want to know in which direction it is moving, and what it is made of; whether it is constant in brightness, or variable; and whether it is single or attracted by a companion, revolving in a definite orbit. Is it associated with other stars of any well-determined stream? What affinities does it possess in common with any other groups of stars? If our colour-sense be good, we notice that Vega is bluish, the Orion stars greenish, Capella yellow, Arcturus orange, Betelgeuse and Antares of the Scorpion red. In the new astronomy we want to classify all the stars in this way, and to know the meaning of these tints of colour.

It is evident that any one who has learnt the names and places of the principal stars is sure to go on and learn what has already been done by astronomers to know the character of each star, like Vega, for instance. Why does Betelgeuse, at Orion's right shoulder, differ in colour from Rigel and the other stars in Orion? Are Castor and Pollux really so twin-like as they seem? Or in what points do they differ? Is there any kind of physical connection between the individual stars that seem to be associated in one constellation, like the seven big stars of the Plough? Which stars are nearest to us, and which of the bright ones are most distant?

The answer to many of these questions, so far as they are known, is often hidden away

in the periodical literature of astronomy. Occasionally a historian of our science, Miss Agnes Clerke, for example, has delighted us with a summary, or a connected story, of these discoveries. But it is soon out of date, and the earnest student has the great happiness of being himself the discoverer of all these discoveries in the periodical astronomical literature available in some library.

Either in that way, or else by the help of a friend who has made himself acquainted with recent astronomical observations and discoveries, the star-gazer can realise a new form of enjoyment by a more personal contact with the different stars.

The present writer, immediately on recognising any particular star, has his memory alive with most delightful ideas that are associated with the star. This outlook is probably shared by all astronomers, and it is part of the great uplifting emotion that is always to them the accompaniment of a clear, starry night.

V.

To explain what is meant, let us take any simple case—some bright star. Let us praise, for example, the glory of Arcturus, because after this month of September it will have ceased to shine upon us, being then approached too closely by the sun.

It so happens that I never see Arcturus without recalling the fact that this was one of the first three stars whose places were found by Halley, two centuries ago, to be sensibly changed since the time when they were recorded by the ancient Greeks, or even since Tycho Brahe.

Halley, one of our great Astronomers Royal, found that, since the days of Hipparchus, Arcturus has moved among the other stars through a distance actually amounting to six or seven times the apparent diameter of the moon.

And since, more recently, the distance of this star from us has been measured, we now know that this means that the motion of Arcturus, at right angles to our line of sight, is at the prodigious rate of 273 miles every second, and that it is now 12,218,656,000,000 miles away from the position in which it was seen by Hipparchus and Ptolemy.

The thoughts then wander to the proper motions of other stars, to the ingenious device now being used by Eddington and by the Astronomer Royal at Cambridge and Greenwich Observatories for superposing star negatives photographed at two dates twenty or thirty years apart. In this way even minute motions of the stars are being detected and measured. Then the thoughts about Arcturus carry us in admiration to the great American catalogue of the proper motions of twelve thousand stars. And we then recall how Eddington, by the use of this catalogue, was able to confirm Kapteyn's marvellous discovery of systematic motions among the stars.

Twenty years ago Kapteyn, of Holland, made a most surprising discovery, that most of the stars belong to one or other of two great star-streams that are travelling in opposite directions.

There are many other smaller swarms of stars, each swarm having its own velocity and its own direction of motion. But Kapteyn's two opposing star-streams are the greatest wonder of all.

So much for the glory of Arcturus and proper motions. The same kind of association of ideas is aroused by the glory of Vega, Capella, Sirius, the Great Bear, or the Pleiades. Each has a totally different story to tell, always full of interest.

So it may well happen that many a beginner who spends a whole September night with the stars goes on to recognise individual peculiarities. Then, passing from guide-books and atlases, he may himself become an explorer among the orbs of heaven with the help of a telescope. Once started in this way, there are few who would not seek, by books and companionship, to become real students of the most sublime of all the sciences. Some of these enthusiasts, if perseverance upheld them, might add to the discoveries which rejoice the hearts of all real astronomers.

So, the all-night sitting in September has led us on to great thoughts about the heavenly hosts. It has also exposed to us, hour by hour, the changing aspects of the night-sky that we shall behold in the evenings from month to month during the winter.

'DON QUIXOTE' AND THE ORPHANS.

CHAPTER III.—continued.

IV.

ABOUT three o'clock in the morning Juan of the Spurs returned, dead weary, bloody with scratches, drenched to the skin, but inclined to be jubilant. Brag he must at all times. He could not help it. 'I have found the *bandidos*'

hiding-place,' he said, after drinking the last of the whisky. 'The señorita and the boy are there. They are safe. But I have the secret the *rurales* could never discover—never. Two leagues to the east there is an *arroyo*—no water there in the dry season; but now, here a shallow, there a rapid, here a deep pool. I found the

place where the bandits struck it—it wasn't dark then. The señorita has her wits about her—oh yes, señores!

He produced some shreds of red silk, fragments of a scarf the girl had worn. 'These were floating on the water—in many places. I was at a loss, for the first time, if you will believe me, *caballeros*, in all my life. Nowhere could I find tracks on the other side of the *arroyo*. Then I found one of these bits of silk. It came to me floating, as intended. It was a clue. Into the *arroyo* I leaped. Upstream I walked, stumbled, slipped, fell. Sometimes, for a short distance, I had to swim. Alligators!—Thousands! Then I found another bit of red silk—another and another. So I knew the *arroyo* was the path of the *bandidos* to their hiding-place, which no other before me had been able to discover. You will know now, señores, that I am indeed a great scout.'

He leaned back as if well satisfied, half-asleep. 'A terrible place—the bed of that *arroyo*,' he went on presently. 'The banks impenetrable. I had my *machete*, but dared not use it—make a noise. So I had—to stumble—over the stones—and swim the pools. As I said, *lagartos* plenty. To-morrow—you shall see.'

His head drooped and nodded. But with an effort he roused himself to finish his story. 'Two—three leagues—I tramped—and stumbled—and swam. Then I saw some *ranchos*—a fire—much smoke—to keep away mosquitoes, *caballeros*. The señorita and the *niño*—were there. A dog began to bark. It was time to go.' His head drooped lower and he fell asleep.

v.

But there was no sleep for the mining engineers and Rupert Lestrangle. After the first wild outbursts the youth sat silent. The others discussed the morrow's plans. Juan must go as guide, of course. The troopers must stay in charge of the camp. And so on till dawn, when the horses were saddled and they set out.

Juan, who had quite recovered from his fatigue, led the way at the fast pacing amble for which Mexican trained horses are famed. Striking the *arroyo* without a halt, he turned north, upstream.

As he had declared, it was a terrible place—a tunnel with impervious walls from which thorny growths, that met at the height of a mounted man's head, stretched out clutching, snatching arms over the stones and water. The bed mainly consisted of boulders great and small, and what the mining experts called 'hard-pan.' Horses, shod or unshod, left no tracks. How Juan of the Spurs, who, like any other Mexican, would take the trouble to catch and saddle a horse rather than walk half a

mile, had travelled such a road afoot was a mystery.

Then, as he had said, the pools swarmed with alligators, which had come up from the lagoons during the rainy season and were now making their way back. All of their animals being shod, their progress was a continuous clatter, so on reaching a clearing after some hours of slow, painful, back-and-neck-breaking struggle, Juan halted and proposed that the animals should be left in charge of Rupert Lestrangle and the journey be continued on foot.

To this the youth objected strongly, but with his wounded arm he was in no fit condition to travel such a terrible road, and finally he agreed.

From then onwards the others experienced in a measure the horrid discomforts Juan of the Spurs had endured the previous night. The heat was stifling. Mosquitoes in myriads hovered over the pools and ravened on the fresh blood of the Englishmen. Alligators of all sizes, up to twenty feet in length, stared at them with wicked, glassy eyes, and unwillingly floundered out of their way. Billy Brooke, sweating from every pore, thought it no disgrace to the *rurales* that they had been unable to track the brigands to their lair.

After a mile or so of excruciating torture Juan lifted his hand, enjoining caution. They were nearing the *bandidos'* camp. Presently a sound of splashing reached their ears. Following the guide's example, they crouched behind a boulder. From round a bend a horseman came in sight, leading another horse at the end of a lariat. The second animal carried a child, tied up with strips of raw hide, and weeping. Just there the *arroyo* was not overgrown, and they could see distinctly. The child was little Hugo.

Cursing savagely because the led horse dragged, the brigand hauled and snatched at the lariat, and drew abreast of the boulder.

'Hands up!' cried Marshall, who was nearest; and seeing three rifles aimed at his head, the man promptly obeyed. In a moment the boy's bonds were cut. His wrists had been tied tightly to the saddle-bow and were badly swollen. Wiping away his tears, he replied to the eager questioning.

His aunt was safe, but greatly distressed at his being sent away. He was being taken to Don Pablo, who was lying ill in a *ranchito* not far off. He did not know what Don Pablo wanted with him, but had been terribly afraid. The cords had hurt him very much. He had been struck with the flats of *machetes*, and told that Don Pablo would kill him.

As he told the story of his ill-treatment, Marshall's face grew darker and darker. His heavy jaw set. Suddenly he pulled the brigand off his horse and cuffed and shook him. Then, with the muzzle of his rifle within a foot of the fellow's head, he questioned him. Afraid

for his miserable life, the brigand answered freely.

Don Pablo, who was suffering agonies from his wound in a lonely hut, had sent a message to the bandits' village demanding that the boy should be taken to him *pronto*. He had sworn to kill all the *Ingléses*, and the prisoner believed that the boy was to be the first victim. All the members of the band knew of the silver mine, and that the children were the rightful owners. He said that Don Pablo had determined to put them out of the way long ago, and was furious because he had not done so. It was by his orders that the boy had been beaten and roped up.

'This is my affair,' said Marshall, when the fellow had finished. 'I am going to make this man guide me to that murderous brute. You go on; I'll take Hugo with me and join you later. Help me to fix this fellow up and gag him. I'm not taking any chances.'

It was quickly done. Then, having slipped the noose of the lariat over the brigand's head and remounted the boy, Marshall sprang on the other horse and ordered his prisoner to lead the way.

VI.

The journey was short. Almost immediately the brigand turned into another *arroyo*, the entrance to which, being hidden in the dense growth, had escaped their notice. A hundred yards from its mouth they came to a hut of the usual bird-cage sort—walls of sticks; plastered with clay near the ground to keep out snakes, scorpions, and the like; thatched with palm leaves. Even before he saw the hut, Marshall had heard a raucous voice shouting obscene oaths, raving blasphemies.

'Crazy with fever,' he reflected. Dismounting, he appropriated his captive's ragged jacket and tattered conical hat, and lashed him to a tree. Then, pulling the brigand's hat down over his eyes, and accompanied by Hugo, he kicked open the door of the hut and entered.

Don Pablo was alone. Raving in semi-delirium, striking viciously at elusive flies which swarmed about him as around carrion, he lay half-naked in a hammock. His wound, from which he had torn the bandage, showed red and angry on his almost black skin. At sight of the trembling boy he jerked and writhed himself into a sitting posture.

'So you have brought the *Inglés* spawn of hell?' he roared. 'Rope him up where I can see him drink the *zumo del coralillo*! He won't last as long as his father. But where's the girl? Why didn't you bring the *Inglésa*? I want her to see the *niño* drink of the juice of the little red snake. Rope the boy to the table where I can watch him. Get me the bottle, and fetch the girl, *pronto*. Where's Don José?'

'He is dead, señor,' Marshall answered in the whining, high-pitched tones of the Mexican Indian.

'Curse him! What devil's answer is that! *Caramba*! How dare he be dead when I want him?'

'He was shot at Santa Elena. I am inclined to think I shot him,' Marshall replied. And pushing up the brim of the tattered hat, he looked the furious bandit in the eyes.

There was a savage snarl, such as a wounded tiger might have emitted, and Don Pablo, a horrid figure, reeled out of the hammock, snatched up a *machete*, and sprang at the boy, who screamed with terror.

Marshall's bullet struck the wretch full on the forehead, and he fell lifeless.

'Another subject for Don Salazar's stock joke,' said the executioner to himself—'another *aparecido*. *El zumo del coralillo*—juice of the red snake? I wonder what on earth he meant. Come along, Hugo. Let us go.'

CHAPTER IV.—EL ZUMO DEL CORALILLO.

I.

MEANWHILE Billy Brooke and Juan of the Spurs had proceeded warily. On the banks of the *arroyo* were many indications of the near presence of the brigands. Apparently they had used their hiding-place for some considerable time, and had no intention of leaving.

Small cultivations were frequent—a patch of melons, with the great thirst-quenching globes hidden beneath little heaps of sand to protect them from rodents; a tobacco patch; many small *milpas*—tiny maize fields; a patch of sugar-canes ten feet high; pine-apples and *papayas*, small groves of bananas.

When Juan came upon a pool fringed with large flat stones, evidently the place where the women-folk came as to the weekly wash-tub, he halted. 'The village is here,' he whispered. 'If you will lie low in that banana clump, señor, I will scout round and find where they have hidden the señorita. Come to me if I whistle, not otherwise.'

Crouching, he stole away, and following his example of caution, Brooke concealed himself in a dense green thicket of bananas, whose broad leaves rustled gently in a breeze from the Sierra Madre, the foothills of which were near at hand. A great bunch of the fruit, golden-yellow, hung just above his head, and, notwithstanding his anxiety, he could not resist the temptation to satisfy his hunger, which was keen.

Alone, and free to think, Billy's reflections were many. Flitted through his mind the extraordinary meeting with the orphans; the discovery of the character of Don Pablo that

resulted; the amazing arrival of the Lestranges. On this he lingered; on the girl's bright beauty, so different from that of the black-haired Mexicanas; her grace, the lightness with which she sprang from her horse after her long, wearisome ride; her eagerness to thank the benefactors of her kith and kin; on the nature and courage of the woman who had dared the manifold perils of such a journey to succour children she had never seen just because they were her kin.

His own feelings. The touch of her when he drew her so swiftly out of danger, exerting his strength to do it quickly. And now—her present peril. At the mercy of a devil! Well—she might be nothing to him, now or afterwards, but he would snatch her from that devil's clutches, or die in the endeavour.

A low whistle interrupted his reflections. Then Juan's whisper, 'Don Quixote.' Juan of the Spurs knew nothing of the great work of Cervantes—of what the name he had used implied, but the *Juez* called the Englishman by it, and so would he. 'Follow me quickly; not a sound if you can avoid it.'

The guide stood in the banana grove, not three yards away. He was smiling. 'The *bandidos* don't know the *hombre* that's on their track,' he went on, with perhaps pardonable conceit. 'It may be they never heard of Juan Ramirez. They're silly, ignorant *puercos* without *sabe*.'

'You have found her?' Brooke interrupted eagerly, but doubtfully.

Juan of the Spurs shrugged his shoulders. 'Oh, señor, and I have told you so often that I am the best scout in Mexico! But you shall see her yourself.'

He led the way through the bananas, which apparently had sprung up of their own wild will and grew where and as they listed, until progress was barred by the wall of a hut—of the customary sticks and clay, no window, but interstices everywhere. With a finger on his lips he drew Brooke to a crack through which the whole of the one room which comprised the *ranchito* could be seen.

Seated on a rude stool, with her back towards them, her fair hair all dishevelled and her head in her hands, the girl was so close that a whisper would have reached her ears. But Juan would not permit more than a glance. Enjoining silence with a gesture, he drew his *padrón* back into the grove. 'There is a sentry at the door of the *ranchito*,' he explained. 'And many *ranchitos* near. Most of the *bandidos* are asleep. It is their *siesta*. Many are wounded. I think also they are drunk. Everywhere there is a strong smell of *aguardiente*. If we could get rid of that sentry we might easily rescue the señorita.' He pondered a moment.

'If we shot him, they would swarm out like wasps, drunk or sober. There is a trick with a sharp *machete*—as easy as slicing a melon. I have seen it done. We must find a place where we can watch him. Perhaps he'll sit down.'—This with a grin.—'If he does, you'll see how it's done.'

II.

Stealing on, for the banana grove was quite extensive—at least two acres—Juan found a place which commanded an uninterrupted view of the sentry as, with the butt of his rifle between his crossed legs, he leaned lazily against the bird-cage wall. Presently they saw a woman leave a hut opposite carrying a *jicara* gourd, at sight of which Juan expanded his nostrils widely, for he was more than half Mixtec Indian, and sniffed.

'*Aguardiente*,' he whispered, a grin of satisfaction overspreading his dark, handsome face. 'Fortune favours us,' he added, as the woman gave the *jicara* to the sentry, who drank heartily and set it at his feet. The woman returned to her hut and the man drank again, wiping his mouth and the sweat from his brow with a ragged sleeve. Presently he sat down and bowed his head low over the stock of his weapon. Juan laughed softly. 'It is good *aguardiente*. When bad it makes a man quarrelsome. When good it puts him to sleep. Come now. If you would rather not see the *machete* trick, señor, you are not obliged to look. But, señor, I beg you to get the señorita away *pronto*, and into the bananas. I, Juan Ramirez, will settle with any drunken pig of a *bandido* bold enough to follow you.'

He stole back swiftly and silently to the rear of the *ranchito* with Brooke at his heels; then, snake-like, slipped to the front, still followed closely by his *padrón*. Brooke saw the guide's *machete* rise and fall and something rolling in the dust. The next moment he was within the hut.

Wild-eyed, the girl glanced at him, and with a cry of joy staggered up from the stool. 'Oh, thank God! But I knew you would come,' dropping her voice at his quick, whispered 'Hush!' 'But where is Hugo? I am so afraid for him.'

She reeled as she spoke, evidently unable to stand, so without answering her questions, and choking back a curse on the savages who had captured her, Brooke took her up in his arms, and holding her so that she could not see Juan's sanguinary handiwork, he carried her into the haven of the bananas. Swiftly the guide followed with the girl's English saddle, which he had found in the *ranchito*.

(Continued on page 635.)

A SCOUT TREK IN THE CEVENNES.

IN R. L. S.'S TRACKS.

L.

THE pageant of the Cevennes! R. L. S. could not have chosen a route which presents a more varied picture or such a series of kaleidoscopic changes and contrasts. This was more than ever borne in upon me after my second journey in the steps of the Ass and the Author.* From Le Monastier to Florac and Alais, climate, geography, scenery, inhabitants, and manner of life—all assume aspects diverse and distinct. There is no monotony where there is complexity. A watershed which feeds the Rhone valley, and waters towns so distant as Orleans and Bordeaux, is not a simple proposition. So it happened that we crossed the Bouchet plateau in a continual hailstorm, with the thermometer registering 7 degrees of frost at night; later we descended into the almost sub-tropical heat of the valley of the Tarn. I have experienced similar meteorological intemperance in sultry August as in smiling May.

There is contrast too between the basaltic formations and crater lakes of the north and the bewildered canyons of the Tarn; between the filthy hamlets of the former, with their inhospitable, almost inhuman inhabitants, and the quaint old-world coquetry of Pont de Montvert, its hospitality and bonhomie as wide as its mountain stream. We descended from bleak plateaus and mountain fastnesses to follow the *douce* Allier with its wealth of verdant pasture and meadow, only to be led into the hollow of the hills at La Trappe and the wilderness of the Goulet. What a contradiction is the Mount Goulet and the Mount Lozère! The former is dry, stony, and barren. Lozère too is stony—in the Cevennes one is for ever 'in league with the stones of the field'—but this great solid mass of Nature's masonry is bursting with water, and is well cultivated on the lower slopes. Stevenson writes little of Goulet. He says much of Lozère. The most wonderful sunset and the most perfect colouring we saw while crossing the Goulet in the evening, but it was the Lozère which reflected the glory thereof. And on the Lozère one has the feeling of walking on the roof of the world—so solid, so vast its extent, so dominating the view.

* Twenty-four scouts from the Leeds Modern School spent their Whitsuntide holidays in following Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey*, carrying with them tents and all camp equipment. They followed the identical track of Stevenson. Tents, &c., were placed on one-wheeled carts, the shafts of which formed the tent poles. Personal kit was carried on the back, while for the transport of food a donkey was hired, so as to make the resemblance to Stevenson's trek as complete as possible.

Not least in its appeal to the imagination is the gulf that separates the celibate monk of La Trappe from the *bel amoureux* type of the southern Cevennes. I have seen it to perfection, but it demands two occasions. Near the end of May the monks hold a religious ceremony peculiar to Our Lady of the Snows. The chapel is shrouded in darkness made visible by the glimmer of a candle. From the 'strangers' gallery' one looks down, as it were, into a sepulchre or bottomless pit. One would say that the monks were performing their own funeral rites—dirging forth their final lamentations on the futility of life. The illusion is perfect when in their shroud-like robes they prostrate themselves upon the tiled floor of the chapel. There is no single note of the final triumph over evil. All things taste of death and of the charnel-house.

Now in the month of August, just at the time of harvest, you will find Pont de Montvert alive with its annual fête. Youths and maidens, old men and women, all make merry. There are skittles and bowls, and quacks and pedlars, and dancing and song. Yet it is the *bel amoureux* who dominates the occasion. The very atmosphere reeks of love and life and *laissez-allier*. 'And I blessed God that I was free to wander, free to hope, and free to love.'

Thus did our trek in the footsteps of Stevenson become an extended allegory, a placing side by side of divers experiences and similitudes. Light and shade was of its essence. But it was this contrast between Life and Death which was most striking. Here was the young life of England, the blood coursing through their veins, chests expanded, eyes sparkling, and gait firm and steady. For three days they shouldered their packs and pushed their one-wheel carts in a half-gale out of the freezing north. And now they pitched camp for two nights and a day within the monastery grounds, and were faced with a constant reminder of Death. Here a monk praying before a crucifix resting on a skull; there, as you enter the monastery, a group of skulls grinning down upon you in hollow mockery. At 2 A.M. we were awakened, as was Stevenson, by the monastery bell calling the monks to prayer. The sickle of the waxing moon has disappeared. The night is pitch-black. Yet there they go—night after night, wet, fine, cold or heat. They resort from repose to prayer. This is not Life. It is Death. In the chapel there is a picture of the Fall—Eve presenting the apple to Adam, Satan looking down in fiendish glee.

In the top right-hand corner is an inset. It depicts a Christian baptism. The symbolism may be perfect. Its application would be stark naked Death stalking over planet Earth.

When the time came for farewell, said Brother Sebastian: 'We shall not meet again. I am sixty-two. I am going to the tomb.' Said Brother Augustine: 'Perhaps we shall meet in heaven.' Then, tapping me on the chest, '*Vous devriez vous faire catholique !*'

One is tempted to ask whether the attempt to flee from mother, sister, and wife is as complete as the monk would have us believe. The Trappist has substituted a symbol for reality, the Divine Mary for the earthly mother. '*Our Lady of the Snows*' is the title he gives to his new 'home,' and each monk upon initiation adopts the prefix 'Marie'—thus 'Frère Marie Jean,' 'Frère Marie Augustine,' &c. If the cynic is right—if the possession of the object loved leads merely to the dissolution of the love—then the monk has renounced woman even less than the man of the world. Possessing nothing, he yet possesses all things.

II.

Another very apparent contrast is that between the north and south Cevennes. Apart from geographical differences, it is with the people that the contrast is most marked. Roughly speaking, the north is Roman Catholic and the south is Protestant. There are corresponding differences in character and mentality, and these differences are usually attributed to religion. The Catholic north is supposed to lack the 'moral sense' divinely bestowed upon the southern Protestants. The northerner is certainly more dirty, more 'barbarian,' more ignorant, more callously indifferent to the welfare of others. One recalls Stevenson's experience with the cursing woman full of blasphemous oaths, and her tall, sombre, churlish son on the road to Bouchet. His camp in the dark near Cheylard was the sequel to the inhospitable indifference of the inhabitants of Fouzilhic and Fouzilhac. There is little apparent change to-day. Small groups of peasants gather together to mock and to ridicule rather than to help. Theirs is not natural curiosity. It is rather the curiosity of the imbecile and the weak-minded. It is a very low-grade intelligence which asks if there are horses and sheep, grass and oxen *chez nous*. It was in the little hamlet of Salettes that I was really convinced that it is not lack of moral sense (consequent on difference of religion), but rather mental deficiency (consequent on intermarriage) that constitutes the difference in mentality of north and south. There is more than one 'village idiot' in each several hamlet of the north Cevennes. Half of the inhabitants of Salettes appear to be mentally defective—'in-

sane' is hardly too strong a word. We witnessed there such an exhibition as would have rejoiced the heart of a Freudian psycho-analyst, but it sent us away thankful that we lived in dirty, smoky Leeds. It is *geographical isolation and intermarriage* that account for the deficient mentality of the people. Contrast the chaos of mountains round Le Monastier, Salettes, Goulet, and St Martin (surely here was the battle-ground of the Titans and the gods) with the massive, solid structure of Mount Lozère. Compare—if you can—Bouchet St Nicolas with Pont de Montvert or Florac.

There are other contrasts, but two—of the past with the present—are of particular interest. Arriving at La Trappe, the traveller perceives a fresh landmark. A new pile—convent or monastery—rises on a small hill to the west of the old monastery. The latter appears deserted and strangely forlorn. Something has happened. It was on a cold January midnight, some ten years ago, that the monks watched in helpless dismay the incineration of Our Lady of the Snows. The thoughts of many hearts were revealed, but no less searching are those of the disciple of Stevenson who once walked those chilly cloisters, dined in the hospitium, and slept in the dormitory above the chapter-house.

What is this fate that haunts the steps of Stevenson? Fire and sword have blotted out almost every Stevensonian landmark in the valleys of the Sambre and the Oise. Now in the Cevennes has vanished that around which the Donkey Book has been written. For the three chapters on La Trappe and its monks constellate the philosophy of the Donkey Book. All that has gone before leads up as naturally to La Trappe as all roads once led to Rome. The spirit, if not the letter of those chapters, is continued in the pean of praise among the pines of Lozère and down the valley of the Tarn. If the reader doubts the truth of this conception, let him study the frontispiece of *Travels with a Donkey*. There the story is visualised by the author. His meeting with the monks and his attempted conversion are depicted, as well as the meeting with the old man in the brown nightcap and his sad business of farewell. And dominating the whole picture is the chestnut-tree, though surely not the 'enormous chestnut' beneath which R. L. S. slept before his meeting with the old Protestant. *It, too, has been blackened with fire*, though its great width and height have helped it to withstand destruction.

There is no mistaking Stevenson's camping ground in the Tarn Valley—just 3.50 kilometres from La Vernède. Madame Pantel of this humble hamlet claims to be the little girl who accompanied the old man and the author, and asseverates strongly her conviction that this charred chestnut is the identical tree. To-day,

lopped of many branches, the trees afford no more shelter to the romancer than does the old-time monastery. And so the two scouts who had bound themselves to sleep beneath the sacred chestnut *à la belle étoile* had to renounce their solemn sacrament.

Withal there is more to tell of the chestnut-tree, though I blush in the telling. A certain Englishman, whose commercial instinct for Mammon outran his respectful admiration for Stevenson, wrote to M. Pantel, asking if the tree could be cut down and exported to England. Why cumbereth it the ground? It might be sold and given to the poor! Benevolent education committees and governors of schools would be found worthy patrons. Think of the pencil-boxes and ink-stands made of Stevensonian

chestnut, solemnly presented *virginibus puerisque* on Speech Day for excellence in donkey lore! Better still, since there exist in Great Britain various R. L. S. Societies, why not turn out a few thousand wooden Modestines? These household gods would adorn the chimney-pieces and chantries of the faithful, who would perform before them in the manner and after the fashion of the ancient Israelites before the golden calf. Happily the fires which devoured so much else have spared for us this Spanish chestnut of the Tarn. Long may that wonderful valley, with its sweet perfumes, its delightful colours, its 'craggy summits and hoarse uproar far below,' remain a place of pilgrimage for those who delight in the romance of the Ass and the Author.

THE STORY OF THE LIFEBOAT: 'THE RED CROSS OF THE SEA.'

By Rev. C. A. WILBERFORCE ROBINS.

I.

FOR a number of years prior to the establishment in 1824 of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, which has this year celebrated its centenary, the design and construction of a lifeboat had been the concern of the philanthropic, and the endeavour of the shipwright. It was a problem calling for the greatest ingenuity—the construction of a boat that must be capable of living in water and weather in which no other boat could live, and be responsive and completely under control in conditions of storm that had already destroyed vessels much larger and stronger than itself.

The first man—and he an Englishman—to devote himself to the idea of constructing a boat of special buoyancy was a London coachbuilder in Longacre—Lionel Lukin by name.

In 1784 he converted a yawl into what he called an 'unimmergible boat,' and in 1786 one of these converted boats was placed at Bamburgh on the Northumbrian coast, and was used for rescuing lives from shipwreck. In 1789 William Wouldhave, a native of South Shields, invented a model containing his great discovery—the self-righting principle—by placing air-tight compartments fore and aft and making the keel as heavy as possible. This boat was practically certain to right itself in anything over six feet of water. This invention perfected is now in use in more than half our lifeboats, the principal exceptions being those used on the East Coast, where sandbanks abound and the crews prefer boats not self-righting.

The invention of Wouldhave's, together with another invention for emptying a lifeboat in thirty seconds by means of valves in the bottom

of the boat, was embodied in the *Original*, built by Henry Greathead. A few years after, in 1798, Greathead built his second boat, ordered by Hugh, Duke of Northumberland, who placed her at North Shields, and himself provided an endowment for her maintenance; and before the end of 1803 the builder of the *Original* had executed orders for the construction of thirty-one boats—eighteen for England, five for Scotland, and eight for foreign countries. In 1807, Lukin, the coachbuilder, made mankind his debtor by the notable part he took in designing and building the first sailing lifeboat, of the type still most popular on the Norfolk and Suffolk coasts.

Encouraged by Lloyd's and by the Society of Arts, the work of providing lifeboats went on, and by 1824 there were thirty-nine on the coast.

The originator, however, of the idea of making the rescue of life from shipwreck a national duty, and, therefore, the *founder* of the Institution, was Sir William Hillary, one of the most remarkable men of his time—soldier, traveller, author, and philanthropist. What he taught he practised in many brave efforts to save life in the Bay of Douglas.

II.

The many and terrible wrecks which Sir William Hillary saw near his residence in the Isle of Man led him to draw up and publish an appeal to humanity for the foundation of a National Institution to rescue lives from shipwreck. He himself continued to go out in boats to the work of rescue till he was sixty-four, and he was three times awarded the gold medal for gallantry. The official birthday of

the Institution was the 4th of March 1824, when the meeting that called it into existence was held in London. Dr Manners Sutton, Archbishop of Canterbury, was chairman, and William Wilberforce the mover of the resolution. Royal patronage was accorded it from the commencement; Prime Ministers have been its Vice-Presidents, including Peel, Canning, and Lord John Russell. In later years, from 1852, the Dukes of Northumberland have always been its Presidents, and have ever taken great interest in the work.

The next forty years saw great changes. Whereas in 1850 there were only thirty boats on stations, and the Institution's income was only £800, in 1890 there were 300 lifeboats round the coast of Great Britain, and the income of the Institution was £42,000—yet only one-half of the expenditure incurred in building and maintaining the boats!

It was now that Lancashire came to the front. Two lifeboats (Southport and St Anne's) had recently been wrecked, drowning all but three of their crews, in going to the rescue of a German steamer stranded on the sandbanks off St Anne's. A great meeting of men, whose hearts were burning to do something for the dependents of these noble heroes, was summoned, the chairman being Sir Charles Macara of Manchester, and its outcome was the creation of the Saturday Lifeboat Fund. This fund remained in existence until 1910, when its organisation was taken over by the parent Institution. In those twenty years it had collected £287,000 for the lifeboat cause, and a scheme was in working order to provide pensions for the widows and orphans of those of the crews who had sacrificed their lives, and also pensions for those men unable by reason of age or injury to offer any further service.

Surely the least the country can do, when these crews undertake so willingly their dangerous task, is to provide something in the way of pensions for their widows and orphans! The Institution not only now carries this into effect, but also does everything possible to provide the best for the crews in the way of boats and mechanical appliances.

III.

In 1902 the service commenced to convert the rowing lifeboat to motor power, and at the present time there are forty-four motor boats in a fleet of 230, and more are under construction. They are an enormous improvement on the pulling and sailing boat, as they enable the crew to cover much greater distances, and to reach vessels in distress in much quicker time, and so to save life where the older type of boat would be helpless.

The Institution enters now on its second century with a glorious record behind it of nearly 60,000 lives rescued. Eleven lives saved

every week for one hundred years—what a superb record! And these lives, with comparatively few exceptions, have been lives most valuable to the community—the lives of the whole, the fit, and the strong. It is only right here to mention that the lifeboat service costs the nation only 1½d. a head of its population. The Institution was founded as a voluntary service, and such it remains, receiving no financial help whatever from the state. It has often been suggested that the lifeboat service ought to be taken over by the state; therefore it will not be inappropriate to quote here the opinion of the select committee of the House of Commons which investigated the working of the Institution in 1897:

'Your committee see no ground for recommending that the lifeboat service should be taken over by the state, so long as it is maintained as efficiently and successfully as at present. Your committee consider that there are many advantages in committing the control of this service, as now, to the voluntary association of honourable men, who have in many cases devoted years of their lives, without pay or remuneration of any sort, to the cause of life-saving.'

The men who man the lifeboats are, for the most part, drawn from the fishing population. They have faced and fought the sea, in all its moods, whilst earning their daily bread: 'These men see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep.' Their wonderful experience, dearly bought in many struggles with storms, they freely give to succour those in peril on the sea. Their courage, endurance, and splendid seamanship have been proved in hundreds of great deeds all round the 5000 miles of the coasts of the British Isles.

The writer had the privilege, some thirty-five years ago, of working among some of these hardy fishermen on the coast of Kent, going out with them in their fishing-boats, and keeping in close touch with them. No words could tell of their many brave deeds, so nobly wrought, and so often in those days unrecorded! This is just what those simple, humble, brave-hearted men desire; nothing is so distasteful to them as anything in the way of publicity for anything they may do, particularly in their efforts to save life.

The spirit of these men was expressed as graphically as it could be by Thomas Haylett of Caister, who was awarded the gold medal for his services in November 1901, when the Caister lifeboat was wrecked and two of Haylett's sons and one of his grandsons were drowned. At the inquest it was suggested to him that the lifeboat had perhaps given up the attempt and turned back. Haylett, who was a man of seventy-eight, replied, 'Caister lifeboatmen never turn back'; and this is true of the whole service. They never give up the struggle if there is life in danger, an illustration

of which, drawn from personal experience, shall conclude this article.

IV.

It was in the early hours of the 11th of November 1891, during a blinding blizzard from the south-east, that distress signals were shown from the Norwegian brigantine *Æolus*, which had been stranded on one of the many sandbanks on the eastern side of Dungeness. The wreck was visible far out on the Kentish coast, and the entire crew had taken to the rigging of the sea-swept vessel. The Lydd (Dungeness) lifeboat put out to the rescue, and for a long time battled with the tempestuous sea in an endeavour to get near the vessel. Imagine the feelings of the ship's crew, in their bitterly exposed position, with death staring them in the face, when they saw the lifeboat capsize, having itself struck a sandbank, and two of its noble crew swept away and drowned. No further attempt could be made to reach the wreck until the turn of the tide, but temporary failure only stirred these coast-dwellers on to further efforts. The great storm still swept o'er land and sea; the day wore on, and still the crew of the Norwegian vessel were huddled together in the rigging, frozen in body and fearful of the coming night, hoping and waiting for the sight of other rescuers. They had been in their perilous position for over twelve hours, when 'Blo Tart,' a fearless member of a notable Dungeness fishing family, called for volunteers to man the Littlestone lifeboat, the then nearest boat to the wreck. The tide was now flowing; Blo Tart had waited for this. No one knew that coast—the tides and currents which make it so dangerous—better than he did. Up went the rocket (a red light), which

in the gathering gloom of a November evening denoted the launch of a lifeboat.

Hope once more filled the breasts of those weary, half-perished, shipwrecked men. Away went the lifeboat; she was in the hands of a fearless skilful pilot. After a terrible buffetting we reached the wreck, seas breaking over her, a fearful and wonderful sight. No human voice could be heard for the noise of the creaking timbers of the sand-locked vessel. It could only be compared to a mighty thundering out of the storm. On approaching as near to the wreck as safety demanded, it was a matter of time and much difficulty getting communication with the men on the mast. In these present days, a specially designed gun fires a line against any wind.

When the rope was made fast between the boat and the mast-head, the poor fellows were brought down in the 'breeches buoy,' the captain, as usual, descending last; and on word being passed that no life, human or animal, remained on board, the lifeboat proceeded for the nearest harbour, there to deliver up into skilled medical hands the almost lifeless sailors, who had been saved from a watery grave.

Such is the determination of the men who man the lifeboats. *Nil desperandum* is the everyday rule of their lives. Let us tell of their deeds, and recount the measure of their bravery, as members of the 'Red Cross of the Sea,' in this centenary year. We have always gloried in the conviction—no idle boast—we teach our children's children that 'Britannia rules the waves.' If this be true, surely it is because of the unflinching courage and devotion to duty which rules the hearts of the maritime population of the British Isles.

THE STRANGE NARRATIVE OF SERGEANT MILLEFEUX.

PART II.

IV.

FOR a whole week I continued to take my ease at the Maison Rouge. I slept well, I dined well, I drank good wine, lounged about the garden, and smoked a vast amount of tobacco. But I got no nearer knowing the Italians. They did not encourage conversation, and, even on such harmless topics as the weather, they were not at all expansive.

Then, at last, one fine day Pietro came to me and said, 'M. Millefeux, you set out to-morrow.'

'That is good news, Pietro,' I replied, 'for though this is a pleasant resting-place, one gets tired soon of too much rest. But where am I to go?'

'Rochefort,' said he. 'The Emperor is there, and expects you. When you arrive at the town you may meet some one who will give you further instructions.'

'That is all right,' I replied. 'Get the priest ready and we will soon be at Rochefort. And, by the way, just before we go, I have a message to give you from the Emperor.'

'Very well,' he replied. 'To-morrow morning at six o'clock you start. You can give me the message then.'

He spoke so lightly and easily that it went to my heart to think what the message was; but it was the Emperor's orders.

Well, next morning, behold the sun shining in its strength as it knows how to shine in France on a July morning; and behold further

two horses saddled at the door, and the mysterious curé, and I with him, ready for mounting, and the two Italians at the doorway to see us off. The moment had come—the first tragic stage of this adventure.

'M. le Curé,' said I to the priest, 'mount your horse, and wait for me, and I will be with you directly.'

Then, turning to the brothers, 'Messieurs,' said I, 'come into the dining-room and I will tell you what the Emperor has charged me to say.'

They accordingly went back with me into the house, and I think they were expecting a word of appreciation for their faithful service. I opened the door for them, and they went in before me. Then I shut the door and stood with my back to it.

'Messieurs,' said I, 'it is my painful duty to inform you that the Emperor has ordered me, before setting out with the priest, to shoot you both.'

There was a dead silence. I had expected expostulation and outcry, and even a vigorous resistance, but there was nothing of the sort. In the faces of the two brothers, in their attitude, was only resignation. They looked at each other.

'He need not have been afraid,' said Pietro.

'No,' said Miliano, 'it was safe with us.' Then—'Monsieur,' said he to me, 'if the Emperor wills us to die, it is enough. He will lose two faithful servants, but he knows best. As for you, you can only do your duty; and as for us, we are ready to die.'

'Messieurs,' I cried, for this attitude of theirs made me feel helpless—'messieurs, this is the hardest task that I have ever undertaken, and how I am to carry it out, I cannot tell.'

'You must do as the Emperor orders,' replied Miliano. 'He is inexorable, and he must be obeyed whether in America or France.'

'America,' I repeated wonderingly; 'what is that?'

'Why, it is no secret,' he replied. 'The Emperor is on board an American ship at Rochefort, and will soon be in America if he can only give the English men-of-war the slip.'

Then an idea flashed into my head. 'America,' I thought to myself—'America. That is a long way off. And, after all, there are limits. A man owes something to himself.'

'Excuse me, messieurs, for a moment,' I said aloud, 'and occupy that moment in preparing for death.'

Then I stepped into the passage, drew the bullets from my pistols, and stepped back again into the room. 'Now, messieurs,' I said, 'are you ready?'

For answer they raised their right hands to heaven and kept shouting '*Vive l'Empereur!*'

Then, pointing a pistol at each of them, I fired, and immediately rushed from the room.

The curé was already mounted; I leaped on my horse and turned to the priest. 'Ride!' I shouted to him. 'Ride like the devil!'

V.

It was on the 15th day of July that we rode into the town of Rochefort. All the way the people were rejoicing, or pretending to rejoice, at the overthrow of the tyrant, as they chose to call the man who had covered France with glory. Of course, he had brought the foreigners twice to Paris; but, then, what would you? A man, even such a man as Napoleon, cannot be always successful.

My companion, the curé, proved a very silent individual. To all my efforts to get him into conversation he replied only 'yes' or 'no.' He sometimes varied this by saying 'perhaps.' With his big hat pulled over his eyes, which, it appeared, were weak, for he wore blue spectacles, and with his big black beard, he was a curious-looking object. But then he was an Italian, and, when a man is a foreigner, it naturally accounts for much.

Well, as I said, we came into Rochefort on the evening of the 15th of July, and, after a little seeking, I found a quiet inn and ordered supper. The inn-parlour was empty as we sat down to our meal, and I noticed that the window looked out on the shipping. While the supper was being served I went towards the window and glanced out at the ships, and, most hateful for a Frenchman, what did I see but an English man-of-war, with the Union Jack flaunting itself at the mast-head? At that sight I had hard work to keep from swearing aloud, but I remembered in time what the Emperor had said about the curs being loose, so I merely turned round to the fat old innkeeper, who came waddling in just then with some part of the supper.

'Well, my friend,' said I, 'and what is the latest news?'

'Have you not heard, monsieur?' he asked, smiling all over his face. 'But, of course, you have just arrived,' he continued. 'Well, that man—that is how they called His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of France, because the luck was against him—that man is safe and fast now. It is checkmate, monsieur. He has made his last move.'

'And that?' I inquired.

'That, monsieur,' he replied, with a wink of his little black eye, 'that has been to give himself up to His Britannic Majesty's warship, *Bellerophon*.'

I gasped in astonishment. Could it be the truth, or was the old villain lying?

'Ah!' resumed the innkeeper, 'you may well look astonished. It is a great thing, and it is certain that the English won't let him

escape. He will find that warship yonder is not the island of Elba.' And, at the word, he waved his hand towards the window through which I had seen the English ship.

'When did the Emperor give himself up?' I asked.

'The Emperor, monsieur!' cried he. 'We do not call him that now. That man went on board this very afternoon, and everybody is down on the quay watching the ship. And that, monsieur, is the end of the tyrant. I think you will find the chicken tender,' he added, and so departed.

VI.

That was the saddest meal I had ever had. The Emperor a prisoner! But the chicken was indeed tender, and the wine which washed it down was of a good vintage. In all the changes I have seen in France one thing remains constant—you can always get a good dinner if you will pay for it.

I was pouring out my second glass of wine when a man entered the room. He was dressed like a farmer, and, to look at him, you would never have thought he was a colonel of a crack regiment of hussars. Yet so it was, and I knew him at a glance. But then I had looked at him once along the barrel of a pistol at the exact distance of twenty paces—but that is another story. I merely mention it to show how it was that I penetrated so easily a disguise which really was very fair.

He sat down at a table and called for a bottle of wine, drank one glass with great deliberation, examined us both very earnestly, tossed off a second glass, rose to his feet, and, passing close to the table where I and the priest were sitting, he went out of the room. On the table close to my hand lay a note sealed, but with no superscription. I immediately took it up and placed it in my pocket—the priest seemed sunk in his usual reverie, and did not appear to notice anything. We had the room to ourselves again.

I strolled over carelessly to the window, and, after pretending to look out for a moment, I took out the note, broke the seal, and glanced over the contents. After that, I slipped it back into my pocket and returned to the table, just as the innkeeper brought in the lights.

In the morning, immediately after breakfast, in accordance with the instructions of the note which I had received, I marched forth and took M. le Curé with me down to the quay. There a boat from the English ship was waiting for us, for the English were more civil to the Emperor than the French, and they had granted his wish to see the Italian priest.

In a few minutes we were quite close to the English ship, and there, on the deck, was the well-known figure of the Emperor watching us. We stepped on the deck, and, as we stood before

the Emperor, I performed the salute and came to attention.

'My good friend, Millefeux,' said the Emperor, turning to me, 'you will wait here for a while, and I and M. le Curé will have a little private conversation.'

Then the Emperor and the priest disappeared down the stair that led to the cabin, and I was left alone.

In about a quarter of an hour the priest reappeared, with the Emperor following him closely. Napoleon came up to me, and taking the gold cross which hung on his coat, he pinned it on mine. 'That will be a memento of your Emperor, *mon vieux*,' said he. And then he grasped my hand and said, 'Farewell, Millefeux.'

'Farewell, sire!' I gasped, for the honour he had done me and the sudden realisation that I was seeing the very last of the Emperor fairly took my breath away. 'Would I could have died for you!'

'Nay, nay,' he replied cheerfully, 'France still remains—you must live for her.'

Then the priest and I got into the boat, and we were rowed back to land. We returned to our inn, and, shortly after, acting on the instructions of the letter, set out for Brest, where I was to see the priest safely on board the American ship *Lively Polly*, which was loading there for Italy.

VII.

Nothing remarkable happened on our journey, except that my companion seemed in a more lively humour. He often made short remarks, and several times I caught him laughing in that big black beard of his. This surprised me somewhat, but I concluded it was because he had achieved his mission in seeing the Emperor.

In due time we arrived at Brest, found out the captain of the *Lively Polly*, and learned that the ship was just waiting for us and would sail the next day. Accordingly we went on board, and that night the lapping of the water lulled me to sleep.

I woke suddenly at midnight. I did not stir. I lay perfectly still, but my eyes were wide open, and I was as alert as if I had never been asleep. There was a faint light in the cabin, for the moon was shining, though partially obscured by some light clouds.

My companion, the curé, was standing at the head of his bed. He was fumbling with something on his pillow. Presently he came across the room towards me. As he held no weapon I did not feel alarmed, but lay watching, on my guard. Suddenly he stopped and seemed to reflect; then turned towards the porthole, and opened it to its full extent. Then he came back to me. Nearer and nearer he came till he stood over me; then he began to

sprinkle some powdery substance over my face.

Immediately I began to feel my senses leaving me, and understood in a flash the significance of the open porthole.

I had just strength enough to pull out my pistol and fire. At that very instant the moon shone out full and clear, and I saw—the face of the Emperor!

Then all went dark and I lost consciousness.

It took some explaining away, but the American skipper understood at last.

He landed me in the south of France, whence I made my way to my native village.

The man whom I had shot was buried at sea, and I cannot quite make up my mind even yet as to whether it really was the Emperor or the priest. Whichever it was, the resemblance between the two was extraordinary.

But if it was Napoleon, then I am his murderer—that is terrible. But then, why did he want to murder me, his faithful servant? And then again, why did he order me to kill the two Italians, also his faithful servants? Sometimes when I think of these matters I am inclined to follow the example of the Royalists and call him 'that man.'

THE END.

PROSPECTING IN QUEENSLAND.

By ROBERT M. MACDONALD.

PERHAPS the most hopeful sign of a general trade revival is the rising prices of minerals, and the nation which possesses most of the so-called base metals must be the first to regain prosperity, as only from the raw materials can the world be rebuilt and kept going.

The British Empire is rich in all minerals, and in parts of her vast domain the ground has not been more than scratched for them. Indeed in Rhodesia and Queensland great mineral-bearing stretches of country as large as Britain have not yet been prospected. The writer has been a prospector all his life in most parts of the world, but he knows of no country richer in mineral wealth than Queensland. Throughout its almost boundless territory practically every mineral exists, and fortunes lie hidden—often outcropping—just underneath the surface of its sunny tableland beyond the coastal ranges. Here await great chances for any one who desires a life of untrammelled freedom, and certainly, one by his own efforts can, at least, earn more by wresting mineral treasures from Nature's store than he can readily do in most of the vocations of city life.

Any able-bodied man can find minerals in Queensland, especially in the northern part which lies between the Gulf of Carpentaria and the Pacific. In this particular part gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, molybdenite, wolfram, antimony, bismuth, and many other metallic substances abound in a profusion almost unbelievable. Two prospectors here can work together and develop their find profitably, until it becomes too big a proposition for them to continue. They can sell the result of their labour to the nearest Government smelter or reduction works, or to whom they please, and when they have reached the depth at which they require winding machinery and pumping plant they can either sell their mine to a

company or call in the help of their nearest neighbours. Most prospectors in that happy-go-lucky land, however, simply leave their 'shows,' and marking them on their maps as a place to come back to should fortune go against them elsewhere, go off to look for the mineral which then commands the highest price.

In the case of copper, which metal is now on the steady rise that will assuredly attract most prospectors, the seekers after it go out to the lime bluff country on the northern railway, and usually can find a promising outcrop of copper carbonate without much trouble. Beyond Chillagoe, great blows of this substance rear themselves above the surrounding vegetation, and the detached pieces or 'floaters' shot out from the reef sometimes weigh several hundred-weights. The copper carbonate ore, which invariably is the surface ore of copper, is very rich, frequently assaying 35 per cent., and usually rich in silver, and often gold. A shaft is sunk through the heart of the richest-looking part of the reef and the lode followed down on what is termed the 'underlie' or foot wall of the fissure which carries the copper. This is always at a more or less dipping angle. When a sufficient depth for easy working has been reached, 'drives' are then driven to right and left along the bottom, and the ore blasted out from underneath and raised up the shaft by windlass. Many rich patches of azurite, oxide, or other forms of copper ore are often found throughout the lode when the workings are deep enough to be away from the leaching influence of the surface, and these, being easily recognisable, are usually bagged and sent direct to the buying agents without further treatment. The rest of the ore is sent by team to the nearest smelter, where it is bought and paid for on the spot according to the ruling price of copper and the value of the silver and gold it may contain,

less smelting and realisation charges. The men may decide to drive their shaft down into the deep sulphide ore of the mine, but as that means developing a mine in earnest, they usually flood the workings to hide the nature of the ore they have been exploiting, and, marking the spot on their maps, again go after the mineral which meanwhile has become of greater value than copper.

This may be silver-lead, those two metals usually being found together outcropping in a form of galena or sulphide of lead, and one can hardly get away from this material anywhere along the southern bank of the Walsh River. It is mined in the same manner as copper, but the lodes dip more erratically, and an underlie shaft is therefore often impossible. In such cases the ore is simply quarried out in 'pot-holes' and trenches, and the ponderous surface masses of mineral are sent off to the smelter, where its value may be found to be 25 per cent. lead and perhaps 100 ounces of silver per ton.

But tin may now have become attractive—as it is at present—and 'tin scratching' affords a delightful holiday to those who have already been engaged in mining copper or silver-lead. Tin is found everywhere throughout Queensland, but the single miner leaves the big reef-mining propositions to those with capital, and contents himself with washing out the stanniferous sands from the creeks and river beds. This he does easily, and doesn't trouble to peg out a claim, passing on from patch to patch as he collects the richest material. When he locates a particularly rich stretch of sand he may erect a crude inclined plane contrivance of bark to assist in washing out the tin oxide (the concentrates are usually oxide of tin), and after drying his powdery accumulation he bags it carefully in double-lined sacks, which weigh, when full, about a hundred pounds, and transports them to the nearest buying agent, who pays cash on the spot.

But the prospector tires even of tin, soon, for in Queensland the desire to 'move on' is common, whether one is working a good patch of anything or not. Another mark is made on the well-worn map, and hearing perhaps that old friends are doing well with wolfram, he sets out for their camp and starts over again. Wolfram mining is much like that of copper, but as the mineral occurs very erratically in 'pipes,' no trouble is taken in sinking a lasting shaft, and a miner burrows after it wherever it leads. Wolfram recently was of great value for steel-hardening purposes, but it is now out of favour with most prospectors, and will be until the steel trades which cause its demand recover. Some of the prospectors will doubtless now feel they have too much money, and they will go down to some coastal town to spend it. While there they will meet others on a similar mission, and hear of their experiences on a new gold or

molybdenite field. The holiday soon becomes too strenuous for the liking of the average prospector, and, with his chosen mate, he will again depart for the scene of the latest finds in something new.

At present molybdenite is the most recent attraction, its uses having increased so much of late in the steel production trade and the manufacture of rare dyes and high explosives, and other things kept secret. Molybdenite is found chiefly in North Queensland, although it exists in payable quantities all over Australia and in other parts of the world. Only in the great North, however, is it found in well-defined fissure lodes, and its richness here is often 3½ per cent., whereas elsewhere something under 1 per cent. is the average. Molybdenite mining has several advantages over most other minerals from the prospector's point of view. It is found out-cropping in quartz reefs, and a man can break from the surface alone, should he strike a rich patch, sufficient to meet his requirements. The mineral is in flakes disseminated in cracks and holes in the quartz, and a pick-head blow causes the brittle quartz to shed most of the flakes. These are pure, and can be bagged at once and sold to provide funds for sinking. The broken material still contains the smaller fragments of molybdenite, but this can be sent with that obtained from the shaft to the Government reduction works, in bulk, at any time. Prospectors seldom trouble to follow molybdenite under water-level, as the flakes don't crush out so readily in the deeper quartz; hence little is known of the behaviour of this mineral in depth. The writer, however, knows, he being one of the few who have gone deep, that molybdenite, in Queensland at least, tends to become more solid in depth, and in one of the deep mines he worked, pieces of solid molybdenite weighing about twenty pounds were common, while the lode was filled from wall to wall with a quartz formation carrying about 10 per cent. of the magic mineral. This was at the deepest point touched, but still only about twenty feet under water-level. What may be the nature of the ore farther down can only be imagined, as that mine, too, is now marked only on his map. The writer himself is not immune from the 'move on' feeling.

Antimony, bismuth, arsenic, and almost everything else get attention in turn, and all are abandoned probably, also in turn, at the point when they promise most. Thus in Queensland there are hundreds of valuable mines deserted, partly filled with soakage water and overgrown with tropical vegetation. A man might pass within twenty yards of a rich opened-out property and not see it, and even if a bush fire laid its white dump bare he would not know that in its depths, covered with a few feet of water, lay a wealth of mineral awaiting only the advent of those who cared to take it away.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

PORTUGAL, detached in some measure from the general confusions of Europe, overlooked by the newspapers, and even by those who are called the statesmen, disregarded, or for a moment even looked upon disdainfully and reproachfully when she is riven by a revolutionary crisis—this neglected and sorrowful, yet always hopeful Portugal is making a fine and worthy celebration at the present time. She is praising one of her most famous men; she is proclaiming the greatness of her national poet, Luis de Camoens, who was born at Lisbon just about four hundred years ago. In this country those who know anything of Camoens and his work are wont, by way of marking his distinction, to refer to him as the 'Portuguese Shakespeare,' hoping thereby to suggest his great superiority over all other poets of his race, and at the same time the influence he has had, not only upon Portuguese literature, but upon the very life of the nation, its shaping, its effort, and its destiny. Camoens really established the Portuguese language, defined it, registered it. It may not be considered a beautiful tongue. It may be called a much softened Spanish, and though there are some who like it, it seems to many having intimate acquaintance with the languages and dialects of the Peninsula to be a somewhat flabby thing for speech in comparison with anything like pure Castilian. It is, in effect, a standardisation and refinement of the dialect that is spoken in Spanish Galicia, which is immediately to the north of Portugal. I doubt if the Portuguese are really enthusiastic about their own tongue in the way that English, French, Germans, and others are. In Lisbon, in modern times, I have been surprised at the extent to which the educated classes constantly speak French in preference to their own language. Nice people everywhere do that in a measure when the circumstances suit; French here seems so much favoured, that at times one fancies it may rise above the language of the country. The thinness of modern Portuguese literature is a contributory cause. There are good bookshops in Lisbon, but they are stacked from top to bottom with hardly anything but modern French literature. Here the latest things published in Paris are

very soon on sale, and in good demand. New novels and other literary works in the Portuguese language are rare in these times, and excusably they have no such literary sparkle as the yellow and red backed volumes that come from France. Portugal is not in the literary mood. From Madrid and Barcelona also come large quantities of new and classical Spanish works, and these again are largely read. Then the Portuguese press is not brilliant; and the Paris and Madrid newspapers arrive in large bundles and full variety every day, so that in the newsagents' shops they somewhat depress the home productions. People in Lisbon who like newspapers buy a French or a Spanish journal, or both, in addition to one printed in Portuguese, and, though at least a day late, they prefer the foreign one, for all but native news, to their own. I do not like this term of 'Portuguese Shakespeare' as applied to Camoens. Great, indeed, as he was, and noble as is the literature he gave to his country, Portuguese is one of the last languages in which I desire again to hear the translated lines of our immortal recited. One night in Lisbon I went to the chief theatre to witness a performance of *The Merchant of Venice* done in Portuguese. It was interesting in its way; all things were interesting in that earnest theatre, even the gentleman in the roughest clothes with a red tie, who, maintaining his soft hat and overcoat throughout, sat near me in one of the best front seats. But yet, having seen this Shakespearian play produced amid much acclamation in the Portuguese capital, I felt I would like to see no more.

* * *

All Portugal has fallen sadly out of joint. The common politicians on the one hand, and the Communists on the other, with profiteers and other kinds of parasites as well, have brought the country to a sorry pass. Her production is far below its possibilities; and her standard-money, the milreis or escudo, instead of being practically the equivalent of the American dollar, which is its nominal value, is down on the exchange, as I write, to something below two English pennies. The War, naturally, has been a chief contributory cause of Portugal's misfortunes, but no country has suffered more horribly than this from the modern plague of

insincere, incompetent, selfish, and intriguing politicians. Their machinations and rivalries have led to minor revolutions and incessant strikes, and have prevented any proper arrangement of the country's finances, which are in a deplorable state, and have often seemed to be bordering on collapse. Most remarkable events and scenes have been produced in the country in recent times, but one never reads about them in our newspapers, for which circumstance there are two or three effective explanations. Portugal has no desire to advertise her own misfortunes, and we as her 'oldest ally,' and really very much occupied with our own troubles, have not been anxious to make a serial story of her sufferings and disappointments. Again, Portugal in her corner, notwithstanding her great interest and political and commercial importance, has always seemed to be rather off the newspaper intelligence map. But some who understand say that something should be done with this country very soon, or she may do it with herself, and then it may be very bad. Yet this is in many ways a most pleasant land for a traveller to wander in and think about. A shade more sombre and serious than Spain is Portugal. There is a catch-phrase in France and Spain that 'the Portuguese are gay,' but I think it is satirically meant, for I have never been able to appreciate their gaiety. Lisbon, however, shows a bright face to life always; and by that same paradox which is presented in other countries in these economically most distressful times, there seems to be no lack of things, and prices for foreigners at all events are fair, though, of course, the native poor complain. There is much silly and glittering night-life. The Portuguese people have great possibilities, but conditions do not give them a chance. A great national rousing is needed. Advantage has been taken once or twice in recent times, notably on the occasion of the flight of Portuguese aviators to Brazil and elsewhere, to attempt to rouse the patriotic spirit.

* * *

A supreme opportunity is presented now in the celebration of the fourth centenary of the birth of Camoens, who was a great Portuguese, a rare adventurer with a sad and romantic history, and a brilliantly inspired poet, who poured forth noble and enduring lines which have their place in the literature of the world. It is a celebration of which we should take close and affectionate notice, and in human and literary interest it rewards the attention given to it. The Portuguese Government determined to open the remembrance in June, and found a reason in the declared circumstance that June 10 was the date on which he died, but none knows on what day he was born, and it is only by circumstantial evidence that we can fix on 1524 as the year of his nativity. I possess a very rare little book of selections from his poems with some account of his life and writings,

published by Lord Strangford in 1805, and there it says that Luis de Camoens was born at Lisbon 'about the year 1524,' adding in a footnote that the place of his nativity is ascertained by his frequent application of the epithet 'paternal' to the Tagus, and that the time of it is involved in some obscurity; but an entry in the register of the Portuguese India House appears to determine it. The family was originally Spanish, and for a long period had its headquarters at a castle in Galicia, north of Portugal, called Cadmon, some declaring that it was from this that it took its name. But there is another version, very fanciful, telling us that a certain bird with a name like this possessed wonderful powers of indicating the truth in disputes concerning questions of conjugal fidelity, and that one of the ladies of this family, finding herself under suspicion, asked for the verdict of the bird, which favoured her, and all as the result were so happy ever after that the name of the bird was adopted by the family. Once in the 14th century the house of Camoens fell into serious enmity against another, that of De Castera; a knight of Camoens slew a cavalier of De Castera; there was vendetta and persecution; and eventually Ruy de Camoens joined himself to King Ferdinand and moved off with all his family into Portugal, protected by that king. His son was Vasco de Camoens, and in this line, four generations later, Luis de Camoens was born. Simon Vaz de Camoens, father of the poet whose greatness is now being celebrated, was a captain in the Portuguese navy, and himself had an adventurous life. More than once he made the voyage to India, which, naturally, was a tremendous experience in those days. Some say that he perished by shipwreck in the very year that Luis was born, but there is a doubt upon that, although the poet evidently never really knew his father. His mother, anxious for his future, sent him to the national university of Coimbra. There he became a devoted student, absorbed the Latin poets, roamed with his fancy through Greek and Latin mythology, and dreamt dreams. He had a great affection for his university, and often mentioned it in his poems in after years. He seems at this youthful period, from what we can gather, to have been a fine fellow, with much manly grace about him, and to have attracted the attention of the ladies to a considerable extent, yet to have been cold or disdainful towards them. However, this state of sentiment, not unusual among poets, even the youngest, underwent much change a few years later, with results that may have seemed bad for Camoens at the time, but have been poetically good for his posterity. When he left the university he went to Lisbon looking for an occupation. There he began to write verses; they were admired, and a little notice began to be taken of him in high places.

Then on an April morning, in a church in Lisbon, he first saw her with whom he fell overwhelmingly and desperately in love. This was Caterina de Ataide, who was in waiting at court, one of the queen's ladies, and as such under a special obligation for discretion in conduct. Apart from this, the custom of those days in Portugal imposed a long and abject kind of wooing on the part of such a lover. In the same church he was permitted to admire her freely and to fall more and more in love, and it appears that Caterina reciprocated, but she was very, very coy. We learn something of this story from the poet's verses. After some months, when he ventured humbly to beg a ringlet of her hair, she compromised by bestowing upon him one of the silken fillets that encircled her head. Nothing more. Then the trouble began. Lover's zeal being much increased, young Camoens started upon schemes for entering secretly the royal palace, was caught in the intrigue, and the lady's relatives, quite opposed to the intentions of the poet, poor as he was, procured that he should be banished to Santarem. We gather that Caterina, who had not been over-generous in her favours, at last declared her love without any restraint on the day when he was sent away. Not long afterwards he crept back to Lisbon, attempted a renewal of the intrigue, was again detected, and was again sent off to banishment. Restless, covetous of fame and fortune for true love's sake, he appealed to the king to send him with an expedition against the Moors, in the course of which he lost his right eye through the splintering of some timbers on his ship. He did well in the war, his conduct was heroic, and on his return to Portugal he had reasonable expectations of felicity. And then he learned that Caterina was no more—that, so young at twenty, she had just died. The tragedy changed the course of his life.

* * *

The court proved ungrateful to Camoens for the services he had rendered to Portugal; he could never obtain his just dues, and, full of indignation, he determined to leave the country and seek his fortune in India. There is a tale that about the time of this decision he stumbled into new difficulties through falling in love with the wife of a Portuguese of some importance, but that may pass. And he probably served a short term of imprisonment for rowdy conduct in the streets of Lisbon. But he set sail for the East, as so many Portuguese of imagination and spirit in those days liked to do, in the year 1553. Out there he had his fill of adventures and experience. First, he had a place in an expedition against the Pimenta isles, which was conducted by the King of Cochin and his allies, the Portuguese. Then, with Manuel de Vasconcelos, he went off on another expedition to the

Red Sea, and while there turned into Africa and did some exploring, some of the vivid impressions his mind received falling to colourful phrases in his *Lusiads* afterwards. Returning to Goa, he was despatched on an official task to Macao. This is one of the queerest little European settlements in the Far East; and in recent times, as the result of some disturbances there, it has caused a certain political anxiety. A small island off Canton, it is about forty miles from Hong-kong, across the estuary of the Pearl River, and the Portuguese first came into possession of it in 1557, it being a present to them, 'the long-bearded and large-eyed men' as they were called, from the Chinese for assisting them against the river-pirates. It was then the first European settlement in China, and, the Pope of the time being interested, it became known as the Holy City of the Far East. It flourished with the Portuguese; they made money, and they lived lavishly in Macao—which, incidentally, is pronounced 'M'Cow.' But when in the middle of last century Hong-kong, under the British, rose, Macao fell, and it is now little more than a gambling resort, which people visit from across the water at week-ends. They do many things slowly in China, and despite the circumstances in which the Portuguese occupied the place originally, and the fact that they have been in possession all the time, Portuguese sovereignty was not recognised by China until 1887.

* * *

Here at Macao, certainly a scene to assist a poet whose imagination began to trip among imperial fancies, Camoens turned to his muse again and set to work, not upon love songs and laments as previously, but upon his grandest theme, the *Lusiads*, a wonderful epic which the world has accepted as a classic, while imperialist Portugal, as it is said, has regarded it as a national 'Magnificat.' The place where he entered upon this work is still marked at Macao; it is the 'sight' for strangers to see. There is a cave or grotto, still called by his name. Here, through an opening in a bamboo forest, his vision would extend far up the river on one side and out to sea on the other, and here he began to write the greater part of the *Lusiads*. The epic tells of Vasco da Gama's first voyage to India and his return, an event of great consequence to Europe and the world and not to Portugal only, and within the narrative are episodes and interludes so that the poet contrives to tell the story of the history of Portugal. Vasco da Gama himself is relating the history of the Portuguese people to the king of Melinda, and again a nymph murmurs to the great explorer a prophetic history of the achievements of the Portuguese in India. All is told in the great heroic vein; they are heroes all; the spirit of glorious adventure glows, and down to this day every Portuguese feels the better

for the reading of the *Lusiads*, and believes again in his country and hopes for her. Here we have the gods communing upon the interest in Portugal and their various actions and influence towards her in the Homeric way; here are sung many of the great historical stories of old Portugal; and here the noble families find their memorials, all in full name. This is considered a pleasant way of acquiring a considerable historical sense of Portugal; it may even be the best. For the Portuguese the poem is a great national sign and token, admired, and loved by the people at home and beyond the sea. When that is said the time for quotation and example may seem to have come, but how could one quote from such a gigantic work, and in translation, too? Yet for one faint hint of it let us give a stanza from a 'night scene,' as it is called, with the Portuguese navy urging on. Thus it reads in Portuguese:

Em quanto este conselho se fazia,
No fundo aquoso, a leda e lassa frota
Com vento sossegado proseguia
Pelo tranquillo mar, a longa rota:
Era no tempo quando a luz do dia
Do Eoo emisferio está remota
Os do quarto da prima se deitavam
Paro o segundo os outros despertavam.

This is how Lord Strangford translated it:

Meantime as thus below the murmuring deeps
In solemn council meet the watery train,
Her bold career the wearied navy keeps,
Yet cheer'd by Hope, while o'er the tranquil
main,
To silence hush'd, the brooding tempest sleeps:
'Twas at that hour, when long the solar wain
Had roll'd down Heav'n—and rous'd from warm
repose,
Slow at their comrades' call the second watch arose.

Lord Strangford, it may be noted, was for a period secretary to the British legation at Lisbon. It was at his suggestion that in 1807, the French then invading the country, the Portuguese court was transferred to Brazil; and from 1805 to 1815 he was envoy-extraordinary there. Many of his translations of these poems are happy and musical, and though the heroic history is the monument to Camoens' fame, his lyrics and rondeaus, the madrigals and sonnets, are what in good translation will catch most the fancy of a casual reader who is not devoting himself to the grand story of old Portugal. Camoens is telling of himself all the time, and in these verses we readily pick up the main themes of the passionate affair with the ill-fated Caterina. Here is the translated half of a dainty trifle:

Just like love is yonder rose,
Heavenly fragrance round it throws;
Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
And in the midst of briars it blows,
Just like Love.

For one more quotation let there be this, a sad one, as his own ending was so sad:

How sprightly were the roundelays
I sang in Love's beginning days;
Now, alas, I but deplore
Death of all that blest before!

Then my heart was in its prime,
'Twas Affection's budding time!
It is broken now—and knows
One sense only—sense of woes!

Joy was whilom dash'd with ill,
Yet my songs were cheerful still;
They were like the captive's strains,
Chaunted to the sound of chains!

* * *

Unhappy Camoens! He was recalled from Macao, and then at Goa was flung into gaol for some charge of peculation that was brought against him. When Constantino de Braganza was appointed Viceroy of India he was released, and thereafter distinguished himself greatly in the military sense. At last, in 1568, he made up his mind that he would return to Portugal. He had nothing to take home with him except his great poem; he had made no fortune; debts had constantly been clinging to him. On his way back the Governor of Mozambique had him imprisoned for a debt, and there he remained until some friends, also returning from India, heard of his ill-fortune and paid the debt for him. At Lisbon he received no welcome from the court. He devoted himself to the final preparation of the *Lusiads*, and at last it was published in 1572. In recognition of the fame it acquired he was granted a pension of 375 reis, only equal to a few pounds a year, and even this soon ceased. Low and low sank Camoens of this rare career. Poor, miserable, neglected, friendless was he. None had sung the greatness of Portugal as he sang it; none may do so any more. None had raised up such a sign for the Portuguese everywhere and in all ages, and for foreigners to admire and wonder at. But in his last days he had not even food enough to eat. Not entirely friendless, though, for there was just one poor soul that was very faithful to him. A slave, a native of Java, whom he called Antonio, had come back with him to Europe, after having once rescued him from the sea at a time of shipwreck, and now Antonio went out with a lantern into the streets of Lisbon by night and begged for bread, which he shared with the broken-hearted poet. But the spirit and the body of Camoens gave way at last, and in poverty and disease he died, some say in an almshouse, others in his wretched apartments near to the church of St Anne of the Franciscans, which gave a final resting-place to that poor frame. Over his grave Gonçalo Coutinho placed an inscription, which, being translated, reads: 'Here lies Luis de Camoens. He excelled all the poets of his time. He lived poor and miserable; and he died so. MDLXXIX.' There are things in the past of Portugal, as with all nations, that she must regret sadly

in the remembrance now. There is some credit in these present celebrations, seeing how they must remind a nation and her friends of a pitiful meanness towards one of her very greatest and noblest children, one who, immortal, is honoured still, and still sings for Portugal, and helps her on when all the little human things that tortured him lie in the limbo of a forgotten past. A story is told that when Camoens was suffering in his last years in Lisbon a rich young gallant, Ruy de Camera by name, called upon him one day with the request that he would finish for him a poetical version of the seven penitential psalms. Camoens lay weak and ill upon his mattress. 'Alas!'

he murmured, 'when I was a poet I was young, and happy, and blest with the love of ladies, but now I am a forlorn, deserted wretch. See, there stands my poor Antonio, vainly supplicating a trifle to purchase coals, and I have nothing to give him!' It is added, mercilessly, that this grandee of Portugal closed his heart and his purse, and in annoyance left the room. From the period of the passing of Camoens Portugal declined. Now, at a low point in her history, seeming neglected among the Powers of the world, torn by anxieties, poor indeed in her national purse, she praises her great Camoens, heaps the laurels on his tomb. It is a fair atonement.

OUR MOTHER OF SORROW.

By PRINCESS BARIATINSKY.

I.

FROM his earliest childhood Petr Soboleff was able to draw—it was instinct with him. Even as a tiny boy his wondering eyes watched the flowers growing, and the first picture he made was a daisy, both asleep and awake. He clutched at the vivid-hued butterflies as they fluttered amongst the summer blossoms, and these also he drew on his little slate. He loved the birds, too, and called to them to stop as they winged their airy flight across the wide heavens.

His first acquaintance with the stern realities of life was due to the behaviour of a large humble-bee which ungratefully stung the baby hand trying to caress the busy worker. Still less could he understand a fortnight's seclusion in a dark room, the result of trying to paint the sun at midday.

Petr's great passion, however, was to steal away unobserved into the dark woods surrounding the small Siberian town where his parents lived. The great forest trees grew so closely together that Petr could hardly force his small person between them, for paths there were none, although here and there he found an open space where he lay on his back and watched the magic clouds building fairy castles in the blue sky above.

His father was an officer in one of the Siberian infantry regiments, so whenever his son disappeared into the forest gloom in quest of romance the soldiers were accustomed to go in search of the runaway child with all speed, as many dangers lurked unseen in the thick brushwood, and wolves were often heard howling to their fellows in the silence of the night.

Petr's mother was the only one who understood the nature of the boy. The last time he was brought safely back to his parents, after many hours of torturing anxiety, she laid a

trembling but restraining hand on the angry father's arm, and said, 'Do not scold him, Serge; he is only a baby, and still lives with the fairies.'

But the stern soldier father replied, 'My dear Masha, we are poor people, and Petr must learn to walk upon the earth—the fairies will not give him his daily bread. You must train him to be a useful man.'

When his father at last went to drill his soldiers, little Petr crept to his mother's side, and showed her a picture he had made in the heart of the forest. It was a beautiful many-hued flower springing up amongst the ferns that spread like a carpet over the green glades.

'The witches dance round it once a year on the night of St John, mother. A great treasure lies hidden under it, but one must pluck the wondrous flower to obtain it, and the witches cast a spell on any one who tries. I wanted to draw it, not to destroy it, so the good fairies came and threw another spell over me. They said I should one day be a famous painter, but that I must go far away into the great world looking ever for my heart's desire. Some day I shall find it, the fairies also told me. Will you help me, mother?'

She laid a protecting hand on the curly head. 'Yes, dear, I will do all that a mother can do to help my little boy to become a great artist, but it will not be an easy task for the son of a poor Russian officer to carve a way to fame. We must ask our dear Lady of Consolation to help us.'

They both looked at the picture of the Madonna that had hung since his babyhood over his bed. Her face was so full of divine understanding that Petr prayed: 'Dear blessed Mother, please make me able to paint you when I grow into a big man.' And the Madonna, whose eyes resembled deep springs, seemed to smile a promise.

II.

Several years passed, and Petr's great artistic talents developed too unmistakably to be entirely overlooked, as was his father's wish. Captain Soboleff desired his son to be trained for a military career, and he gave but a grudging consent when an unexpected opportunity allowed the boy to gain some technical training as a draughtsman. There were no art schools in a town situated in the heart of Siberia; but perhaps the beautiful Madonna, who still watched over Petr when asleep, guided the footsteps of a political exile to this same little Siberian town, where he arranged his home and decided to remain indefinitely. This stranger was an artist of no mean repute, who, struck by the child's genius and helplessness, offered to train him in spite of Captain Soboleff's ceaseless opposition. After several years' tuition he decided to speak strongly to both parents regarding his protégé's future. 'Petr ought to be sent to the Imperial Academy in St Petersburg,' he said.

'My dear friend,' answered the father, 'how can I manage to send my son there? He is only nineteen—and a dreamer,' he added scornfully. 'Besides, there is the money question to be considered. I have only my pay, and you know how slow promotion is in an obscure Siberian regiment. I have no influence to further either his career or my own.'

'You will kill him if you force him to become a soldier,' pleaded the artist.

'It has not killed me,' replied the captain, 'and in real life one must grasp at the substance and not the shadow. I think he will make a great mistake if he gives up the army.'

But Petr's mother listened and said nothing. That night, as the youth lay with a sad heart in his modest bed, he heard her soft footsteps approaching his door. She entered, and said quietly to him, 'Petr, I have a present to give you. See! I have saved some little treasures for you all these long years. Your father does not even know of their existence.' She opened a shabby trinket-box and took out a few antique jewels. 'They belonged to my dear mother; take them, for they will pay for your studies at St Petersburg, and may the good God guide and keep you.'

So Petr went out into the great world to paint Madonnas, carrying with him memories of a sacrificing mother's love and a great teacher's devoted service. These melted into visions of great virgin forests, above which shone the golden stars, sending their mystic gleam through the frozen air of the Arctic night.

III.

On his arrival at St Petersburg, worn out with the long journey, home-sick and stunned with the roar of the great city, he carried his

letter of recommendation from his old master, together with some specimens of his work, to the Director of the Imperial Academy. This gentleman gave a keen glance at the paintings, took another long look at the appealing artistic face before him, and said, 'You have undoubted genius, my dear young friend, but your old master is right in what he confides to me in this letter. He has taught you all the technique he can, but the soul is wanting to make your pictures live.'

Petr gazed at the famous professor with eyes that still gleamed. 'I fear you speak the truth, but tell me how to find the spirit that will give my pictures life!'

The director answered him. 'No artist can put more into his work than he himself feels. You are a visionary who has neither suffered'—here he paused and laid his hand on the boy's arm—'nor loved!'

Again he waited. Petr's eyes met his frankly. 'I have loved my dear mother and the pictures of the Madonna,' he answered simply.

The great man tried to hide a kindly smile as he answered, 'We must hope the right experience will be found in St Petersburg. After you have studied here, we will send you later to Italy for further inspiration. But you must begin now, at once, to look round at life from a more human standpoint. Take a sympathetic interest in your fellow-mortals beside you—try to learn the drama of their existences. Each of us lives in our own little compact world; each of us is trying hard to make the great universe round off into a perfect whole—the broken areas of our own small individual lives.' Once more he paused. 'Out of our failures to accomplish this is born the sympathy and understanding that creates the real artist.'

Petr looked at him with eyes that understood not.

The professor continued. 'Your inspiration may also only come through suffering—love teaches some—but you must step into the arena of life now, and learn to play your allotted part in it as a man should.'

'I think I know what you mean,' replied Petr, 'but I am a fatalist, and destiny leads me.'

His new master interrupted him hastily. 'I allow that destiny is like your shadow, but even that you can lead, and an artist with a great purpose to achieve can make Fate his servant if he struggles hard enough. Now begin your work in our midst, my dear pupil, and be assured of our ever-ready help and guidance in achieving your ideals.'

IV.

A year passed quickly away, during which time the young painter made almost phenomenal advances in his art from a technical standpoint, but his painting still carried the frigid stamp

of his 'northern birth.' The director was not satisfied, and after conferring with his colleagues sent for Petr to discuss his prospects.

'The Imperial Academy has decided to send you to Rome to study at its own expense. I must, however, repeat the same warning I gave you when you first came to us. Your work lacks vital force and fire, and the dreamer's touch is over it all. Perhaps the warmth of the southern sun will melt the cold faces of your too faultless Madonnas into glowing life.'

'I can never find the right expression for their eyes,' answered the young man despondently. 'It seems a hopeless quest.'

'There are beautiful eyes in Italy,' answered the professor, with a smile. 'I advise you to go in search of them. Now, good-bye, and I expect you to return from Rome bringing a masterpiece with you for me to admire and praise. I think so highly of your powers that you must justify my faith in you.'

Petr shook his hand silently and left for Italy.

And the professor's hopes were justified. Rome the Beautiful took Petr indeed unto herself. She cast her wonderful spell over his artist soul, thawed the rigid northern nature with her warmth and glamour, and stirred his pulses with the history of men who had lived and loved in those majestic ruins, every stone of which was eloquent with the deeds of a mighty race whose influence was still a living force amongst us. Finally she guided his footsteps into the little church of Santa Maria, built on the ruins of Minerva's Temple, and there, in its dimness and gloom, he at last stood face to face with the woman of his dreams—the Madonna face that would bring him fame.

A charming young girl, accompanied by an older lady, evidently her mother, was just leaving the church as he entered; but he had a brief glimpse of the most glorious eyes he had ever seen. He stood still and stared at her in rapt amazement. The mother drew her daughter quickly to the door, observing in a voice she made no attempt to lower, 'What a strange man to stare at you like that!'

But the girl's eyes sparkled with amusement, for she had noted his confusion, and she replied lightly, 'I do not think he intended to be rude, mother. Perhaps he thought he knew us. What an artistic face he has; he looks so young and boyish!'

'Doubtless some poor painter,' replied the elder lady. 'Rome abounds with them. Do hurry, Vera!'

As their voices died away, Petr roused himself and looked around the church. The radiant vision had departed, leaving the little sanctuary to its mouldering dimness. He pressed his hands to his eyes and went out into the sunshine.

How wonderful was her face in its radiant

youth! It embodied for him in every detail the type he had sought so long.

'Now I can begin my great picture.'

v.

He hurried away to the Jardin de l'Académie de France, and straightway began his Madonna, the vivid memory of the girl's beauty making the task of depicting it on the canvas an easy one. He worked eagerly and rapidly, and in his deep absorption failed to notice that the lady of his dreams was standing behind him. The same look of playful amusement lit up her laughing eyes as she regarded the earnest artist.

'Monsieur, you are as one inspired.'

She spoke in French, with a pretty foreign intonation. As the soft words fell on his ears Petr raised his head and saw her before him—his heavenly dream no longer a vision, but a living reality. His heart ceased beating, and the entire world stood still. All the pent-up adoration of his life revealed itself in his young face as he looked at her, unable to utter even a word. Her eyes fell for a moment beneath his rapt gaze and she blushed slightly. 'Forgive me, monsieur, for interrupting you. I am trying to copy pictures—see, here is mine—but I know I shall never do work like yours. You are painting a Madonna?'

Petr tried to collect his scattered senses as the half-laughing apology was given, but the heavens seemed to be filled with soft lights, waving shadows, and strange unearthly music, as he stammered impulsively, 'You are the inspiration of my Madonna, mademoiselle.'

The girl regarded him with a sweet, questioning bewilderment. 'I . . . inspired . . . it?' she repeated slowly. 'I do not understand.'

Petr's world was still one where myriads of rainbows gleamed, and great torrents of joy thundered through the universe.

'Yes! You were just now in the church of Santa Maria . . . do you not remember?' His words tumbled over one another in his excitement. 'I saw your beautiful eyes there. . . . I have been looking for them for years. . . . I could not even begin to paint this Madonna until I found them. . . . Look at her. . . . She is thinking . . . she knows her little son will one day be the Light of the World . . . but she has a vision of the Shadow of the Cross that lies between. I shall call her 'Our Lady of Tears.'

He paused in deep emotion, and impulsively the girl clasped his hand. 'You saw all that in my eyes?' she said softly.

'Not the grief, mademoiselle; but you could look like that if sorrow ever comes. Will you not sit for me a few times—I have indeed waited long years to find my model?'

'Yes! I shall be proud to pose for such a wonderful picture,' she replied; then, smiling brightly, added, 'I cannot remain longer to-day,

but I will come to-morrow and help you with the Madonna.'

VI.

And on the morrow, and on many other to-morrows, Petr's enthusiastic fingers transferred the vivid image of the lovely girl to the dead canvas, making it live and glow. Her history was soon told. She was a Russian also, the daughter of a nobleman whose estates had been impoverished by generations of gamblers. She and her mother were living quietly for some months in Rome, as she wished to study painting.

'I know I shall never do anything really worth while,' she confessed with a little sigh, 'but I love pictures. My mother has many friends here, and it bores her to be always in the galleries, so I come alone. That is the reason I have so much liberty.'

The painting made rapid progress, and they worked hard every day. He was also anxious to be better acquainted with the beauties of Rome, and Vera proved an excellent cicerone, and together they explored the immortal sights of the Eternal City.

Petr's adoration for her soon became an overwhelming passion. One day they stole away from the town into the Campagna Romana, and it was there, amidst its solitude and grandeur, that Petr's passionate adoration burst its bonds, and he told her of his great love.

The girl looked at him with startled eyes. 'I do not quite understand you,' she faltered. 'I thought we were just good friends and interested in the same art. Besides'—she paused a moment, and then added resolutely—'I am already engaged to be married.'

Petr's reason seemed to totter for one awful moment as his brain tried to grasp the meaning of her words. 'You are going to marry some one else,' he said hoarsely, gripping her arm until she winced. 'You are not speaking the truth. You are saying this awful thing to test my love for you.'

She wrenched herself out of his grasp. 'Petr, be reasonable, and listen quietly to what I have to say. I had no idea that you cared for me like this. Let me try to make you understand.'

She turned away from the dumb misery in his eyes.

'Vera, I thought you loved me,' was all he said.

The girl remained silent for a moment. 'I am engaged to Count Wassili Werekieff,' she replied at length, trying hard to overcome an ominous tremble in her voice.

Petr covered his face with his hands, and a dull sob broke from him.

She continued passionately, 'I hate being poor. I have known nothing else all my life. The ceaseless longing for all that makes life bright and happy—the pretty clothes, trinkets, and enjoyment. Our love would never stand

the incessant strain of poverty. I should ruin your life and be a burden on you, Petr. I am speaking the truth.'

He rose swiftly and faced her. 'You do not realise what you are saying,' he said hoarsely. 'You say our love would not stand the strain of poverty. Do you realise what you are to me? You are the ideal I have searched for all my life—the beauty that lies veiled behind everything I have ever really cared for in life—the mountains and forests, storm, rain, sunshine—clouds and sunsets—your form has been ever there. Vera, you do not understand how wonderful our lives can be.'

She looked stonily, with unseeing eyes, at the glory of the sunset. 'I cannot face a life of struggle—it is so hard—believe me. I know what it means only too well.'

Petr's arms closed round her. 'But we shall not be poor for long, dearest. I will work for you; you will inspire all the great pictures I shall paint with your beautiful face smiling back at me from the canvas. You cannot break my life and dreams like this. Think what you are giving up. We are both young, with the wondrous gift of life in our hands, and all this beauty around us. Listen, dear—marry me now, and let us face the future together with our faces turned towards the eternal dawn.'

She lay for a moment passive in his strong young arms, and suffered his kisses to rest upon her hair and brow. 'Petr, it cannot be,' she said faintly.

He kissed her eyes and laughed softly. 'You can do what you like, but you will be mine, for you are my inspiration, my genius. If I lose you I lose my all in life.'

She hid her tear-stained face on his arm. 'Believe me,' she said, 'when you are struggling for food, for shelter, for the bare necessities of life, love will disappear, even genius. Think how many poets, painters, musicians, and writers have fallen, broken on the dusty highways of life, with the laurel crown placed too late, not on their brows, but on a desolate, lonely grave. The face of poverty is hideous; it grins at us too often when we hold the joy-cup to our lips. I hate it!'

He looked at the beautiful, passionate young face in amazement. 'How can a young girl feel so deeply on such a subject?' he uttered, deeply moved.

She clung closer to him. 'Petr, I will never leave you in spirit. Behind all your future dreams I shall be there, guiding and helping you. Now let us return home. I can bear no more to-day. We must think it all over in quietness and calm. Perhaps to-morrow—'

VII.

And when to-morrow came, Vera and her mother had left Rome in haste, and were far on their way towards the Russian capital.

After bidding Petr farewell when they returned from the Campagna, Vera had thrown herself on her mother's neck and sobbed, 'Take me home at once, mother. Do not ask me anything now. You have before you only your suffering child. Be just the mother to whom I used to cling when I was small and helpless. If you want to see me the wife of Wassili, take me back to Russia to-night.'

The practical hard-headed mother looked closely at the over-wrought girl. 'Some nonsense with that good-looking artist, I suppose,' she thought, but had the wisdom to keep silent and ask no questions. She hastily packed all their belongings, and they left for St Petersburg by the midnight train.

The morning came, and Petr went joyously to their accustomed place in the Jardin de l'Académie de France, expecting to see Vera at the usual hour. All doubts as to her love for him had disappeared with the dawn, which he watched from his little chamber windows, and as the first pink flush in the gray level sky deepened into a crimson glow, he was certain that his beloved would face the uncertain future with him hand in hand, smiling at poverty and care.

It was a wonderful fresh morning, with little breezes wandering round to greet him, and fairy dewdrops that gave a cheery blink and then dissolved in the sunshine. He was out a little earlier than was his wont, and as Rome, with its great churches and buildings, all so luxurious in their impression, yet so simple in their broad outlines, rose out of the valley mists and assumed form and grandeur in the clear air, he involuntarily exclaimed, '*Rome, la mère de tous les arts, et la créatrice de l'éternel amour*,' as he gazed entranced at the magic scene, and drew in a deep breath of utter contentment.

He worked steadily for several hours, expecting Vera to appear at any moment, and it was not until his midday meal was over that he began to feel any real anxiety at her non-appearance. He hurried away to the small hotel where she and her mother had lived for several months.

The concierge was able to give him precise information regarding both ladies. Madame and her daughter had left unexpectedly for Russia the previous night. They caught the last train. He did not know the reason for such a hurried departure. No! there was no message or letter left for him.

Petr stood as one stunned. 'Left for Russia. No message!' he repeated dully.

The concierge turned away to attend to the postman, and as the two men stood chaffing and talking together they little imagined that a young life lay broken before them, all illusions shattered, and its child-like faith in the justice of God killed at a single stroke.

VIII.

That night the northern express carried Petr, together with his unfinished Madonna and his ruined dreams, back to the frozen north.

The professor received his unexpected pupil in sympathetic silence after one long searching look at the pale, stricken face, and waited patiently for the explanation of his too early return. Petr unburdened his passionate bursting heart. 'I cannot finish my picture. The power and inspiration are no longer there. I never wish to paint again.'

His master put a kindly protecting arm round the shaking shoulders. 'Be patient, my son. Rome has indeed done her work. The artist has found a soul,' was all he said.

He watched Petr very closely, however, during the next few weeks, and offered no opposition to his cessation of all study. The young man spent many days wandering through the chain of silent islands stretching for miles outside the city of St Petersburg. The older man knew that Nature is the great healer, and assured as he was of the boy's genius, he felt convinced that greater, nobler efforts would be resurrected out of the apparently dead ashes of his present despair. Petr learned to love the peace and calmness of the long nights spent on these little isles, where the clear northern light was not dimmed at eve by the shadow of the black pinions of darkness, but shone like noon in that land of the midnight sun. His white face merged into the pale landscape as he crept back to his neglected couch, his aching heart and weary brain stilled by the healing wings of the angel of dawn.

He haunted the dark churches also, remembering his mother's prayers of old. One day, when kneeling before the shrine of the Miraculous Sainte Vierge in the Cathedral of Kasan, and in the act of lighting the pale candles which illuminated the tender look of the Holy Mother for sorrowing mankind, he heard voices in the silence. Lifting his head, he saw a wedding group approaching the altar. There were not many people in attendance, and Petr, impelled by some irresistible instinct, approached in time to see the bride as she passed, like a lily in her white gown.

It was Vera, and his eyes looked for a moment deeply into hers. Such grief and regret he never expected to see in any human countenance, and in the realisation of her suffering he forgot for a moment his own despair. He made an involuntary movement as though to protect her, but she raised a warning hand and he fell back. He watched two large tears well into her beautiful eyes and roll down her cheeks. Then she passed on, no one having noticed the quick, silent drama; but the few spectators were amazed to see a young man

rush blindly from the church, as though pursued by some relentless fury.

Petr took a droshky and hurried home, where he seized his long-neglected brush and began to paint like one inspired on his unfinished Madonna.

He was at last able to depict all the suffering he had ever dreamed as resting in the eyes of the Lady of Sorrow, and unconsciously he depicted two great tears falling on her white cheeks.

IX.

At the autumn exhibition given at the Imperial Academy there was one picture of which all St Petersburg raved. 'Our Lady of Sorrow' was surrounded always by a crowd of ardent admirers, and the name of Petr was on all lips. Suffering and love had at last accomplished all that the professor hoped. Petr was indeed a worthy son of Great Russia; but the gladness had departed, apparently for ever, from the young face, and he remained an

enigma to his public, for in the midst of his great success he hardly spoke, and never smiled.

In two years he became world-famous, and then the clouds of sorrow lifted. He opened his paper one morning to read in the society columns that Count Wassili Werekieff, whose reckless auto-driving was the despair of his friends, had been killed in an accident whilst motoring along the famous Corniche Road between Nice and Monte Carlo, but his young wife, who was with him, had escaped uninjured.

Some time afterwards a second Madonna was exhibited by the famous artist, which created a veritable furore in the art world. This time the Blessed Mother was named 'Our Lady of Joy.' Smiling eyes shone with wonderful hope and love as she gazed at the infant lying in her arms. It was said that the model for the picture was the beautiful wife of the painter, Petr Soboleff.

INTO HUDSON BAY AGAIN.

By AUBREY FULLERTON.

HUDSON BAY, once a travelled highway between England and Canada, but now for many years a neglected sea, is again being talked about, and may presently regain its old-time importance. It will not do so, however, in its old-time capacity. Originally a link in the fur trade between London and Rupert's Land, it will now be a link in the grain-carrying trade between the Western Canadian wheat-fields and Liverpool.

To ascertain whether or not the route is practicable for this new Canada-to-England traffic numerous investigations have been made, and evidence has been taken from experienced navigators and grain shippers. Captain Joseph Bernier, who has been sailing into Arctic waters for several years past, testified before the Royal Grain Commission that Hudson Bay could be safely navigated by specially built ocean-going ships for from four to six months of the year, and that the extra cost of such ships would not be more than 10 per cent. The establishment of such a route, however, will depend entirely upon the completion of the Hudson Bay Railway, with which trans-Atlantic cargo ships will connect at Port Nelson.

The Government of Canada began in 1911 the construction of a rail line from Northern Manitoba to the mid-west coast of Hudson Bay, intending it to be especially a grain-carrying road. Before the War steel was laid on about 330 miles out of a total 424 miles, and \$20,000,000 was spent on the work, including terminal facilities at Port Nelson. To complete the road will cost an additional \$6,000,000, and it has

been a question for the past few years whether the Government should make this further expenditure or abandon the project.

Western interests, particularly in Manitoba, are strongly demanding the completion of the road, and in the city of Winnipeg there is an agitation with 'On to the Bay' as its slogan. The demand from their point of view is that the Government, which is practically committed to the scheme, go on with the undertaking and give effect to the expenditure already made by completing the missing link of railway. In opposition to the entire project it is claimed, more especially by shipping interests in Eastern Canada, that Hudson Bay is open to safe navigation for so short a time each year that to go any further in the attempt to make it a commercial route would be a waste of public money.

If a new Hudson Bay route for cargo ships is opened up, Western Canada will be brought considerably closer to England. From Port Nelson to Liverpool by the proposed route is 2966 miles, as compared with 3007 miles from Montreal, and 3053 miles from New York; but the chief advantage will be the great shortening of the land haul to seaboard, making possible a saving to the exporter of 15 cents on every bushel. This is the main argument for the completion of the railroad and the inauguration of the Nelson-to-Liverpool service.

On the map it looks as though Nature intended some such use to be made of Canada's northern inland sea. With its two straits connecting with the Atlantic and Arctic oceans, Hudson Bay is nearly half as large as the Mediterranean,

and is therefore, in size alone, a factor to reckon with. The bay itself offers no serious navigation problems, being open the year round; but Hudson Strait, 450 miles long and 100 miles wide, is admittedly dangerous because of the floating ice that packs into it on its way to the Atlantic. The strait is not considered safely navigable until 15th July, and from then only until 30th September; but it is claimed that with specially constructed ships the season can be lengthened.

The navigation of Hudson Bay is no new thing. If the opening of the grain route materialises precisely as now expected, it will be, after all, only a remaking of history, for the bay has been a place of adventure and romance ever since Henry Hudson first sailed it in 1610. Only sixty years after its tragic discovery the newly organised Hudson's Bay Company began to traffic in the surrounding wilderness, and for a long time a regular trade-route between Europe and America was maintained *via* this northern waterway. York Factory, on the south-west coast, became an ocean port; sailing ships that for their day were great and fast carried to it rich stores of merchandise, and took from it still more valuable cargoes of raw fur; and in defence of the trade thus established strong forts were built and battles fought.

The most substantially fortified post that the Hudson's Bay Company has ever had in its 250 years of history was Fort Prince of Wales, at the mouth of the Churchill River, a hundred miles or more north of York Factory and Port Nelson. Trading post though it was, and farthest north of all New World fortresses, it had the distinction of being the strongest defence on the whole American continent at the time it was built, and so well and securely were its foundations laid that parts of the great stone walls, thirty-four feet thick, still remain. The

Government of Canada has recently placed the old fort site under the care of the National Parks Branch, and it is now to be preserved, for its history's sake, as a memorial park.

Fort Prince of Wales was built in 1734, and from it, thirty-five years later, Samuel Hearne went out on his famous overland journeys into the North, the first of white men to reach the Arctic coast. Hearne was a better explorer than soldier, however, and his surrender to the French under Admiral La Pérouse in 1782 was in sorry contrast with the massiveness of its defences. The fort was destroyed by the enemy, and has never been rebuilt; but enough of it is still left, in grass-grown outline, to make it one of the most interesting spots, historically, in the New World.

There was no question in pioneer days about the navigability of the bay. Eighteenth-century seamen sailed the northern sea so ably that there were surprisingly few losses on the route, and Hudson Bay became Britain's open doorway into the Canadian North-west. For many years all the coming and going was by that way. Lord Selkirk's Red River colony, for instance, was dependent upon a picturesque ox-cart service from York Factory, which freighted to Fort Garry (the modern Winnipeg) supplies brought overseas by the Hudson Bay packet line. To-day Winnipeg and the West beyond are served by two great transcontinental railways. But there is nevertheless a desire to revive the northern water route, which has possibilities of as great service to the prairie provinces, under modern conditions, as a hundred years ago and more, when it was the only way. Since then, however, cargo ships have grown, and it now remains to be proved whether or not what was practicable for sailing vessels and ox-carts is correspondingly feasible for big steamships and a costly railroad.

'DON QUIXOTE' AND THE ORPHANS.

CHAPTER IV.—*continued.*

III.

WHEN comparatively safe in that broad-leaved wilderness, Juan having returned to watch the *ranchos*, Brooke told the girl that Hugo was with Marshall, and her brother with the horses, where they would speedily join him. Presently Juan of the Spurs came up, grinning with satisfaction.

'It's the best sort of a miracle,' he said. 'All the dogs must also be drunk. All the *malo gente* and the *perros* have been taking advantage of Don Pablo's indisposition. They have had a great *fiesta*. Looted the store—drunk all the *aguardiente*—eaten a whole cow, perhaps two—there are two pairs of fresh horns

—and the *perros*, like their masters, are surfeited and drowsy—dead to the world.'

Finding the girl quite unable to walk in the rough bed of the *arroyo* even when supported—carry her he could not and keep his footing—Brooke bore her into a patch of sugar-canes, whilst Juan went ahead to get horses.

Being some distance from the bandits' village, Brooke felt sufficiently secure to question the girl as to her experiences.

But she could not speak in any detail of what she had endured—of the awful ride up the *arroyo*, tied with raw-hide thongs to her saddle—of the deadly fatigue, the smarts, pains, and aches. It was a horrid nightmare, ever to be remembered with a shudder. She wished to forget it.

She had not seen Don Pablo, and could not understand the talk of her captors. But Hugo had told her that he had overheard one of the brigands say the chief was expected to die, at which all who heard laughed loudly, and seemed very pleased. Although so desperately weary, however, the girl spoke freely on one subject—her rescue and the impossibility of paying the debt she owed to her rescuer.

But on this topic she became silent when Brooke, hesitantly and with compunction, suggested that there were several ways of bestowing a reward, and greatly daring, expressed the hope that some day she would permit him to ask her to seal a contract which would be more than ample recompense for anything he had done or ever could do in her service.

It was scarcely a fitting time or occasion for such a suggestion, and Billy Brooke felt that, being a modest sort of fellow; but she heard him with a smile, if rather a wan one, and to his supreme satisfaction showed no sign of resentment.

IV.

After lying hidden in the sugar-canes for an hour they heard the splashing of horses. Juan had returned, leading two extra mounts and accompanied by Marshall, whose frowning face cleared at sight of the girl. Asked what he had done with little Hugo and his prisoner, he laughed grimly.

'Hugo's all right,' he said. 'So's the brigand. I found him quite intelligent, so set him free and gave him a little job of navvying—digging a hole, anyway. He went at it kindly enough, but I doubt if he'll take the trouble to dig deeper than a coyote's burrow.'

'You're talking Greek, or double Dutch, and I neglected the classics in my youth,' Brooke rejoined.

'So "*no sabe!*" as the Mexicans say? Well, my son, if you must know, Don Pablo's an *aparecido*, and the state of Oaxaca owes me ten thousand *pesos*, which I hope I may collect. Don Pablo's is a most unlovely corpus, but it'll get decenter burial than the scoundrel deserved—if my late prisoner does as he promised.' He turned to the guide.—'Juan, what in the name of all that is villainous and accursed is *El zumo del coralillo?*'

Juan of the Spurs pulled up his horse with a jerk. His face paled, and he shuddered visibly. '*El zumo del coralillo, señor?*' he cried. 'It's the deadliest poison in the world. The Indians get it from the jaws of coral snakes. It will kill at once, like a bullet through the brain or the heart, or in a week, or in a month, or a year. It depends on the strength. But always it kills. If pure, a man drops almost immediately, just as when the coral snake bites. His blood curdles, and he dies on the spot.'

'No such mercy for the Lestranges,' Marshall

commented, in English, half to himself. And his eyes gleamed.

'Oh!' cried the girl, who had correctly interpreted Juan's horrified tones and gathered Marshall's meaning.

He glanced at her in some compunction. 'I didn't intend you to hear,' he said. 'Don't think more about it than you can help. The wretch has paid for his crimes. I killed him. Best deed I ever did, or ever shall do, I expect.'

They rode on, and presently drew near the clearing where the animals had been left with Rupert Lestrangle. He heard them coming, and hastened to meet them. 'My darling Mabelle!' he cried. And there were tears in his eyes as he kissed her. Then he solemnly shook hands with the mining experts and Juan of the Spurs. 'I shall never forget—never,' he said.

Presently, the *arroyo* road being intolerable, Juan struck into the bordering forest, which necessitated the constant use of his *machete*. Even so, progress was painful enough, and all were dead tired when eventually they arrived at the Bluff. The brigand leaders slain, and the band in thrall of the curse of the Mexican Indian—*aguardiente*, a poison almost as deadly as *El zumo del coralillo*, if less speedy in its action—no further attack was anticipated.

V.

Next morning, accompanied by Mabelle and Rupert Lestrangle, and by Hugo, who was not a bit impressed by the millions which lay under his feet, the mining experts resumed their prospecting as if nothing had happened. This, the third examination, confirmed them in the opinions they had previously formed. The mineral contents of the Bluff were enormous.

'We shall have to call the orphans the little plutocrats,' Billy Brooke told the girl. 'The proposition is so huge that I fancy the directors will want to form a special company. As you and your brother are the children's natural guardians, it will be up to you to decide whether they should accept a royalty or shares. And as representing the owners you ought to have a voice in the management.' With a laugh he added, 'In that case, may I ask for your good offices on behalf of Don Quixote de la Mancha and Sancho Panza? Like the unlamented Don Pablo, we have taken a fancy to this place, consider the prospects excellent, and wish to make sure of a permanent job.'

'Of course,' she answered. 'Why, but for you—well—never mind. I really can't tell you just what I think and would like to tell you; but if Rupert and I have any power, and if it would be in order to offer you and Mr Marshall shares in the company—if there is one—'

'Can't be done,' he interrupted. 'That might be called an illegal commission in the city of London. All the same, if of your kind-heartedness you should ever feel disposed to bestow

upon me the only reward I covet, you will make me the happiest man in the world. But as to the owners' interests, we must really hear what the *Juez* has to say. They are under his jurisdiction at present.'

'But British subjects?'

'Oh yes; and if Don Salazar gets the titles extended all right, you should be free to enter into a contract on their behalf either here or at home. I'm awfully keen on contracts,' he went on, 'and like the ghosts in Don Salazar's noddle, there's one that's never out of my mind. As you know, I shall have to stay here for a while, and I'd dearly like to fix it up before you take the children away. Are you going to take them home?'

'Well, you know,' she answered, and the rose showed through the sunburn on her cheeks, 'they must be educated, and I couldn't really ask Rupert to take them alone. But'—smiling—'if I really am very much wanted, and you could convince me that it is my duty to be here—well—to help to safeguard the orphans' interests and—and—enter into a contract—why, I might come back.'

'And you will?' he cried jubilantly.

She laughed. 'Perhaps. But about that we really must hear what the *Juez* has to say. So far as I could tell, his is the only habitable—I didn't say desirable—house in San Pedro Mixtepec. I couldn't really contemplate living in a tent on this Bluff altogether, you know. But if Don Salazar would agree to take me in, that might be an inducement to me to consider seriously the contract you spoke of.'

'I would build a house for you—a real *casa grande*,' said Brooke. But she only laughed.

Such thistle-down encounters were frequent during the next few days, and having gathered an inkling of the state of affairs, Marshall felt it his duty to lecture his colleague on the subject of brazen impudence and various other applicable synonyms, which had no effect whatever.

VI.

On the sixth day after his departure Don Salazar, true to his promise, arrived at the head of a small army—fifty *rurales* and three officers, all splendidly mounted and most picturesque in their gray and silver uniforms. A palaver with the mining experts and Juan of the Spurs followed immediately, when it was decided to attack the bandits' village the next morning.

Then the *Juez*, who had been told the story of the execution of the brigand chief and of *El zumo del coralillo*, with many flourishes produced the new titles of the mine, duly made out in the names of Hugo and Adelaide Lestrangle, *menores*, bearing many stamps and a great seal impressed with the arms of the Republic—an eagle rampant, perched on a spiny cactus, with a snake's tail beneath its talons and with its neck in its beak.

The *Juez* drew special attention to the seal. It was symbolic, he said, of that other serpent who had been so providentially slain by his good friend Don Sancho, and was now an *aparecido*, &c.

At dawn the troopers set out for the bandits' lair, guided by Juan of the Spurs, and accompanied by Marshall, who was determined to see the finish. They defeated the band, killed a great many, and filled the jail at Miahuatlan with the prisoners.

Came the day of the departure of the orphans and their guardians for San Pedro Mixtepec, the city of Oaxaca, Mexico City, and home. Leaving Marshall in charge at Santa Elena, Brooke accompanied them.

There was much to do at San Pedro—the poor cross in the wood to replace with a memorial more lasting; the marriage to attend of Juan of the Spurs and Felipa, the former resplendent in the finest rig to be bought, the tightest possible trousers, the flaringest crimson sash, and real silver spurs weighing some pounds—a present from Rupert Lestrangle. Followed a *fiesta* for the children who had been the orphans' play-fellows when they lived with old Catarina. A last meal in the judge's house, a final serenade by the band, and they rode away.

Billy Brooke went with them as far as the city of Oaxaca, and saw the travellers to the train for the capital. 'You will really come back?' he asked the girl when the time for departure had arrived.

'Rupert has promised to bring me,' she answered. 'But there is one thing I want to know.'

'Yes?'

'When in Mexico shall I really be called "La Señora Doña Mabelle Quijote de la Mancha y Lestrangle"?''

To such a question there could be but one fitting answer.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A WICKLESS INCANDESCENT PARAFFIN LAMP.

MANY novel lamps have been described in these notes from time to time, but so far none has been of the wickless paraffin type. In principle such lamps resemble the well-known

Primus stove, in which a high-pressure jet of paraffin vapour, mixed with air, burns with a blue flame of intense heat. In a very simple lamp of this type which has recently come under our notice, a brass container which forms the foot is partly filled with paraffin, leaving an air

space in the top which is charged with air by a pump to a pressure of 30 pounds per square inch. This pressure on the oil forces it up a vertical pipe into a vaporiser. Here the heat of a small quantity of methylated spirit, applied by means of a 'torch' (described below), converts the liquid paraffin into vapour, which issues from an extremely fine jet into an incandescent burner similar to that used with ordinary coal-gas. The vapour mixes with air and burns inside the mantle, making the mantle incandescent. The heat from the mantle keeps the vaporiser hot, and continues to vaporise the paraffin so long as there is oil under air-pressure in the container. In all wickless stoves and lamps particles of carbon are deposited in the vaporiser, and these are liable to reach the fine jet in the burner and choke it. To clear such obstructions, there is provided in the vaporiser a wire with a fine end which can be pushed up through the jet by turning a small screw. This plan is a great improvement on the usual one of pricking these jets from the outside, when, of course, the particles of carbon are pushed back into the vaporiser, where they are liable again to reach the jet. Moreover, the operation is a tedious one compared with the turning of a screw. After a life of about 500 'burning' hours, however, the vaporiser becomes completely choked, and it is then necessary to renew it. The lamp is so designed that this is readily done at a small cost. The air-pump is a permanent fixture in the container, only the handle projecting. Another useful item is a screw which shuts off the paraffin from the vaporiser until the latter has become sufficiently heated by the methylated spirit. The 'torch' consists of two pads of asbestos, which are dipped in the spirit and held by a spring on the vertical pipe just below the vaporiser. After one minute the paraffin can be turned on, and the lamp will light. In addition to clearing the jet the wire in the vaporiser can be used to regulate the size of the flame, and therefore the light of the lamp. By turning the control screw, the lamp may be made to give any amount of light from 50 to 300 candle-power. These lamps are made up in various forms. The capacity of the container of the smallest is $1\frac{1}{4}$ pint, and this quantity will last for 10 hours, making the cost about one penny for 6 hours. The containers are of polished brass, and all other parts are handsomely finished. There is only one drawback, the slight buzzing sound made by the jet. But this feature is more than counterbalanced by the economy and perfect cleanliness of the lamp.

A NEW METHOD OF ELECTRIC HEATING.

If the best results are to be obtained from any form of heat for warming rooms or buildings, a big surface at a comparatively low temperature must be chosen in preference to a small surface at a high temperature. This

fact has been taken advantage of in a new method of warming houses by electricity. The heating elements are embodied in draught-screens, wall-panels, skirting-boards, and mirrors, or they may be fixed under floors. A screen is a particularly effective heater on this system, because of its very big surface. The electric elements are embodied in the screen, which, to all appearances, is unaltered from the ordinary article. Temperatures of about 100° F., i.e. which are comfortably warm to the hand, are found to be quite enough. With these temperatures, of course, there is no risk of fire; neither are the electric elements liable to failure, as is the case with high-temperature electric heating and cooking apparatus. One advantage of the heated looking-glasses or mirrors, especially in bath-rooms, is that they do not become blurred with condensation. Electricity for heating must always be more or less of a luxury, but for those who can afford it no source of heat is so convenient, clean, and healthy. The cost under this new system, however, is comparatively moderate, because of its high efficiency.

A four-fold screen, for instance, consumes one unit of electricity in $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The cost of electric current for heating seldom exceeds twopence per unit, while in many places it is only a penny. When it is considered that the screen in question will warm quite a large room, it will be understood that the cost is by no means prohibitive. This method of heating should be ideal for the early summer or the autumn, when very small amounts of heat are required. The screens, panels, mirrors, and mats with the heating elements can be made up of any material and in any desired form.

AN UNDER-WATER PLANE.

Conditions necessary for the aeroplane to fly or glide in the air may, with certain modifications, be applied to an under-water glider, and this has been successfully done in a toy which bids fair to become popular. Gravity, the force tending to pull the aeroplane down to earth, is counterbalanced by wings or planes set at an angle of incidence, together with a horizontal thrust applied by an engine. Just as gravity acts downwards, buoyancy acts upwards. If, therefore, a lighter-than-water construction be placed in water it will float, but fitted with a power unit to give a horizontal thrust and planes set at an angle of incidence (negative incidence to that of an aeroplane), a force will be produced opposing the upward buoyancy force, and the lighter-than-water machine will dive to depths in water, just as an aeroplane rises to heights in the air. When the power ceases to operate, the under-water plane will rise to the surface, just as an aeroplane comes to earth when the engine is shut off. In the toy referred to the planes are set at the proper angle, and the power is supplied

by means of elastic or rubber bands acting on an aluminium propeller. When properly adjusted, the appliance can keep a straight horizontal path some few inches below the water if desired, or run along at the bottom by means of the under-carriage provided. It will travel on its side, loop the loop, or, by setting the rudder over, it will make a spiral loop or cork-screw. It will always return to the surface. The toy, it may be added, is made in four sizes.

A NEW FORM OF BOOT-SCRAPER.

We have recently had the opportunity of testing a novel form of boot-scraper which presents several useful features. In general appearance it resembles a spade with a rather short wooden handle. To the lower part of this handle are fixed, one on each side, two thin iron bars, ending in a knob at the bottom to give support and to prevent damage to a floor, and slightly curved at the top, so that the two bars together form a long \cap . Riveted to these bars about half-way down the \cap , and projecting beyond them on each side, is a steel plate, forming the 'scraper'—straight along the top, slightly concave along each side, and more distinctly concave along the middle part of the lower edge. With an instrument like this, held much as one holds a spade, it is easy to remove the mud from the soles of one's boots with the help of the top of the scraper, from the sides with that of the parts projecting beyond the bars, from the uppers and the back of the heels with that of the concave lower edge, and from the welts with that of one of the corners of the scraper. All edges and corners, however, are carefully rounded off so as not to injure the leather. Being portable, the scraper can be kept and used just where required, and should prove very useful in golf-clubs and country houses, and to shooting parties.

A SOLID SUBSTITUTE FOR METHYLATED SPIRIT.

Many of us became familiar during the War with a solid substitute for methylated spirit which liquefied when lit, and burned with a blue flame. This substance was admittedly a makeshift. A new substitute has made its advent recently which has actual advantages over what may be called the 'genuine article.' As sold, it is a white solid substance in the form of round or rectangular tablets or cylindrical blocks. It burns with a blue flame which is said to be hotter than that of a spirit-lamp; has no smell; does not itself become heated; leaves no residue; does not evaporate or deteriorate with storage; is not affected by water; and can be blown out when done with, and the unconsumed portion used at another time. All kinds of utensils suitable for the consumption of this fuel are supplied by the makers. The simplest consists of a three-legged

metal frame, upon the top of which a saucepan or a frying-pan can be placed, while three horizontal projections support the block of fuel. This frame folds up flat. A block of fuel will boil a pint of water in 5 minutes; and it will burn for from 1 to 1½ hours. A more elaborate device for boiling water has a wind-proof stand for the fuel, a saucepan, and an egg-boiler, all of which pack into the saucepan. A smaller edition boils a sufficient quantity of water for shaving or making a cup of tea. In view of the lukewarm water one is often given in hotels or even in private houses, this appliance should be particularly useful to travellers. These boiling devices are all made of aluminium. Another useful appliance is a pocket case about the size of a spirit lighter, which takes a bar of the fuel. This gives a clean blue flame, similar to that from a spirit-lamp, for sealing or for medical purposes. Other ends for which this fuel is used are heating curling-tongs, and lighting wickless pressure stoves. It was carried by the Mount Everest Expedition of 1922, and a larger store was taken by the party which attempted the ascent during the present year. For tea-baskets the new fuel is ideal. It costs more than methylated spirit, heat for heat; but when the loss of the spirit by evaporation is taken into account, there is not much difference between the two, while the solid fuel is, of course, much safer and more convenient.

NOVEL CAMPING-TABLE AND CHAIRS.

For camping out at home and for up-country expeditions abroad a portable table and portable chairs are almost indispensable. A new form of camping-table has recently been brought out which, when closed up, is very similar to a suitcase in form, but with each division of equal depth. This case measures 30 inches in length, 15 inches in width, and 3 inches in depth. When opened out flat it forms the table-top. There is a leg at each corner, which swings on a pivot at the end of the table. Pivoted at one end to each leg is a wooden strut, the other end of which fixes to the side of the table; there is likewise a steel strut, which attaches to the table-end, both struts being at an angle of 45 degrees. These struts stiffen the legs in all directions, and make the table exceedingly rigid, and it is the work of but a few seconds to fix them in position. As a matter of fact, the legs are not actually pivoted to the ends of the table, but to wood strips which go right across the ends and fix on with buttons. These strips keep the table-top fully extended, and they prevent any sagging down at the hinge. The table consists of a hardwood frame with locked corners and a three-ply birch top. Even more unusual than the table, the chairs consist essentially of two A-shaped frames crossing each other in the

middle, where they are secured by a bolt, and capable of being opened out or closed up like a camp-stool. The seat between the tops of the frames is of the hammock variety, and is made of rot-proof canvas. Inserted in sockets on the frames, after the chair is unfolded, are two vertical steel tubes which carry a canvas back between their upper ends, this addition naturally making the chair far more comfortable than the ordinary camp-stool. These chairs fold up into so small a space that four will pack into the table in addition to the end strips and the legs. Birch is used for all the wooden parts, which are varnished and polished, except the table-top, which is painted a navy gray.

ATMOSPHERIC POLLUTION.

Although it is difficult to trace the relation between atmospheric pollution and health from the figures recorded in the ninth report of the Advisory Committee of the Air Ministry for the investigation of this subject, some of the information given is of considerable interest. Three instruments for the study of atmospheric pollution have been developed and standardised, and these are available for interested private individuals and public authorities. They comprise a standard gauge for measuring the amount of impurity which falls upon a measured area in a month; an automatic filter in which a measured quantity of air is drawn through tiny discs of filter paper at rates of two or four per hour; and a jet dust-collector by means of which the particles of dust in a very small amount of air can be examined under a microscope and counted, and their shape and nature noted. It will surprise most people to know that in a thick fog they may be breathing 80,000 particles of dust in each cubic centimetre (a cube measuring about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch each way) of air. No inconsiderable amount of tar is deposited when big areas are considered. The figures are given in metric tons per 100 square kilometres per annum, practically the equivalent of English tons per 40 square miles yearly. Newcastle-on-Tyne leads in this item with 82 tons over such an area for 1922-23, while none is recorded for Rothamsted. Liverpool had the biggest deposit of solid matter of all kinds in 1922-23, with 4717 tons against 444 tons at Southport. A curious feature is that these maximum deposits occur as often in the summer as in the winter months. A characteristic of the dust in some air, of which no satisfactory explanation has been suggested, is the presence of transparent spherical particles. These range in diameter from $1\frac{1}{2}$ microns* downwards, and the number varies considerably. Early in March 1922 the number in London air began to increase, and reached something like 50 per cent. of the total dust-count before the end of the month.

* A micron is the millionth part of a metre, approximately $\frac{1}{254000}$ of an inch.

Every kind of test has been tried on these spheres, but the results have been mostly of a negative character. The most likely explanation seems to be that they are volcanic dust, as for some time before March 1922 there was great volcanic activity in Europe. Future lines of research, when means become available, are the relation of the bacterial contents of the air to smoke contents, and the reduction of daylight due to suspended impurity.

AN EVERLASTING GRAMOPHONE NEEDLE.

Notwithstanding a certain amount of popularity gained by the fibre variety, the steel gramophone needle still holds the field. In both cases the points wear so rapidly that the needles have frequently to be renewed. A new type of needle has been recently brought out which is practically everlasting. It consists of a very fine wire, the end of which projects from a metal socket to the extent of about $\frac{1}{16}$ th inch. The socket is formed of a piece of $\frac{1}{16}$ th inch brass wire having one end bent double, so as to make a U-shape with one long and one short leg. A hole is drilled down the long leg, and comes out at the bottom of the U. Near the top of the U is a tiny spindle carrying a minute reel, with a star-wheel by which to turn it. On this reel is wound 9 inches of the fine wire that acts as the needle. The end of this wire passes through a hole in the long leg and comes out through the hole at the bottom of the U. When the star-wheel is turned the wire is pushed farther out. Made of comparatively soft metal, this wire gradually wears away without wearing the record; and, as the end wears so as to fit the grooves, the tone is always good. The tone can be varied by altering the amount of projection, a short point giving a loud tone, while a long one softens the music. So slow is the wear on the wire that there is enough to play 27,000 records. Finally, the long leg of the U will fit any needle-holder. This needle gives a better tone with less scratching than either steel or fibre needles, while its advantages in other directions are obvious.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (a) a reply post-card, or (b) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

For its return in case of ineligibility, a stamped and directed envelope (or postage-stamps) should accompany every manuscript.

To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE SENSIBLE MR SANDERS.

By J. FREDERICK TILSLEY, Author of *Cheerio!* &c.

PART I.

I.

MR WILLIAM SANDERS, draper and general warehouseman, was very angry indeed, and Mr Sanders angry was quite a different person from the big, handsome, debonair traveller who discussed blouse and jumper fashions so charmingly with retail shopkeepers from (as he himself boasted) Land's End to John o' Groats. Mr Sanders angry was inclined to bang doors and throw things at the office cat, but it was only on rare occasions that he permitted himself to become as angry as he was at this moment. Bad temper, he knew, completely ruined one's dignity, and, as might be expected from one of his vocation, Mr Sanders had an almost pathetic desire to be looked upon as a dignified man. His emotions, therefore, were usually controlled with an iron discipline.

He now stood half in and half out of his little general office, visibly swelling with indignation. 'I never heard of such a thing in all my life!' he gasped. 'I—I——' Words failed him. He pushed his hard black felt hat a little farther back on his round sleek head and trembled violently.

In the centre of the office, their hands still clasped, stood an extremely pretty girl of something under twenty and an extremely commonplace-looking young man of something under thirty. The girl, who had coloured brilliantly and then grown quite white, seemed undecided whether to laugh hysterically or whether to burst into tears. She was a small, sturdy girl, with dark golden hair, great brown eyes, and a small red mouth. The young man, who was also flushed, stood staring at William Sanders with bulging eyes and drooping lower lip; he was slim and freckled, his hair was sandy, and his hands and feet were unusually large. The two young people were thoroughly and obviously ashamed of themselves.

The little office, with its business-like roll-top desk, its typewriter, and shelves, containing more rolls of brightly coloured crêpe-de-chine and stockinet (overflow from the warehouse) than ledgers, made a strange setting for such a picture.

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'Never heard of such a thing,' repeated William Sanders. Closing the office door with considerable violence, he strode across the room and set his heavy sample case down on the desk with a bang. 'How long has this sort of thing been going on?'

Blushing, the girl raised her head proudly and looked him in the eyes. 'It hasn't been going on at all,' she answered, keeping her voice steady with an obvious effort. 'This is the very first time such a thing has ever happened. Only a few minutes ago I was sitting at my machine as usual. Ev-ev-everything happened at w-w-once.'

'That's right, sir,' broke in the young man in hoarse, eager tones. 'Every blessed thing happened at once. I—I was to blame, sir. She—Miss Hale didn't know anything about it. I—I took her by surprise.'

'Then you ought——'

'Yes, sir,' the other interrupted promptly, 'I ought to be kicked, and I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself.' He attempted surreptitiously to disengage his hand, but the girl clung to him determinedly.

'He—Mr Smith was no more to blame than I,' she said quickly. 'We were both foolish, but—but——'

William Sanders thrust his hat a little farther back. 'Go on, Miss Hale,' he said grimly, 'but——?'

'Oh nothing!' She burst into tears suddenly.

'She means to say,' Mr Smith broke in again, 'that it couldn't be helped; it was one of those things that—er—that—that—well, that just happen, if you understand me, sir—without your being able to help it. You know I went into the office to get the special letter for that big mail order, and—and—well—I don't know how it happened, but—it did.'

'Yes,' answered William Sanders, even more grimly, 'and now something else is going to happen.'

II.

A little later two dejected figures crept silently out of the office, and William Sanders, his expression still stern but his anger quite gone,

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SEPTEMBER 6, 1924.

rose to his feet and examined himself in the little square of mirror which Miss Hale had hung above the desk months before.

Trouble affects people in different ways: some resort to tears and some take to drink. When things went wrong with William Sanders he looked round instinctively for a mirror. There was something about the reflection of his own heavy, undeniably handsome face, with its rather hard blue eyes and black moustache, which soothed him and reinforced confidence. The more William Sanders saw of himself the more convinced he became of his own essential worthiness. He stared fixedly into the mirror for a few moments, gently passing a large white hand over his smooth, shining hair, which, although he refused to admit it, was obviously thinning on top. Giving the points of his moustache a twirl, he turned abruptly from the mirror and strode from the office.

The general office was at the entrance to the warehouse. William Sanders hesitated for a moment, and then, turning his back on the warehouse, he descended to the floor below, grumbling inwardly because the lift was out of order. Reaching the editorial office of the *Advertiser*, which was immediately below the warehouse, he rapped perfunctorily on the glass panel of the door, and entered without waiting for an invitation.

Thomas Keith Chalmers, editor of the *Advertiser*, was standing at the far end of a large writing-table examining some typewritten sheets. He was a tall man with a thin, lined, austere face, surmounted by a shock of grayish hair. The severity of his expression was somewhat relieved by the humour of his small mouth, which curved into an affectionate but slightly mocking smile at the sight of William Sanders. In the ordinary way there was nothing sensitive about Mr Sanders, but that smile never failed to disconcert him a little.

'Well, William, how did you find business this trip?' asked the editor, speaking with a pronounced northern accent, which it is quite unnecessary, even if it were possible, to set down here. 'I thought you were going to be away for some time?'

'Can't grumble, Tommy,' answered Mr Sanders, moving a batch of current daily journals to one side and seating himself on a corner of the writing-table. 'Things are bad, but they might be worse.' He swung a neatly spatted boot contentedly.

'That's the most optimistic remark I've heard for months,' answered the other, with a sad shake of his gray head. 'Trade seems to be getting worse and worse.'

William Sanders gestured largely. 'There's always business to be done by the man with enough energy to go out and seek it. Look at me'—this was his favourite expression—'I don't let the grass grow under my feet.' Mr Sanders

launched out into a detailed account of several large orders he had taken during his recent journey to the Midlands. The other listened with that mocking, appreciative smile.

'Ah, you are an energetic man, William—a wonderfully energetic man.'

'I'm a practical man,' admitted Mr Sanders; 'there's no nonsense about me.'

'I can never understand why you never married,' observed the editor irrelevantly.

William Sanders's face became a shade more florid; he shook his head vigorously. 'Never had time to cultivate the acquaintance of girls, except in the way of business,' he said, with an air of finality. 'Women—young women are a nuisance; they demand continual amusement, and I've no time to waste in picture theatres—besides, I'm too old.'

'I can see,' observed Thomas Keith Chalmers dryly, 'that you know all about women, and there's no doubt whatever that you are a very old man—you must be thirty-eight?'

'Thirty-seven,' quickly corrected Mr Sanders.

'All the same,' murmured the other, 'I should certainly consider marriage seriously.'

William Sanders shook his head again, but more emphatically.

'I'm not the sort of man who appeals to women. I've been too busy all my life to cultivate the airs and graces. You see, Tommy, my dad was a coal miner; he went without a lot of things he needed to give me a decent education, and when I feel inclined to waste time foolishly, the memory of his sacrifices always sends me back to work. Perhaps some day I shall meet a sensible woman who understands the drapery; not a silly girl looking for some one to keep her amused, but a practical woman who will be able to assist me with the business.'

'In that event you might be prepared to consider marriage favourably, eh, William?'

Mr Sanders nodded. 'If she would be prepared to get married in a business-like fashion—meet me at the church, say "I will," and then catch the first tram for the warehouse. I've no time to waste honeymooning at the seaside or in the country; I hate the country, with its lazy cattle and sleepy farms. Give me the town, where there's energy and movement. However, I'm here on business, really. I want two small ads. inserted in your next issue, one for a male clerk, must be a good typist, and the other for a capable warehouseman. I'll leave the wording to you.'

The editor stared at him round-eyed. 'But what about Miss Hale and Mr Smith?'

William Sanders waved his hand. 'Just discharged 'em,' he announced concisely; 'they leave at the week-end.'

'Both?'

Mr Sanders nodded.

'God bless us! I never heard of such a thing! Whatever have they been doing?'

'I walked into the general office a short time ago and found them in each other's arms. He—he was kissing her—during business hours.' A note of great bitterness had crept into Mr Sanders's voice.

'I'm only surprised that it hasn't happened before,' observed Thomas Keith Chalmers, with a sigh. 'They've been in love with each other long enough.'

'No doubt,' answered the other with increasing bitterness; 'that's what's annoying me; there's no knowing how much time has been wasted. My place is a warehouse, not a matrimonial agency.'

'Oh, for goodness' sake, William, try and forget you are a business man long enough to be a human being!' requested the editor with sudden animation. 'Don't you see what's occurred? These children have been in love with each other for months. After long weeks of fears and doubts each reads the truth in the other's eyes, and the inevitable happens.'

'During business hours,' repeated Mr Sanders. 'They might have left it till lunch time.'

'If you had been a real business man,' went on the editor, restraining himself with a great effort, 'you would have turned this affair to your own account. Do you know what I should have done in your place?'

Mr Sanders shook his head.

'I should have congratulated them, then I should have taken them out to lunch, and pointed out to them that in working for me they were also working for themselves. Think how they would have guarded your interests. Man, you've let slip a glorious opportunity.'

William Sanders was unimpressed; he shook his head. 'They would have turned the office into a dove-cote every time I turned my back.' He stood upright and moved to the door. 'Don't forget, Tommy, a male clerk.'

III.

William Sanders was worried; business was good, his digestion was good, but as he himself expressed it, he felt out of sorts.

With hands thrust deeply into his pockets, he moved out of the warehouse into the general office and wished the bespectacled and highly efficient new clerk a perfunctory 'Good-morning.'

'Good-morning, sir,' answered the clerk politely, and then went on with his work.

William Sanders muttered something under his breath. The general office, like the warehouse (now in charge of an elderly spinster of uncertain age but irreproachable credentials), was in perfect order; not the least fault could be found with either; but although the wheels were running smoothly enough, it seemed to

William Sanders that there was something missing. With the passing of the Hale-Smith régime the whole place had lost some vital part of its character. Customers noted it too. Many of his oldest customers seemed ill at ease of late, as Mr Sanders was not slow to notice. He stared resentfully at the blue serge shoulders of the efficient new clerk, then his gaze moved instinctively to a spot above the big roll-top desk, but the mirror had gone. Again William Sanders said something under his breath, and wandered disconsolately from the office.

About to return to the warehouse, he changed his mind suddenly, and leaving his own premises, descended on the editorial offices of the *Advertiser*. Mr Sanders opened the office door gently and glanced into the room; there was a reason for this. Partly because he was a kind-hearted man and partly because he required a good typist, Thomas Keith Chalmers had found a place for Miss Hale in the offices of the *Advertiser*. For some reason which he was quite unable to define, Mr Sanders preferred to meet his friend when his late employee was not present. This reluctance had nothing either of shame or of regret in it. In discharging the love-sick culprits he was quite convinced that he had adopted the only possible course. All the same, he preferred not to meet Miss Hale face to face for the present.

The editor, seated at the head of his writing-table, was alone; a faint, rapid tapping from an inside office indicated the probable whereabouts of Miss Hale. Mr Sanders straightened himself and entered the office with dignity. 'Hello, Tommy,' he greeted with a smile which affected patronage. 'How's the circulation?'

Thomas Keith Chalmers eyed his visitor without enthusiasm. Ever since the Hale-Smith incident relations between the two had been a trifle strained. William Sanders's harshness had surprised and disgusted the kind-hearted journalist. He had always thought his friend's bark worse than his bite. The estrangement had quite a different effect on William Sanders. Always a little in awe of the editor, the fact that he had at last forced him to discard his attitude of friendly toleration secretly gratified him, and he added to his original offence by pretending to regard Thomas Keith Chalmers—who was in reality a far shrewder business man than himself—as an impractical sentimentalist.

Now, however, he dropped his practical-man-of-the-world pose, and after the first frivolous greeting something of the old deference crept back into his manner. 'I want some advice, Tommy.'

'What seems to be the matter?' asked the other, all solicitude at once. 'Losing sleep? Missing meals?'

Mr Sanders waved a large hand impatiently.

'If it was anything of that sort I'd go to a doctor—not you. To tell you the truth, Tommy, it's difficult to explain. I feel out of sorts, see? Life doesn't seem to be as much worth while; somehow, I'm sort of losing interest.'

Thomas Keith Chalmers considered these symptoms in silence for a few moments, and then pointed an impressive finger at William Sanders. 'There are only three remedies for your complaint,' he declared at last. 'Fortunately I know them all. Either you can get married or take a holiday.'

Mr Sanders was not impressed. 'What about the third remedy?' he asked dubiously.

'The surest of the three,' promptly answered his friend; 'get married *and* take a holiday.'

'I suppose you're a pretty good editor,' observed Mr Sanders, moving to the door, 'but you're a rotten doctor.'

'Sandypool's the place for you,' the editor called after him; 'five miles from Seacombe, the popular seaside resort. There's one single building in Sandypool, The Lodge, a sort of a boarding-house, which is mainly used by people of moderate means in search of peace and quiet. Great place—no promenade, no pier, no nigger minstrels, no tennis, no golf; nothing but a boredom so complete that after two weeks of it you'll find your interest in work completely revived. Of the two, getting married is a much less drastic remedy—I once passed through Sandypool.'

(Continued on page 660.)

TWENTY YEARS AS A FREE-LANCE.

By 'JOURNALIST.'

I.

FLEET STREET familiarly describes the contributor by the phrase derived from ancient chivalry—'a free-lance.' When a journalist happens to fall out of a salaried niche on the staff of any newspaper, he falls back, it is said, on 'free-lancing,' while waiting for a new 'inside job,' which may never arrive. At no time is Fleet Street without a contingent of ex-editors, ex-leader-writers, ex-reporters, who have somehow been dropped out of responsible positions in the profession, and are compelled by untoward circumstances to adopt the free-lance. Few of them continue in this capacity for many months. They mostly disappear into a niche somewhere, with a salary attached. Yet there are some journalists who have survived into old age and comfort, after pursuing for half a lifetime the precarious vocation of the unsalaried contributor, a workman generally at the mercy of editors and sub-editors, who reject his 'copy,' when it is judged unsuitable, without a thought of his hunger or of his responsibility for rent and rates.

Incomes of contributors are amazingly exaggerated in Fleet Street and in the public imagination. Twenty years ago, after coming to London from an editorship in the provinces and commencing business as a free-lance, the writer happened to meet a contributor previously known, who boasted that he could earn £900 a year. I communicated this encouraging statement subsequently to an old hand in Fleet Street, who was pessimistic and hinted seriously the danger of a leap from Waterloo Bridge. As to my friend's £900 a year, this old hand dryly remarked, 'Divide it by three!'

There are some popular writers, who have

acquired a book-stall reputation, who can command special fees for their work, and enjoy incomes sometimes mounting into four figures. They are few, and could be counted on the fingers of both hands. As a rule, they have earlier won their spurs as novelists, or in some branch of literature. They may never have been working journalists, never inside a newspaper office. After twenty years of this work, I should say that the contributor who cannot sell his name at a big price, but must accept the fees sent to him, may count himself happy if he can earn, on the average, £300 a year in normal times. The boast of huge incomes from contributions is not made to the Inland Revenue. In truth, the bit of brag in itself casts doubt upon the figures.

II.

The free-lance must cultivate versatility. For him a little learning is not a dangerous thing. He must endeavour to acquire a reputation as an authority on the subjects which he selects for his articles. Nor can he afford, as a rule, to devote his gifts exclusively to a single isolated branch of newspaper enterprise. The more nimble his pen is in running, like the squirrel among the boughs of the tree, from one subject to a contrasted topic, the more likely he will be to keep himself employed all the year round. A solitary and isolated subject will be insufficient for his economic wants. He may cultivate art, and blossom into an art critic. But art of itself will not boil the pot or educate the children. The Royal Academy is one of the hardy annuals available to the free-lance. He may secure commissions for notices of the Academy from several newspapers, but the week's pay obtained is not an income. The

small galleries do not yield him much 'copy,' and even with Christie's sales thrown in, art by itself is not enough. It is not impracticable for the same general writer to acquire a reputation of a sort for special knowledge of many subjects—art, the contemporary drama, literature, as dealt with in newspaper notices and reviews, Imperial politics, the statesmen and politicians of the time at home and in the Dominions, foreign affairs from Moscow to Washington, and even the various breeds of pedigreed cattle to be seen at the annual show of the Smithfield Club, and the breeding of blood-stock for flat-racing and the popular steeplechase. Out of the host of subjects so apparently incongruous, as each becomes topical in its turn, the versatile free-lance may earn a comfortable income.

Promoters of schools, classes, lectures, out of which clever journalists are promised, are prone to exaggerate the chances in the profession. After surviving for twenty years in Fleet Street as a free-lance, I should count it a criminal procedure to conceal from youth the bitter trials and disappointments inseparable from the vocation. I can recollect having a conversation with the late Sir E. T. Cook on the conditions and prospect of success as contributor unattached and unsalaried. He looked at me with the expression of intense kindness known to his friends, and remarked, 'There is so much waste!' The rejected manuscript is the contributor's inevitable lot. He must keep ringing in his ears the forewarning lines of Robert Burns's 'Epistle to a Young Friend':

'For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to naught,
When ev'ry nerve is strained.'

No matter how skilful his work may be, editors will turn it down frequently as unsuitable for publication and pay, returning to him the product of strenuous hours, with polite 'regret' and 'thanks' darkly visible on the conventional circular, of which the free-lance has horrid dreams.

Not impossible is it for the contributor to commit the blunder of imagining that the literary quality of his proffered article will make acceptance and publication secure in advance. In my nonage as a free-lance, I happened to come upon the raw material of a promising 'special,' which concerned historically a certain family in the aristocracy. I forwarded the 'copy' to the editor, who was also the proprietor, of a paper which covered the district where this particular family had held sway from of old. When an editor of a country paper myself, I had set store upon literary form in the articles appearing in my columns. It never occurred to me in those remote years that any editor would reject an article, otherwise topical, because

it was carefully composed and displayed a moderate measure of literary style. To my amazement, the proprietor-editor returned my manuscript with a most kind covering-letter, in which he expressed his surprise that a journalist who could produce such a manuscript should condescend to offer his work to an ordinary newspaper. Apparently the good man had visions of my capacity to command space at my need in the heavy magazines, and ascend among the favourites of fortune who, out of literature, can rent a noble mansion and ride to hounds! The literary quality of the proffered 'special' may, indeed, hinder its acceptance. The most memorable instance to the contrary in my experience was supplied nearly twenty years ago by the original *Evening Standard*, in which unsigned articles appeared daily in the first column of the front page. The late Mr Samuel Jeyes controlled the series, and some of us, who were fortunate enough to satisfy his requirements and rejoice in his cheques, discovered that the literary quality of the articles was a *sine quâ non*. But nowadays the sensational thrill of the story counts for more than style. Nor do editors and sub-editors always appreciate literary allusions in any manuscript sent in by the free-lance. The editor, in truth, does not belong to fiction who has been mysteriously offended by a quotation from some poet with which he was not acquainted.

III.

The free-lance has all Fleet Street before him, and Fleet Street comprehends the English-speaking section of the earth—America, and the British dominions, in addition to the United Kingdom. Of scope and range he has no lack. He can select his market, if only he has found his métier. Editors are seeking for 'copy,' and he is in search of their 'space.' But how can the nexus be established? there's the rub! Commissioned contributions are infinitely more satisfactory to the free-lance than work produced on speculation. Commissions can be obtained by approaching known editors with a suggestion or a proposal, or with a synopsis of the subject suggested. Few editors can afford the time needful to read with care full-fledged articles offered to them by outside writers. In many cases a glance across the first page of the manuscript is sufficient. Every year the number of writers increases. They approach Fleet Street by post from all parts of the earth. Who can tell the number of women now convinced they possess a literary gift, and besieging the editorial dens with prose and verse? Some editors in London have told me that they receive, on the average, about two hundred proffered manuscripts weekly. To return rejections promptly is the next best thing to acceptance, from the point of view of the free-lance. When I made this remark to an editor with a reputation for

immediate return of 'specials' which he rejects, he modestly explained that, if he did not deal with them immediately, he would never get through—he got so many!

Wide as his world-market may be, the free-lance is subject to unequal and increasing competition. Articles for the magazines and the daily and weekly newspapers are nowadays written extensively by people with private means or holding salaried posts in the Civil Service or in commerce. Charles Lamb, as a clerk in the India Office, in his day, had few competitors among men of his calling. There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of aspirants to literary or newspaper fame in the Civil Service of our time. The woman with a niche in the aristocracy, who would bribe the editor, if she could, to publish signed articles from her pen, is by no means unknown in Fleet Street. Clergymen who are university men and scholars, from Dean Inge down to the country curate, are thick as blackberries in September among competitors for space in newspapers and periodicals. By many of them a signed article in a newspaper is preferred to a full church on Sundays. It goes without saying that the writer of independent means, or enjoying a secure income in a profession or in business, can afford to smile at the rejected manuscript, or to wait for months, or a full year, for publication of his article, the subject of which is of permanent interest. To their honour be it said, most editors, being journalists themselves, other things being equal, take pleasure in accepting 'copy' from the free-lance. Unfortunately, it too often happens that the other things are unequal, for the preponderance of advantage from the editorial point of view is on the side of the competing manuscript produced by some writer known to be indifferent respecting fees. The free-lance, who must live exclusively by his industry, is at a heavy disadvantage as compared with his competitors rejoicing in large incomes of the fixed order. He must earn his living. He could not get a start and survive, it is true, wanting a limited reserve of cash. I confess that, on my coming to Fleet Street as a free-lance twenty years ago, the material and moral help of a balance of from £250 to £300 at the bank proved indispensable. This is necessary in view of inevitable delays in the publication of accepted articles, and the practical impossibility of equalising returns month by month. In American journalism fees are mostly paid on acceptance. This is rarely done in London or the provinces. No doubt, if the free-lance was weeping by the grave of his last sixpence, and appealed *ad misericordiam* to any humane editor for payment in advance of publication, his appeal would not be in vain. But the impecunious free-lance comes and goes with the cuckoo, and drags after him an embittered experience.

IV.

Slow progress in the department of producing books which publishers will buy, or articles which editors will accept, in some instances throws the free-lance back upon 'paragraphing,' perhaps upon items of news, but more frequently upon paragraphs designed for the London correspondence in provincial newspapers, or for the columns of notes daily appearing in most of the London newspapers, and in such higher weeklies as *The Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*. Successful authors and journalists may condemn this class of work as done by the free-lance, and pass the humble paragraphist by on the other side for an unfortunate who has fallen somehow among thieves in his earthly pilgrimage, and not yet been relieved by any Good Samaritan. But the competent brief notes are really the parts of the modern newspaper most widely read.

It is absurd to argue for a greater professional dignity in a signed 'special' than in a note of forty lines or less paid for at as high a rate as the 'special.' Nor are the two forms of journalistic effort and enterprise incompatible. Some of us could not have survived as free-lances so long, or succeeded so far in keeping away from that admirable institution, the Newspaper Press Fund, if we had raised our wigs high in the air and scorned to undertake systematic 'paragraphing.' It is a mistake of ignorance to infer that the writer of paragraphs is fit for no superior work, or that the same pen cannot produce a competent leader or 'special,' or a review. The free-lance who, in the morning hours, produces a book, or a 'special,' or a review at home, may be collecting material in the afternoon for paragraphs which he can dispose of in the evening in Fleet Street. Disappointments are common to both branches of journalistic industry. But the old proverb applies here about the going foot always getting, and the gains of the humble task of paragraphing often compensate the free-lance for his waste and loss suffered in consequence of the rejected manuscript. Such, at least, has been the writer's experience for twenty years, which included the four or five dark and testing years of the War.

The free-lance must stoop to conquer. Florence Nightingale praised her friend, A. H. Clough, because, although he was the poet of the 'Bothie,' he never hesitated to do 'plain work.' When the free-lance cannot get the class of work he would like, he must discipline himself to like the class of work he can get. This is the royal road to success in the long run; the success of the stoic mind inured to disappointment, and filled with the energising glow inherent in the conviction that all honest work is honourable, and cultivating the pride of Stradivarius, who 'has an eye that winces at false work, and loves the true.'

Probably the strong foundation upon which the free-lance can build is a regular article in some first-class daily or weekly newspaper, or a syndicated weekly article in some of the popular weekly or Sunday papers. In this branch of journalism the gift of the essayist has generous scope. Success in this department often secures the free-lance against serious losses among his other work. Indeed, some contributors have made the weekly article so popular as to yield them an income in itself. One of the striking successes in this direction was achieved by the late 'J.B.,' whose essays for so many years enhanced the literary reputation of the *Christian World*. Another example has been that of 'Claudius Clear' in the *British Weekly*, although the original in this case could scarcely be called a free-lance. The regular 'special' affords the contributor the opportunity of attracting readers on the principle of *similis simili*, or like to like. In time an intellectual bond is formed between the readers and the writer of the column, which is all the deeper, all the stronger, through the mystery of the pseudonym, or because most of the readers can only speculate about the name and identity of the writer. Probably at no antecedent period in the history of British journalism was the didactic essay more widely appreciated than is the case in our time. Readers look forward to the day when the article is due, if not with the delight of the invalid who, when told he was dying, consoled himself by saying that 'Pickwick will be out next week at anyrate,' at least with interest and wonder. And yet the prudent free-lance will take pains to distribute his energy, and avoid putting all his eggs in one basket. Changes for the worse economically in newspapers and periodicals sometimes arrive with the suddenness of an earthquake, changes not less alarming to the contributors.

V.

The free-lance, like the poet, is a creature rather born than made. He is made for freedom of action. For the advantage of personal liberty, of the free mind, he will make heaps of sacrifices. He loves money like all his tribe, but he loves more dearly still than heavy cheques immunity from the frown of the managing director, and the threat communicated to him from some avaricious shareholder in the company, that unless as editor he can produce an improved dividend steps will be taken to bring about his resignation. He is his own master. Rejection of his 'copy' is the worst that any other person in authority can do to his grief and loss. Nor is he obliged to practise a base opportunism in politics. By selecting subjects outside the policy of the political party with which his newspapers are associated, he can keep his secret, vote accord-

ing to his conscience, and escape the loss of self-respect accruing from the necessity to defend or advocate any cause in which he does not believe. It is even possible for him to be of the politics as well as the religion of all sensible men, which, according to the hoary old epigram, all sensible men keep to themselves.

Probably, however, the member of the salaried staff is, upon the whole, vastly more comfortable, perennially, more happy in his work, than any free-lance. When I began work in London twenty years ago, a journalist who was then at the top of the profession remarked—for my encouragement, of course—that, if he could write a novel, he would select for his subject what he described as 'the tragedy of the literary life in London.' By the phrase, 'the literary life,' he covered the business of the free-lance in journalism, as well as the ambition of the author to succeed among the publishers. Conditions have improved a little, not much, since in the year 1823 Charles Lamb advised his friend, Bernard Barton, to 'come not within the grasp' of the publishers. 'I have known many authors want for bread,' said Lamb, 'some repining, others envying the blessed security of a counting-house, all agreeing they had rather have been tailors, weavers—what not? rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some go mad, one dear friend literally dying in a workhouse.' The tragedy persists only in a minor degree. A certain chivalrous comradeship prevails in the profession, and few capable workmen who can show a clean record are denied the opportunity to earn their bread.

The experience of twenty years as a free-lance has left me an optimist respecting the future of the profession of journalism, viewed as a branch of literature. As a profession it is still pregnant with promise, even for the impecunious free-lance. But he must be effectually called. Lord Jeffrey, in his day, joined the family of his host on one occasion, when the parish minister came round to examine all members of the household in the Shorter Catechism of Scottish Presbyterianism. 'What is Effectual Calling?' was the question put to Jeffrey. He could not remember the literal text, and ventured upon a definition of his own manufacture. 'I should say,' he answered, 'that a man is effectually called when he discharges his duties with ability and success.' In that sense the free-lance should be effectually called. Even then his success may be unequal to his industry. But love for the work, operating from within as a secret passion not to be exhausted, as a flame not to be extinguished by unnumbered failures, will magnify successes, and make him by compulsion of temperament a quill-driver until his life's last breath.

THE SILKWORM INDUSTRY IN PIEDMONT.

By EUSTACE REYNOLDS-BALL, F.R.G.S.

I.

THE culture of silkworms is no doubt the most important home industry in this part of North Italy. The rearing of silkworms, as will be seen, is a very laborious and tiresome business, but certainly remunerative, in spite of the pecuniary risks attaching to it. Immemorial custom has decreed that the profits from the sale of the cocoons should rank as the wife's perquisite—it is a kind of pin-money. In fact, what the housewife can earn from the sale of poultry, eggs, and the silkworm cocoons constitutes her sole independent income. This accounts for the culture of silkworms being a popular home industry in this part of Italy; and nearly every *contadina* is attracted by the chance of a big profit. But it takes up a great deal of her time, and is not regarded with much favour by her men-folk. Silkworms are particularly susceptible to changes of temperature (which is kept at 65 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit), and have to be carefully nursed. The housewife, indeed, often finds it necessary to sit up the greater part of the night, to keep the stove going. Then, every now and then the room has to be disinfected by burning sulphur, for a whole room has to be reserved for these exigent little insects.

The process is very complicated. In the first place, a little capital has to be sunk in the purchase of eggs (mostly imported from China), costing from 40 to 60 lire an ounce. Probably one ounce worth is as much as she can speculate with, for the silkworm industry is a risky undertaking. Half-an-ounce of eggs should produce 50 to 60 kilograms of cocoons, supposing the hatching is satisfactory; and the average number of cocoons to the kilo. is about 400. Enough mulberry leaves will probably be obtained from the trees on the farm, but if the supply is insufficient, they must be bought at the weekly market, where they cost from 30 to 45 centesimi per kilo.

The risk attaching to the cultivation of silkworms is considerable. I have known a case where, owing to the silkworms, after hatching, falling victims to one of the many diseases to which they are liable, half-an-ounce of eggs did not yield a single cocoon! This total failure of the crop did not, however, seem to disturb the equanimity of the cultivator, who, with a praiseworthy fatalism, merely observed, '*Pazienza, e il destino!*'

Owing to the hazardous nature of the enterprise and the heavy initial costs, a co-partnership arrangement is sometimes preferred, the capitalist partner (usually a prosperous farmer) providing

the eggs and the mulberry leaves, while the *contadina* (the working partner) provides the labour and the accommodation. Then the proceeds of the sale of the cocoons are shared equally. In short, the *métayer* principle of farming is applied to silkworm culture.

II.

The eggs are usually bought about the beginning of May. They take some fourteen days to hatch, and they are kept in bags hanging up in the stable or the living room. If the hatching seems delayed, the eggs are placed on blankets spread in the sun. Occasionally the *contadina* will hatch them on her person, literally warming them in her bosom! When the hatching begins they are transferred to long flat baskets (*ceste*), on which young mulberry leaves are laid.

The next stage begins after eight days, when the young worms are removed to wide wooden shelves lined with thick wrapping-paper, on which layers of mulberry leaves are strewn.

Here the silkworms are fed for a day or two, the bedding being carefully changed. The feeding in the early stages is the most troublesome, as the leaves have to be chopped up fine and the stalks removed. They then sleep for a few days, when they are left severely alone, this period being known as the *covatore*. This first sleep lasts eight days. There are four separate sleeping stages, each having its distinctive name—for instance, the third sleep is known as *la grossa*.

Between the sleeping periods they are fed, and the amount of leaves consumed is extraordinary. After the fourth sleep they 'get busy,' and start climbing the branches of broom which have been placed for that purpose, in order to fix their cocoons. During this critical period, which lasts three days, they are not fed. Certain changes, which every *contadina* seems to understand intuitively, in the appearance of the silkworm, show that it is ready to start climbing. It takes on a yellowish tinge, and becomes semi-transparent, while from its mouth exudes a little silken thread. Altogether, with its curious pig-like snout and slimy-looking body, the silkworm to most people is a repulsive little creature.

Forming the cocoon takes about a week. The cocoons (with the chrysalis inside) are then picked off the branches of the broom and put into a kind of spinning machine, which removes the coarser outside threads of silk and leaves the cocoon clean and neat. This silk is kept for spinning at home, dyed, and spun into stockings.

The cocoons are then taken to market for sale to middlemen, or to the proprietors of the silk factories directly. The price varies, sometimes as much as 30 or even 35 lire per kilo. being obtained for the best qualities, but the price seldom drops below 25 lire the kilo. The market at this season has an unusually decorative effect, with the rows upon rows of large flat baskets filled to the brim with yellow cocoons, looking like golden pigeons' eggs.

III.

In order to kill the chrysalis the cocoons are baked in ovens, for if the young moth succeeded in perforating the cocoon, the silk thread would be cut, and could not be spun. This process may sound rather cruel, but it is no worse than the English cook's custom of plunging live lobsters into boiling water. But this operation does not take place till the cocoons reach the factory. After this baking the cocoon is ready for spinning, and this is a process which requires a considerable amount of skill and knack.

The home culture ends with the selling of the cocoons. The next stage is the actual manufacture of the silk in the silk factory (*filatura*). These are to be found in many towns in Piedmont, and a visit is an interesting experience.

From end to end of the long factory are rows of small earthenware tanks full of almost boiling water, and behind each tank sits a work-girl (*filanda*). Just above the tanks, and running the whole length of the factory, is a revolving steel shaft. Attached to this shaft are winders, one above each tank.

In each tank has been placed a handful of cocoons, and the work-girl in charge manipulates them in such a way as to soften the husk of the cocoon. Four threads are drawn from four cocoons, two are inserted through a hole in a little disc fitted on to the tank, and then each pair of threads is inserted in a hole in another disc, and caught up by the winder, the four threads being now joined into one. The revolving winder continues to draw out the thread from the cocoon till it is completely stripped. This process, which sounds so complicated, is actually the work of a few seconds; indeed, it is difficult to follow the deft manipulation of the *filanda*.

The process of fixing the thread from four other cocoons is continued in the same way. It is extraordinary to see the quickness with which the threads of the new cocoon are attached to the winder; the girl seems to effect this without a pause. But to facilitate the winding, after the husk has been softened by the hot water, the threads are extracted in advance.

Though the work is not exactly hard, considerable skill is required. The great drawback is that the continuous dabbling in the hot water spoils the appearance of the hands, which have

that dead and sodden look peculiar to the hands of washerwomen. Consequently the silk factories are not so popular with the young women of the district as the ordinary *fabbrica*, in spite of the relatively high pay—from 10 lire a day. But, all the same, the proprietors of the factories seem to find the supply of labour equal to the demand. This is no doubt due to the fact that the only alternative means of earning a livelihood are farm-work and domestic service, and the latter seems as unpopular with girls of the peasant class as with us at home.

The hours are usually from 7 A.M. to 5 P.M., but vary according to the season. The factories are generally closed in the winter, the busiest time being the early summer. A good many of the workers 'live in.' They live in what we should describe as a hostel, under the charge of a housekeeper.

Curiously enough, while talking is forbidden during working hours—a rule 'more honoured in the breach than in the observance'—and the visitor is not confronted with the overpowering din he will meet with in a Seville cigarette factory, for instance, singing is actually encouraged. It is supposed to help the work. To any one knowing the Piedmontese dialect, here would be an opportunity for picking up local ballads and folk-songs.

FLOW'R O' THE HEATHER.

Sweet flow'r o' the heather, that blooms on the hill,

Beloved of our childhood, and dear to us still,
Oh, rare is thy purple, and kingly 'tis worn,
Sweet flow'r o' the heather, in solitude born.
On far-spreading moorlands, in clefts of the rock,
Assailed by the tempest, yet proof to its shock,
Thy glamour enthalls us when autumn suns
shine;

The shy things of Nature are comrades of thine.

Sweet flow'r o' the heather, till life's day may
end,

True badge of affection to link friend with friend.
The exile, afar from his own native streams,
Finds balm in thy beauty and solace in dreams.
When red suns of August are gilding the bens,
And shimmer of white mist enwraps all the glens,
Afar from the city 'tis then I would fare
To breathe the delight of thy scent-laden air.

Sweet flow'r o' the heather when evening is by
And lonely stars beacon the paths of the sky,
The call of the night-bird seems ghostly and
drear,

Oh, surely the bliss of enchantment is here?
Those shadows are clansmen, all girded for war,
They march down to battle from mountains afar,
Their lone graves are watered with tears of the
dew—

Sweet flow'r o' the heather, *their blood is in you!*

ALEXANDER MCLEISH.

THE PRODIGAL GARDENER

By D. E. STEVENSON, Author of *Peter West*.

I.

JOHN MOURY had worked in Mr Peddie's garden for a matter of thirty years. He knew every flower in it by heart, and it is easily to be believed that every flower in the garden knew him. He and Mr Peddie had grown old together, and had come to a good understanding of one another, as only fellow-workers can. They watched the garden blossom beneath their care, and tended it with a yearly increasing knowledge of its needs. This and that plant did not thrive, owing to some peculiarity of soil or climate, while another plant, supposed to be less hardy, would grow like a weed and flourish incredibly well.

It was a sheltered garden in that land of storms, walled round cosily, and facing south upon the hill-side. Moury laboured there all day long, and at dusk he returned to the little cottage—which belonged to his employer—where his wife awaited him in the glow of the oil lamp. It was a good life, not demanding great brain power, yet satisfying to the primitive instincts of the race, and Moury was well content with it. He was strong and sturdy, with grizzled hair and beard, and large horny hands ingrained with the good Scots soil in which he worked.

Sometimes when Mr Peddie looked out of his study window and saw John Moury toiling happily in the hot sun or slanting rain he felt a wave of jealousy overwhelm him. What would he not give for the physique of the man, and for his peaceful and phlegmatic temperament which seemed so wholly satisfied with the daily round of work?

Mr Peddie was a dreamer and a scholar—somewhat of a philosopher into the bargain. He had made himself the last, with infinite patience and self-discipline (discipline of thought and mind, which is so much the more difficult to exercise), when he found that the world had become too strenuous for his health. His was not a sedentary nature; he had *schooled* it to accept sedentary occupations in lieu of those pursuits which satisfied his soul but for which he was now unfitted by age and infirmity. An hour a day, usually after tea, was the most he allowed himself for gardening, and even that small measure of manual work was beginning to be too much for him.

Life drifted by very peacefully in the walled garden, where the sound of the sea could be heard teasing the gravelled beach, and the birds sang sweetly all the year round. The view was vast, over sands, bents, and ever-changing sea, dotted as a rule with the fishing-boats of Port

Andrew at their ancient toil. Sometimes for weeks on end Mr Peddie never went outside the garden, and John Moury and his wife were the only creatures that shared his solitude. They did not speak very much—he and Moury—for they were neither of them glib-tongued, but the companionship was real, and the nearer to Nature you get the less do words matter. Mrs Moury was more conversational, and Mr Peddie often strolled down to the cottage for a crack with her. On these occasions words flowed from her in a constant stream as she busied herself about the shining kitchen. There was always tea made, or in the making, in Mrs Moury's kitchen, and Mr Peddie was wont to declare that no tea ever tasted so good.

II.

One day, about the end of March, when the wind was blowing strongly from the west and the sea-scent was strong in the sleeping garden, Mr Peddie walked down to watch Moury planting out the first seedlings in sheltered beds. He had been ill for some days and had no business, he well knew, to be out in the cold wind, but the house had become unbearable, and he craved for some society other than his own. Moury was in the midst of his job, and a jumble of empty pots and boxes littered the ground.

'Well, Moury, how are you getting on?'

The man rose from his knees and dusted his hands together before speaking; then, 'Ah'll be givin' ye a week's notice, Maister Peddie,' he said slowly.

If a thunder-clap had broken in the garden Mr Peddie could not have been more astonished. He gazed at Moury in a bewildered manner. 'You're leaving—the garden?' It was so incomprehensible that he felt he could not have heard aright.

'Aye—Ah'm leavin',' replied the man; he straightened himself as he spoke, and looked round upon the scene of his labours for thirty years. He had made the garden with his own hands, tended it faithfully in rain and sunshine, and despite the dead time of year it looked very good. The empty beds were not dead to him; they were merely as children asleep to awake in due course with renewed gaiety. The dry sticks were, in his eyes, full of the promise of roses; they were to him almost more beautiful than the actual bourgeoning of the flowers themselves. Just for a moment Moury's heart failed him. Was he right to give it all up to pursue the will-o'-the-wisp of fortune and success; were they right, those men who spoke so glibly at the Red Lion Inn, assuring him and others that they

were wasting their powers in this one-horse place (as they called Port Andrew) and boasting of the bigger, freer, and more lucrative jobs to be found in towns?

Mr Peddie tried to follow the flight of Moury's thoughts by the expression on his face—what could be the meaning of his sudden discontent? The man had got his wages raised a few weeks before and was being well paid—it was not that. He did not even suspect Moury of bluff to gain a 'rise'—the man was too simple, too honest for that.

The mere idea of Moury leaving the garden made Mr Peddie feel ill and wretched. They were comrades-in-arms against slugs and caterpillars and other enemies of gardens—why, he had often felt that the garden belonged to Moury more than to himself! In spite of the weekly money which passed from hand to hand he had never thought of Moury as his servant. It was, therefore, with a sense of personal grievance, as at the unfaithfulness of a friend, that he heard Moury announcing calmly that he was going away.

What was the man really like—what was his mouth like beneath the tangle of grizzled beard which hid it so effectually? It was strange and rather awe-inspiring to reflect how little one knew about one's fellow-creatures, Mr Peddie decided. He had imagined that he knew John Moury—a simple soul, primitive, in a way, as Adam, whose trade he followed, and with scarcely more erudition than that primeval ancestor can have possessed. This man who stood before him, half-defiant, half-abashed, was not the John Moury whom Mr Peddie knew—or thought he knew—so well. It was a changeling, a creature imbued with an Idea.

'Well, well!' Mr Peddie said at last. 'Well, well! So you're going off to make your fortune, Moury? Get on with the bedding-out before you go, will you?'

Moury should not guess that he had hurt his employer by his desertion at the most critical time of year; such feelings must be hidden beneath an off-hand manner. This is one of the most important rules of that game of life which we all play more or less assiduously.

During the week in which Moury 'worked out his notice,' Mr Peddie often watched him from the window and wondered if Moury was looking back. Was it possible for a man to leave his life's work at the bidding of a whim without any backward glances? Judging by himself (and this is in reality the only way we can judge others), Mr Peddie thought that Moury would shirk the final plunge; but he reckoned without taking into consideration the man's simplicity of outlook—there was only one idea at a time in Moury's head to the exclusion of all others.

Mr Peddie had no further talk with his gardener; neither did he discuss the subject

with Mrs Moury. Whether she agreed with her husband or disagreed did not concern Mr Peddie; he desired neither to listen to a dissertation nor to become a buffer between husband and wife. If they had come to him for help or advice he would have given it to them ungrudgingly, but they never came; and when the week was up they departed, and the garden knew them no more.

From his housekeeper, Mr Peddie learned that the Mourys had gone to Glasgow; they had 'plenty siller,' and the ex-gardener hoped to find work. 'He'll no' be long afore he's in Parlyment,' added Mistress Brown comfortingly.

Some days after their departure Mr Peddie went down to the cottage; it was spotlessly clean and the furniture shone like new in the spring sunshine, but it seemed empty and forlorn without its busy mistress.

Mr Peddie swung the door-key on his finger and looked out of the window at the trim little vegetable plot where the Mourys had grown their own produce, and beyond to the hen-houses, swept and clean as the house. 'It's a pity to do anything in a hurry,' he said slowly. 'I'll just "bide a wee," as they say—I can get a daily man in the meanwhile.' And so saying, he locked up the little empty house securely, and walked home sadly through the deserted garden.

III.

You are to imagine a year passing in that garden—spring coming late but swiftly, with summer following close upon her heels; autumn dallying a little, as she does in these parts, till the nip of Jack Frost's fingers ushers her in with the first scarlet leaves, and then hurries her off with impatient storms to make way for the grim dead winter of the north.

The daily man who now worked the garden did well enough, but Mr Peddie could not help thinking that the flowers were not so fine as usual that summer—not so large and brilliant in colour. He was sure that they missed Moury, and, being what he was, he was equally sure that Moury must miss them. There was nothing in town to fill the heart of a simple countryman who had lived all his life amongst the flowers and fruits of the earth.

It bothered Mr Peddie that he had had no word from the Mourys as to how they were faring. He had parted from them quite amicably, and he feared that their silence betokened failure and disappointment; if they had made good he would have heard of their success. When people asked Mr Peddie for news of his gardener it was annoying to have none to give; unpleasant not to be able to answer questions as to where the man was or what he was doing. It almost made Mr Peddie feel as if *he* were at fault; yet he knew quite well that it was Moury who had been

ungrateful—who had left him in the lurch with half the seedlings to plant out.

It was odd, that!

Autumn saw Mr Peddie very busy in his garden, exceeding his daily limit of work and paying for it in over-fatigue. But the daily man was not to be trusted with the pruning-knife—he had been discovered cutting off some of the most promising shoots of Lady Gay; a man without imagination who, looking at the empty rose-tree, saw only the bare sticks!

Snow came early that winter and lay for long in ugly sordid heaps against walls and in crevices and shady hollows where the sun could not penetrate. The ground was like iron, and did not soften even at midday, when the sun was strongest. There was nothing to do in the garden till the thaw came, and the daily man found other employment and was seen no more. A few robins pecked jauntily at the crumbs which were scattered daily for their benefit; a stray cat sometimes wandered disconsolately round the empty hen-houses; but apart from these casual manifestations of life the garden was deserted.

Mr Peddie walked in the garden himself when the weather permitted. But he found little pleasure there in winter; it was too sad with its empty beds and leafless trees—the long winter-sleep of Nature was too like death.

The first flowers of spring had barely showed above the ground when Mr Peddie fell ill. He was ill for weeks, too near to the Gates to bother himself about the tending of his garden, too deeply engrossed in all the hateful paraphernalia of illness to care whether or not the weeds crept in and choked the rockeries and entangled themselves insidiously among the herbaceous borders. That spring the weeds and the slugs and all the other enemies which had been kept at bay for so many years held high revel in the sheltered places of the garden, and the flowers bloomed unseen, wilting unwatered in the dry light soil.

It was late June before Mr Peddie escaped from the tyranny of his nurses and walked with trembling knees down the overgrown paths. The sea breeze whispered softly through the unshaven grass, and the roses struggled manfully in the embrace of speedwell and ragged robin. Most of the borders which should have shown a brave array of bedded-out plants or healthy seedlings were bare, save for a few tufts of coarse grass and a sprinkling of golden dandelions. A dead blackbird lay in the middle of the path with outstretched wings.

Mr Peddie knew that he ought to care terribly about this scene of desolation. He should have been angry, or heartbroken, but, strangely enough, he was neither. He sat down on the iron seat and gazed about him with infinite content—the sea was blue, and a fleet of fishing-

boats manoeuvred skilfully in the bay; the sun shone warmly on his back.

It was good to be alive; good to smell the salt in the sea-breeze; even the smell of fish from the little harbour was pleasant after that eternal odour of lysol. . . .

He was still sitting there, revelling in life, when his housekeeper came to tell him that some one had called to see him and was waiting in the library. It was somebody 'on business.' He rose stiffly, and went back to the house without wondering very much who it could be. These last months of illness had made a big gap in his life—he felt cut off from all the outer world in a small world of his own where his body was the one subject of paramount importance.

It was a moment or two before he recognised his visitor, for the room was dark after the brilliant sunshine of the garden and the man had changed greatly—and then he saw that it was John Moury.

The year of independence had not been good to John. He was older in body and in spirit. Mrs Moury was there too, shrinking into the shadows—one with them in her dark clothes—her pinched face shining luminously in the darkening room.

Moury had seen the look of indecision on the face of his former employer and had mistaken it for unfriendliness, but their situation was too desperate to give up hope without a struggle. 'Ah was wondering if ye could get me a job, sir,' he said huskily.

For a moment it almost seemed to the two anxious people that Mr Peddie had not heard, and then he smiled faintly, for he was very tired after his walk. 'You'll find the keys in the usual place, Moury—and, Moury, that old apple-tree at the east corner will need props before the fruit forms.'

IV.

There was not much more to be said between people who understood each other. Moury showed his gratitude to Mr Peddie by his work in the garden; it was too big a thing to be expressed in mere words. He had been re-established for weeks before Mr Peddie heard the story of the year, and it was Mrs Moury who, womanlike, filled in the blanks.

He had walked down to the cottage in the old familiar manner, and found Mrs Moury as usual in the throes of making tea. She paused in her task to make him welcome and to wheel the arm-chair nearer the fire, for the day was damp and chilly despite the season of the year.

'Eh, Maister Peddie, Ah'm aye wonderin' what ye can think o' us,' she said to him in a low voice. 'Efter thurty year tae gang aff like yon. Ah couldna haud him back, ye ken; he wus jist fair daft. Ah dinna ken what took him.' She measured out the tea and shut up the caddy before continuing. 'Yon toons is

awfi', Maister Peddie—yon Glasgie! It wisnae bad while the siller lasted, but siller disna last long in toons; it jist melts. Ah couldna hae believed. An' when the siller was gone there wus nae jobs for Moury. Folks was kindly enouch at first, but they gey soon grew tired o' us simple country-folk. Ah could see they laughed at Moury. Ah wus that vexed, for he wus waur' a dizen o' them.' She paused, and added in a higher tone which did not disguise the poignancy of her words, 'Moury wus washin' the streets for a while.'

Mr Peddie looked up, and their eyes met; he did not speak, but his glance spelt sympathy.

'It wus bad enouch for Moury, but someway it was waur for me. Ah wisna weel, ye ken, an' at last Ah couldna stan' it ony mair, an' Ah up an' gied Moury a piece o' ma mind. "We'll gang awa' hame, Moury," Ah ses tae him. "We'll gang awa' hame tae Maister Peddie—he'll get ye a job—aiblins he'll tak' ye back his nainssel." But Moury wus ill tae move. "He'll no' tak' me back, Lizzie," he ses; "Ah'm no desairvin' o't. Ah left him when the seedlings wus tae plant, an' Ah'd no' tak' back ony man that did the like tae me." Weel, Ah jist kept on at him, for Ah kenned fine ye wud tak' him back or speak for him tae a freen'. Ah kenned ye wouldna bear him ony ill-will. An' Ah wus richt—aye, Ah wus richt; but Moury wouldna believe me till he keeked ower the wa' an' saw the gairden. An' when he saw the weeds, an' the grass unshaved, it wus a' Ah could dae tae haud him. He wus for stairtin' at it there and then; he fair itched tae be at it.'

'He is working very hard to get it right,' said Mr Peddie. 'It had got into a dreadful state when I was ill.'

'It'll dae him guid,' replied Moury's wife wisely. 'There's no' mony folks in this worl' gets a second chance of they throw away their first. An' Moury wus unco auld tae get ideas.'

Mr Peddie laughed. 'Ideas are like dis-temper,' he told her. 'It's better for men and dogs to get them over early.'

This was rather beyond Mrs Moury, but she nodded sympathetically. 'That's so,' as she busied herself with the final preparations for tea. There was something more which she wanted to say to Mr Peddie, but she hardly knew how to begin.

'Ah wish there wus summat Ah could dae for ye,' she said at last, rather shamefacedly. 'Moury dis the gairden for ye, but Ah hae naethin' tae dae for ye.'

'You look after Moury, and keep the cottage beautifully clean.'

She brightened a little. 'That's true; but it's easy wurk that, for Ah love the wee hoose. Eh, Maister Peddie, ye've no idea hoo Ah longed for ma wee hoose an' ma washin'-green when Ah wus pent up in Glasgie. An' when Ah pit the key in the door and saw it jist as Ah'd left it—no' a chair oot o' place, but a' thick o' dust—Ah jist sat doon an' grat like a bairn.'

'Very foolish of you!' said Mr Peddie a trifle hoarsely, and he blew his nose firmly to show that the embarrassing conversation was at an end.

KASHGAR AND ANCIENT TARTARY.

By Lieut.-Colonel P. T. ETHERTON, H.M. Consul-General at Kashgar.

I.

FAR away in the heart of Asia, on the western confines of the Chinese dominions, lie Kashgar and the country of ancient Tartary, a land of absorbing interest, for it can tell us more of the world's history than is obtainable from any other source. The Greeks under Alexander traversed it, the Huns followed in their wake, whilst the sway of the Persians extended from the Oxus right across Asia to the Danube. In 433 Attila became the leader of the Huns and, asserting that he had discovered the sword of Mars, claimed dominion over the whole world. Centuries rolled on, and in 1206 came the Mongols, who overran Asia from the Sea of Japan to the German frontier, from the Arctic Ocean in the far north to the plains of India and Mesopotamia in the south. In the fourteenth century appeared Timurlane, another mighty leader of the Mongols, whose hosts carried fire and sword

through two continents, and who in the course of his remarkable career dethroned no fewer than twenty-seven kings, and was reputed to have worn the armour of King David.

With the collapse of the Mongols an era of comparative peace settled over Asia, broken only by occasional revolution and internecine warfare. In 1750 the Chinese conquered Kashgar, and ancient Tartary became an integral part of the Celestial Empire. After the establishment of Chinese rule matters assumed a more or less normal course until the rebellion of 1865, and the accession to power of Yakub Beg. But he, too, was finally overcome, and the Chinese again assumed possession of the country. They styled it the New Dominion, for it was a part of their empire of first-class importance, its frontiers marching with those of Russia, British India, and Afghanistan, whilst its southern borders were marked by the mysterious land of Tibet.

Chinese Turkistan, as it is now known to us,

lies to the north of India, and, speaking generally, it is a land of deserts and sand dunes, rivers and streams rendering cultivation possible by means of irrigation channels. Only in the vicinity of these waterways is cultivation met with, the rainfall being a negligible quantity, and successful exploitation of the land depends entirely upon irrigation. The soil is to some extent brackish, but extensive oases afford tracts of fertile land, on which crops of wheat, maize, barley, rye, and lucerne are raised. Briefly, the system of irrigation is to take the rivers as they issue from the mountains and divide them into main streams, which are in turn divided into canals at the different villages and hamlets, whence the water is diverted on to the land. The water question is the leading feature in the economic life of the people, for it is only by irrigation that Chinese Turkistan has been made a habitable land. Disputes over the allocation of water, and the settlement of local rights in connection therewith, form the majority of cases dealt with by the Chinese justiciary, and nothing gives rise to more frequent quarrels, which occasionally culminate in the death of, or serious injury to, one of the parties.

Chinese Turkistan is in some respects comparable with Northern India, but from the presence of its rivers it has the advantage of being free from famine, that menace of all lands whose food-supply is dependent upon the rainfall. This difference accounts for the characteristic feature of the physical aspect of Central Asia in general, for as a whole it is a desert broken up by river beds, and only where they occur is cultivation carried on; wherever we find rivers there will be a fertile and populous oasis.

The bulk of the people of this region are Turkis; the Chinese element forms only a small percentage of the population, and is either official or commercial. The Turkis are engaged chiefly in agriculture and commerce, and they are Muhammadans of the Sunni order, many of them belonging to the Sufi sect. Islam was brought into Kashgar and ancient Tartary in the tenth century, but it did not spread among the masses until four hundred years later, and it is known that in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries Christianity, especially Nestorian Christianity, was a strong rival of Islam throughout Central Asia.

II.

Some sixty miles south-east of Kashgar lies one of the most interesting spots in the world, that has been visited by only four Europeans, of whom the writer has the distinction of being one. It is the spot marking the scene of the final struggle between Islam and Buddhism when the former was introduced as a rival to the religion of the Lamas. Ordam Padshah—for such is the name of this Mecca in the heart of

Asia—is annually visited by many thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the Asiatic continent. It is now nine centuries ago that Ali Arslan Khan, the Muhammadan champion, met the Buddhist host, he, with many of his followers, being killed in the battle which ensued. It was, however, the final blow to Buddhism in Turkistan, and the spot where the hero, Ali Arslan, fell is crowned by the most curious religious monument extant. It consists of a sheaf of sticks and poles more than one hundred feet in circumference at the base, and towering to a height of upwards of fifty feet. Each pilgrim contributes a stick to the sacred pile, many of them with little pennons attached.

Amongst the religious buildings is one set apart for the reception of offerings brought by the pilgrims, these consisting of horses, cattle and sheep, cloths, carpets, brocades, fruits, precious stones, &c., all gifts of an inanimate nature being placed in two huge bowls—one of bronze, measuring nearly six feet across at the top and five feet in depth, said to date from the time of Ali Arslan himself, and the second presented by Yakub Beg, who conducted the last revolution in Chinese Turkistan, and was for a few years ruler in ancient Tartary. Yakub Beg made no fewer than three pilgrimages to Ordam Padshah, and caused endowments to be made in its favour.

The Chinese in Turkistan, who account for only four per cent of the population, profess the Confucian religion with an admixture of Buddhism and Taoism. Amongst officials of the educated classes the teachings and writings of Confucius are a constant study; at certain festivals during the year services are held in the temples in honour of the sage. So far as Chinese Turkistan is concerned, the creeds have, as a whole, lost their distinctive features, and the decay which has been going on for so long has tended to merge the three into one, so that they may be treated as the foundations of a common faith. Here there appears to be little or no religion amongst the Chinese; the temples are in ruins, the idols are exposed to the weather, and individuals seem to follow the dictates of their own corrupt and depraved instincts.

In Chinese Turkistan one meets with that interesting section of the Asiatic population, the Tungsans, who are Muhammadans, but whose origin is uncertain; even the term Tungan lacks scientific determination. They are said by some authorities to have originated from the Uighurs, who were settled in the provinces of Shansi and Kansu of China proper many centuries ago. They assumed the Chinese dress, language, and customs, but preserved the Muhammadan religion, of which they have ever been adherents, albeit not very strict ones. The Tungsans form the bulk of the inhabitants around Karashahr and Urumchi in the north-east.

III.

Generally speaking, the people are light-hearted and cheerful, easy to govern, and without any tendency towards advancement either educationally or in any other sense. They rest content in their present condition, and exhibit no desire to improve it. All, both men and women, are good riders, and if a horse be not available, they are equally at home astride the lumbering ox. There is no national game in the strict sense of the term, but dancing is very popular amongst them. In this men take the leading part, the women being veiled, as in all Muhammadan countries, and not appearing at public functions. The music is provided by an orchestra consisting of three performers—a drum, a dulcimer, and a flute corresponding to our clarinet. The Turkoman has, however, but scant idea of music, and there is no accounting for taste in that direction, even in Central Asia. An amusing example of this was afforded during a tour carried out by the writer, when a selection of operatic music on the gramophone was given to a native audience. The first piece chosen was a song by Melba, and at the conclusion thereof the gathering, on being asked to express an opinion, declared that they thought it to be an old woman crying.

A prominent feature of the social life of the people is the marriage system, and the customs appertaining thereto. In Chinese Turkistan marriages are contracted for both long and short periods; it is a custom referred to in the Quran as the 'temporary marriage.' A man may take the lady of his choice and divorce her whenever it is convenient for him to do so. For the woman matters are not so easy, as although the man may re-marry at once, the woman must perforce allow one hundred days to elapse before again taking on the joys or sorrows of 'connubial bliss.' The system has its advantages for the girl possessed of physical beauty, and she may contract any number of marriages with the accompanying dowry; thus life, so long as her good looks hold out, is one constant honeymoon—but for that she needs the form, complexion, and carriage of those beauties of Kashgar of whom the Persian poets sang in such eulogistic terms.

The punishment for adultery on the part of the woman is in keeping with the ancient and conservative nature of the country and its people. Her face is blackened, and she is placed upon a donkey with her face towards its tail. She is then led through the bazaars, the procession being headed by criers announcing her crime to the crowds, who may occasionally exhibit their disapproval by making her the target for various missiles.

For the crime of murder the Chinese dispose of the criminal by shooting in the back, whilst for burglary and offences of a less serious nature

there are several forms of punishment, the principal one of which is the cangue—a wooden frame, usually about three feet square and weighing from twenty to sixty pounds. It has a hole in the centre, and the culprit is forced to wear this contrivance round his neck for a period varying from seven to fourteen days. He cannot lie down, as the board has then a tendency to force the neck to one side and set up a strain, whilst to stand up for any length of time becomes unbearable, so that he must endeavour to strike the happy mean between a lying and a sitting posture.

To force a criminal to confess, or to implicate others, as well as to disclose information which may lead to a clue in any particular case, he is, amongst other things, compelled to kneel on maize which has been lightly sprinkled on the ground, an agonising form of torture not apparent until it is actually tried. The arms are also secured behind the back, a rope is attached to them, and the victim is then suspended from a bar with his toes just clear of the ground; he may have the wrists fastened together by cords which are damped and then allowed to shrink until they bite into the flesh.

IV.

With regard to the maintenance of law and order in the cities and towns of modern Tartary and Kashgar, we will take the city of Kashgar as an example, it being, as in the case of all others, surrounded by a wall with four gateways corresponding to the several points of the compass. It is divided into four quarters, in each of which there are thirty wards under a thanadar, an official similar to a sub-inspector of police in India. The thanadar is assisted by police sergeants, under whom are watchmen perambulating the streets at night. None of these individuals is paid by the state, but they are authorised to collect a small given sum from every shopkeeper in their wards on the weekly bazaar days. Each householder must also pay a sum monthly to the watchman, whilst in addition to this he receives a commission when a house or any immovable property is disposed of in his ward. It will be seen that the police and the watchmen are paid by the people, but they are also paid by the thieves and the gambling community, so that we have the two forces of light and darkness in league against the public.

The method of taxation throws some interesting sidelights on Chinese administration, and the extent to which the former may be perverted. The authorities derive the bulk of their revenue from the land-tax, and the assessment is still carried out in accordance with land classification made more than forty years ago. This specified the land as first, second, and third grades, and was more or less accurate in proportion to the amount of silver dust cast in the eyes of the surveyors.

In addition to the land-tax there are means by which an official may acquire wealth. For instance, the military authorities lodge a demand for wood to meet the requirements of the local garrisons. The district magistrate, to whom the collection of this fuel is confided, summons his subordinates, who are sent forth to arrange for the supply at the existing market rate. The requisitioning proceeds apace, and to such an extent is the area swept of wood, that the price has risen to three or four times its original figure. The people then represent to the Amban, or local magistrate, that any further requisitions can only result in hardship; so the latter assumes a benevolent air and notifies that, such being the case, he does not propose to insist upon the full amount being delivered, but will accept the remainder in cash at the prevailing market price, now four times higher than it stood when the requisitioning commenced.

Formerly appointments to the Civil Service in Turkistan, as elsewhere within the Chinese dominions, were determined by examination; candidates entered the ranks by competition, the system forming the leading feature of Chinese polity. No part of the administration was so carefully organised, and the prize of a literary degree was not only a mark of honour but the passport to official recognition. The system may have had its demerits, but it at least ensured that a man should be a scholar and an expert in style and penmanship. It is curious to note that a Chinese official is much more influenced by the way in which a case is presented to him than in the case itself, and an indifferently-worded letter or despatch at once prejudices the recipient against the writer.

The revolution in China of 1912, however, brought in a lower standard of general capability and integrity, and many of the precautions formerly in vogue to obviate malfeasance have been swept away. For instance, the term of office in one post was limited to three years, but there are now men who have held office for upwards of seven years. Moreover, in the old days no one could serve in the province of his birth. All this was intended as a guard against local interests arising to compete with duty, and especially against territorial attachment, which might become the basis of disloyalty. Obviously the system had drawbacks, for the lack of local and territorial attachment encourages many of the worst official abuses. Moreover, an official who is holding office for a brief period is scarcely likely to interest himself in, still less to spend money on, local improvements in a place which may know him no more during his career.

V.

Intimately connected with the every-day life of the people of Turkistan, and forming an

integral part of the administration, taking us back to patriarchal days, is the position of the Shariat, or Muhammadan Law Council, composed of the Qazis and Muftis, who hold a strong position in the Islamic world generally. There are three Qazis and one Mufti in all the large towns, and they are appointed by the Chinese, usually on the recommendation of prominent local residents. The Qazi exercises his office in a public place, the chief mosque or its vicinity being preferred, or it may be his own house, to which the public are allowed free access. A Mufti is one who expounds the Muhammadan law, and assists the Qazis, supplying them with fatwas or decisions. The people of Kashgar and Turkistan are conservative, and they have great respect for the priesthood, usually preferring to have their cases settled in the Qazi's court rather than take them to the Yamen, where so much silver dust has to be cast before an applicant can obtain a hearing.

Chinese Turkistan is noteworthy for the mixed nature of its inhabitants, and of these no section is more interesting than the Mongols, the descendants of Jenghiz Khan and Timurlane, the great chieftains who once carried the Mongol barrier to the shores of the Adriatic. In religion the Mongols are Buddhist, and their hair is worn in short pigtails. In stature they are above middle height, and they are expert horsemen and hunters. They have retained their own language despite the Chinese influence, as well as their national customs, some of which are remarkably interesting, more particularly with regard to the disposal of the dead. The body is not buried in the ordinary way, but is placed out on a hillock to be disposed of by dogs or birds of prey. If, after the lapse of a few days, the corpse remains untouched, it is assumed that the deceased had led a wicked and wayward life, and to obviate his relatives following suit, they are treated to a severe beating all round. The sins of the father visited upon the children indeed!

Finally, mention should be made of the Dolans, a poor and illiterate people, settled along the Yarkand River, in the centre of what was formerly old Tartary. They are mostly herdsmen, trappers, and collectors of fuel and desert salt for the local markets. Their religion is a form of Muhammadanism, and they are reputed to be descendants of prisoners brought from Trans-Oxiana in the eleventh century, and forcibly settled in their present domain. They are fond of dancing, and it is the women who are the best exponents of the art. Altogether the Dolans furnish material for unusually interesting studies in ethnography and folklore, for in many respects they differ entirely from any of the races to be met with in the heart of Asia.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE PARADOX OF PROTECTIVE COLOURING.

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN, F.Z.S., Author of *Habits and Characters of British Wild Animals, Tracks and Tracking, &c.*

I.

ONE standard rule has for many years been accepted by naturalists with regard to the colouring of birds and animals, namely, that every creature has developed on lines for the advancement and betterment of its species, and that no wild creature has any attribute which was not acquired for its own advantage during the process of evolution. By this reasoning evolution has followed along fixed channels; each bird and beast has proceeded on its own lines, and throughout the course of its evolution its own good only has been taken into account—how it could best escape its foes, and so on.

Now it would seem to the present writer that this view-point, though indisputable up to a certain point, is open to very considerable modification, though a hint to that effect made in these pages some months ago resulted in a storm of protest and a good deal of scathing criticism.

The theory to be advanced in the following notes is that, while certainly most birds and beasts have progressed with their own betterment of foremost account, nevertheless, in the evolution of each, those alongside it have been taken into account—in the end for its own betterment, but by indirect methods. It is by following this process that the balance of Nature is retained, whereas had each individual species been evolved solely with regard to increasing its powers, and quite heedless of the general effect among those evolved alongside it, certain races would have flourished to the exclusion of all others. My own theory does not detract one atom from the beauty and wisdom of Nature's workings, as certain writers have suggested. On the contrary, it opens up new and promising fields for exploration.

Let us pick out certain birds and beasts which best lend themselves to illustration, taking those—since space is limited—which are well known.

II.

It will be observed that practically every bird or beast which acquires a protective coat to match the snows of winter retains some glaringly con-

spicuous marking, as though to offset the otherwise complete protectiveness of its dress; so we have the black feathers of the snow-bunting and the ptarmigan, the black ear-tips of the mountain hare, the black tail-tip of the ermine, the black noses of the white fox and the polar bears.

In the case of the first three of these—the ptarmigan, the bunting, and the mountain hare—the black markings, if they serve any useful purpose at all—and we know that they must—are protective. They are creatures which merely wish to escape others, not to locate others, as do the predatory birds and beasts. In what ways, therefore, are the conspicuous markings of value to these creatures in helping them to hold on to existence?

It has been said over and over again that any distinctive marking, such as the white tail of the rabbit, serves to bewilder the eye, but it is time this time-honoured argument went the way of a good many others. One critic remarks that if one watches a dog pursuing a rabbit in the dusk of evening, and observes its bewilderment caused by the white tail, there is no longer any doubt as to the value of that conspicuous marking.

Well, I certainly have watched a dog pursuing a rabbit in the dusk of evening, but his bewilderment was caused not by the erratic appearances of the white tail, but by its erratic disappearances. Had there been no white tail there would have been no chase, for it was the white tail that caught the dog's eye—the sign for which he knew well to look—and had he not been thus adorned the rabbit would simply have slipped away unobserved.

This idea of baffling and deceiving the eye is the utmost nonsense, for these conspicuous markings do nothing of the kind. We shall come to the tail of the rabbit later, but let us for the moment consider the creatures of the snows. Of what value are the black ear-tips of the mountain hare to their wearer? Years of intimacy with this creature have failed to convince me that they are of any value whatever for the protection of the individual, but of this I am certain, that I have shot literally scores of mountain hares which would have escaped

me but for their black ear-tips, and that there have been days when I could have struck down in their formes more white hares than I could carry, and all because their ears betrayed their presence.

When hunting hares in the snow, for what would the primitive hunter look? Not for a white outline against the whiteness, for that is practically invisible, but for black ear-tips. That also is what the eagle in the sky and the hunting fox look for; that is what they see; that is what, in nine cases out of ten, brings about the death of the hare. How, then, can it be argued that such a marking is protective? It simply is not; and would it not be better to escape the eye entirely than to attract it merely for the purpose of bewilderment? The fact that these markings survive from another era does not alter the course of evolution.

One prominent naturalist, firmly wedded for life to the Darwinian theories, resorts to the argument that these distinctive markings are to cause a pause, during which the wearer of them has his chance to escape. The pause is momentary, but it gives him his chance—now or never. So the hunting fox sees two black tips. Up goes his head, he raises one paw as he asks himself, 'Is that a hare crouching in its forme?' And ere he can realise that 'Yes, it is,' the hare, if he is among the fittest which are to survive and breed their kind, is up and away.

This is a very pretty theory, but as an explanation it strikes me as being too much of a makeshift. Does the fox pause in doubt or surprise on seeing those black tips? Once in his life, perhaps, but never again. Had the originator of this theory ever been hungry and hunting for his next meal, if not to save his life, he would realise the futility of it. The mountain fox, the hare's chief foe, which, if any, will have gone to mould the race, is no dull-witted sluggard. He has killed scores of hares, and seeing those black ears, he does not pause to ask himself any questions. Why, indeed, should the sight of a conspicuous marking cause longer delay than the sight of an inconspicuous outline? Common-sense would seem to suggest that the reverse might apply.

We must admit, then, that the markings of such creatures as hares, ptarmigan, and the snow-bunting are not protective; so of what use can they be to the individual? Are they of value in bringing the creatures together? Not a bit of it. Hares are solitary, and in any case they are provided with a scent apparatus which is one of the most wonderful wireless systems in the world. By means of it hares are able to find each other across miles of country, and, each hare living its own life, independently of the rest of its race, this system comes into use for the purpose of bringing the sexes together, which is the only time when one hare wishes

or needs to meet another. With so wonderful and successful a scheme, the small black markings, effective for only a few yards at the most, would obviously be superfluous so far as one hare finding another is concerned.

Ptarmigan have their call-notes, and certainly they do not need their black feathers as a means of locating each other. Look at it which way we will, these markings serve but one purpose. The hare could flourish exceedingly without his black ear-tips; the ptarmigan would be in no way inconvenienced if he shed his black feathers; and as for the snow-bunting, he too has his call-notes.

The snow-bunting affords the most startling example of protective colouring run riot that I have come across. In the glaring whiteness of a land which is really white, thousands of these little birds break the long silence as they rise from the snow. One hears their voices, and one sees a great host of black butterflies rising and falling ahead. But for those black markings one would see nothing at all, and the effect would be uncanny—incongruous bird voices all about in the desolation, but not a bird to be seen. Imagine what those markings must mean to the swift and hungry hunter of the same environment.

III.

We have shown, then, at any rate up to a reasonable point, that these markings are not protective; but according to accepted theories, by which each race, regardless of all others, has developed for its own betterment and increase, they must be.

Let us, for the moment, shift the scenes. We know that Dame Nature attains her ends by wheels within wheels, by complex and diverse methods. She is ever striving to keep an even keel, and it is with this purpose in view that, for example, she endows the short-eared owl with the most extraordinary powers by which he crosses seas and continents to visit an area of mouse plague, such as infested the Borders about thirty years ago. When one creature is so far favoured as this, we must admit that it serves a purpose in Nature's scheme, which takes account of factors over and above its own existence. In other words, the bird has developed on lines which have taken into account the general balance of Nature; and, in the same way, some are given protective colouring, but not so protective that those evolved alongside them, and dependent upon them, must die in hard times. To all the course of evolution has been just so generous and no farther, and so no one species comes to possess the earth.

Let us imagine what might happen if these creatures of the snow had no conspicuous marking. We know that mountain foxes and the like are hard put to it during wintry spells to keep alive. Sound-bodied foxes have been

known to become so weak with hunger that, dragging hither and thither in search of food, they have been unable to rid their tails of the clotted snow and ice which collected in the long hair, and thus, becoming more and more heavily burdened, they have sunk in their tracks, the helpless prey of any that might descend upon them. But it takes extreme conditions to reduce the fox population to this. Normally their prey, even during the leanest times, is just sufficiently accessible for them to remain alive; and what applies to the foxes applies to many carnivorous beasts and birds.

Presuming that they are able to live, because, whatever the conditions, the fittest can circumvent their quarry, since the latter are just sufficiently visible to make that possible, we have next to consider how, one phase reflecting upon another, the distinctive markings are finally and in the end a benefit to the helpless folk who wear them. We may take it that if the helpless birds and beasts of the snows (the ptarmigan, hare, bunting, &c.) had no conspicuous markings, the beasts which naturally prey upon them would have died out of existence. There would be no mountain foxes, no alpine stoats, or birds of prey. They as a race—and one must widen one's views now to greater lands than our own—would have died out. What then?—Mice, millions of mice! Mice—and other things which are the staple food of flesh-eating birds and beasts—would have developed unchecked. The fox and the ermine and the buzzard and the hawk may kill a hare or a ptarmigan now and then, but they kill thousands of mice. And if throughout the course of evolution the foes of the mouse had been destroyed, the mouse millions would to-day possess the hillsides, and from the valleys to the topmost summits there would be no food for hares, ptarmigan, or anything else.

The mouse itself, like the hare and the ptarmigan, is protected just so far and no farther. I believe that in one of my original statements which provoked criticism I said, 'Some creatures seem to exist as a natural prey for others. For instance, the mouse millions. The mouse is Nature's stock-in-trade.' So he is, but he is preserved from extermination, and simultaneously the creatures mainly dependent upon him are saved from extermination, by reason of the fact that during extreme periods ice locks the mouse in, and it is then that those who hunt search the hillsides for black feathers or black ear-tips. So no creature is permitted totally to destroy its own means of sustenance.

IV.

But in what manner does all this bear upon the black tail-tip of the ermine, the black nose and eyes of the white fox, and the black nose of polar bears? Are those features protective? No; as in the other cases they are of no benefit

to their wearers save that they prevent them from exterminating the foods on which they are at times totally dependent. Just as there are times when the mountain foxes might starve but that the ptarmigan, &c., wear their black markings, so there are times when the fox would kill too well, but that he himself possesses his betraying sign. It is in these ways that the course of evolution has kept the keel of Nature even by adopting the best methods available, so that, no matter what the weather conditions, no one species is exterminated by its foes, and no one species is left to starve miserably.

The polar bear, as a matter of fact, is under rather a different heading. His massive bulk alone is sufficient advertisement, and he needs no betraying marking. His black nose is immediately beneficial to his own requirements, because he often approaches his quarry with his great body resembling a sodden mass of snow below the surface and only his dark nose above the dark waters.

The white tail of the rabbit is another compromise. Certainly it attracts the eye of his foes, which are so many that his powers of multiplication have risen in accordance; but though the individual rabbit derives no benefit from the white tail he wears, it is of use to his fellow-colonists, just as their white tails are of use to him. For, rising in flight, he sets the semaphore signals going on every side of him, and down the wood edge the warning spreads ahead of the hunter, those bobbing white signals which convey from one to the next the news of danger's approach.

That, then, is its first use. Its second is that creatures evolved alongside the rabbit, creatures which, though his foes, are nevertheless necessary for his welfare, may live. The strength of the wild rabbit is dependent upon its colonies, and the tail is protective to the members of the colony, but it is the reverse to the individual who, old enough to guard his own interests, yet having no family responsibilities, is living an outlying life. What if the rabbit had no foes at all? Within five years his numbers would have increased so enormously that our domestic animals of the fields would be starved out. Disease would follow, leaving in its wake a stark and lifeless land. This is what has happened in America and elsewhere where man has upset the balance by killing off the rabbit's natural foes. Abundance, superabundance, death and disease on every side, even to the extermination of the species involved, over thousands of miles of territory. Nature sets her face against such appalling loss and wastage. It is against the first and fundamental principles of the whole system of balance, and so we see that if the rabbit had developed solely with a view to avoiding its foes, a state of utter chaos would ensue, and assuredly the extermination

of the rabbit itself would be among the results achieved.*

But the rabbit, like the mouse, is part of Nature's stock-in-trade; he is a creature born to be hunted, and like ten thousand others he carries his betraying sign.

In these brief notes I have touched upon but one phase of a theory which can be traced into every aspect of natural history to which the problem of preservation has been applied. Certain birds and beasts are most certainly Nature's stock-in-trade. They have their own adequate means of protection; but in every case, if we can lay our finger upon it, there is some flaw in their protective colouring, some hitch in their armour of defence, which enables the fittest of those evolved alongside them and dependent upon them to survive and retain the balance.

Following this reasoning to the fishes of the sea, we find evidence on all sides of so glaring and brutal a kind that it becomes clear that the whole Law of Balance is maintained not by evolving each species as a paramount individual, but by evolving one species interlinked with another, much as a many-coloured fabric is interwoven.

I realise that to run counter to existing theories which, founded on the highest authority, have stood the test of time is to presume a great deal, and, further, that it is not for the field naturalist to take this upon himself; but the problem hinted at is, at any rate, an interesting one, though lack of space has prevented my using many of the most marked examples of what we might term 'destructive colouring.'

THE SENSIBLE MR SANDERS.

PART II.

IV.

EXACTLY one week later William Sanders was on his way to Sandypool.

Sandypool Lodge, a rambling farm-like building about half a mile from the sea, was managed by an alert, middle-aged couple named Davies. They were assisted by a widowed daughter and a much younger girl, who also appeared to be a family connection. Long experience in catering for semi-invalids had taught the Davies family the value of constant cheerfulness mellowed by tact.

Mr Sanders's first night at the Lodge was followed by a stormy morning. He stood at the bedroom window in his pyjamas and gazed out. To his right and left he saw green wet fields relieved by narrow sandy paths, and far away to the right the dim outline of a windmill, the first he had ever seen. Below him the muddy sea rolled turbulently under a gray sky.

'I must have been mad to come here,' reflected Mr Sanders. He dressed resentfully, and, making his way downstairs, put on his raincoat and a cloth cap. As he was about to leave the house Mrs Davies came out of the dining-room. She was a brisk little woman, who always managed to give the impression that looking after the great house was a relaxation rather than a necessity.

'Not a very pleasant day, Mr Sanders; but perhaps you like walking in the rain?'

Mr Sanders, who hated walking in the rain, nodded.

'When would you like breakfast? About nine? That will give you three-quarters of an hour.'

'That will do nicely,' answered Mr Sanders, wondering what he was going to do with three-quarters of an hour in such a place on a wet morning.

'We are expecting another arrival this morning, so you will have company. Miss Jennings usually gets here about nine.'

'A regular visitor, eh?' murmured Mr Sanders politely.

'Oh, she always comes here—but usually in the season, you know. She isn't very strong, and the air suits her. Miss Jennings is a school-teacher; she has just sat some examination or other—quite successfully—but the strain has been too much for the poor girl.'

Mr Sanders went on his way thinking about Miss Jennings, not because he was interested in school-teachers, but merely because he had nothing else to think about.

A fairly wide road, unpaved and sandy, sloped gently past the Lodge on its way to the sea. A few minutes' walk brought Mr Sanders to the tramway track, which was used only in the season. Crossing this, he picked his way over a narrow belt of sand-dunes till he reached the sea. The place was so deserted that it seemed to him he must be the first man ever to set foot there. He glanced down at his unsuitable city boots, wet with the clinging sand, and swore under his breath.

'In all this dreary place there are just three things which are moving,' he reflected, 'the wind, the sea, and the seagulls. Well, this time to-morrow there'll be four. I'm moving back to town first train.' Glancing at his watch, he decided to stroll a little way along

* The rabbit was introduced into Australia, where it has few or no natural foes. We have here an excellent illustration of what is meant by the Laws of Balance, the rabbit millions rendering other life impossible, till starvation and disease devastate vast areas.

H. M. B.

the beach. The pebbles made this an uncomfortable and even adventurous undertaking. The wind and rain lashed his face, and flung his breath back into his throat. After a time he discovered that by expanding his chest and breathing deeply he was able to combat successfully the efforts of the wind to choke him.

'By Jove!' he gasped at the end of five minutes, 'I wish I'd thought to bring a pair of sensible shoes with me.' He continued his stumbling walk a little farther, and then decided to return to the Lodge.

Reaching the house, he noticed two small travelling-cases in the wide hall. Each case bore the initials 'M. J.' 'Evidently Miss Jennings has arrived,' thought Mr Sanders. 'Fancy bringing disordered nerves to this cemetery of a place! A week of it would drive me raving mad.'

He went up to his room, and, crossing to the mirror, received something of a shock. This walk, short as it had been, had given the rain and the wind and that indefinable something for which the air of Seacombe and environs is justly famed sufficient time to soften his normally florid countenance to a rich brick-red. 'I look ten years younger,' he said aloud, 'and I feel ten years younger too. Wonderful thing the sea air—wonderful!' Mr Sanders changed quickly, and then ran lightly downstairs.

As it still wanted a few minutes to the hour, he pushed open the drawing-room door and entered humming. A pleasant fire dispelled somewhat the normal gloom of this chamber. Mrs Davies, looking extremely pleased with herself and a little excited, was talking vivaciously to a green plush Chesterfield chair. Mr Sanders's second glance showed the chair to be occupied by a slim dark girl with a pale flower-like face. Mr Sanders stared openly for a moment, and then, recovering his good manners, closed the door abruptly.

He felt quite sure that this girl in the chair was not as other girls. 'Margaret, my dear, this is Mr Sanderson—er—Saunders?'

'Sanders,' corrected Mr Sanders apologetically, and advanced nervously. 'Pleased to meet you.'

The slim girl rose and looked at him with cool, friendly eyes which were either blue or deep gray, he was never quite sure about it. He heard a voice as cool as the eyes utter a few words of greeting, and was overwhelmed with a desire to say something brilliant, something as far removed from the set phrases of a formal introduction as the stars from the earth. He felt instinctively that their meeting would change the whole destiny of William Sanders; but for once in a way the ready tongue of the successful traveller failed him. He hoped that Miss Jennings had had a pleasant journey.

'Now that you two know each other, I will leave you; breakfast will be only a few moments.'

Mr Sanders seated himself on the other side of the fireplace. Miss Jennings was the first to break a short but awkward silence. 'Did you enjoy your walk, Mr—er—?'

'Sanders—immensely, thank you.'

'Mrs Davies happened to mention that you had gone for a stroll. I mean to do a lot of walking while I am here.'

'How long are you here for, Miss Jennings?'

'Two weeks. I understand you are only here for a few days?'

Mr Sanders raised his eyebrows and shook his head in a surprised fashion. 'Two weeks, unless something unexpected happens. I—I suppose the rain will prevent you from taking a walk after breakfast?'

Miss Jennings smiled. 'Oh, I don't mind the rain so long as I am wearing nothing that will spoil, but I shall be obliged to remain indoors until lunch time, because I have some correspondence to attend to.'

V.

Immediately after breakfast Mr Sanders left the Lodge, but instead of turning to his left, as previously, took the opposite direction, and, with the sea at his back, followed the path until the tiny village of Sandypool was reached. The path, describing a half-circle, now gradually approached the sea again, broadening out into a well-paved thoroughfare. Mr Sanders entered the popular (in the season) holiday resort of Seacombe. Although practically deserted by visitors at this period of the year, Seacombe has a very considerable population, and most of the shops were open.

Mr Sanders soon found a shop which stocked the excellent brand of footwear which he habitually used, a brand which could be relied upon to give comfort from the first. From the same shop he procured two pairs of thick woollen socks. Thus equipped he started on the return journey.

The rain was still falling when he again reached the Lodge.

After lunch he appeared in the drawing-room dressed in a gray tweed suit and strong tan shoes, the newness of which had been carefully toned down by a judicious use of polish. Miss Jennings, who again occupied the Chesterfield, was glancing through the pages of an old magazine. She looked up with her quiet smile. 'I feel disgustingly lazy,' she said contentedly.

Mr Sanders made some polite but quite unintelligible reply, and strolled over to the window. 'The rain has ceased,' he observed in a casual tone.

She sighed, and returned the magazine to the table. 'It seems a shame to spend a single moment of a holiday loafing about indoors.'

Mr Sanders, watching her from the corners of his eyes, nodded. 'It does indeed,' he

agreed eagerly. 'Shouldn't be surprised if the sun comes out shortly.' It would have been difficult to discover from the leaden sky the faintest excuse for this optimistic prophecy, but the girl was not disposed to be too critical. She rose to her feet. 'Were you thinking of going for a walk, Mr Sanders?'

He stared fixedly through the window. 'Er—yes.'

'Well, suppose we go together?' she suggested, with her frank smile. 'I know the place quite well; you, I believe, are a complete stranger.'

'You are very kind,' he answered fervently. 'I shall be very glad to come.'

'Good—I won't keep you long.'

When she had gone to her room the elation died out of his heart. 'She would not have wanted me if I had been a younger man; she thinks I am so old it doesn't matter—probably thinks I'm married, too.' He walked moodily from the room.

Miss Jennings was ready almost as soon as he. She wore a navy-blue raincoat, a small hat made of soft brown leather trimmed with red, sensible tan shoes and gloves to match. Mr Sanders thought her adorable. 'Are you not taking an umbrella?' he asked, pulling rather nervously at the peak of his cap.

The girl laughed. 'I never carry one,' she admitted. 'I'm rather clumsy with them, you see.'

'Clumsy!' repeated Mr Sanders, whose carefully rolled and prosperous-looking gamp was his constant companion throughout the business day. To picture this slim dark girl as being clumsy in any circumstances was for him at least too great an effort of the imagination.

'Yes, I'm inclined to forget about umbrellas when it isn't actually raining. I swing them about and—and hit people.' A little embarrassed laugh concluded her words. She flushed slightly.

Mr Sanders realised with sudden amazement that she was quite serious. Evidently Miss Jennings was not given to humorous exaggeration, but was one of those downright people who mean most of everything they say. 'If you could lend me a walking-stick, I should be greatly obliged. I—I rather like a walking-stick.'

'Hang it!' said William Sanders; 'I knew I had forgotten something.'

It is to be feared that the walk did not greatly improve Mr Sanders's geography. Miss Jennings occupied his attention to the exclusion of everything else. The reverse of vivacious, she said very little, but there was nothing discomfiting about her silence. She was one of those rare people who can go on contentedly for miles without uttering a word, and at the same time be perfectly at ease, one

who asks but little of life and is prepared to give much in return. Mr Sanders discovered that she was not afraid either of rain, frogs, mud, dogs, or tramps.

During that walk through wet, silent fields and along deserted lanes he learned that his companion loved children, and was keenly interested in all branches of education, considering, in all modesty, her own vocation the highest to which man or woman could be called. He was genuinely amazed; all his life he had been reading and hearing of 'underpaid teachers,' and vaguely supposed them to be persons who were incapable of following more remunerative professions—clever enough, but lacking in energy, and perhaps courage. Yet here was a young woman who quite obviously expended as much mental and physical energy during the course of her working day as he did himself; one, moreover, who was both steadfast and resolute. Never once had she mentioned the pecuniary side of her work.

'There doesn't appear to be much money in teaching,' he ventured to remark.

'No, there does not appear to be much money in anything that really matters,' she answered without bitterness.

Mr Sanders lapsed into silence. For the first time in his life he was wondering just how much his warehouse mattered in the scheme of things.

When they were half-way home the sun came out for a few moments. Mr Sanders stroked his moustache complacently, as though he regarded this amazing appearance as a personal compliment.

VI.

It was the first of many such walks.

William Sanders became a changed man. He was a trifle less sure of himself, and many of his most cherished convictions were severely overhauled. This mental stocktaking did not at once result in a complete new set of up-to-date ideas. Mental gymnastics are not easily achieved by men of his age and type. He became irritable; he began to quarrel with his reflection. In a panic he felt sure he was becoming stouter, and decided to buy a skipping-rope. Then, with horror, he became obsessed with the fear that he was fading away, and sent for a free sample of a patent fattening food. One black morning he discovered two gray hairs, which convinced him that he already had one foot in the grave. Sometimes he was irritable, sometimes cheerful; and constant walking made his feet increasingly tender.

Mr Sanders was very much in love.

There was no outward indication to show that his continued company had any particular effect on Miss Jennings. Whether she looked forward to their walks, or whether she thought

of them bored her, it was impossible for him to judge from her manner. She remained the same friendly, rather quiet girl he had first met.

Familiarity strengthened his first conviction that Margaret Jennings was the most wonderful girl in all the world, and also dissipated somewhat his first awe of her. The friendly silence usually maintained by the girl had the natural effect of encouraging him to talk. At first he chose his subjects carefully, keeping away from *crêpe-de-chine* and confining his remarks to topics of general interest. Gradually, however, caution was flung to one side as he gained confidence. He stroked his moustache, and, in spite of the condition of his feet, strutted a little.

He talked of William Sanders.

And the warehouse of William Sanders.

It all came out. That which had been pent up for more than a week.

The Opinions of William Sanders. The Ambitions of William Sanders. The Achievements of William Sanders. The Business Acumen of William Sanders. The General Superiority of William Sanders. After more than two hours of William Sanders, he felt that the eyes of the girl were fixed on him with more than usual intentness. He paused with his hand half-way to his moustache and glanced down at her. She was watching him with precisely the same expression which he had seen so often in the eyes of Thomas Keith Chalmers. . . .

On the evening of the last day of their stay

at Sandypool Margaret Jennings and William Sanders went on a last pilgrimage to the sea. Both were leaving first thing on the following morning. In moonlit silence they walked down to the beach. Reaching the highest point of the sand-dunes, they stopped as if by common consent and gazed over the dark, sighing waters. Without the least warning Mr Sanders turned to the girl and said in a deep hoarse voice, 'I love you! Will you marry me?'

Miss Jennings was so startled that she lost her footing in the treacherous sand and slid quite gracefully to her knees. Mr Sanders permitted this incident to perturb him unduly. He felt resentfully that the Fates were conspiring to make him ridiculous. 'Will you?' he repeated, when he had helped her safely to her feet again.

She gasped a little, and then shook her head gently. 'No,' she answered.

'I hardly expected you would,' he admitted sadly. 'I—I am so much older than you.'

She took his hand impulsively. 'Please don't say that,' she answered quickly. 'You are one of the youngest men I have ever known. I'm years older than you in many ways.'

William Sanders took fresh hope. 'Is there the least possibility of your ever changing—your answer?' he ventured diffidently. 'Do—do you care to continue our friendship?'

She smiled enigmatically. 'Please do not write, but if ever business brings you to Northtowers, I shall be glad to see you.'

(Continued on page 685.)

ADAT.

By Captain A. R. DUNLOP.

PART I.

I.

THE popular idea of a Malay is that of a small brown man, armed with a wavy *kris*, and marked by a propensity to run *amok*. As a matter of fact he is a sturdy fellow, with a great fund of humour, but independent and intolerant of discipline. He is clean both as to body and mind, contrasting very strongly with some of his neighbours. He can be a delightful companion, loves a joke, is a keen sportsman and fond of games, while his manners are quiet and dignified.

He would probably have taken a much higher and more important position among the nations of the East if Nature had not overwhelmed him with her generosity. With the sea, the land, and the forest always ready and waiting to yield of their abundance for the mere taking, he has never felt the driving-force

of necessity. With so much idle time thrown upon his hands it followed, as a natural sequence, that the devil should find something for them to do. His sins, however, are very human. He is a great lover, and his women do not lack in either charm or wit; but, while giving free vent to the desires of the flesh, he does not indulge in the bestialities so often found in Eastern countries. When intrigue palled, or it may have been to gain glory in the eyes of his mistress, there was always the excitement of the chase, enhanced when the quarry was a fellow-being, and his lair in the settlements of some distant tribe.

He is not naturally cruel, and when he kills does it quickly. Torturing a captive, after the style of the Chinaman or the North American Indian, does not appeal to him.

Adat, or custom, is a fetish to him. In Borneo a human head was a trophy which

every youth had to obtain before he could lay claim to manhood or aspire to the leve of a maid.

Perhaps the most savage tribes were those who lived on the coasts and made a profession of piracy. Yet they were a manly people, with many fine traits in their character. One of the most loyal and intelligent chiefs that any government ever had was old Hadji Drahime, of Lima Limoang, in North Borneo. He was an ex-pirate, and could tell how he once attacked an English sailing-vessel. That the result was unfortunate for him and his followers did not detract from the pride with which he related the story. That these pirates were not mere blood-thirsty murderers I learned by experience when at one time I found myself a helpless victim of circumstances in their hands.

II.

I was at the time magistrate in charge of the Darvel Bay district in British North Borneo. It was in the pioneering days, and the district was considered so insalubrious generally that a special allowance was granted to the officer who had charge of it. Although a large district, with a coast-line of over 180 miles, it had, comparatively, a small population. A sea-faring people frequented the many islands and coral reefs that clustered round the southern lip of the bay. A few small villages were scattered along the coast and up the rivers and creeks of the northern lip. Some forty miles up the bay there was a fairly large tribe, the hereditary owners of extensive limestone caves, from which they collected large and valuable crops of edible birds'-nests.

This constituted the entire native population when the Chartered Company acquired the territory some ten years prior to the time of which I write. Since then several tobacco estates had been started with European capital, and were carrying on operations, employing hundreds of Chinese and Javanese coolies. The government station, my headquarters, was at the head of the bay, nestling under Mount Silam, a great forest-clad cone rising 3000 feet above the sea.

Under the protection of the Chartered Company's government the ubiquitous Chinaman had come to ply his trade, building palm-leaf booths in the villages, and travelling from place to place in a native boat, disposing of his stock of cheap Brummagem and German goods in exchange for gutta-percha, bêche-de-mer, and other natural products of the jungle and coral reef.

The sea-faring people of the islands were Bajows, locally known as 'Sea-gypsies,' the majority of whom were born and spent all their lives in their boats, of which the largest was barely the size of a Loch Fyne herring-boat. They were a turbulent people, having all been—and when opportunity arose still were—

pirates. The inhabitants of the northern lip of the bay were of a similar character, descendants of the once dreaded Ballanini and Illanuns. In former days it had been their practice to make annual raids on the coast of Borneo, circumnavigating the island in large fleets, burning villages, killing the men, and carrying off the women and children to be sold as slaves. Originally they came from the island of Palawan, but intertribal quarrelling had caused some of them to settle on the coast of Borneo. At the time of which I write the numbers of those who had chosen Darvel Bay had dwindled, and the people themselves, owing probably to intermarriage, had deteriorated both physically and morally, the majority of the men being undersized, while their manners were sly and shift. That these people did not welcome the advent of the white man's rule can be understood, and what they resented most were the laws regulating the possession of, and prohibiting the dealing in, slaves. While owners were allowed to retain those who had been in their possession when the Chartered Company took over control, all children born after that were declared free; the slaves themselves had the right to complain if ill-treated, and, if able to find the means, could purchase their freedom.

It is only fair to point out that slavery under these people was very different from what it used to be under the white man in the bad old days. There were different grades of slavery. The *ulan mas*, or slave born in captivity or inherited, was treated very much as one of the family. He was allowed to have property of his own, and even to trade on his own account. Although, in time of stress, he was liable to be called upon to surrender his all to his master, it was an emergency that did not often occur, and, when it did, was never resented, as friends and relatives voluntarily did the same. He was rarely, if ever, sold. Even the newly captured or purchased slave led a life which differed very little from that of his master. He slept in the same house, and had practically the same food. If his raiment consisted of only a waistcloth and an old sarong, it was not a material hardship in a climate where a waistcloth is the most comfortable form of dress. The work required of him was never too onerous, comparing favourably with that of a coolie on a plantation or in the settlements.

III.

At the time of which I write the military forces of the Chartered Company were very small, and a district officer was expected to assert his authority, and to gain and maintain the confidence, respect, and allegiance of the natives by the exertion of his own personal influence, backed up by the very minimum of physical force.

With the real natives of the country I had never experienced any difficulty. With the more turbulent Bajows I knew that if I had not their affection I, at any rate, had their respect; but with the Illanuns and Ballanini I did not seem to make any headway. When I visited their villages the head-men avoided me, the usual excuse being that they were away, in the jungle or on some distant coral reef, collecting produce. When I did meet them, they made a pretence of exaggerated humility. They were never sincere, and the people never came to me with their troubles or to seek advice about their little private worries in the way the other natives were only too prone to do. That their hostility was so acute that they were prepared to attempt extreme measures I was soon to find out.

I had been in the district some little time when I had occasion to visit their country, accompanying an officer who had been detailed to report on the mineral prospects. We were in a large native-built sailing-boat with my usual crew of six Dyak police, and had brought as interpreter the son of a friendly Bajow chief. We had ascended one of the small rivers, and anchored in the stream. Scattered along the banks, on both sides, were Illanun houses, each with its own ill-cared-for garden of bananas, sugar-cane, sweet potatoes, and yams. From the first the people had avoided us, and it was particularly noticeable that the women did not come off to sell their fruit and vegetables to the crew.

Owing to the shallowness of the water we had to leave our boat each day and proceed up-stream in small dugouts.

The third day the interpreter followed us to where we were prospecting, and said he had important news to tell me. He reported that the attitude of the Illanuns had made him so suspicious that, in the hope of ascertaining what they were up to, he had concealed himself at night near the head-man's house, with the result that he had overheard a good deal of the conversation that went on inside. His suspicions were confirmed. It was evident that an attack upon us was being arranged. It was to be a treacherous affair.

So far as he could make out it was to take place when we were leaving, as he heard them speak of felling a tree across the stream to block the passage, and of men being in ambush there; also of boats to guard the mouth of the river, evidently to make sure that no one escaped.

My companion and I agreed that it would be wisest to get away at once. We had let it be known that we should be engaged on our work for a week or ten days, and it was not likely that they would block the stream until the last moment.

Having finished what we were doing, we

returned to the boat. Calling the men together, I told them what the interpreter had discovered, and warned them to go about their duties as though nothing was known. The anchor was hauled in, the boat's head turned down-stream, and, with the men at the sweeps, we set off.

As soon as our departure was noticed there was quite a commotion on shore. Men could be seen running from house to house, a gong was beaten, and women scampered for the jungle. As we proceeded we caught occasional glimpses of dark figures following us along the bank under cover of the bush. My companion and I sat on the deck, our rifles in our hands, watching anxiously as we rounded each bend to see if any obstruction had been placed in the stream; but there was none, and we got out to sea without any interference.

IV.

I reported the affair to headquarters, with the result that a small force of military police were sent into camp on the river for their annual training as a demonstration.

This impressed the natives for a time, but it soon wore off. While I knew that I had not much to fear when with these people so long as I kept on my guard, I had no doubt that if I could be led into a trap, or be taken at a disadvantage, the opportunity would not be lost.

It was some months after the demonstration that, in the course of my rounds, I was paying one of my usual visits to the Illanuns.

There had recently been cases of traders being relieved of their goods while travelling along the coast, under circumstances which pointed to the Illanuns as being the offenders. One victim, a Chinaman, had traded in the district for years. When making his complaint he claimed that he had recognised, and named, certain of the Illanuns as concerned; but when the inquiry was held, he persisted that he had been mistaken, evidently thinking that it was better policy to cut his loss in the hope of retaining a very lucrative trade. Some Malays trading in native tobacco had also been relieved of their goods under similar conditions, but, being comparative strangers, were unable to identify their assailants. Although there was little room for doubt, there was not sufficient evidence to secure a verdict, so I had to content myself with some very straight talk to the chiefs and those present, and we had parted with anything but friendly feelings towards each other.

It was a glorious evening when we set sail for home, with a light but favourable breeze to help us on our way. There was only a slight ripple on the water; the heat of the day was over; and the sun, setting behind the distant cone of Mount Silam, caused a perfect glory of colours to spread across the western sky. Shoals of flying-fish darted out of the water, and, spreading fan-wise, sped just above the surface, their wing-

like fins reflecting iridescent to the colours of the sunset. Garfish, their bodies gleaming silver-white, sprang out from under our bows and ricocheted away at tremendous speed. Gray mullet would hurl themselves high out of the water, a great surge on the water immediately behind them explaining why they left their natural element in such haste. A short distance off a patch of violently broken water marked where a shoal of small fish were being attacked by larger ones, an opportunity that was being made the most of by a crowd of screaming seagulls and frigate birds.

Very soon the breeze died entirely away and the surface of the bay became as smooth as glass, reflecting the colours of the sky, so that the boat seemed to be suspended in the very sunset itself. As the sun slowly dipped farther and farther behind the mountain ranges of the interior the colours changed, or, rather, melted imperceptibly, from crimson and gold to orange and the most delicate of greens; then, concentrating into a great flare of fire in the west, it quickly contracted and went out. Night had come, but not darkness; the moon, already above the horizon, was throwing a broad track of silver across the sea.

We had travelled only a short distance when the wind died down and we had to drop anchor. We lay about a mile off the shore, which was low-lying, with a broad stretch of sandy beach shelving very gradually out to sea, so that where we lay we had less than three fathoms of water under us.

The land breeze soon set in, and we settled down to enjoy the repose and restfulness of what looked like being a perfect night. There were no mosquitoes or other obnoxious insects to worry us. The glaring heat had gone, and the gentle breeze, bringing with it the mingled scents of forest and ocean, was both exhilarating and refreshing, while the lap-lap of the tiny waves against the sides of the boat made a soothing lullaby. Some of the men got out their fishing-lines, and the flapping of finny victims on the deck proclaimed their success. Borne to us across the water, and rendered more musical by the distance, were the rhythmic notes of a native *kulintangan*. Occasionally the raucous cry of a startled Argus pheasant would reach us, its rest in the distant forest disturbed by some prowling night marauder. Large turtles puffed as they came to the surface on their way to the beach.

In the stern of the boat, on the overhanging counter, my boy prepared my dinner, his fire-place a whisky-case filled with earth. In the forepart the Dyaks, having prepared and consumed their evening meal, spread their sleeping-mats and stretched themselves out on the open deck. One crooned a song, improvising, to which the others joined in a set chorus. They all sang in an undertone except when the impro-

viser introduced something which especially pleased them, when they would show their appreciation by adding gusto to the chorus. Under the conditions the effect was not displeasing; but as early to rest and early to rise is the order in those parts, the men gradually dropped off to sleep, and by nine o'clock all was silent.

v.

Somewhere about midnight I was awakened by the tossing of the boat, and on looking out saw that quite a sea was running. The sky was cloudless, and the moon looked brighter than usual. Giving orders to the sleepy Dyaks to pay out more rope to the anchor I turned in again.

With the first streak of daylight we were all up and looking with unmixed feelings of disgust upon a storm-tossed sea, with the wind blowing hard from the direction we wished to go. As the sky was quite clear, it was evident that it was no short-lived squall that we had to face. We could not run back to the river from which we had come, as a long sand-bank, projecting far out to sea, cut us off. There was no break in the shore where we could take shelter, and we could not beat out to sea, as our native-built boat was without keel, and unable to make any sailing to windward.

The day seemed interminable. The wind increased steadily, and with nearly every wave the boat was drenched from stem to stern. There was only one alleviation, which in a colder clime would be unknown—the sea-water was warm, so that, although everything was soon wet through, there was not the misery of cold to contend with.

There was not much sleep that night, and the next morning brought no improvement. There was no sign of the wind going down, and the seas were higher than ever. The boat was beginning to feel the strain, and it was evident that more water was entering than that which came over the top.

Had we been on any other part of the coast I should not have hesitated to run the boat up through the surf. We were all strong swimmers, and should have been able to make our way to the shore. The boat would, of course, be badly damaged, if not entirely wrecked, and we certainly could not take anything with us. In our present case, therefore, even if we could recover most of our belongings when the wind and sea had gone down, we should find ourselves when we landed, unarmed and helpless, at the mercy of the Illanuns, a situation which none of us was anxious to experience. However, it was soon made evident that something had to be done, as more water was entering the boat than we could cope with, and we were in danger of the craft sinking under us. Although having little doubt as to the result, I decided on an attempt to beat out to sea far

enough to enable us to get round the sand-spit, and enter the creek which lay beyond it. Improvising a small sail out of my tartan rug, to help keep her up to the wind, we waited until the ebb had set in, and then, weighing anchor, we got out the sweeps and set off. While the ebb lasted we made a little headway, but it soon became obvious that we could not succeed. Our only remaining hope was that the wind would ease up, and anxiously we watched each slight fluctuation. But it was not to be—our luck was out. The Dyaks struggled manfully at the sweeps, while my 'boy' and I worked incessantly bailing out the water; but with the setting in of the flood-tide we quickly lost all the way we had made, and shortly before sunset were not only back to where we had set out from, but were fast approaching the first line of

great breakers that for nearly a mile crashed shorewards. Come what might, we had to face it now; first the passage through those waters, and then the mercy of the Illanuns. Fortunately there was no time for meditation. The extemporised sail was lowered, and the boat's head turned to the shore. While doing this we very nearly capsized, and we certainly should have, had the Dyaks not been expert boatmen. As it was, every movable article was dislodged from its place. The decking, which was mostly loose boards for convenience in stowing things below, was all washed overboard, and all my possessions and those of the men were hurled together—food, kit, cooking utensils, rifles, and ammunition—under three feet of water in the bottom of the boat.

(Continued on page 679.)

HUMAN HAIR IN COMMERCE.

I.

WHILST passing a hairdresser's shop-window some of my readers may perhaps have glanced coyly at its patent 'indiscretions' and casually wondered whence may have come the luxuriant tresses exhibited therein. Those who have done so will therefore be interested to know that the supply of these aids of art to nature is in the hands of a very few highly-specialised individuals known as 'human hair merchants.' Such an occupation is a profitable one, but cannot be embarked upon with success without a long apprenticeship, because much expert knowledge of markets, qualities, and prices, resulting only from long experience, is requisite.

The human hair merchant must of necessity know all about what may be called the national characteristics of hair. The hair of a Frenchwoman differs in structure from that of an Englishwoman, for example, though to all outward appearance it may seem exactly the same. The hair merchant must be able to take a strand of hair between his fingers and tell simply by touch what country it comes from. Expertness of the kind is not a matter of weeks or months, but of years. Then, of course, he has also to know all there is to learn—and it is much—about hair qualities and values. He will tell you that of all kinds of hair the pure white is the most rare and costly. A very high price can be obtained for a really good head of white hair, the drawback to most white hair offered being its comparative shortness.

The races and nations have varying hair characteristics. Jewish women, for instance, have curly hair in a larger proportion than is found with any other race. It is gratifying to

our sense of patriotism to know that the women of Britain have the best coloured and the finest quality of hair, whilst the Americans are a good second. The Germanic type tends to over-production of straw-coloured tresses. A curious phenomenon is seen in the case of Frenchwomen, whose hair in general seems slowly getting darker and darker. The Swedes have nice light hair, but it is almost invariably distressingly straight. Some of the finest whole heads of hair are found in the mountainous regions of the north of Italy. Right at the bottom of the scale come the Chinese, whose hair is the coarsest and least valuable of any. From time to time scares about the dissemination of various diseases arise in connection with Chinese hair, so it has always to be thoroughly sterilised and used with great discretion, if at all.

II.

The hair merchant handling the best grades of hair to-day draws most of his supplies from Italy and the south of France. In those regions periodical markets are held at which the local dealers buy what is offered and what has been procured by the collectors who tour the best hair-producing regions and cut the hair from the heads of the women and girls in the villages. In some Italian peasant families where there are several girls the hair is looked upon as quite a regular source of income. This periodical shearing of locks has become almost a ceremony. The collector takes up a position in the village market-place and erects a big umbrella with his name on it, and, after a price has been arranged according to the value of each head of hair, the girls take their seat beneath it in succession whilst he plies his shears. Englishwomen rarely offer their hair

for sale; they seem to have some sentimental objection to parting with it, and the Continent has therefore to be the supply-base for the trade. In ante-war times Germany—particularly Saxony and Bavaria—and Russia supplied quantities of the hair used in this country, but it never seriously competed with the French and Italian products, as its shades were often unsuitable for general use, and it had to be dyed before sold.

Usually the hair dealers from the producing countries come over here with their assorted supplies in large sacking bales and call on our merchants, touring the various warehouses in succession. They show what they have got, purchases are made and weighed out on the spot, and payment often follows right away. The visitors are generally inclined to stand out for somewhat exaggerated prices—particularly the Italians, with whom bargaining is an exact science—but they find the merchants here able to hold their own at this game and never eager to pay what is asked. Thus a compromise over prices is the usual result.

III.

When the hair merchant has got his hair he has to deal with it. He knows it as 'raw' hair, and he has to prepare it for sale. Perhaps this is the reason why he sometimes calls himself a 'hair manufacturer,' which seems rather a curious title. The hair he buys from the dealers is known as 'cuttings,' to distinguish it from 'combing,' which latter are sometimes collected and sold, though there is little trade in them in this country. The 'cuttings' are bought graded as regards quality and shade, and the hair merchant's first object is to clean them to get rid of the grease and other foreign matter which may be attached to them. This cleansing is done by washing the hair in hot water and special soap, and much care has to be taken regarding the latter, because, if a soap containing too large a proportion of alkali is used, there is always the risk of some of the 'cuttings' altering their shade a little. When the hair is perfectly clean he proceeds to turn it, that is, he requires to get all the points together and all the root ends together. This is done very curiously by a method which gives results the scientific reason for which nobody in the trade seems able to explain. Hair kept in soapy water for a little time exhibits a very singular phenomenon—the point ends come to the surface while the root ends remain below. The operator, therefore, grips a strand of hair tightly, usually in several separate portions, between his fingers, though other grips are practised, plunges it under water, and moves it to and fro. After about five minutes of such treatment it will be observed that the points begin to rise. When the hair is thought to be successfully 'turned' it is removed from

the water, all the root ends being drawn away with the other hand in a bunch. It is then carefully laid on a table, and a fresh handful of hair is subjected to the same process. After the hair so treated has been dried it is drawn through hackles and arranged in approximate lengths. It is then tied together at the root ends, in which state it is said to be 'clubbed.'

IV.

Possibly the hair merchant may have bought some hair of a shade which he desires to change to another colour. He is skilled in the use of dyes and mordants, and can change light colours to dark with little trouble. The process of changing dark hair to a light shade is more difficult, however, as the hair will first have to be bleached and then coloured again, which is not always easy to do accurately. Still there is a good deal of 'faking' which takes place, and much of the hair so treated is used for mixing purposes, that is to say, it is worked in with natural colours and sold under the description of the latter by merchants who are not too scrupulous. The expert will easily detect such tricks, but there are some ladies' hairdressers who have not enough knowledge to be able to say whether the colour is natural or not.

Natural wavy hair fetches a higher price than other hair, and is much sought after in the trade. It may cost up to 160s. the pound, but much of what is sold as 'natural wavy' can be made artificially. *Frisure forcée* it is called when straight hair is made curly or wavy. To get this effect wooden sticks of willow, or glass sticks somewhat in the shape of an exaggerated but very thin hour-glass, have the hair wound round them tightly, beginning at the point ends, and the root ends are finally firmly secured to the stick. The sticks are then boiled in water for a period which may vary from one to three hours. After this boiling the hair is dried in a very hot oven. It is then wound round the sticks again, but reversed, the root ends being first this time. Boiled and dried once again, the hair when removed will be found to have a permanent wave or curl. The process flattens the almost spherical hairshaft and causes it to lean inwards. It was this process that gave to the inventor of permanent waving the idea which is made so much use of to-day for waving hair on the living head by means of electricity. Permanent waving is nothing but a modification of the principles which result in *frisure forcée* being obtained. The hair is wound tightly round a metal curler, moistened by some more or less secret liquid containing a borax preparation or an oil, and subjected to the heating action of the electrical current whilst encased in a cylindrical heater. The action of the steam induced and the baking of the hair combine to form the so-called permanent wave.

V.

As previously mentioned, the hair merchants in this country do but little trade in combings, but sometimes they will receive from a hairdresser a parcel of a lady's own combings which it is desired to make up into a switch or tail of hair. The hair merchant will undertake this work, because he usually has a staff of skilled hair-workers who will make up wigs, scalpettes, &c., to measurements and shades of hair desired. Combings are not without their value, though this is nothing like that of cut hair. This is because they are dead and lack the silky gloss of the healthy living hair, whilst there is always a very great deal of waste in treating them, as from three pounds of combings it is possible on an average to obtain only about one pound of the commercial article. However, in continental countries women keep their combings until they have collected a sufficient quantity to sell. Here combings seem usually to be thrown away, and it is safe to say that every year many thousands of pounds' worth find a

resting-place in the dustbin. The more combings kept and brought into use the less would be the demand for cut hair.

The importance of this trade will be better appreciated when it is mentioned that in pre-war days the value of the 'cuttings' collected and sold in Italy alone each year was approximately £120,000, whilst Germany and France had even larger markets, with the figure of about £200,000 each.

In conclusion, it may be set down that what the hair merchant most desires to obtain are pale, pure, clear colours. Neither golden nor black hair is worth very much to him, because he can produce as much hair of these shades as he is likely to require by the respective uses of peroxide of hydrogen and dyes. If you talk to the average hair merchant he will lament the days that are gone, and it is certain that his trade is not now what it once was. The bobbed hair vogue and the simple styles of hairdressing of to-day have restricted the use of 'false' hair greatly, and sales are undoubtedly very much less than they were in 1914 and the preceding years.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

By ROLF BENNETT.

PART I.

I.

JOHN MARKS, chief mate of the *Harpenden*, sat on the edge of his bunk trying to pull on a refractory sea-boot and swearing under his breath. Apart from the trouble he was having with his boots, there were others. For instance, he was not on the best of terms with the skipper, having been ill-advised enough to protest when the latter, during the height of an easterly gale, had shut himself up in his cabin with a bottle of rum. And now, to make matters worse, the *Harpenden*, having run her 'easting' from Sydney, had hit a gale which threatened to equal anything in the way of weather which these latitudes could produce.

He had pulled on the second boot and was stamping it well home, when the cabin door opened to admit a man clad in dripping oilskins.

'By the powers, it's cold!' exclaimed the newcomer, blowing on his fingers and at the same time executing a double-shuffle in his sea-boots. 'Oh, mommer, but it's cold!'

'And leaving the door open won't make it any warmer,' growled Marks, shivering as an icy blast swept in.

'Sorry, old bird,' said the other, giving the door a kick. 'But as you're turning out, I thought you'd like to get used to it by degrees.'

The chief mate grunted, wound a woollen muffler round his neck, and then donned an oilskin jacket and a sou'-wester.

'Any ice about yet, Sims?' he inquired.

'I've not seen any.'

II.

Marks drew on a pair of woollen gauntlets and stepped out on deck, where a gust of ice-laden wind nearly took his breath away. It was pitch-dark, the decks were slippery with ice, and squalls of powdery snow, hard and stinging, swept through the rigging. The mate stopped for a moment near the wheel and looked at the compass.

'Captain on deck?' he inquired of the quartermaster.

'No, sir,' answered the man.

With a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders Marks fought his way forward through the driving snow to the knight-heads, where he took up his position to watch for ice. There he remained throughout the watch, continually drenched by the clouds of spray that swept over the bows, his face raw with the biting, knife-edged wind, his hands and feet so benumbed that they had lost all feeling. Added to the physical was the mental strain of peering into the darkness in an effort to discern suspected but invisible shapes, for he well knew that a moment's lack of vigilance might mean

sudden and complete disaster. It was small wonder, therefore, that when Marks came off watch just as dawn was breaking his nerves were on edge, and that the sight of the skipper, fresh from his warm, comfortable cabin, filled him with savage resentment.

'Good-morning, Marks,' said the elder man, with a geniality that owed something to stimulants. 'Been a pretty rough night, eh?'

'Yes, sir, for those who were out in it,' answered the mate.

Captain Quinn's face darkened. 'What d' you mean by that, Mr Marks?' he blustered.

Before the other had time to reply there came a shout from the look-out. 'Ship on the star-board bow!'

Both men turned and gazed in the direction indicated. For a moment they could see nothing, and then through the curtain of driving wet mist they caught a fleeting glimpse of what, had they been put upon oath, they would have hesitated to declare was a ship. It was more like a wraith—an intangible, swiftly-moving shadow, or a fragment of mist contorted by the wind into a semblance of masts and sails. And it dissolved and vanished before their eyes, just as mist might do.

'Now was that a ship or wasn't it?' demanded the skipper.

'It looked more like a cloud reflection to me, sir,' answered the mate. 'But if it is a ship, we ought to sight her again as soon as these squalls pass.'

He turned away, anxious to change out of his frozen garments and crawl into the warm bunk that awaited him. But as he was leaving the skipper gripped him by the arm. 'There she is again!'

This time, however, Marks could see nothing save jagged masses of low-trailing cloud torn into fantastic and ever-changing shapes. 'No ship there,' he said. 'It's just an atmospheric effect. In these latitudes——'

'I know all about these latitudes,' broke in the other irritably. 'You don't need to lecture me on them. I say that was a ship.'

'Have it your own way, sir,' replied Marks, and, leaving the captain still staring into the gray murk, he sought the cabin where the second mate lay snoring peacefully in the lower bunk.

'Now then, Sims, show a leg!' he bawled.

Sims opened his eyes and groaned. 'Oh Lord, is it my watch again?'

'Yes, it is, and you'd better look nippy. The old man's on deck, and he's in a rotten temper.'

'A bit peeved, I take it,' remarked the second, as he climbed out of his bunk. 'What's it like outside?'

'About as beastly as it can be. I sighted an iceberg this morning, so keep a bright look-out.'

'We'll be right among the ice soon if I know anything about the jolly old Horn,' said Sims, struggling into his oilers.

'I say,' called Marks, as the other was about to open the door, 'the look-out reported a ship on the starboard bow just now, and the old man and I both thought we saw it. But she disappeared so suddenly that I'm inclined to think it was an optical illusion or something of that sort.'

'Perhaps it's the *Cape Dutchman*,' laughed Sims. 'I'll keep an eye lifted.' And he went out, leaving the mate to snuggle down gratefully under the warm blankets.

III.

During the morning the mysterious ship was seen by several persons. Some said she was under storm canvas, others that she was scudding under bare poles; and one man, more imaginative than the rest, declared that she was under full sail, with every stitch of canvas set, despite the gale. The older members of the crew began to look grave, and to whisper half-forgotten stories of phantom ships and other presages of evil. The younger men, though they pretended to laugh at these tales, did so uneasily, and with many a sidelong glance in the direction where the strange craft had last been sighted.

'She's the *Cape Dutchman*; that's what she is,' declared the carpenter, who, with two or three other privileged individuals, was sitting in the cuddy.

'Ah, come off it, Chips, you and your *Cape Dutchman*. She cruises off the Cape of Good Hope, not the Horn,' said the bos'n's mate, who rather prided himself on being a sceptic.

'Good Hope or the Horn, what's the odds?' demanded the carpenter. 'She ain't bound to stick in one latitude. She goes where the devil sends her—as a warning. She's been seen off Cape Race and in the China seas, and on the same day, too. What about the *Welsh Bard*? Didn't she sight the *Dutchman* in the Pacific, twenty north of the line, and didn't she foundered with all hands? Tell me that.'

'But if she foundered with all hands, how did you come to know that she sighted the *Dutchman*?' asked the bos'n's mate.

'I ain't going to argy with you,' replied the carpenter, rising majestically from the locker; 'you're too young. When you've been at sea a bit longer you'll know more; that is, if you ever live to see another trip, which I doubt. The *Dutchman* don't happen along for nothing, you can take my word for it.' And leaving his adversary to make what he liked of this, he left the cuddy.

But even among the younger members of the crew a feeling of dread began to manifest itself. They had no heart for their work, and, when unobserved by the officers, gathered in little

groups to exchange furtive whispers, their eyes strained to catch sight of the wraith. In the foc's'le the watch below listened, awe-stricken, to grisly yarns of omen ships and spectres of the sea. It was pointed out that many and many a good ship had vanished suddenly and mysteriously when off the Horn, and in fair weather as well as foul.

When Marks came on deck he noticed the crew's attitude, and at once guessed the cause. If, he reflected bitterly, the captain had been worth his salt he would have stirred the men up, set them on some heavy job, and seen that they did it, briskly too. But the mischief was done now; all hands were obsessed by a sense of foreboding, and their energy was sapped. This was the way mutinies were bred. Presently he sent a message to the captain suggesting the advisability of still further shortening sail. A few moments later Captain Quinn staggered onto the poop, his face flushed, and his eyes bleared with drink.

'What's the matter now, Mr Marks?' he demanded thickly.

The mate repeated his suggestion.

'Take in sail! What in blazes for?' roared the other. 'She can carry every stitch she's got, and more. More, d'you hear? You're not mate of a Thames barge now.'

Marks flushed at the insult, but quietly pointed out that if they did not shorten sail now it might presently be too late.

'When I want to be told how to sail my ship I'll come to you, Mr Marks,' sneered the skipper. 'Meanwhile, we'll carry on as we are. If the weather freshens, send for me, and I'll say what's to be done.'

Marks, realising the hopelessness of the situation, was leaving the poop when he happened to glance to windward. Through the mist and eddying spindrift he once more caught sight of the strange ship. He had no doubt about it this time, and was even able to make out several details, such as her being under close-reefed fore-and-main courses and jib, though the jib hal-yards had gone, and the canvas hung in loose folds over the bowsprit. Then the vaporous clouds hid her from view again, and he turned away to find a group of men, who should have been at work, lounging under the lee of the foc's'le, and evidently discussing the 'spectre.' He realised what that meant, and knew he must act promptly.

'Hi, you bunch of idle, ill-conditioned swabs, get to work! Rouse about, or I'll set to and massacre the lot of you!' he yelled.

When the mate used what the men called his 'topsail-yard-ahoy voice' they knew he meant business. But though they resumed their tasks, it was with an ill grace and sullen looks. Marks explained the gravity of the situation to Sims when the latter came on deck to relieve him. The second mate looked doubtful. The

crew of the *Harpenden* were admittedly a rough crowd, shipped in haste from the water-front in San Francisco, and he was not used to handling their kind. The other saw his misgiving.

'If there's any trouble, send for me,' he said. 'I'm reckoned pretty handy with a belaying-pin.'

IV.

Some two hours later Marks was awakened from a sound sleep by a terrific jolt, which very nearly threw him out of his bunk. Hastily clawing on his sea-boots he rushed on deck, to find the bos'n and several hands struggling with a confusion of rebellious, flapping canvas and broken gear on the foc's'le-head.

'Hit a berg,' Sims shouted in his ear. 'Sheered off all right, but smashed the bowsprit.'

Marks thrust him aside. 'All hands on deck!' he yelled, and as the first man appeared, sullen and reluctant, he promptly knocked him down as an example to the others.

'Get a move on; hump around, you dogs!' he roared, and as some of the men seemed inclined to disobey, Marks snatched at a belaying-pin, and slipped inside the foc's'le.

One determined man can often rule a crowd that is hesitating, and this proved to be the case now. The belaying-pin lashed out, two men went down, and the rest scuttled out of the foc's'le with astonishing celerity. In a jiffy they were aloft taking in sail, and while the wreckage was being cleared away, the foremast and fore-and-main topmasts were made as secure as conditions permitted. While this was being done the mate went below and found Captain Quinn struggling ineffectually to get into his oilers.

'Much damage done, Marks?' he inquired.

'Shaved an iceberg and left the bowsprit behind, sir.'

The captain suddenly burst into one of those uncontrollable fits of rage which invariably accompanied his drinking bouts. 'Then why in blazes wasn't I sent for?' he bellowed, bringing his fist down with a crash on the cabin table. 'Why wasn't I told? I won't be treated like a cipher on my own ship. No, by thunder, I won't! D'you hear me, Mr Marks? You're not skipper yet, though you carry on as though you thought you were.'

'There was no time to send messages, sir, and——'

'And you thought I wasn't to be trusted on deck, eh? That was your notion, wasn't it? Well, I'll put up with your infernal impudence no longer. To-morrow you can go for'ard with the men. You're disgraced, see? I'll show you who's skipper aboard this packet, my lad. Got that, have you?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Right. And now you can clear out.'

As Marks was leaving the cabin the captain called after him, 'You'll leave this ship as soon

as we reach Liverpool. And it won't be my fault if you get another job.'

v.

The next morning Marks removed his gear to the foc's'le, and Sims was promoted to mate. The disgraced man knew that his career as a sea officer was at an end; that he was, in fact, ruined. No company worth serving with would employ an officer who had been degraded at sea for insolence and insubordination—as, without doubt, the captain would affirm in his report. And, since he had no other profession, he could look forward to spending the rest of his days before the mast.

He was helping to rig a spare topmast as a jury bowsprit, when he heard the look-out report a ship to starboard. It was the mystery ship again, and this time she was much closer—so close that Marks could see a Union Jack flying upside down. He noticed, too, that the fore course had been torn to ribbons, and that the ship herself seemed completely out of control. Captain Quinn also had noticed these things, particularly the signal of distress, and it annoyed him. For, although the ship appeared to be deserted, there was just the chance that she might not be. Supposing she were not, if it came out afterwards that he had passed without investigating, unpleasant things might be said, and awkward questions asked. 'What do you make of her, Mr Sims?' he inquired.

'Looks to me as if she'd been abandoned, sir,' answered the new mate. Then, seeing the other's reluctance, he added, 'You might safely call for volunteers to board her, sir. You're not likely to get any, for all hands swear she's the *Flying Dutchman*.'

'That's the most sensible remark I've heard this voyage, Sims,' exclaimed the skipper, seeing his way out of the difficulty. 'I certainly can't force the men to risk their lives against their will.'

He stepped up to the poop-rail, and, pointing to the derelict, called for volunteers to board her.

There was silence for a moment, and then a voice said, 'I will.' It was Marks, who had just come off the foc's'le-head.

Captain Quinn frowned at first, but, as he gazed at the man he hated, a look of cunning satisfaction appeared on his face. 'Any more?'

The bos'n stepped forward. 'I'll go, sir.'

No one else volunteered, but eventually the bos'n persuaded two of the younger men to come. The others, still held by superstitious terror, would as soon have jumped into the mouth of a live volcano as ventured aboard the ghostly ship.

After much difficulty and no little risk a boat was lowered on the lee-quarter, and got away without being smashed to splinters against the ship's side. As they pulled away, Marks,

who was at the tiller, called to Captain Quinn on the poop of the *Harpender*, 'Give us all the lee you can, sir, please!'

The captain made no reply audible to those in the boat, but his lips moved. 'If this is the last I see of you, Mr Marks, it won't worry me any,' he had muttered.

(Continued on page 676.)

WHERE THE GUMS AND WATTLES GROW.

O the joy and rest and sweetness, O the full and glad completeness

Of a south-wind summer day spent where the gums and wattles grow;

With a blue-flecked sky above me, and a breeze that seems to love me,

So persistently it kisses me on lips, and hair, and brow!

O the many tuneful voices of a morning that rejoices

When the sun has newly risen on such fair and beauteous scene,

As though day had fled with laughter from the night hard following after

And, triumphant, donned her brightest robes of golden, dewy sheen!

O the splendour of the noontide, and the beauty of the hillside,

With its wide expanse of country; and the mountains stretching far,

In the sunset purple glowing; while the river, quiet flowing,

Lies across the verdant valley like a silver gleaming bar!

And I joyously surrender self to Nature's mood so tender,

As I lie upon the grass and watch the distant mountains grand:

There come o'er my spirit stealing harmonies of God's revealing,

While I listen in the silence sweet of this enchanted land.

Now the day wanes slowly, slowly, and the cattle patient, lowly,

Slow wend along the shadowed roads their sleepy, plodding way;

And the stately, leafy trees bow beneath the evening breeze,

As they hear the passing footsteps of that lovely summer day.

But my tongue and pen must falter as I gaze upon that altar

Where Nature kneels in twilight hour to say her evening prayer,

All gorgeous in her robes of gold, while purple mists the hills enfold,

And hushed the rustle of the leaves, and calm and still the air.

O the joy and rest and sweetness, O the full and glad completeness

Of a south-wind summer day spent where the mountain breezes blow;

O the pure exhilaration, O the wondrous inspiration

Of God's radiant, beauteous sunshine where the gums and wattles grow!

MARION DOWNES.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

PILCHARDS.

By C. K. C. ANDREW.

I.

"Pilchards is like wimmin: when they'm bad they'm a'ful, and when they'm good they'm only middlin'."

THIS saying, which is now so often thrown at one upon mention of the fish in question, no doubt originated from the tongue of some hen-pecked old Cornish fisherman of a past generation who was tired of eating salt pilchards at every meal. For in days gone by all the West Country seems to have lived largely upon these estimable fish preserved in salt, which, when required for use, were simply given a preparatory soaking in fresh water and boiled up with potatoes *en robe de chambre*, as the Frenchman says.

'Pilchards-and-Potatoes' was the Cornish peasant's meal at breakfast, dinner, and tea for centuries, and doubtless some Cornishmen became heartily sick of the fish, as one may of any article of diet that is permitted to become monotonous; but it is a thousand pities that such wide publicity should have been given to a disgruntled old man's ill-considered condemnation of a fish that has so much to recommend it as a food.

Its name has become indissolubly associated with that of Cornwall by the usage of centuries. Before the era of written histories, visiting foreigners praised the Cornishman's ability as a fisherman, and we may perhaps be permitted to imagine that the object of that dusky fisher's pursuit in his wicker coracle was this same representative of the herring tribe, which Linnæus has named *Clupea pilchardus*.

Down the ages, the pilchard has come to be regarded in England as an exclusively Cornish fish. In the writings of the 'popular authors' of the last three hundred years it is possible to find a succession of accounts, more or less extensive, of the Cornish peculiar—the capture of vast numbers of pilchards by means of seine nets. The pilchard seine fishery very closely resembled the present-day mackerel seining, save that the former was on a considerably larger scale, and where the mackerel-seiner may catch only thousands, the old-time pilchard fisher obtained millions.* After a

successful 'shot,' when the ends of the net had been sewn together, the seine was sometimes secured by anchors at a number of points and allowed to remain in the sea for several days, while the fish were gradually removed as convenient. When brought on shore, the fish were shovelled from boats to barrows, and thus conveyed to a salting-house, where, on a stone floor, with a slope and drain to a central pit, they were 'bulked' into piles some 6 feet high and 20 feet long, in alternate layers of salt and neatly arranged fish, head to tail.

The fish remained 'in bulk' for about a month, while a considerable volume of oil, which was and is commercially valuable, drained into the pit. At the end of that time 'bulk was broken,' the salt being preserved; the fish were washed, packed into barrels, and there pressed, an additional amount of oil being obtained through holes in the bottoms of the casks, after which they were headed up and awaited shipment to the Latin countries of Southern Europe.

This procedure is, in all essentials save two, followed out to the present day along the whole Cornish coast. The exceptions are, that the pilchards are now taken almost exclusively in drift-nets, and that, instead of being bulked in piles on a flat surface, they are now placed in cemented pits.

A pit measures perhaps 10 or 12 feet square by 20 feet in depth, and is sunk in the floor of the curing-house. At its brink is placed a wooden platform, upon which stand two stalwart fellows armed with wooden shovels. Behind them rises a mountain of coarse Spanish salt (brought, even in these days, by sailing vessels); on to the platform before them, two maunfuls at a time, the pilchards are tipped out of the baskets in which they are carried from the boats. Four great shovelfuls of salt are thrown on the fish; the heap is turned over and over with the shovels until thoroughly mixed, and then, with two long effortless strokes, shot into the pit. This goes on, hour after hour, until the pit is completely filled. It is a striking contemplation to regard an empty pit, vast and cavernous, and another beside it brimming with its mixture of fish and harsh granules of salt—to recollect that there are ten, twenty, or

* It was no unexampled 'record' for 1,000,000, or even 2,000,000, fish to be taken at one enclosure.

more such pits in every small town. It brings to the mind an appreciation of the quantity of fish available, from this source alone, to feed our people should need be.

To the uninitiated it should be mentioned that in these processes, whether ancient or modern, there is no question of gutting or cleaning the fish. This circumstance, of course, is not one to recommend the product to an English palate; but, in fact, there is surprisingly little that is objectionable in the abdominal cavity of the pilchard at the time of year when these fish are taken, and the omission causes no offence when the curing is completed. The foreigner, so a Cornishman will tell you, 'prefers 'em wi' the guts in,' and one is told, as an instance of Continental depravity, that a French luggerman, eating a fresh mackerel, will devour the fish entire, with the bare exception of the head and the tail.

The fish that were formerly used to such an enormous extent in this part of England—and still are, to a very considerable degree—for domestic consumption, were (and are) generally cured at home by the consumers, and, of course, gutted and dressed first.

A number of devices are employed to preserve them, but the commonest is simple salting in large stone jars called 'kieves' and 'steins,' after which they are used as described in the first paragraph. Some housewives employ bay leaves, vinegar, butter, cloves, lard, and a variety of other agents, but the details of these epicurean contrivances cannot be dealt with here.

Mention must not be omitted of the fact that formerly pilchards were smoked in great quantities, and, being described by the Latins as 'Fumades' and 'Fumados,' soon acquired from the Cornish the corrupted nickname of 'Fair-maids.'

The smoked pilchard is no longer to be met with, but some fishermen still apply the name to the fish in general.

II.

At this point the reader will probably inquire, in best judicial style: 'What is a pilchard?'

The pilchard is a member of the herring family, and resembles his better-known cousin in many respects. He is shorter, though not so much as is sometimes stated—the adult pilchard is from 8 to 11 inches long, and British herrings are rarely more than a little over 12 inches; he has a body less deep and more rounded in form than that of the herring. In colour, his back appears a deep olive-green (easily distinguished from the herring's blue), and his sides and belly silvery. He has, however, a covering of scales which, although very easily detachable, are larger than those of any other British specimen of his kind, and

much stouter than those of the herring; and when this armour is removed, the skin of his back is revealed as a dull blue, not so very dissimilar from that of his much-kippered relative.

The distinction between pilchard and herring is quickly learnt by familiarity, but cannot be explained with great force in words. There is, however, one feature which clearly distinguishes the two fish: on the gill-covers of a pilchard will be observed a series of fine lines, or creases, radiating fanwise, backward and downward from the edge of the eye, while in the herring no mark will be found but a few slight protuberances of a rounded form.

Visitors to the Duchy are always told by the fishermen to pick up a fish of each kind by the dorsal fin and observe how the body hangs. In the herring this fin is midway between snout and tail, causing the head to hang lower than the tail; while in the pilchard it is nearer to the snout, so that the body balances in a horizontal position.

The pilchard ranges from Madeira to the southern coasts of Ireland, and is found in the Mediterranean, though it is there a smaller fish when mature.

This fish, like the mackerel, appears to spend the coldest part of the winter in the ocean depths. It is known to spawn in deep water at the mouth of the Channel from June onward, though the old-time seining inshore did not reach its height until August or September. This latter appearance is now slight, and little seining for pilchards is done in any part of Cornwall; though that this does not necessarily mean the permanent abolition of Cornwall's picturesque old practice is evidenced by the fact that, until they reappeared in 1883, nothing had been seen of pilchards on the west coast of Ireland for two hundred years. The fish, like others, is subject to vagaries of conduct which do not at first appear to be in accordance with rule, and it is only possible, therefore, in such respects, to give indications of a somewhat elastic nature.

The pilchard shoals out at sea, which supply the drift-net fishery, are most numerous in late August or September, and remain on the coast until about Christmas, after which they are found rarely, and at too great a distance from land.

In general, pilchards are never looked for east of the longitude of Start Point; but one still hears the story of a Cornish fisherman of the old time who, returning through the Strait of Dover from a circular voyage in pursuit of the herring, found a 'skole' of pilchards 'stoiting' off the North Foreland, and how it 'made him feel he were home before 'un were half-way.'

A pilchard shoal on the surface, or near it, produces a curious reddish tinge in the water.

This is also caused by a herring shoal; but as the latter is less often seen at the surface, the sign has come to be regarded as a peculiarity of the pilchard.

These shoals travel through the sea at a considerable speed, and in a manner that can only be likened to the advance of a well-disciplined army, so steady, so resistless does it seem, so closely massed the ranks. It is quite stirring, on a calm night at sea, miles from land, to hear the thrashing roar of the advancing shoal rise from a distant whisper, and die away again as it passes on.

A straight-stretched fleet of nets in the sea often shows very clearly from above by a semi-circular curve in the line of buoys, where it has been struck by a heavy shoal.

III.

The pilchard is a fish that should be sampled by every person in this country—more particularly at the present time, when the European market has been adversely affected by protective duties levied upon imported fish by the countries concerned. The Englishman should now be induced to give the pilchard a fair trial—if it is only to help his deserving fellow-countrymen. There is no shadow of reason why the fresh pilchard, once the demand were instituted, should not become as popular a table fish as the sole. Its flavour is admirable; its flesh is firm and attractive; it is rich and nourishing in the highest degree. And yet this excellent little fish cannot find an English market under its proper name, and must be sold at the rate of ten shillings for 1260, to be salted and packed for export.

The expression 'proper name' is used advisedly, for the pilchard is, of course, identical with the 'sardine.' Many people still believe that the sardine is, in some subtle way, different from the pilchard, and that in insisting upon sardines from the Morbihan, from Finistère, or from Marseilles, they display great perspicacity and obtain 'the genuine article'; but there is, in fact, no slightest foundation for this assumption.

The sardine of France is no more than the yearling of the identical fish that visits the south-western extremities of our islands, and that of the Mediterranean is actually inferior to our Cornish fish. The Frenchman uses specially small-meshed nets to capture his sardines for canning, which the Cornishman does not imitate for one very good reason: he has no reason to suppose that if he went to the additional expense he would be able to sell his catch at all. The small pilchards visit our shores, and if England gave definite expression to a desire for a home product, and promise of a market, enough English sardines could be prepared in the short season to supply the country with table dainties for the whole year.

As long ago as 1875 a company was formed to prepare Cornish sardines in imitation of the French, and numerous efforts have been made since—some of the ventures, in fact, are still alive—but, generally speaking, they have failed because the length of the season does not enable a factory which deals only with this one fish to run all the year round, and because of indifference or bias on the part of the public.

The writer is, however, less concerned with the little canned fish generally recognised under the name of *sardine* than with the prospects of the fresh adult pilchard in the market.

The fact that this fish has for centuries been thus neglected, either because of ignorance, apathy, groundless prejudice, or because of a foolish apothegm, is not at all creditable to the Englishman's proverbial character for sound common-sense.

Originally, of course, owing to the inaccessibility of this part of the country, none but the salted fish could be offered to Midland towns, but this obstacle has long since disappeared.

It is said by the quayside fish-buyers that pilchards sent to inland markets are not at all well received. It is a fact that, owing to their somewhat dull coloration, the fish are not quite so brightly fresh-looking, even when taken from the sea, as others, and, moreover, this dingy appearance is intensified by being kept for a few days. The flesh, however, remains unexceptionable, and housewives should learn that, in the case of the pilchard, appearance is no index to quality.

Of the unduly biased, who rejects the pilchard without a fair trial, or determines to dislike it at the first mouthful, the writer would ask that he try to carry his mind back to the first occasion when he tasted oysters—caviare—olives—anchovies, and many other delicacies that to the adult palate offer the greatest gastronomic pleasure, and consider whether he was inclined to favour such articles by mere hearsay, or whether he really enjoyed his first experience. Not that pilchards need such arguments; the majority of those who taste them for the first time vote them excellent at once, and a vast improvement upon fresh herrings.

This has been written with entirely disinterested motives by one who, coming to Cornwall first from the North Midlands, was and has since remained completely mystified, and somewhat irritated, by the utter lack of interest shown by the country generally in a delightful and valuable article of food which is thus available for the delectation of all classes at a price that would defeat most competition, and which, for lack of a home market, and by reason of a protected foreign market, may shortly cease to be worth the fisherman's while to catch at all.

The fresh pilchard went all over the country

during the War, and was evidently appreciated then; but because it was offered as though *faute de mieux*, instead of as a delicacy, the people have failed to remember it and demand its continued supply.

Let Britons cultivate a taste for pilchards to-day, and a brave, honest, and hard-working set of men will profit, Britain will have another home food supply, and a reproach to our national character will be removed!

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

PART II.

VI.

MARKS found that it was all he could do to keep his boat head-on to the rollers, for, although the wind had abated somewhat, there was a very heavy sea running. Once, when the haze drifted down upon them, he lost sight of both the ships. When it had passed he glanced over his shoulder, and it struck him that Captain Quinn was not trying to assist them by manœuvring to windward. But the mist swept down once more, blotting out the *Harpenden*, and Marks, though he knew it not, had looked upon her for the last time.

As they came up with the derelict, and passed under her counter in order to get to leeward, they saw on her stern the legend, *Queen Bess, London*. They sheered up under her lee-quarter, and Marks succeeded in catching hold of some loose tackle that was swinging overboard. 'Stand by to board her as soon as I give the word,' he ordered.

He waited until the lee-rail swung down upon them. 'Now for it!'

With one accord they scrambled over the rail, one of the men holding the boat's painter between his teeth, and all alighted safely on deck.

The first thing they saw was a pair of booted feet projecting from under a tarpaulin on the after-hatch. Marks drew the tarpaulin aside, revealing a dead man with terrible wounds on his head and face. 'Murdered!' he ejaculated.

The decks, he noticed, were littered with loose and damaged gear, probably the result of the storm. But there were other things—a couple of sheath-knives, one with a broken blade; a biscuit-barrel, with smashed staves; a water-breaker; and odds and ends of clothing. A sea-chest, with the lid battered in, slithered about in the water which had collected in the lee-scuppers. All the boats had gone, and everything pointed to the ship having been abandoned in mad haste by a panic-stricken and demoralised crew.

'Bos'n, get aft and secure the tiller, or we shall be drifting into some iceberg,' said Marks.

He then went forward to investigate the foc's'le, and was again joined by the bos'n. 'Will you step aft, sir?' said the latter breathlessly. 'There's a dead woman on the poop; leastways, she looks to be dead.'

'A woman!' ejaculated Marks, as he followed the bos'n.

'Yes, sir; she must have been steering, for she was right under the wheel. We got her out and laid her on the deck.'

They mounted to the poop, and Marks saw the body of a girl, clad in oilskin-jacket and sou'-wester. One of the men, who had been bending over her as he approached, stood up. 'It's my belief she's still alive, sir,' he said.

Marks knelt down, and soon assured himself that this was the case. The girl had swooned. 'Dash some water in her face,' he ordered, and then dived down into the cabin in the hope of finding some stimulant that might restore animation if the water failed. He found a bottle of brandy in a locker, and returned on deck, where the girl was still lying white and motionless.

'All right, bos'n, we'll try this,' said Marks, and soon succeeded in forcing a little of the spirit between the clenched teeth. For a while nothing happened, then the girl's face began to look a shade less deathly, and she slowly opened her eyes. 'There, there, you're all right now,' said Marks soothingly, as though addressing a hurt child.

'Who—who are you?' whispered the girl faintly.

'I am'—he was going to say 'an officer,' but suddenly remembered that this was no longer true—'I'm from a British ship, and came aboard on seeing your distress-signal. And now,' he added, 'I'm going to take you below out of the cold and wet. You must be nearly frozen.'

VII.

As he picked her up in his arms, it was borne in upon him that she was beautiful. Her eyes were of the colour of dark amber, with long, golden lashes and delicately pencilled brows. The lines of her chin were firm, but her face was redeemed from hardness by the soft eyes and the small mouth, with its subtle suggestion of tenderness; her hair, straying from beneath the sou'-wester, was a rich chestnut-brown. Who was she, he wondered, and how came she to be alone on this deserted ship?—a frail slip of a girl who might be twenty, but certainly did not look it. However, this was not the time to indulge in unprofitable speculations, and having

taken her below, he laid her in a bunk and returned on deck to help the bos'n take soundings and try the pumps. They found no sign of a leak, nor was there any undue accumulation of water.

'This here's a mystery to me, sir, and that's a fact,' commented the bos'n. 'Bar the damage to the gear, she looks to be as seaworthy a hooker as ever I stepped aboard. I make nothing of it, sir.'

'We'll learn something as soon as the young lady's fit to talk,' answered Marks. 'Meanwhile we must try to get the ship into some sort of trim. If the mist holds, it may be days before we sight the *Harpenden*, and we don't want to go drifting into the ice.'

They took in the damaged sails, set fresh canvas, and then started to clear up the decks. The dead man was hastily sewn up in his tarpaulin shroud with weights at the feet. Marks repeated what he could remember of the burial service, and the body was reverently lowered over the side. Soon afterwards Marks was startled by hearing the girl's voice, and, turning, saw her standing beside him, still clad in oilskin jacket and sou'-wester.

'You must have risked your life in coming aboard in this sea. I—I want to thank you,' she said brokenly.

Somewhat embarrassed, Marks replied airily that it was all in the day's work. 'I'd better introduce myself,' he went on. 'I am—or rather, I was—mate of the British ship *Harpenden*, which is, or should be, just to windward of us. Having been disrated, I am now only an A.B., and the bos'n here is the real person in authority.'

The bos'n stepped forward. 'Excuse me, sir,' he said, 'but while we're on this packet you're the mate or the skipper, whichever it may be. I can't navigate, and it's no use pretending,' and he ambled off before Marks could reply.

VIII.

'I think,' said Marks, after an embarrassed silence, 'that if you feel up to it, you'd better tell me how this ship came to be abandoned.'

The girl proceeded to tell her story. It appeared that she had been on her way home from Australia with her uncle, the captain of the *Queen Bess*. They left Melbourne for Tocopilla much undermanned, owing to an outbreak of sickness in the port; and at Tocopilla, where they loaded nitrate, the captain had to collect a crew as best he could. The men were of various nationalities, and started to give trouble soon after they sailed. Just before reaching the Horn the *Queen Bess* encountered a terrific easterly gale, and one night the captain was washed overboard and lost. Shortly afterwards a whisper went round that the ship had sprung a leak, and, notwithstanding the denials of the

officers, the crew became panic-stricken and made a wild stampede for the boats, in trying to check which the second mate was knocked overboard. The first mate also tried to stop the panic, and was threatening the mob with his revolver when one of the men sprang at him with a crowbar, and he went down. Apparently at this juncture the girl, watching the scene from behind a deck-house, had fainted.

'When I opened my eyes,' she went on, 'the moon was shining. The ghostly silence terrified me. Presently I saw, lying on the after-hatch, the body of the mate. It was some time before I could nerve myself to cover him with a tarpaulin. But it was too awful to see him lying there in the moonlight, so at last I screwed up my courage and did it. Though I tried not to look, I saw his face—'

The girl broke off and covered her eyes with her hands. Marks, who had also seen the dead man's terrible wounds, laid his hand awkwardly on her shoulder as a sign of understanding.

'I think that's nearly all there is to tell,' she continued, after a pause. 'I hoisted the Union Jack upside down as a signal of distress, and then tried to keep the ship head-on to the seas, which I had often heard my uncle say was the right thing to do. When I felt hungry, I lashed the wheel and went into the cabin and ate. Sometimes I slept, and I must have fainted once or twice from cold or nerves or something—you found me like that, didn't you?'

'It's a wonder you lived through it,' said Marks, leaving quite a number of eloquent things unsaid. 'However,' he added, 'as soon as it's possible we'll get you aboard the *Harpenden*, and you'll have a chance to forget these horrors.'

But the mist still lay thick upon the waters, and presently the bos'n gave it as his opinion that they had seen the last of the *Harpenden*.

'Why, what makes you think that?' asked Marks.

'Nothing, sir, just a notion.'

IX.

Events proved the bos'n right. The next day dawned bright and clear, but although he searched the horizon, Marks could see no sign of the *Harpenden*. He was frankly astonished, having taken it for granted that Captain Quinn would hang up in the wind as much as possible, in order to keep in touch. They had done the same on the *Queen Bess*, yet there was not a sail in sight.

'Begging your pardon, sir, the best thing we can do is to work her to port ourselves,' said the bos'n, with whom Marks discussed the situation. 'And it won't be such a bad thing neither, when you come to think of salvage.'

'But can we do it? There are only four of us, and we shall need rest.'

'It's been done before, sir, and it can be

done again,' replied the bos'n confidently. 'The others are willing, for I've sounded them.'

As a matter of fact, they had no option. The *Harpenden* had completely disappeared, nor was any trace of her seen, even after the Horn had been cleared and they were running north. But now the weather was as fine as it had been bad before, and when they picked up the 'trades' the over-worked crew even had time for a little rest. The yards were trimmed to the wind, and for days not a sheet or a tack was touched. This weather lasted till they reached Pernambuco, and put in for fresh provisions. Here Marks had the luck to find two seamen looking for a passage home, and they, only too glad to earn full pay instead of the usual 'bob a month' given in such cases, signed on for the home run.

But Marks, even with the prospect of a rich salvage award before him, was not happy. He knew that, though he should bring the *Queen Bess* and her cargo safely into port, the damning fact that he had been disgraced would still prevent his getting another berth. And he was in love.

The thing had grown upon him insidiously; for, at the very outset, he had gravely held argument with himself, scenting the danger. And he had argued as should a right-minded young man who regarded his career at an end, telling himself he must not fall in love with this girl, or, if he did, must never speak; that he must let her pass out of his life, to find, perhaps, some man who could offer her a fair name and a hopeful future. It was comparatively easy to think this way during the lonely night watches, but, unfortunately for his peace of mind, he could not always be on night watches. There was the daytime, when she came on deck. The sight of her white-clad figure, her glorious chestnut hair rippling in the wind, the reflection of the sunlight in her amber eyes, the magic tenderness of her smile, made him forget the stern resolutions of the night, and Marks, before he quite knew what had happened, had confessed his soul.

It would have given him a kind of bitter satisfaction—in the night watches—had she repulsed him with scorn; reminded him of what he was, and demanded how he dared ask her to share his ruined life. But she did none of these things. He had no very clear recollection afterwards of what she had said, but he knew they sat for a very long time out of sight of the others, her head against his shoulder, his arm about her. The remembrance of their first kiss would be with him all his life, the inexpressible joy and pain of it.

x.

At last the *Queen Bess* lay in the Thames; the fussy little tug which had brought her up the river had cast off; the sails were neatly

furled, and the anchor had splashed into the turbid water. With a brow of gloom Marks prepared to go ashore.

'You have saved their ship, surely they can't refuse you a berth,' said the girl wistfully.

He thought of Captain Quinn's threat to keep him out of a job, and of that black entry in the *Harpenden's* log, and shook his head.

'It's bound to come out,' he said miserably.

Tears stood in the girl's eyes, for though to her who loved him it did not matter in the least that he was a disgraced man, it mattered very considerably that he should be miserable about it.

'I'm going to hope for the best, and so must you,' she said, bravely smiling at him.

'You don't understand,' he told her.

'I do. I know it's like expecting a miracle, but all the same I'm going to hope,' she said impressively.

She watched him go ashore in the boat, and to the last waved her handkerchief with its message of courage and cheer.

'I'm going to hope,' she said firmly when he had disappeared from sight, and it was as if she expected to bring the thing to pass with the very intensity of her wishing.

In a dingy building in Leadenhall Street, Marks was ushered into the presence of the managing director of the firm that owned the *Queen Bess*. He had sent a full report from Falmouth, and there was little to do except hand over the ship's papers. The great man shook hands with him, and Marks listened vaguely to his words, genuine enough, expressing admiration for the indomitable pluck and determination which had sailed such a big ship so vast a distance under such conditions.

'I suppose,' went on the director, becoming business-like, 'you are tied to your firm?'

Knowing what he did, Marks gave a bitter laugh. 'No,' he replied, 'I am not tied to them in any way.'

'I ask this,' said the other, 'because we are increasing our fleet. It is true that we have plenty of officers to pick and choose from, but you have displayed such initiative and ability that, if possible, I should like to retain you with our firm. Of course, you hold a master's ticket?'

'Yes.'

'In three months our newest vessel will be ready for sea. We have not yet selected a captain, and if you——'

Marks felt the room swim before his eyes, but with an effort pulled himself together. Why, he asked himself, should he wait for Captain Quinn to ruin him? Let the blow fall; he would tell the truth now and have done with it.

'When the *Harpenden* returns, if she has not reached port already,' he began, 'Captain Quinn——'

'The *Harpender*!' broke in the other, in a tone of astonishment. 'Haven't you heard about her?'

'No,' faltered Marks, wondering what was coming.

'Why, the s.s. *Cleopatra* came across her, waterlogged, south-east of the Horn. From the appearance of her decks it is supposed there had been a mutiny, or at least a panic, but it was too dangerous to board her, as she was then sinking fast, so nothing actually definite

is known. It seems certain that the survivors, if there were any, perished, or they would have been heard of before this. You were luckier than you thought, Mr Marks, when you saved the *Queen Bess*.'

'Yes,' said Marks hoarsely. 'Yes.'

The great man looked at his watch. 'Now about employment with our firm, Mr Marks—are you open to consider the suggestion?'

THE END.

A D A T.

PART II.

VI.

ONCE we were headed for the shore the work of keeping that position began. Each great wave lifted and carried us forward at a terrific pace until, passing on, it held us for a moment balanced on its crest. That was the critical moment, and had the boat, while thus pivoted, swung broadside to the waves, she would have been rolled over and over, and quickly reduced to so many loose planks. The Dyaks were splendid. Stripped to the waist they strained at the sweeps, shouting their war-cry, and yelling encouragement to each other. In a very short time, so great was the speed with which we were swept forward, we had covered half the distance to the shore, and, the water becoming shallower, the waves broke with greater force, sweeping the boat from stern to stem. Then we began to bump, and we all threw ourselves into the water, holding on to the sides of the boat. When in the trough of the waves we could find bottom with our feet, and this enabled us to keep her straight. It was when in this position that one of the men cried out, 'Look, *tuan*! there on the beach, the Illanuns—many of them.'

The moon was shining with unusual brilliancy. Silhouetted against the sky the jungle looked like a jagged black wall, while below it the beach resembled a snow-drift. At first I could see nothing that broke the surface of the beach except where, here and there, the trunk of a great forest-tree had been left stranded by the tide. Then I saw them, away on our right, looking like a stream of ants emerging from the darkness of the jungle, and running hard in our direction. The deep shadows of the moonlight hid it; but I knew they were coming from the village of old Rajah Tuah, an elderly chieftain, one of those who remembered and longed for the old days when the red, yellow, and white striped sails of his fleet had been the terror of these waters. Small of stature, he had rather pleasant features. He was better educated than most petty chiefs, and could read and write in the Arabic character. I had long recognised

him as the most intelligent man among the Illanuns, and also as the most hostile to the Chartered Company's rule.

My first thought was for our rifles, but they were useless, as the ammunition was all at the bottom of the boat, and the boat completely full of water. Some of the men were able to get their side-arms, the heavy Dyak fighting-sword. Pushing ahead, I went to meet the natives, who were now making their way through the waves towards us. Waving my arms I tried to signal to them to stop, but, taking no notice of me, they pressed on, about fifty of them, and laying on to the sides of the boat, by sheer weight of numbers rushed her forward. As they had passed me I had noticed with undoubted relief that they were unarmed. The boat was soon far enough up the beach to be safe from any more danger. Several of the Illanuns scrambled on board and proceeded to save our belongings. They were no longer the sulky and morose people that I had been used to. Laughing and shouting to each other, they conveyed everything up onto the beach. Taking my men to where they were collecting them I waited until they had finished, then going up to the one who appeared to be in authority, told him to take us to the chief's house. He immediately complied. Telling off half his men to bring on our things, he led us, accompanied by the other half, along the beach. Except that it was a little larger, the chief's house differed in no way from that of his people. Raised on piles about five feet from the ground, its roof and sides were of palm-leaf, and the floor of split palm-wood.

VII.

Ascending the ladder-like steps I entered, followed by the man who had guided us and my Dyaks. I admit to a very uncomfortable feeling of anxiety as I did so. A cheap oil-lamp standing on the floor but dimly lit up the interior. The rajah, wrapped up in a large sarong, came forward. 'Greetings, *tuan*; enter—it is only the house of a poor man,' he said. I glanced quickly round. In one corner a small

room was partitioned off—the rajah's private quarters. The rest of the house was all open. Sleeping-mats and pillows were spread along the walls. I could see no one but the old man. I returned his greeting, and said I required quarters for myself and men.

'Allah! *tuan*, but you are wet and cold. Such as it is, my house is at your disposal, and your men will be provided for.' Then, in response to his call, a little old woman came from within the partition, bringing a large silk sarong, which she handed to me. Other women next came carrying bundles of cloth, which they at once started to hang up so as to curtain off the part adjoining the rajah's quarters. While they were doing this the rajah was talking to our guide; then, turning to me, he said he had arranged that the building next to his be prepared for my men, that our belongings were arriving, and the police could sort them out. I was anxious about our rifles, and told the men to secure them; but the order was not necessary, as the Illanuns came trooping into the house, bringing all our things, including the rifles, which the Dyaks promptly appropriated. The women having finished hanging the cloth partition, I was invited to enter. A couple of thick, soft mattresses had been spread on the floor, and several gaudily covered pillows thrown on top of them. I was very glad to avail myself of the invitation, and quickly got out of my wet things and wrapped myself in the sarong, which reached from my shoulders to my feet.

No sooner had I done this than the rajah appeared with a cup of hot coffee; at least it had a flavour of coffee, though it was mostly hot water and condensed milk—but it was hot, and I was grateful.

Thanking the old man, I told him to sit down. 'To-day, rajah, when I found myself in trouble off your coast I was worried. I said to myself, I am unlucky in being caught here, as these people have refused to be my friends. If I am driven ashore, will they not look upon me as a bird caught in a snare? Now I find instead that I am shown great kindness. I am very grateful.'

With considerable dignity he replied, 'Oh, *tuan*, you are still a young man, while I am old; therefore you will pardon me speaking as I do. You, *tuan*, are a white man and have much knowledge, while I have a dark skin and am very ignorant. You are powerful, while I am poor and weak. My house is small and mean, and I apologise that what I have to offer is so little. My men tell me that the damage to your boat can be repaired. Until that is done, all that I and my people have is also yours. Many times I apologise if my words contradict those that you have spoken. Indeed, you are not as a bird caught in a snare. Can I order the winds to blow? Can I make the waves

rise? I can set the *jaring*—the noose that catches the deer; I can set the *jirat*—the snare that catches the wild birds; I can set the *buboh*—the creel that catches the fish; and, *tuan*, when I catch them they are mine to do with as I please. But the strong wind and the great waves, they are from Allah the Almighty, and who am I that I should take advantage of His work? Allah has sent you to our shore, and as a guest sent by Him so must I treat you; it is our *adat*.' He smiled rather grimly as he added, 'My men will help repair your boat, and when you have departed—what the future may hold only Allah can tell; it may be that to-morrow will be as yesterday. Allah is all-wise. For the present, peace be with you.'

As he got up to go, I took him by the hand. 'Never, rajah,' I said, 'can to-morrow be as yesterday, since there has been to-day.'

VIII.

The rajah's words gave me something to meditate upon during my enforced stay with him. Here was a tribe descended from a people who had for generations practised piracy with all its attendant horrors of killing, robbing, and slave-dealing; a tribe that, through their isolated position and numerical weakness, could no longer indulge in daring adventure, but had sought to carry on by means of treachery and cunning; yet, in spite of all, still retaining a code of honour which prevented their taking advantage of circumstances which, to many, would seem peculiarly propitious. That it was fear of the consequences that held their hands that night no one with any knowledge of the Malay character will contend.

The conclusion that I have come to is, that in the elements they were up against forces which they had to recognise as absolutely beyond their power either to assuage or to defy. When in gentle mood the wind and the sea were their benefactors. When angry, when the storm raged, they could do nothing but acknowledge their supremacy. They were entirely dependent upon them, yet they never knew when they could depend upon them. Can it not be understood that they should come to look upon a storm-tossed sea as a common evil, and thus evolve a law that they must come to the aid of all who were at its mercy?

However, be the cause what it may, what appealed to me most was the fact that even this degenerate tribe retained sufficient of the sturdy Malay character to subordinate their passions to the law of *adat*.

It only remains to add that I made the most of the opportunity to try to win the rajah's confidence. That I succeeded was shown in time, as never again had I to complain of being avoided, and the old man became, if not a model, at any rate a loyal chief.

THE END.

THE MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

By W. D. GRAY.

PART I.

I.

FROM the beginning I had always thought there was something queer about Fordham. It was not his looks or his manner: he was quiet and unassuming to a degree, both in his dress and in his ways. In fact, there was something precise and old-maidish about him: he always seemed to wear the same dark tweeds, well brushed but rather old, the same spotless double collar, and the same neat black bow-tie. His round, clean-shaven face was invariably rosy-looking and healthy, and his blue eyes, behind his tortoise-shell glasses, always peered out at you with the same mild and inoffensive interest. There was certainly one thing which struck me about him: he was interested in people; in a silent and tentative way he seemed to be taking everybody in.

But I should have thought little of that; what really did arouse my curiosity was that I could never make out what he did for a living. He must have done something, otherwise he would never have stopped at Bonnor's. The rest of us lodgers were all City men; we caught various trains or buses in the morning, and all turned up again in the evening at about the same time for dinner. But Fordham's hours were strangely irregular. Sometimes he would not stir out all day—he had a private sitting-room as well as a bedroom, but he took his meals with the rest of us. Sometimes he would go out in the evening, and never turn up until the small hours. At other times he would leave the place before most of us were out of bed, and not be seen again until late at night. And then again he might disappear entirely for two or three days, until one morning you would come down and see his funny, chubby face at the breakfast-table behind the morning paper. What the dickens was he *doing*? That's what puzzled me.

Impossible to look at him and imagine him to be a criminal, or even a gay dog leading a rackets existence. Besides, he had been staying with Mrs Bonnor for years, and she was not the sort of woman to put up with that kind of thing—quite the contrary. If she had not been such a grim old dragon, I should have tried to pump her about him; but, as it was, I knew I should only get snubbed for my pains. As for the rest of the fellows, they were a pretty hopeless sort of crowd. Old Renshaw was the doyen of the establishment, so to speak. He had a business of his own in the City, and was supposed to be worth a good bit of money. But he had about as much imagination and natural curiosity as a fish. I did venture to

say something about Fordham to him when we were alone one evening; but he only stared at me in silence for a few moments, and then said, in a surly voice, that *he* didn't poke his nose into other people's business, and he didn't know why I should. The others were all of the usual type of young ass one finds at suburban boarding-houses—nothing in their heads beyond tennis and football, except dances and girls. They would fly out of the house the instant dinner was over, and you would never see them again until late at night.

After their departure old Renshaw might amble out to the local Conservative club, and if Fordham happened to be at home he would quietly disappear to his room. Perhaps I might never hear him leave the house, but he occupied the next bedroom to mine, and at some unearthly hour I might hear his door open and shut, and know he had been out all the time and had only just returned. And I would lie awake and worry my head as to what he could have been doing.

You will say—well, why didn't you get hold of the man, talk to him in an ingratiating way, and try to get something out of him? Easy enough to propose, no doubt, but not quite so easy to carry out. There was something about Fordham, despite his quiet, placid, old-maidish ways—something which I can't describe exactly, but which said 'Keep off the grass' pretty clearly. You felt you could not take liberties with him; you felt it instinctively. It was not that he put on airs—it was perhaps because he didn't, because he was always so quiet and unobtrusive. At least, not even the rowdiest of our young gentlemen ever tried any tricks on with him, or endeavoured to become familiar and intimate. And I confess I did not myself. I rather think I know my way about as well as most people; you can't be confidential clerk to the head of one of the biggest firms in the City without being fairly competent and intelligent. It was not that Fordham made me feel a fool, or anything of that sort; I really don't know what it was; at all events, I had not got the nerve to cross-examine him.

But as the weeks went by my curiosity grew stronger and stronger. I said nothing, but I kept my eyes about me, and I watched him pretty closely. He seemed to have no friends, and I never saw him receive a visitor. He had a great many letters, however—four or five every morning—and I would have given a great deal to have looked over his shoulder while he sat reading them. I used to study his face at the breakfast-table as he ran them over, but you

might as well have studied a cheese. He would go on placidly reading and munching his bacon and eggs, and then put his correspondence away in his pocket, and look round the table with his usual air of gentle and cheerful interest.

II.

Well, this sort of thing went on for weeks and months, until it fairly got on my nerves. At last I could not stand it any longer. I said to myself, 'I am going to find out something definite about Fordham or perish in the attempt.' And I made up my mind to follow him some evening, and see where he actually went and what he was about. But, as luck would have it, for some time after I had formed this resolution Fordham seemed to be leading an idle, aimless sort of existence. I used to leave Bonnor's after dinner and lurk about round corners, waiting for him to come out. Sometimes he never emerged at all; at others he would merely toddle about the roads and the local park, watching the bowls or the cricket practice. I don't think he ever spotted me as I prowled about after him, but I'll admit I commenced to be heartily sick of it. After all, perhaps I was in danger of making a fool of myself; he might merely be an idle eccentric, with enough money to live on, who kept his queer hours up just to make his life a bit more interesting. If nothing happened in the next few days, I resolved to drop the whole thing and bother my head with him no more.

However, something did happen. The very next night, about eight o'clock, as it was getting dark, I was dodging about in sight of Bonnor's, when I saw Fordham coming down the front door-steps. He turned to the right as he left the house and made for the high-road, walking more briskly than usual. I said to myself, 'This looks more like business,' and set myself to follow him as cautiously as possible. When he reached the crowded high-road I kept close behind him, and saw him step into a bus. I boarded it after him. He went inside; I mounted to the top, and took a seat in the rear, where I could command the steps. The bus was one which went to Charing Cross, and thence down the Strand and Fleet Street to the City and the East End. I said to myself, 'I should not think he will be going to the City after eight o'clock in the evening; he will probably get off at Charing Cross, or somewhere near it!' You can imagine I kept my eyes on the steps pretty closely every time the bus halted.

We passed over Westminster Bridge and down Whitehall to Charing Cross, but Fordham still stayed within. Then we lurched down the Strand and Fleet Street, and up Ludgate Hill through the empty City. It was now entirely dark, and I was the only person left on the top. I suspected that Fordham must be the sole inside passenger. Now we had passed right

across the City and began to rumble through the East End. Still he sat tight. 'Where *are* you bound for, my queer companion?' I asked myself, as we moved into more and more squalid districts. I congratulated myself on my forethought in taking a ticket to the terminus.

Fresh passengers began to board the bus, blowsy women and rough-looking men with cloth caps and greasy scarves round their necks. I had been sitting there for over an hour, and I began to feel rather worried and fidgety, thinking perhaps I had missed seeing him alight at some stopping-place far behind. But at last, as the bus halted midway down a great, squalid thoroughfare, thickly studded with flaring public-houses and cheap cinemas, I saw him step quietly out and mingle with the crowd on the pavement. In an instant I was down the steps and after him. He walked along in a quick, assured manner, as though he were no stranger to this jolly district. Soon I saw him turn aside into a byway. I dropped farther behind, for this was a much quieter road, and there were few people about. He walked along until he came to a dismal-looking public-house, where another road branched off to the right. Down this he turned again, and I followed after, more cautiously than ever. I saw him halt half-way down, take a key from his pocket, open the door of a mean-looking little house, and go in.

I sidled slowly along on the other pavement until I had come opposite to the dwelling he had entered. Everything was quiet; there were no lights in any of the rooms; the house seemed to have absorbed him in silence and, as it were, without comment. I looked about me, and did not much fancy my neighbourhood. It was a very quiet street of dark and dingy dwelling-houses. The lights of the depressed-looking pub shone at one end, and I could see that a few people were drinking within. But the rest of the road was empty and deserted. There were lights in some of the houses, but the dirty-looking blinds were all drawn close, and nothing could be seen of their occupants. More and more I wondered what respectable old Fordham was doing in such a locality.

I waited, but nothing happened. Once or twice people walked by me, poor, mean-looking men and women. The night became darker, and a light summer rain fell, making the dirty pavement glisten under the dim gas-lamps. I turned up the collar of my coat, feeling very impatient. Suddenly the door of the house opposite opened quietly and a man came out. I shrank back into the shadows and pulled my hat down over my eyes. But the man who had emerged was a stranger. I could see that he was dressed in rough, workman's clothes, and had a dark beard and moustache. I watched him as he walked along past the public-house and then disappeared round the corner. 'Who can that be?' I wondered; 'and where the deuce is Fordham!'

Time went on. I heard a distant clock strike the quarters and half-hours. Then ten chimed out, and I began to grow uneasy. 'What has happened to him?' I wondered. 'What did he want there? Who was that man who came out?' There seemed something sinister about it all. I said to myself that I was going to see it out now; I would wait until Fordham appeared, whatever happened.

Eleven o'clock struck from the same church clock; people began to straggle along from the cinemas and the public-houses. But no one entered the dwelling opposite, and soon the street was as quiet as ever. I grew still more nervous and weary; something *must* have happened to the poor old chap. On a sudden impulse I strode across the street and up to the door of the mysterious house. I must know what had occurred; if all was well with Fordham and I saw him, I must contrive some excuse for my presence. But *was* all well with him? I groped for the rusty bell and pulled it vigorously. A distant jangling answered, then all was silent. I hearkened anxiously, but heard no sound of approaching footsteps. Again and again I pulled the bell, with no result. The house maintained the same sinister silence.

The perspiration broke out on my forehead, and I stepped back and looked up at the dark windows. My imagination got to work; I saw Fordham lying dead in some back room, his blood staining the floor, his pockets rifled. What was I to do? Should I find the police and tell them all about it? But how account for my presence there? Would they not think it suspicious when they found out who I was?

I peered more closely at the ground-floor window. It opened directly on the street, within reach of my hand. I formed a sudden resolution. Taking out my penknife, I opened the biggest blade and thrust back the window-catch. It gave easily to the pressure, and then I gently forced up the window. Soon it was open wide enough for me to enter. I looked cautiously up and down the deserted street, then drew a deep breath, flung my leg over the window-ledge, and vaulted silently into the room.

III.

My first action was to pull down the window, quietly and cautiously. The street lamp threw a faint light into the chamber, and I could see that it was absolutely bare and unfurnished—nothing in it save dust and cobwebs. I walked softly over the creaking planks and groped for the door. This opened into a narrow hall. Walking down it, I came to two other rooms at the back, one of them a kitchen. Here I ventured to strike a few matches and peered around. There was the same bareness and emptiness, an aspect of neglect and desolation. I did not see a single article of furniture; the kitchen cupboards were empty; the cooking-range rusty and

forlorn. I came out into the hall again sorely puzzled, my heart beating quick and loud.

A narrow, carpetless staircase led to the upper floor, and I climbed up it slowly and carefully. Three bedrooms opened from the cramped little landing. The first two I entered were as empty and deserted as the downstairs rooms; but on pushing open the door of the third I found signs of occupation. It was very plainly furnished—a bed, a wardrobe, a washing-stand, and a strip of oilcloth on the floor. But it was clearly tenanted and in use. The bed was made; a candle stood on the mantelpiece; there was a general air of neatness and cleanliness. Yet, for all that, the room was empty. This was the last apartment I had left unsearched, and there was no sign of Fordham. I lit the candle and stared about me, my heart beating faster than ever. What was the meaning of this single furnished room in an otherwise deserted house, and, above all, where was Fordham?

I walked over to the wardrobe and pulled open the doors. And then I got the surprise of my life. There were a lot of men's clothes hanging in it, and amongst them the neat tweed suit which was Fordham's constant wear. I took it out with trembling hands and examined it closely by the candle-light. There was no possible doubt about it; that was his suit. A sudden light broke upon me. 'That man,' I muttered half aloud, 'that man who came out!—he was Fordham! He came here and changed his clothes, got himself up as a workman, put on a beard, for some extraordinary reason! There was never any one else here. Yes, that's it—the fellow was the right height and about Fordham's figure. What a fool I've been!'

I put the clothes back in the wardrobe and flopped down on the bed, for I felt my head going round. I never doubted for a moment that I was correct, but my mind instantly demanded an explanation. 'Why did the old beggar come to this secret lurk in the East End and disguise himself—why, *why*? Well, my boy,' I said to myself, 'if you knew that, you would have solved the whole problem. And that must be your next task. At all events you've discovered something, and something pretty queer. This gentleman is playing a deep game, that's plain enough. And your best plan will be to clear out. He may not return here to-night, but you can follow him again, and you won't be fooled by a disguise next time.'

Getting up a trifle shakily, I straightened out the bed and looked round to see that everything was as I had found it. Then, blowing out the candle, I shut the door and groped my way downstairs. You can be sure I took a note of the number of the house before leaving it. Getting home was a wretched business. When I reached the sordid high-road I found it silent and deserted. A policeman told me that the last bus had gone, and I had to walk to the City.

It was past midnight when I struck Aldgate, but I found a taxi near the Bank, which whirled me back to Bonnor's at about twelve-thirty.

I lay awake until daylight trying to solve the mystery, and listening for any sound of Fordham's entrance into the next room. I heard nothing of him, and, as a matter of fact, it was two days before we had the pleasure of seeing him again. I came down on the morning of the third day, to find him sitting at the breakfast-table, bland and cherubic as ever, wearing the identical tweed suit which I had last seen hanging in the wardrobe of that confounded house.

All through the meal I could not keep from staring at him. As he sat there he looked too good to be true, and, as a matter of fact, that is what he was. I wondered what little games he had been up to during the last two days and nights. I have said it was impossible to conceive him engaged upon anything criminal, but I was beginning to modify that opinion. At least, what honest business could it be which took him to that East End hole and led him to disguise himself and to steal away like a thief? It must be some curious affair, some mighty curious transaction. And it was up to me to discover it.

IV.

That evening I laid wait for him as usual, but he never left the house. The next night he came out, but only to go for one of his usual aimless little strolls. But on the third night I had better fortune. As I waited round my usual corner I saw him emerge quite early, about seven-thirty, and walk quickly towards the high-road. Instantly I followed after him, as I had done before, and I saw him get on the same bus. He went inside again; I mounted to the top. But this time I was not so particular to peer at the steps every time the bus halted, for I flattered myself I knew his destination. And I was not wrong. Once more we plunged into the East End, and halted in the midst of the same high-road; once more Fordham descended, and once more I was at his heels. He walked up the same side street, past the same public-house and along the same second turning. And, once more I saw him take out a key and open the door of the deserted house. One curious thing happened before he did so. A policeman on his beat came pacing along, saw

Fordham at the doorway, and saluted him deferentially. I smiled as the constable passed by and the door closed on my fellow-lodger. 'Quite a well-known gentleman locally,' I said to myself. 'Respectable householder and all that, no doubt. If only that bobby knew as much as I do!'

This time I had not such a wearisome wait as before. After a quarter of an hour Fordham came out again. He was wearing a different suit, and had removed his tortoise-shell glasses, but was not otherwise disguised. It was only just getting dark, and I had to feign to be waiting to enter a house on the other side of the road in order to turn my back on him. He did not appear to notice me, but moved along back towards the high-road. I went after him once more, coming closer behind him as we mingled with the crowd on the main thoroughfare. I saw him glance at his watch, and his pace slackened somewhat as though he were in no hurry. He was taking the road back to the City, the way we had come in the bus. For half-an-hour he walked on steadily, and I did not lose sight of him for an instant. Never once did he look round, and I felt like chuckling to think what his sensations would be if he knew who was behind him.

At last we came to Aldgate, then to Leadenhall Street and Cornhill. The streets were fairly empty, but it was now quite dark, and I kept close to him. I saw him glance at his watch again, and he suddenly hailed a passing taxi. I came right up with him before he entered, and heard him give the driver the address: 'Twenty-seven Dalton Street, Camden Town,' he called out, 'as quick as you like.' The door slammed, the taxi groaned and grunted, then moved away swiftly. He was gone.

For a few seconds I stood gaping after him like a fool, then looked round for another taxi. Fortunately there was an empty one within sight, and I made one dash for it. As I stepped in I pointed out Fordham's motor, now disappearing down Cheapside. 'Follow that taxi,' I cried. 'Don't lose sight of it, whatever you do. When it stops, stop as well, some distance behind. Ten shillings for you if you keep it in view.'

'Right you are, sir,' said the driver, with a grin; and off we went in our turn.

(Continued on page 693.)

NEGRI PERAK.

By FLORENCE MAUD MAGER.

WHAT a country for a white woman to live in!—a white woman used to quiet green fields and gentle rains, golden fields of wheat waving at the touch of cool windy fingers, scarlet poppies and yellow toadflax outlining narrow wavy paths through the wheat, paths

trodden by the feet of lovers, boy and girl lovers under a golden harvest moon.

And here! another spot of God's creating; but what a contrast! Hot and palpitating—palpitating with life—palpitating with unrestrained life; the forces of Nature let loose—

great, roaring gales, carrying dancing imps of darkness, which cover the high heavens with inky funeral palls of velvet, shot here and there with silver arrows. And they descend with shouts and raging glee upon man's puny efforts to build a house and make a garden. 'Tear off his roof; root up his trees; devastate his crops! Ah-hah, ah-hah! Mighty are we. What is man but sport for us!'

What a country for a white woman to worship in!—a white woman used to a quiet garden, close to a small, stone, austere, English church, with its quiet God's acre, its quiet sleepers, its tender, sweet assurances of love and remembrance at every turn; the cross upraised—'Lead, kindly Light.'

And here! a Chinese rock temple—a cavern built in a rock—a little narrow opening into a great central cavern, its roof hung with stalactites, hung with more than stalactites, with millions of quivering, squeaking, obscene bats; round the walls of the cavern little holes of darkness leading into other caverns—mysterious, forbidding, but alluring, alluring. An unshaven, long-haired, intent old Chinese priest comes, and, with a flaming torch, turns and invites, at one of the little holes of darkness, an old Chinese priest with eyes burning red.

And inside. A huge grinning image sitting in a shrine. 'Look at me—eat, drink, lust—this is the end of man, nothing more, nothing more; this is enjoyment. Look at my demons outlined in yellow and red on the walls of my home; how they dance and grin! And look at my river, black and sluggish, flowing at the end of my cavern. By-and-by I shall cast one, two, three of those who would come to me into my river, and through its waters they shall reach me and be clasped to my bosom. Ah-hah!

Ah-hah!! and another way they can come to me. Look at the stone stairs leading up out of my cavern, clinging and creeping up the side of dark cavern after dark cavern, up, and up, and up, and then out onto a little wooden platform, outside at the top of the rock—and then——!!'

But what a gorgeous country for a white woman to live in!—a white woman used to an ordinary English life, with its quiet sunsets, its periodical quiet visits to country and seaside.

And here! The cool of the evening, and the blue waters of the China Sea at rest; small Malay *prahus* are coming home laden to the edge with silvery fish, pink fish, red fish, long, broad, or globular fish, and the huge brown sails of the *prahus* curve and bend proudly. The sun is departing through a field of cloth of gold; he has worked royally; he has given his brown Malay people their coconuts, their padi, their sugar-cane, their sago in ripe abundance, and now he must depart as befits a king, in royal splendour at the head of his battalions—a huge army flying pennons of gold, purple, blue, scarlet, fit colours for so great a king. And now comes night with silent foot-fall, and receives into sweetly gentle and all-embracing arms her royal lover, folding round him soft exquisite rose and amethystine veils, and so to sleep.

But what a country for a white woman to die in!—a white woman used to the idea of a quiet God's acre, and a wreath laid by loving hands for remembrance.

And here! a small patch of ground with a coloured watchman at night to keep the little patch sacred, only a small patch, for there are not many white people to lie in it, and overhead the Southern Cross.

THE SENSIBLE MR SANDERS.

PART III.

VII.

'YOUR holiday appears to have done you good, William,' greeted Thomas Keith Chalmers. 'You're brown as an Indian. Did you call at Sandypool? You might have sent me a picture post-card.'

William Sanders seated himself on the edge of the writing-table. 'I've been in Sandypool for two weeks,' he said simply, and then added, 'I was too busy to write any one—sorry!'

The editor rose slowly to his feet and stared at his friend in amazement. 'You stayed in Sandypool for two weeks,' he repeated in a dazed voice. 'Two days of it was too much for me. William, I've been doing you an injustice: you have possibilities of which I never dreamed.'

'Do you know anything about Northtowers?' asked Mr Sanders, his colour deepening slightly.

'I've only been there once or twice myself.'

'Northtowers; I was there once some years ago—an extremely large and dirty city.'

'Do you think it would be a likely place to open a new warehouse, Tommy?'

The other shook his head. 'Crêpe-de-chine is out of my province, William; but why choose a town you know nothing about?'

'I—I just thought I'd mention it,' was the lame explanation.

'Why not tell me all about it, William?' suggested the editor softly. 'We both know perfectly well that you would never dream of asking my advice about a new business venture, not even if I had been a native of Northtowers, which, thank Heaven, I'm not. The truth of

the matter is, William Sanders, that you've been getting yourself into trouble,' he concluded severely. 'Now come, out with it.'

'It's—it's like this, Tommy,' began Mr Sanders, with a sort of shameful pride. 'I—ah—I am interested in a—lady.'

The editor chuckled gleefully. 'It was bound to come some day—a Northtowers lady, eh?'

Mr Sanders nodded.

'A middle-aged lady, no doubt—one who understands the drapery—business woman, eh?'

William Sanders looked extremely uncomfortable. 'As a matter of fact this lady is about twenty-five, a—a mere girl—she is a school-teacher.'

The editor sighed. 'Tell me all about her, William,' he suggested. 'I can't give my consent and blessings until I know the details.'

Breathing rather deeply and pausing often Mr Sanders told the story of his meeting with Margaret Jennings, and of the two wonderful weeks which followed. He concluded somewhat breathlessly on the sand-dunes. Thomas Keith Chalmers listened with his old mocking, affectionate smile.

'Ah, William, William, laddie, it's a good job you've always got me to run to with your troubles.'

'Told me I must not write, and yet she seems to want to remain friends. Now what d'you make of that, Tommy?' concluded William Sanders, frowning.

Thomas Keith Chalmers shook his head vigorously. 'There's no doubt, William, that this lassie has a certain affection for you, but I expect you have made the mistake of talking business to her. When you do that you are apt to give a mistaken impression. To be perfectly candid, William, you sound bumptious when you talk business. You have such a good opinion of yourself that no intelligent woman would accept you the first time of asking. It was the instinct of self-preservation that made her refuse you. Miss Jennings realises that you are the sort of man who is likely to value a thing according to the amount of trouble you have in obtaining that thing. Naturally, she has no intention of playing second fiddle to your dusty old warehouse.'

'Why, at a word from her I'd burn the blessed warehouse to the ground,' exclaimed Mr Sanders indignantly.

'She wouldn't want you to go that far, I'm quite sure,' answered the other dryly.

'What do you think I ought to do next, Tommy? Let a short time elapse and then go down to Northtowers? This idea of a new business enterprise seems to me a pretty good excuse.'

The editor chuckled. 'But can't you see, man, that she wants you to go down there straight away—without an excuse. She wants you to put her before business for once in a way. If you go down there talking about

warehouses, you will, in all probability, lose her for ever.'

'But look here——'

'Don't waste any more time, William. Be off at once, and remember, not a word about business.'

VIII.

In spite of his preoccupation with other matters, the shrewd Mr Sanders, seated on top of a tramcar, found his thoughts constantly turning on the business possibilities of Northtowers. Almost automatically his eyes sought buildings and building sites suitable for a drapery warehouse. However, as the tram drew quickly away from the centre of the town he was able to give his full attention to the cause of his present pilgrimage. By the time the outskirts of the city were reached he was in a state of suppressed excitement. It seemed to him that only now he was about to see her again did he realise to the full just how much he had missed her. He wondered with amazement how he had managed to live through the past two or three days. The tram was now travelling down a dreary suburban street of interminable length. Mr Sanders knew instinctively that this thoroughfare would be called 'High Street.' He sighed, and drawing from his pocket the tiny card she had given him, consulted the instructions—results of previous inquiries—which he had pencilled with business-like brevity on the back.

At last the tram stopped, and the guard shouted a name which brought Mr Sanders to his feet. Alighting, he crossed to the sidewalk, and after a single glance to right and left started off without further hesitation. His vocation had so developed William Sanders's bump of locality that his uncanny instinct for direction amounted almost to an eighth sense. Arriving at a side street which possessed no outstanding points of difference from innumerable other side streets he had already passed without favouring them with a glance, he again consulted Miss Jennings's card. A few moments later he came in sight of a large block of buildings, which bore all the characteristics of the best type of modern Municipal Council School. Even as he approached the stolid suburban silence was broken by the insistent clanging of a bell, and then the shrill clamour of liberated children. Mr Sanders consulted his watch. 'Twelve o'clock,' he said, aloud. 'Now, I wonder if she goes home to lunch?' A wave of laughing, quarrelling youngsters of all sizes and shapes came tumbling through the great doorways and across the school-yard. A daring idea occurred to Mr Sanders. Why not seek Miss Jennings at once? Her home, he knew, was some considerable distance from the school, and it was more than likely that she would remain at the school for lunch. Even if this was not the case, he would, at all events, have the pleasure of seeing her home.

Once his mind was made up, Mr Sanders never hesitated. He permitted the main body of the children to pass, and then approached a hatless little girl who was walking sedately alone. 'Can you please tell me where I shall find Miss Jennings?' he asked.

The child stared at him for a few moments with a disconcerting steadiness, and then nodded with great vigour. 'Um—m—I'm in her class,' she announced, as though this fact gave her considerable satisfaction.

Mr Sanders smiled and produced a silver coin. 'I wonder if you would walk back with me as far as your class-room?' he said.

The child gulped once, grasped the coin with a pudgy but capable little hand, and led the way back without a word.

IX.

Miss Jennings, wearing her hat and coat, stood at her desk, marking a pile of copy-books. It was a very modern class-room, with pretty, bright pictures on the walls and several glass cases which illustrated various processes of cotton and wool manufacturing. There were brightly varnished cupboards and the latest things in blackboards and easels; also the room was lofty and cool; but all this was lost on Mr Sanders. He had eyes only for that slim, straight figure with the serious gray (or blue) eyes. For once he acted on an impulse which came straight from the heart. He went quickly towards her.

'Margaret,' he whispered, 'I have come,' and in that moment he knew that although her fingers were turning the leaves of copy-books, she was thinking of him. Uttering a little cry, she turned and faced him; then she half turned away, but not quickly enough to hide the wonderful truth which his unexpected appearance had startled into her eyes. 'You have business in Northtowers, then?' she whispered, fighting desperately for control.

'Yes—the business of seeing you—no other.' Suddenly he took her hands in his. She uttered a little laugh that was half a sob. 'You really left your warehouse—oh!'

Mr Sanders had drawn her to him.

For a brief moment he lost all count of time, and then an authoritative voice called him peremptorily back to earth. It was a voice which could, he felt, be a very pleasant voice on occasion, but now there was an austere note in it which jarred on his ears and filled him with apprehension. His hands fell to his sides as he turned.

Standing in the doorway was a lady of imposing appearance; a stately, elderly lady, with a handsome face, a youthful complexion, and a great mass of beautiful gray hair—obviously a woman born to command. 'What is the meaning of this?' she demanded crisply.

Margaret Jennings faced the principal of the

Lower School with heightened colour, and a smile that was half humorous, half ashamed. She still retained her quiet dignity, but speech was beyond her.

'My—my fault!' stammered William Sanders, finding his voice suddenly. 'My fault entirely' (he really thought it was). 'I—I surprised Miss Jennings.'

The lady adjusted her gold-rimmed glasses and gave him a frozen glance. 'So I should imagine,' she answered dryly.

'She—she wasn't expecting me,' continued Mr Sanders, with a gulp. 'I—I made myself ridiculous.'

The head-mistress inclined her head, thus indicating that she entirely agreed with him. 'The classroom of an infants' school is hardly a suitable place in which to make yourself ridiculous,' she pointed out with some severity.

Mr Sanders glanced about him despairingly. He was overcome with a sense of the futility of attempting to make this austere, level-headed woman understand the beauty, the inevitableness of his folly. She was his own counterpart; a few weeks ago he would have regarded her as the perfect woman, the sort of woman he had once thought of as a suitable mate. A wild and foolish thought occurred to him, as wild and foolish thoughts do occur to us in the great crises of life. Suppose he had met this lady, who was the very personification of the ideal he had so recently discarded? Suppose it was she and not Miss Jennings he was visiting at this moment? He ran his fingers round his collar. 'You see, madam,' he resumed, the despair in his eyes communicating itself to his tongue, 'things like this are above and beyond all ordinary conventions. It isn't that a man makes a fool of himself; it is rather that circumstances make a fool of him.'

The bright gray eyes behind the gold-rimmed pince-nez softened a little. She regarded Mr Sanders with new interest. He took fresh courage, and talked as he had never talked before. With the thought that the girl might have to suffer for his recklessness to urge him on, he argued and cajoled with all the art and cunning of the trained salesman. He appealed both to the emotions and to the intellect. He was in love with his subject, and his deep voice vibrated with that persuasive note which he usually reserved for his very best customers on very special occasions. It was William Sanders at his best, the William Sanders who weekly sold scores of yards of crêpe-de-chine to shopkeepers who were already overstocked with crêpe-de-chine.

The principal of the Infants' School was, after all, just a woman. She smiled faintly; then the smile broadened and her eyes began to twinkle. Finally the last vestige of austerity melted, and she laughed outright.

'I assure you,' concluded Mr Sanders, 'that

this is the very first time in my life that I have ever done such a thing.'

The lady sighed, and then laughed again rather wistfully. Mr Sanders knew that he was forgiven.

Formal introductions over, the principal, who desired to have a few moments alone with her assistant, requested Mr Sanders to withdraw. She promised not to keep him long, and graciously expressed the wish that they would meet again in the near future.

'We shall,' murmured Mr Sanders, as he left the building.

'Miss Martin wasn't angry with you?' he asked anxiously, when the girl, looking unusually thoughtful, joined him in the school-yard.

Margaret Jennings shook her head. 'No, she was very kind. She said she had attained her highest ambition in this life, because she had always been too well-balanced to do anything impulsive. It seems that years ago there was a boy who wanted to marry her, but she put her career first, and he went abroad. . . . She says that if he would only walk into the school and—kiss her as you did me, she would gladly throw her position and career to the winds for the privilege of acting foolishly in the eyes of the world just once.'

'Is that all she said?' asked William Sanders.

The girl blushed. 'No-o, she gave me some advice.'

'Tell me what it was?' he begged.

She hesitated for a moment.

'Please,' he persisted.

'Miss Martin says that—that no career, however brilliant, can compensate a woman for the loss of home and children.'

'Good old Miss Martin! Do you agree with her, Margaret?'

'I—I think there is a great deal in what she says.'

'We shall invite Miss Martin to the wedding,' declared Mr Sanders in a firm voice.

X.

'I congratulate you, William,' said Thomas Keith Chalmers gravely. 'Although I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting the lady, I am sure you will be very happy.'

Mr Sanders started, and then began to pace the room nervously. 'To tell you the truth, Tommy, I haven't thought about me at all. Shall I be able to make her happy and keep her happy!—that's what's troubling me. You see, I've never had much to do with women—only met 'em in the way of business.'

The editor smiled. 'That fact alone is enough to make any young wife happy. Cultivate a sense of humour and you'll make an ideal husband.'

'By the way,' said William Sanders, some time later, 'I've decided to open a warehouse in Northtowers.'

'Then you'll be advertising for a capable man to look after the place—or this one?'

Mr Sanders hesitated. 'To tell you the truth, I'd like to get Smith back. He's absolutely reliable. I'd make it worth his while. Perhaps you wouldn't mind mentioning it to Miss Hale?'

The editor nodded. 'With pleasure. So far as I can make out he isn't doing too well at present. They became engaged a short time ago, but the poor lassie seems very downhearted sometimes.'

'He can't return too soon for me, and the sooner Miss Hale and he are married the better I shall like it. There is nothing like marriage for concentrating a man's energies and abilities. Marriage is an anchor; an unmarried man is a man without ballast.' Mr Sanders stroked his moustache, but not offensively. Love had made of him a philosopher, and a philosopher is one who has found the blessed quality of humility.

They were married in the summer of the following year. It was a magnificent wedding, to which the best man, Thomas Keith Chalmers, editor of the *Advertiser*, gave an added note of distinction. The happy couple left immediately for Sandypool, where they intended to spend the greater portion of their honeymoon. They meant, in the words of Mrs Sanders, to walk and walk and walk, but the heat was so intense that for the first two days they simply lounged and lounged and lounged.

They were, however, very happy.

On the afternoon of the third day of their honeymoon they took deck-chairs and magazines onto the sand-dunes. Sandypool was deserted as ever. In the shade of a huge parasol the happy pair settled down until the cool of approaching evening should make tolerable the thought of further movement. For a long time they sat in silence—Mrs Sanders, too happy to read, gazing out to sea through the shimmering heat haze; Mr Sanders, in cool white flannels, lying back in the chair, his head a little to one side. She thought he was asleep, but suddenly a sharp exclamation left him.

'Is there,' exclaimed Mr Sanders, with great bitterness, 'a single place left in all the world where a man and his wife may be alone for a few days?'

Mrs Sanders gazed about her. To right and to left Sandypool was deserted and motionless, for there was hardly enough breeze to stir a blade of grass. Not a sound was to be heard save the gentle, insistent murmur of the calm sea. Mr Sanders, catching her look of inquiry, waved a limp and resentful hand. Far away, across the shallow natural bay, purple and misty, rose precipitous cliffs. By shading her eyes with her hands Mrs Sanders was able to make out two tiny black specks on the highest point of the nearest cliff. Probably intrepid golfers seeking lost balls. . . . She laughed softly. . . .

THE END.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

A SENTIMENTAL sadness crept into senses stirred by the beauty of the scene, by national pride and historical fancies, when, standing this morning for a while in the garden of the British Legation at Tangier, I looked over the Moorish city and across the sea beyond, for this patch of foreign soil that has been England, official, proud, ceases so to be. The Tangier problem, a most vexatious diplomatic thing, seeming at times to call for such ingenuity as possessed by one who set out to square a circle, may possibly have been settled for a time. It may not be an ideal settlement; the state of the world does not permit of easy attainment of ideals. A feeling exists in some foreign places that while the arrangement may be the best that was to be reached from a confusing and difficult set of circumstances, and is the result of acute diplomatic skill, Britain by it loses some prestige. France is, on the whole, pleased; Spain is disappointed with the settlement and with ourselves as her strong friends; Italy is inclined to wonder and be captious; Holland, Belgium, Portugal, and some others who like to insist on public occasions on the importance of their existence, say this and that in a querulous way; and the United States looks wonderingly and with an ironical smile upon it all, as of one who says to himself, 'Poor old Europe!' seeing in the past chaos and confusion of Tangier, geographically and politically endowed more richly than most other spots upon the globe, sad testimony to the futility and the insincerity, to the materialism and the jealousy of the Powers of Europe in pitiful slavery to the tyrant—Force. However that may be, Tangier has a new statute which may come into full action soon. It should be controlled in the future by an international legislative assembly composed of four French members, four Spanish, three British, two Italians, one Belgian, one Dutch, one American, and one Portuguese, with six native Moslems, and three native Jews. Over all, formally at least, is the Sultan of Morocco, who is devoted to the interests of France. At all events, this affair and the compromise of a kind now resulting constitute a great event in a contending world, and the first outward sign of the new order of things is

that which I have contemplated, not without a touch of melancholy, in the garden of our British Legation, on this pleasant morning of the Moroccan summer. For in the old order there were legations and ministers, and there has been a British representative, endowed with all the grand prestige of Britain, since mid-Victorian times, and now there are to be no more ministers. The new scheme excludes them. The Legation comes to an end. The building must be sold as a desirable and commodious residence. How can there be no tinge of melancholy at this parting? And it is not the less because Tangier once was wholly ours, and because our parting with it and all the line of happenings that followed—the resulting course of history—changed the chances of the world. This garden, its borders shaded by palms and eucalyptus, sparkles and glows with delightful flowers in such variety and abundance as Morocco in May-time can best achieve. Framing a brilliantly-coloured confusion is a stone wall beyond which is a Moslem cemetery, wherein bodies are buried in very shallow graves, from which, in the fancy of the pious faithful, they may emerge at night to walk the earth again. Beyond, not far, the minaret of the new mosque overlooking the big zoco cuts through the blue, the white sign of the muezzin fluttering from a brilliant chromatic exposition of faience. And next to it is the English church, whose square tower displays a panel of faience, while its door is in Moorish style. Men honoured in British history sleep in this churchyard where cypress mourns and eucalyptus droops. Near to it, but invisible, is the native market-place, where two or three thousand natives gabble and sell. Farther are the glistening cubes and rectangles of white Tangier piled from the edge of a brilliant sweep of sea, and, beyond the sea, distant yet clear, cut sharply to the vision, is a long, low line of Spanish hills—blue-gray, soft; delightful in the view. Magic is in this outline, for the human eye first takes it leftward, by the west, and passes with some emotional instinct to the right, coming by climax to—Gibraltar! Then in the swim of wonder and of thought, the flowers, the church, mosque, sea and all fade off, and we pass to contemplation of the majestic emblem of the Rock. Here for an inspiring view from

a diplomatic garden! No other can equal it. . . . But Gibraltar has lost some of its old mightiness and meaning. Tangier is its sister. By repute they are the children of Hercules, and one at least, the Rock, has justified the tradition.

* * *

Curiously speckled is the history traced by this key-point of the political and geographical world, where Europe came in the uncalculated past, and has more or less exerted herself at intervals ever since. In an unknown age this tongue of land was fast to the south of Spain, and the early human adventurers wandered down from the north over or round the Pyrenees, and then had apparently a track down Spain through what is now called Andalusia, and over on the land then existing to those parts of North Africa, where the route was forked, one section leading east in the line of the present Fez, and the other south, towards the corner of the Atlas Mountains, the desert, and the parts where natives are all black. What happened when the roaming races came this way has now little apparent concern for us. But it is very different with the later tale of Tangier in the second half of the seventeenth century, for then Britain impinges upon it heavily and rather clumsily, and it is made to seem that the fate of the world was handled here. By the strange and romantic colouring of circumstance and the human waywardness of action, the story of Tangier in those times and later is fascinating. Here or there assume a certain happening more harmonious to the case, more reasonable, than what in fact developed, and a logical or even seemingly inevitable sequence of events thereafter must have led to a world constituted very differently from that we know and live in. Once we held and owned Tangier. Had we continued to do so, our penetration and ultimate possession of Morocco could hardly have been avoided. Then we should naturally have turned attention to the African parts beyond, to Algeria and Tunisia as they are now, and Tripoli. The lure of extension, propagation, annexation, could have had no more fascinating field than this, which is mottled by the broken stones of Roman empire, that was spread over all this land. Hence we argue not only that might North Africa have been ours, but that its modern development, which, under the French, has only opened in our own time, would have been the best part of two centuries ahead. From this we pass into the vague infinity of rosy speculation with the trail of a long red line from Tangier on to Suez, and much besides. But, with the limitations of endeavour and achievement, and with the jealousy of rivals, what of India then? And how would the Mediterranean problems have been shaped? And what of that imagined British North Africa during the Napoleonic wars? None can guess answers to these questions with any sort of

satisfaction; but we may assure ourselves, negatively, that the British Empire, as we know it, might not have been the same, and that France would not have been the same, or the world with them. Perhaps it is unavoidable that now, when we survey the brilliant work of France all along North Africa, its bounding spirit, and the amazing transformation of Morocco in little more than one decade, we should experience a twinge of envy and regret, and hark back in thought to Stuart days with one more grudge. Morocco, however, may not prove the jewel of empire that some imagine. It causes France anxiety now. But behold Tangier at that epoch, a key-point of the world most pregnant in significance geographically and politically, and yet just a wedding-gift to England! And even at that, the offer of it as part of a marriage dowry, it might have been refused but for the allurements of a lady's eyes.

* * *

The business of a British consul is to be official and practical and to state facts truthfully in his reports, so when our consul at Lisbon observed unemotionally that the Princess Catherine of Braganza was 'as sweet a disposition prince as ever was born, a lady of excellent parts and bred hugely retired,' she must have been attractive. She appears to have been a lady of charm, with deep, ravishing eyes, an ivory skin, ringed jet hair. In her the peculiar thickness and heaviness of dark countenance we notice in the Portuguese was softened seductively. This desirable lady was offered to us by Portugal, bidding for friendship as part of a miscellaneous collection including, besides the princess, Tangier, Bombay, and a quantity of cash, as well as trade rights in Brazil and the East Indies. European politics were then, in 1661, in this common condition of flux, intrigue and covetousness abounding. Portugal was grappling with a shaky independence, Spain watching her opportunity, and the Dutch likewise were regarding Portugal with an unkindly eye. The world was opening then, and foreign commerce was the thing. France was not benevolently disposed towards Spain, in spite of a royal marriage between them, and this circumstance offered Portugal her chance with England. The lady, with half a million sterling added to her, and transference of possession of Tangier, which Clarendon said was 'a place of that strength and importance as would be of infinite benefit and security to the trade of England,' was tempting. It was an affair mainly for King Charles II. The Spanish Ambassador threatened him with unpleasant consequences if he contracted such an alliance, and this circumstance had for result that Charles, like a very proper and independent Briton, told him he 'might be gone as soon as he liked, and that he would not receive orders from the Catholic king how to

dispose of himself in marriage.' That is the way to talk to them. By this time Charles seemed to be studying the picture of the Princess Catherine. It is reported that he found her not 'dull and foggy,' as were so many German princesses, and he felt sure she 'could not be unhandsome.' He had no misgivings. The marriage treaty was concluded in May 1662, and the king told Parliament they would find it to contain many great advantages to the kingdom, and that he would make all the haste possible to bring a queen hither, doubting not that she would bring great blessings to them and him. Possession of Tangier was appreciated in some measure then. Schemes for its development were entered upon with enthusiasm. Coveted before by England and others, Portugal would not have lightly parted with it had she not felt herself being pressed by rivals. Even then it was an obvious strategic position, a fine haven of refuge, and a base for dealing with the pirates, especially the Salli Rovers, some way down the coast, who were something more than a nuisance to all navigation in those times. On the other hand Portugal, apart from its crown and treasury, for whom the maintenance of Tangier in those days was too much, was not pleased at the parting. Prestige was being lost. Tangier was a place of quality. Belonging to the aristocracy of old-world citadels claiming origin from the gods, Hercules being its builder, while its name came from his wife, Tangerang—so they say—it had passed through the common course of North African vicissitude and soared in importance when the Moors began their invasions of Spain. It fell easily into Portuguese possession in 1471, and so remained until 1580, when Spain, having assumed power over Portugal, took and kept it until 1656, when once more it became Portuguese. Thus there were traditions in the case, and the Portuguese in Tangier had their pride. Fernando de Menezes, fourteenth member of his family to be Governor of Tangier, felt the case so keenly that, though offered the consolation of a handsome title, he flatly refused to deliver the place according to the instruction he had received from Lisbon, and, when he was recalled, a successor in Luis de Almeida was only found to perform this galling task on the promise of a finer title and the governorship of Brazil. Even so, the local Portuguese would probably have made trouble but for the fortunate chance of the surrounding Moors making it in advance for them. The British sea forces, standing outside under Lord Sandwich, were asked to give assistance, and thus England glided smoothly into possession.

* * *

We started with a prideful programme in Tangier. It is of peculiar interest to know that among the schemes advanced for peopling the place from home was one that a third of the people of Scotland should be deported to

Morocco, this cunning plan being supported by the suggestion that 'his Majesty's revenue would be increased by their transport thither.' But the story of our occupation, which ceased in 1684, unpleasant and confused as it is, may be left. We were always in trouble with the surrounding Moors, the administration was not good, our Tangier politics were bad, and too much money was spent upon the place, largely wasted. Our old friend Samuel Pepys of the Admiralty was sent out there upon inquiry, and made his usual pointed and caustic comments. But he was once entertained 'with harp, guitar, and dance, with Mrs Sheres in his garden, with mighty pleasure.' Christopher Wren was another of fame who briefly was linked to Tangier, advising upon the plans for the harbour construction. Extensive and really excellent works were made, and when at last, because of the difficulties and expense, and of the excuse then made of the worthlessness of it all, Charles's government decided on evacuation, these were partly destroyed. Grievous were some of the circumstances of the departure. Though there was never any tranquillity in the place, some flavour of our later Gibraltar attached to our occupation. We started a municipality, organised our society with all its accompaniments and institutions, and Tangier, with its sweet climate, its flower-laden lands on which asparagus was found wild, was pleasant for living. But the king's men could not manage it. For a long spell Kirke, of 'Lambs' fame, was governor there, and it was between him and the Sultan of Morocco, Muley Ismail, that the most historically colourful incidents were enacted. This sultan holds a remarkable place among the rulers of the past. A despot of tremendous will, energy, and ambition, he rescued Morocco when it had fallen to uttermost disorder. He was a great constructor and builder. Marvellous walls passed from his flaming imagination to a quick reality; the city of Mequinez, which he desired to be the 'Versailles of Morocco,' was his doing. Thus far praise to Muley Ismail. But his reputation for cruelty even exceeded his fame in other respects.

* * *

When you have read so much of horrors that they sound plain and dull, turn to the details of this sultan's life and the blood will curdle once again. Such as Nero, Spain's cruel Peter, and others of like infamy were of angelic turn in contrast with Muley Ismail; they were triflers in the arts of pain and torture. He practised cruelty from the beginning of his long reign of fifty-five years, and his methods were enlarged and intensified as he advanced. He cut off the heads of subjects and slaves for mere casual diversion. A number would appear before him, and with a sabre he would decapitate them, run them through with a lance, or exercise some strangling method upon them. Once, on St Louis' Day, he speared a dozen, and

then, withdrawing to the privacy of his apartments in a very bad mood, strangled three of his wives. However, three were few among so many, for he had thousands, and more than eight hundred children. The stories and records of his reign and doings are veracious. One day he strangled one of his ladies because she had plucked an orange from a tree in one of his beautiful gardens without his permission. Numbers of Christian women who had been taken prisoners were assigned to his harem. One of them became a great favourite, and had a certain, if precarious, influence over him. She was bold enough, one day when he was in good humour and told her she might beg a favour of him, to ask that all the Christian women prisoners that he held might be assembled and given a piece of land to live on apart from all others. He agreed, and assigned to them a place about eighteen miles south of Mequinez, where to this day there are people bearing European names—Schneider is one of them—apparently as fully native as any others. Moslems like the rest, who say they are descended from the European Christians. When his eldest son attempted a revolution and was captured, Muley Ismail went out in fine imperial panoply to meet him, displaying six executioners with their business swords in his entourage. The prince's right hand and foot were cut off, and he died a few days later. The Sultan's girl children were mostly strangled at their birth. He would for mere caprice, or for the momentary pleasure of fleshing his scimitar, strike off the head of the slave who had assisted him to his saddle. Murdered slaves in great numbers were packed among the walls they had been set to build, yet these were not the most awful of his acts. It has been reckoned that he was personally responsible for the death in his own country of thirty-six thousand human creatures. Contemporary of Louis XIV., with whom he had dealings, the ambassador of the French sovereign made bold to protest to him against his cruelties, and his answer was, 'Your king rules over men, but I rule only over brutes.' But the strange thing is that Muley Ismail might have stood boldly in history without these horrors. Imagination, confidence, and caprice, aiding an ambition not controlled by conventions, led him to curious schemes and adventures. Circumstances and disposition brought him to a close degree of contact with Europe. He entertained the strange notion of converting our King James II.—him of all kings!—to Mohammedanism, and wrote a long letter to him on the subject. He proposed to Louis XIV. that he should marry his daughter, the Princess de Conti; but the lady had no ambition to leave the palace of Versailles for the harem of Mequinez. So much was he talked about that in some respects Muley Ismail became quite a vogue, as we say, at certain European courts. Perhaps, knowing what we

do, and appreciating our own incapacity to realise the Islamic mind and consciousness, we must not be surprised that he presented himself as a devout Mussulman, that he prayed earnestly and long, that he is now a saint, and that on his tomb, at which the poor and the afflicted kneel, there is an inscription thus: 'This tomb, sanctuary of orphans and widows, refuge of the poor and the abandoned, is that of the prince of believers, the warrior who fought in the way marked out by the lord of the worlds, the tomb of Ismail, the son of Muley Cherif. May God sanctify his soul and yield to him a large space in his paradise.' And this 'Versailles,' a mass of walls, neglected garden, and meagre ruins of palaces, is now perhaps the most depressing place in the Moghreb, used chiefly as a storehouse for the living relics of the harems of departed or exiled sultans. I have felt a deep melancholy lately when wandering in Mequinez.

* * *

All this strange romance of easternism running riot in cruelty and imperial freak is not so distant from our touch that its detail and movement cannot be evoked in grim and fantastic reality in our meditations in this garden at Tangier. In the native market-place, just beyond the wall of the Legation garden, the humbler trading and labouring Moors pass their days much as they did when Muley Ismail was the king. Tangier is a shabby, neglected place. It has the appearance of being nearly broken down, and forlorn through want of a master—one only. But, despite its cosmopolitan shoddiness, it has many qualities and attractions; and the zoco—a babel of three thousand voices on Thursdays and Sundays, and always alive, a great display of the industry, patience, and capacity for burden-bearing of the women from the country, who bring their produce here—is a fair introduction in experience and study to the beginner at travel and adventure in North Africa. It is nearly a quarter of a century since I first knew it, and in this 'period of progress' no great change has taken place in it save that the camels have gone, and motor omnibuses now rattle into the middle. A new mosque stands over it. Islam is still here, though four languages are being spoken and four countries' coinages being used. And here the old squatted white-bearded story-teller in his suave tones tells in phrases that he fondles for their romantic meaning the stories of departed princes. Now at the parting we are brought to remember that when Britain for that score of years held Tangier for her own she had need to parley and negotiate with Ismail, and one more strange thing is that Colonel Kirke, Governor of Tangier, who went on a mission to Mequinez for three weeks, was delighted with him! Muley Ismail was on his best behaviour, and we may believe that a man of such egoism and character could be ex-

ceeding nice at will. Yet Kirke knew all about him when he reported, 'Colonel Kirke has been received with all the demonstrations of kindness and civility imaginable at that court, the emperor telling him that for his sake (since he had pleased to come to wait on him) he would give him four years peace for Tanger, and swore, by God, that as long as I was Governour here, he would cut off the Alcaydes head if he gave us any the least suspicion of a breach of peace, and that we needed not to make complaint for that hee would have spies to informe him if any injury were offer'd us.' Kirke found the gardens of the palace at Mequinez to be very lovely; he was entertained at times by displays of remarkable horsemanship by the emperor himself; and we reach at last to not the least of the achievements of Muley Ismail, the most terrible, when, his visit ended, Colonel Kirke wrote to London, 'I must tell the holle worlde I have mett with a kinde prince and a just generall in Barberey.' But trouble enough with Muley Ismail later, trouble indeed! Our modern missions are not so impressionable. With all its faults of materialism and expediency, the twentieth century breeds quick and sure discernment, and though it praises persons grandiosely, it holds its reservations, and the diplomatic insincerity is understood. Men have had long experience, and have learned much, and learned it everywhere. As this

legation closes, its last chief, Sir Arnold Robertson, has added three most fateful years of Tangier to his former offices in Berlin, Peking, Madrid, Bucharest, Rio de Janeiro (twice), Monte Video, Washington, The Hague, and as High Commissioner on the Rhine. He gives me a message of hope to those who now and aforetime have watched the development of the Tangier problem and still have misgivings upon it. He says: 'The British negotiators at the Tangier conference at Paris, Mr Villiers and myself, had constantly to bear in mind the safeguarding of vital British interests, and no fair-minded person can deny that the settlement now reached after twenty years of misunderstanding is a compromise that meets the legitimate interests of all concerned. In my considered opinion the future prosperity of Tangier and the safeguarding of British interests, both strategic and commercial, will now depend in a very large degree upon the energy, enterprise, and tact of the new British Consul-General, the British representatives on the legislative assembly, British traders and British shipping companies. It must always be borne in mind that all foreign nations look with respect, almost with veneration, to British integrity and the British sense of fair-play to all.' There are difficulties to be overcome, and they are serious, before the new era begins, but Tangier is hopeful.

THE MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

PART II.

V.

I WAS beginning to be fairly filled with the spirit of the chase. As the taxi dashed along, I promised myself that I would discover Fordham's secret and sinister business before we saw our home again. What it was I had still no idea, but more and more it was borne in upon me that it was something dark and criminal. I put my head out of the window to see if his taxi was still in sight, when suddenly my own vehicle halted with a jerk.

'What are you stopping for?' I shouted to the driver.

'Can't knock the bobby over, sir,' he said sulkily. 'Did my best to get through!'

I looked ahead and saw that we were just upon the point of turning into a great highway, the Euston Road I think it must have been, and that a policeman stood before us with uplifted hand, allowing a stream of traffic to pass along the main thoroughfare. Fordham's taxi had evidently just got through, and was now lost to sight. I swore aloud as I realised the position. It must have been nearly five minutes before that infernal policeman lowered his hand

and let us go on. But I stopped the taxi at once and got out.

'It's no good,' I said angrily; 'you've lost sight of him. Take your fare and clear out.'

He took the money grumblingly and moved away, while I walked aimlessly along the pavement. But suddenly a new thought struck me. After all, I knew where Fordham was going. I had heard him give the address to which he was to be driven, and that should also be my goal. I looked round for another taxi. It was long before I found one, and the driver was apparently more stupid than usual. He had never heard of Dalton Street, Camden Town, and seemed to have extraordinary difficulty in finding it. It was nearly half-an-hour before he finally drew up and announced triumphantly that Dalton Street was before us. I had previously told him not to drive down it, for I had no idea of advertising my presence at the front door of number twenty-seven.

Dismissing the taxi, I turned and surveyed the locality. Dalton Street was a road of tall, sombre, flat-chested houses, once probably highly respectable Victorian dwellings, but now beginning to come down in the world. The ex-

perienced eye could readily deduce that some would be let out in cheap theatrical lodgings, that others might be split up into flats, others be occupied as offices. Only in some few cases would the whole tall three or four-storeyed building still be in the hands of a single family. Though the street differed greatly from that other one in the East End to which I had previously tracked Fordham, it had one characteristic in common—it was singularly quiet and deserted. When my taxi had grunted away I saw no one moving down its whole length. It was now about ten o'clock; the night warm, but very dark and still. I looked at the number of the nearest house, saw that twenty-seven must be about half-way down the street on the opposite side, and moved towards it silently.

When I came in sight of it I halted and looked across the road. Number twenty-seven was apparently deserted; from its area up to the top of its three storeys there was no gleam of light. I walked across and listened, but could hear no sound of life.

'Now I wonder,' I said to myself—'I wonder is this another of Fordham's secret hiding-places. Is he lurking within, as he was at that other place in the East End? And if so, what on earth can be the meaning of it all?' I pushed my hat back and thought for a few minutes. I was certain I had heard him give this address. Unless he had countermanded it on the way, his taxi had driven him up here and he was now probably within. The question was, should I hang about and wait for him to come out, assuming that he was there, or should I try to solve the mystery by a bold but secret entrance into this house? I felt strongly prejudiced in favour of the latter course. I had lost him once to-night, and I did not feel like hesitating any longer. The conviction was growing upon me more and more that I did right to follow him, that though I might break the law in entering these houses of his, nevertheless in the end I should be justified by what I found there.

I looked up and down the road, saw it was quiet as ever, and then stepped down into the area. I had brought with me a big clasp-knife with a heavy blade. Gently inserting this in the nearest window, I again forced the catch with very little trouble. I began to think I possessed the necessary qualifications for a burglar. When I had quietly raised the window I climbed into the room. I was reminded at once of that other house in the East End. This room I had entered was evidently a kitchen, and though it was very dark I could see that it was bare and deserted. Making my way to the door I walked down a passage and found the door of another room facing me. I opened this and entered unsuspectingly. Instantly I heard the click of

a switch, a flood of electric light almost blinded me, and a hoarse jarring voice rang in my ears.

'Got you this time, me lad!' it said. 'Put your hands up—quick, unless you want the top of your head blown off!'

Instinctively I held them up, blinking in the sudden brilliant light. When I could see properly I discovered I was standing in a large, low room, which was apparently fitted up as a workshop. It was half-filled and littered with machinery. Amongst other things I saw what appeared to be a printing-press. Standing in front of me, under the electric bulb, was a big, burly fellow in his shirt sleeves. His appearance could not have been prepossessing at any time, but at present his features were fixed in a most malignant and sinister smile. He was pointing a big revolver at me, though he lowered it as I thrust my hands up above my head. Another smaller man stood behind him. He also was in his shirt sleeves, but instead of smiling he had a thoroughly daunted and frightened appearance. As he took me in, this latter fellow seemed to give a gasp of relief.

'Gawd! Jim!' he said breathlessly, 'I thought we were done. I thought the tecs were on to us. But who's this blinking fool, after all?'

The big man looked at me, still with his evil grin. 'You 'ear?' he said, in his hoarse voice. 'What's your name, what do you want in this room—in short, 'ow do we come to have the pleasure of seeing your ugly face pushing itself in where it wasn't asked?'

VI.

The whole thing had come on me with such overwhelming surprise that I felt conscious I was not conveying a very favourable impression. I tried to pull myself together, though I knew my lips were dry and my knees had a deplorable tendency to give way from under me. 'Where is Fordham?' my brain demanded. 'Is he in league with these ruffians? What is it they are doing in this place?'

The big man raised his revolver again. 'Not lost your voice, 'ave you?' he demanded brutally.

'My—my name is Venning,' I stammered, 'and I came here to find some one, a Mr Fordham. I—I had no idea that there was any one else present.'

'Ow did you get here?' demanded the other. 'Never 'eard you till you was in the passage.'

'I got through the window,' I began. 'I—I know it sounds bad, but, you see, I had—'

'You got through the window!' the big man broke in. 'You did, did you?' His voice was indescribably cruel and menacing.

'Yes,' I said hastily. 'But, you see, I had my reasons for following Mr Fordham, and—'

'Who's this perishing Fordham?' said the smaller fellow suddenly. 'What do you mean—you followed him 'ere?'

My heart sank lower than ever. 'Why,' I stammered—'why, don't you know him? I supposed he would be here—I mean, his taxi came—'

'What do you mean?' exclaimed the burly man violently. 'It's my belief you're off your onion. But I'll tell you one thing—you've butted in 'ere where no one asked you, an' you're not going out again. I dunno anything about your pal Fordham, never 'eard of him. But I know *you'd* better say your prayers.'

He pushed the revolver barrel right against my chest, and I recoiled with a cry of horror. At the same moment his companion clutched him by the arm. 'Jim!' he whispered. 'Jim—listen, listen!'

They both stood silent for a moment, and I myself listened eagerly. There came a sudden sound of heavy footsteps from the passage, the door was flung violently open, and a police inspector, followed by half-a-dozen constables, rushed into the room. The big man raised his revolver with a furious curse, but he was too late. There was a short, sharp scuffle, the pistol was twisted away from him, and handcuffs were snapped on his wrists. The other fellow made little resistance and was easily secured. Finally, I too was handcuffed and marched across with the other two, despite my protestations.

'And that's that,' said the inspector, mopping his face. 'Pretty neat job, though I say it.' He turned and looked at me curiously. 'Who are you?' he went on. 'I supposed there were only two in it.'

I had opened my lips to reply when another man strolled into the room and stood glancing around. It was Fordham! He was still without his tortoise-shell glasses, and his eyes seemed to beam cheerfully as he took in the scene. 'You've got them all right, then, inspector?' he remarked blandly.

'Yes, sir,' said the inspector, 'we have, thanks to you. In fact, we've got one more than we expected. I don't know who this third man is.'

Fordham glanced at me for the first time, and I saw his eyebrows go up. 'Mr Venning!' he said slowly. 'Ah! yes!—well, Mr Venning, I was aware that you were becoming highly interested in my movements of late, but I certainly never expected to find you here. We must have a little explanation later.—But you can release this gentleman, inspector. I know him, and will answer for it that he is quite innocent. We must be satisfied with Mr James Anderson and Mr William Jevons.'

'Of course, if you say so, sir,' replied the inspector deferentially. He bent over me and unlocked my handcuffs, whilst Fordham cross-

examined the two prisoners. I felt as though my head was ready to burst.

'Look here,' I said hurriedly. 'Excuse me, but what are you arresting these two blighters for?'

'Uttering false bank-notes,' he said gruffly. 'They've been turning 'em out by the hundred and thousand. But we've got them all right now.'

'Then—who is Mr Fordham?' I stammered.

'Fordham!' repeated the inspector. 'Do you mean Mr Twining—he says he knows you.'

'I—I thought his name was Fordham,' I said. 'But who is he?'

The official smiled gravely. 'Well,' he said, 'I suppose he's about the smartest detective in London—yes, I can't think of a smarter. He's been working at this case for six months, and now he's finished it. He 'phoned us up an hour ago and said we were to make the arrests to-night. So there you are. I'm telling you this as you may be wanted at the trial.'

Well, you know, I was stunned; it was too much for me. I felt like—like a stoned adder. As I thought of my spying and my house-breaking my face burned, and I had a sensation of cold water being poured down my back.

'Yes,' I said. 'Oh yes!—of course—I see now. Well, if you don't want me any longer, I think I'll be off. Mr Fordham—I mean Mr Twining—he knows all about me and where you can find me if I'm wanted. I—er—I congratulate you on your captures.'

And I got out of that.

THE END.

LIFE.

ONLY a lily dreaming in the twilight,
With snow-white petals and with heart of gold;
Only a rosebud blushing in the noontide,
Waiting its crimson glory to unfold.

Only the breeze that whispers in the dawning,
Kissing the waking flowers and dew-drenched
grass;
Only the ecstasy of living, loving,
Unheeding as the golden hours pass.

Only a hand stretched out amid the darkness,
To help a fellow-traveller on Life's way;
Only a word of comfort softly spoken,
To cheer a heart whence Joy has gone away.

Only a mortal wound received unflinching,
And hid with smiles within a heart that bleeds;
Only that sympathy, divine, unfailing;
Only that undefeated courage that succeeds.

Only the memory of a joyous meeting;
Only a long farewell where two ways part;
Only the echo of a loved voice speaking,
That lingers still within a lonely heart.

Ah, only these, but these are Life's true essence,
Through Life and Death they help us to endure,
Until at last in the Eternal Presence,
With everlasting joy we rest secure.

HELEN M. CARVER.

RIDLEY'S BOOKSHOP.

By SHEILA RAND.

I.

'SELL many of this?' I asked, lifting into view a bulky edition of *The Modern Reader's Bible*.

'Not now. I used to.' The dapper little bookseller's somewhat cherubic countenance became shadowed by reflection. 'Once the publisher wrote to me and expressed pleasure at the number of copies I had sold. Something unusual in a city of this size. He would have been interested had he known how little I had to do with those sales. . . . But now—I hardly ever get asked for a copy. There was a time when I'd sell three or four in a month. All to the same man. He must have bought fifty of them.'

'Funny thing,' the little bookseller continued in his pleasing, friendly voice, 'the way that chap would come in here and make straight for those shelves.'

He indicated a narrow aisle at my left, formed by counters piled high with new novels on the one side, and on the other, a wall covered with shelves that held much of the world's best literature. John Ridley is more than a merchandise man. He has vision and a kinship with winged words. The dust that so often lay thick upon those classics did not convey to him financial loss. It had its own glint of gold. The books were welcome upon those shelves until a lover came their way. Then he would gladly part with them. Never had he been guilty of hastening the departure of one of those precious volumes by including them in a bargain sale.

'If they go,' he once said, 'they go with dignity, and not like some poor unfortunate young man who is blown into the street by the boisterous breath of his landlady demanding the rent.'

Ridley had stopped speaking, and stood gazing down that aisle with a half-puzzled, half-tender expression on his unbookish countenance. When he spoke again, it was as if he saw 'the chap' standing ahead of him, only his profile in view, as he bent intently towards the books on those dusty shelves.

'There he'd stand,' continued Ridley, nodding his head in the direction of the memory, 'pulling out the books very gently as one who loved them. When he had read a paragraph here and there, he'd put the book back with a caressing pat. I used to like to see the way his fingers would linger on them, like a mother smoothing her baby's hair. At first we didn't talk much. He'd hunt for the books he wanted, and if they were not there, he would

order them. His gentleness was something quite remarkable. Only his voice would express urgency when he said, "Please order for me three copies of *The Modern Reader's Bible*, cloth edition." Always he asked "how quickly" I could get them; as if he did not know as well as I that under ten days it was not possible. When I had added the quite meaningless "I'll hurry them up for you," he would go out of the shop with a look on his face as if he had come into a great fortune.'

'Perhaps he was crazy,' I suggested flippantly; 'a kind of obsession, a mania for collecting copies of that one book.'

'Oh no,' replied Ridley seriously, his gray eyes hurt for his tale's sake. 'He was a man of great learning. As time passed we had become more friendly. We'd talk.—Or rather, he would talk for an hour on end, about the literary beauties of the Bible.'

"Ridley," he would say, in his enthusiastic manner, "Moulton has done a tremendous service to mankind. He has made it possible for all to read the Bible with understanding. He has been like a miner who delves deep and brings up, for all the world to see, most precious gems. And to this work he has added the further tasks of cutting the stones and of so setting them that their beauty has been fully revealed."

'That is how he used to speak to me,' said Ridley quietly.

'But did he never buy any other books?' I questioned, persisting in my theory of a pathological obsession.

'Oh yes,' replied Ridley quickly. 'Dozens—whatever appealed to him. There was no limit to his interests. One day *Amiel's Journal*—I've another copy now—the next, *The Little Flowers of St Francis of Assisi*. Then Fabre, all his works, as quickly as he could read them. But once a month at least, he'd buy another copy of *The Modern Reader's Bible*. After the publication of *The Spirit of Man*, he began ordering that frequently, often coupling it with the other.'

Just then the clock struck eleven. In an hour my feature story for the day would have to be ready for the afternoon edition. Abruptly the question broke from me, 'Where does he live now, Mr Ridley? He must be quite a character. I should like to interview him, hear from his own lips just why he kept you busy ordering the same book over and over again.'

The unemotional gray eyes, on a level with my own, misted. He turned his head slightly, peered down the aisle as if he were making sure of something, and then in a voice that ex-

pressed a tinge of wonder rather than grief, 'He died a short time ago. On a Friday he was standing at those shelves. On Saturday, so I learnt later, he slipped from the world of books. Couldn't have been more than forty, if he were that.

'No, I don't know anything more about him, nor why he bought so many copies of Moulton. He always called personally for his orders and never talked of himself. Just of books. God! How he loved them.'

A hasty 'good-bye,' and I was tearing along to the office of the *Watchman*. Not only was I late, but balked in my effort to turn in a human interest story. Of course I had learnt from Ridley the name of that eccentric book-lover. But that hardly gave me the right to hunt up his relatives, if any, and face them with the crude question, 'Why did Paul Rossiter buy so many copies of Moulton's Bible and *The Spirit of Man*? Write up the story as it stood—The Man who had an Obsession? No, emphatically no. For the first time in my newspaper career I shrank from the journalesse. Ridley's voice, the expression in his eyes more than his words, had made a little picture for me. A tender little picture, as soft and hazy as an Indian summer, but poignant also, like Whistler's mother. 'The Man at the Book Shelf.' How this picture drew my eyes. It must hang awhile, undisturbed on the walls of memory. Sooner or later, I felt sure, another incident would dovetail with this puzzling story, and the pattern would be complete. Always it is so in life. As the small circles of individual existences whirl around within life's all-enclosing one, sooner or later they are bound to intersect, one circle with another, and they together with a third. Thus points of contact are forever revealing themselves with surprising suddenness. Fate, some call it. . . .

II.

For the first time in his long business career Ridley was being threatened with competition. An enterprising young woman had rented the large, bright room above the De Luxe Hair Dressing Parlours, had hung out a gay sign, 'The Blue Willow Tea Shop,' and had announced through the columns of the two local dailies that she, Priscilla Jordan, would sell books, food for the mind (she was guilty of the bromide) as well as food for the body. To me was assigned the task of interviewing her. There was nothing the chief liked better than a good story for the women's page.

'Play the women up strong,' he would say. 'Give 'em plenty of space. Let's hear what they are thinking, saying, doing. The *Watchman* aims to be a good family paper.'

Miss Jordan's welcome was cordial but not effusive. Her manner of greeting suggested reserves that few might penetrate. Her business-

like air seemed to express but part of her. A comparison flashed into my mind. She's like Ridley, I thought, a merchandise man with a soul. Surely the very person she should not resemble if business competition was to yield the palm to the newcomer. Besides, the comparison was rather absurd, and prompted me to grin stupidly. Ridley, short, rotund, with a pink and white complexion that suggested Mellin's Food, and gray eyes that had never grown up. Why should he come to mind as I stood explaining my presence to this tall, graceful creature with a business-like forehead and eyes of a mystic? Still, Ridley had floated on to the horizon, and while we exchanged polite conventionalities preliminary to an interview, the presence of Ridley seemed to pervade the room.

Miss Jordan excused herself. She would make me some tea 'so that my copy,' she laughingly remarked, 'might have the flavour of experience.' During her absence I glanced around the room. A hospitable open fireplace, wide enough to admit of a large semi-circle of cheerful tea-drinkers, soft blue hangings, willow furniture, a cool fern or two, and at the far end of the room, the beginnings of her bookshop. The shelves for the most part were still in the making. One stack, however, was well laden with books, and these drew me like magnets.

I began to read off the titles: *Rare Luck, If Winter Comes, Main Street, The Mountebank. . . . The Modern Reader's Bible!*

Madame Bovary, or *Une Vie* could not have surprised me so much. But Moulton's Bible! Standing there so mutely, and in such company!

I felt the desire to laugh aloud. What a mean trick some book agent had played on innocent, good-natured Miss Jordan, so eager in her quest for modernism. Doubtless the title had suggested to her a new-fangled cult; and she had deemed it the type of book that women's clubs like to discuss in between bites of cake and sips of tea. Had she not already told me that until a few weeks ago she had been a stenographer? She was not to be blamed for her mistake. Ridley, despite his young eyes, had been a bookman for twenty years. How he would laugh when I told him about Priscilla Jordan's choice of best sellers! Once again had Ridley seized my thoughts. And then suddenly, a memory: a misty, poignant picture; Ridley's bookshop, the narrow aisle, the tall, slight figure; yes, Ridley had emphasised his height and slenderness, the fine ascetic face, the long lean hands caressing each dusty volume, and the inevitable question—'How quickly can you get me a copy of Moulton's Bible?'

All this in a second or two. The next minute I was sunk deep in the comfort of a well-upholstered chair, watching Miss Jordan pour out the tea into bright-blue willow cups, and at the same time holding out toward her

the copy of Moulton. She seemed to seize my question out of the air. I had not spoken, and yet she was answering me.

'Do you think it out of place,' she questioned wistfully, 'among all those light novels? I made up my mind if I ever had a little bookshop of my own, there would always be a copy or two of Moulton in case hungry folk should be seeking food.' This time there was no hint of the bromidic quality in the metaphor.

Her words stumbled over each other. She caught them up with her breath and hurried on. 'I should like to tell you a story. There has been no opportunity before to speak of it to any one. But oh, how I have longed to! I wonder whether you will understand me. I have felt that when the time came, when the right person crossed my path, I would tell this story. And in so doing I should be raising up a monument to him.'

Priscilla Jordan pushed aside her bright-blue willow cup and put her elbows on the table, propping her head on her hands as if the rush of words from her heart was too much for her. There was in Priscilla Jordan's voice throughout her story a note of peculiar tenderness. It made me think of mothers, and the joy they have in speaking of their children, of how they delight in letting drop those loving words—proxies of caresses. What a caress there was in Priscilla Jordan's voice as she spoke to me of a 'precious, strange habit of his.' She had been a stenographer in a lawyer's office. One day an unknown man came for advice.

'My employer was busy, so the client sat in the outer office, and I went on with my work. I felt his huge dark eyes fixed on me. Suddenly, in the gentlest voice I had ever heard, he began to talk to me. He talked as if he had known me all his life. At first I was too astonished to quite take in what he was saying.'

A whimsical smile flashed across Miss Jordan's still countenance as she broke off her narrative to inquire of me how I should have felt had a strange young man suddenly asked me if I were not hungry for books.

'That is what he asked me,' she said, not waiting for my reply. 'Never will I forget, as long as I live, that soul-piercing question. "Excuse me, madam," he said, "but do you ever read? Read good books, I mean. You look as if you are hungry for good books."

'Could you have spoken?' asked Priscilla Jordan. 'I couldn't. My reply hung silent in my throat. But he continued quite unembarrassed, as if he were speaking to an old, old friend. He spoke of what books had meant to him all his life. He spoke of the Bible, of art, of beauty, of all the things that never before had been said so that I could hear. I cannot remember many of his remarks in detail. Only the impression of great beauty remains. Of

Paris, I remember that he said, "No city in the world could vie with her in loveliness. But its loveliness was that of the maid who decked herself out with ornaments to catch the eyes of the passers-by." He spoke of sculpture, of Virgil and his eloquent advice to Rome. He quoted from Sophocles—how many times since I have read a translation of the Oedipus that he gave me! He had lived several years in India. When he spoke of the Eastern moon and "her chaste and solemn walk of beauty amid the clouds," I had for the first time a desire to understand poetry. It was almost an hour before my employer was disengaged. And during that time I said scarcely a word. Just listened to that flow of beauty. Listened and developed a soul.

'The following day he brought me two books.'

Priscilla Jordan jumped up and left the room, and I feared that emotion was going to deprive me of the end of her story. But she quickly returned, bringing with her two well-worn volumes: *The Modern Reader's Bible* and *The Spirit of Man*. Silently she opened them at the fly pages, and I read in one, 'To Priscilla Jordan, with fervent wishes for her advance on the rugged hill of wisdom and understanding.' There followed that passage from the twenty-eighth chapter of Job, beginning, 'But where should wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding?'

In the other volume, inscribed to Priscilla Jordan in the same small, artistic writing, were these words: 'Wishing her, in the words of the great Idealist of Israel, "The Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in dry places . . . and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.'

Both were signed, 'Paul Rossiter.'

I looked at Priscilla Jordan, but I saw instead Ridley's bookshop, the long, narrow aisle, and standing opposite to what my friend Ridley called his 'star boarders,' a tall, slender man, lovingly caressing the backs of the books. Ridley seemed to be at my elbow, so very clearly did I hear him say in a half-puzzled, wholly tender voice, 'He was a queer chap. "Ridley," he would say to me, "there is only one joy greater than the possession of a precious book—the giving of it to a hungry soul."

EYES OF LOVE.

THE verdant fields that should console
With flowers so fair and glad,
To-day but serve to make my soul
Intolerably sad.

Though happy birds may greet the dew
In song of sweet surprise,
You are not here; and only you
Can lend me Beauty's eyes!
J. M. STUART-YOUNG.

IN FATHOMS DEEP.

By THEODORE RUETE.

I.

'WHAT fearful sights the diver must see,
Walking alone in the depths of the sea,'

wrote the poet. As a matter of fact, however, at 210 feet below the surface of the water it mostly is dark and gloomy, and the diver actually sees but little. This depth is the greatest authenticated at which British divers, undoubtedly the most scientifically trained in the world, have done practical work in safety. Three divers of the United States navy, using British methods, certainly have touched bottom at 275 feet, but they remained there only a few minutes.

Writers of fiction often have incautiously allowed their imaginations to run riot around the career of the diver. Nevertheless, his life really is a fascinating one, and his equipment and methods are both wonderful and peculiar. These have been well set forth for us by Mr R. H. Davis, who tells us in his *Diving Manual* that, although it takes but some two minutes to descend to the ocean's bed, coming up again from great depths, or shallower ones where much time was spent, usually involves about half-an-hour or more.

The diver travels down and up a shot-line that trails from the ship to the sea-bottom, and that is clasped between his legs. When the diver, by means of his helmet-valves, admits further air into his dress, he becomes buoyant, and easily slides up the shot-rope towards the surface. His progress is controlled, however, by those at the air-pump in the boat above, who cause him to stop at certain prescribed stages, by reducing his air-supply.

Were the man to come to the surface too quickly, his blood would get filled with bubbles formed by the nitrogen in the air that has penetrated every fibre of his being while down below. Gradual lessening of the enormous pressure the diver unconsciously has been enduring tends to dissipate this nitrogen, an end that is helped also by the gymnastic exercises the diver should perform while waiting, with one leg comfortably curled round the shot-rope, for the signal to continue his ascent.

Sometimes the diver's dress accidentally gets filled with air, and the wearer is 'blown up' to the surface like a rocket. If, then, he has been long below, he is certain to suffer badly from caisson disease, or diver's palsy, that may even end fatally.

The cure is *instantly to send the diver down again*, even though feeling ill; he will begin to improve as soon as he gets below. Too quick a descent occasionally causes pains in the ears. But these are not serious, and will dis-

appear as the diver gets accustomed to the depths.

With proper precautions, the above writer contends, most diving evils can be avoided, and he proceeds to show that a modern diver's life is by no means the hazardous, gruelling one romancers have pictured it. For, nowadays, the diver, properly equipped and rigidly controlled from the ship, by men specially trained for the purpose, can descend beneath the water, anywhere, and do his work, not only in comparative safety, but in actual comfort. If the depths are great, he simply is not allowed to remain below for long, that his ascent may not be unduly protracted and wearisome.

II.

Fatalities in this business rarely occur, and it is the proud boast of our principal makers of diving appliances, used by thousands of divers in various parts of the globe, that no accidents ever have been due to any defects in equipment supplied by them.

Some years ago, certainly, a diver was killed on the ocean-floor of the Chilean coast, when a heavy box of silver he had worked hard to recover fell out of its sling and crushed him. Diver Pearce, too, once was salvaging some bales of cotton from the *s.s. London*, and had to fix four large hooks at the end of a chain into one of the bales. After signalling to those above to try whether the strain would hold, he felt to ascertain if the bale had started upwards. But the hook suddenly gave way, and, tearing out of the bale, caught Pearce in the palm of the hand, dragging him from the bottom of the wreck's hold to the upper-deck. When the diver was brought to the surface he was in a state of collapse, but he was back at work again within three months. These accidents, however, could scarcely be attributed to the diving appliances.

Nor could these well be held responsible for the fight for life that once ensued during the operations on the wreck of the famous *Royal George*, between the divers Girvan and Jones. Keen rivalry between these two at last came to a head over which of them had the right to a particular cannon. Girvan was trying to release it from its deep bed of sand, when he was reminded by Jones that it was his—there being an unwritten law among divers that the first to find an article is entitled to save it.

Girvan, however, refused to give way, and soon it came to blows. Jones presently thought it wiser to retreat, being much the weaker of the two, and had already ascended the shot-rope a few feet on his way to the surface, when

Girvan seized his legs and tried to draw him down. A desperate struggle followed, in the course of which one of the windows of Girvan's helmet was smashed in. The attendants at the surface, noticing a violent tugging at the life-lines and air-tubes, realised that something unusual was happening below, and hauled both men unceremoniously to the surface. Girvan was more dead than alive, but after a few days in hospital recovered sufficiently to be able to resume work. A happy outcome of that awful 'breeze' in the depths, however, was that the two former enemies afterwards became the best of friends.

It is commonly supposed that the diver is in great danger from sharks, but, as a matter of fact, he is but little interfered with by these tigers of the deep.

The famous diver, the late Alexander Lambert, whilst fixing copper sheets to a coal hulk off Diego Garcia in the Indian Ocean, however, found his work interrupted, for several days in succession, by the attentions of an enormous shark. Each day the monster ventured a little nearer, but the diver managed to scare it away by opening the air-escape valve of his helmet.

After a week's annoyance he determined to make an end of the fish, so he signalled for a rope and a large knife to be lowered to him. This intrepid fellow then coolly held out his bare hand as a bait to the shark, and as the brute began to turn on its back for the attack, Lambert stabbed it repeatedly, passed the noose round its body, and had it hauled to the surface.

Actually, the most dangerous sea denizen the diver ever meets is the octopus, and it is almost impossible for the man to free himself once a large one has fastened on him. There are cases on record where the struggle has terminated only when both the diver and his dreadful adversary have been hauled bodily to the surface and on to the deck of the ship, and even then the octopus has continued to fight furiously.

III.

In out-of-the-way spots, in eastern seas, divers salvaging treasure really are in the greatest danger from human sharks, or pirates. The experienced divers, R. Ridyard and W. Penk, both of Liverpool, once were working off Shanghai for Captain Lodge, who had undertaken the recovery, on behalf of the underwriters, of the treasure of the sunken *Hamilla Mitchell*, amounting to £50,000.

The party started in the pilot cutter *Maggie*, but the search for the wreck eventually had to be continued by boat, as the cutter could not get close enough to the high rocks. After searching in depths of from 120 to 160 feet of water, the wreck at length was located. Her fore part still was sitting on the ledge she had struck, but she had parted amidships in a storm,

and her after part had rolled into water of 26 fathoms.

Ridyard went down, and after some difficulty succeeded in entering the ship's treasure-room, where some of the dollars were lying in heaps. Talk of diver's gold—here it was in plenty! For the worms had eaten the wood of most of the boxes, so that these were completely riddled.

The diver made four successful trips, the last being the best of all, for he then sent up the contents of no fewer than sixty-four boxes of specie.

On finally arriving at the surface, Ridyard declared he was thirsty, so Penk offered to ascend to a spring he knew of, at the top of the island alongside which their boat lay, to fetch some water. Ridyard assenting, he started, and, while filling the bucket, happened to glance round the horizon. To his great astonishment, he saw there numberless white sails, bearing down towards them from the mainland. He mentioned the fact to Captain Lodge, who instantly recognised them for what they really were—piratical junks.

Orders therefore were given to slip the anchor of the *Maggie*, and, scrambling into her from the boat, they set sail at once. But the wind was light, and they had to take to the oars. Ridyard was terribly weary after his long stay at such great depths, but, exhausted and almost fainting as he was, he, too, pulled his weight; till, a breeze springing up, they at last were able to make sail.

With the aid of the night they eventually reached Shanghai safely, but they had run a great risk of losing not only the treasure they had on board, but their lives into the bargain. The Shanghai papers blamed the authorities for not giving the expedition proper protection, for, but for this contretemps, Ridyard would have made salvage of the entire treasure, instead of only £40,000. The balance was recovered later, however.

The salvage of sunken treasure always has been the part of the diver's work that makes the most popular appeal, two circumstances contributing to make noteworthy any special instance—viz. the depths from which the bullion is recovered, or the difficulties attending the operation, and the bulk of the amount in question.

When down below, searching for articles, the diver mostly works in overlapping circles. To keep him in touch with the shot-rope, for in the vasty deep he cannot see far, and landmarks there are none, he has what is called a distance-rope fastened to the shot-rope. Mostly he crawls about, breathing being very much easier so than when walking.

Unnerving is it for the diver to lose his distance-rope, as sometimes happens, for with it goes all sense of direction, and then the man must take care not to lose his head also. If,

after quietly sitting down and carefully thinking out how he came to drop the rope, he cannot recover it, there is no need for panic or despair. He is still attached to the boat by means of his life-line and air-tube, and should signal to be immediately hauled up, and ask to be kept, during that operation, as close to the shot-rope as possible. For this is also attached to the boat by its other end, and, as the diver ascends, he probably will come across it. Now he knows where he is, and can descend again and continue his business.

IV.

Divers have worked on peculiar jobs ere now, but probably a unique employment of one was in the saving of Winchester cathedral.

But how, it may be asked, could a diver work on dry land? Thoroughly to understand this, it is necessary to realise that the old builders, in 1202, were unable to sink the fane's foundations further than ten feet, for at that depth they came to water-level. The engineer in charge of the work of underpinning the famous pile had a trial hole sunk, when it was found that below the water was a six-foot-thick bed of marly clay, resting on an eight-foot seam of bog peat, whose subsidence gradually was undermining the building.

This peat, however, rested on a firm bed of water-worn flints. The clay was therefore brought away by light pumping and ordinary excavation, when the water naturally rose in the hole, down into which a diver then was sent. This man, working in complete darkness

and entirely by *feeling*, under water, removed all the peat in sections, and substituted for it foundations of cement-concrete, upon which ordinary stone-work then was built, and the cathedral saved for posterity.

A novel use for divers was found in the recent disaster at the Redding colliery, when three such men were lowered into the flooded section, to wade through to the higher levels, and bring hope and help to the poor fellows supposedly awaiting rescue there. But the obstacles encountered proved insurmountable, and after the divers had groped about under water for four hours, much hampered for want of proper air-supply, the effort had to be abandoned.

The principle successfully demonstrated by Augustus Siebe has been put to many uses since first he applied it to his 'close' diving-dress in 1837, and a modification of this dress enables its helmet effectually to be used in dense smoke at fire-outbreaks. For use over short periods of time, however, we have now developed a self-contained diving-dress, invented by the firm that manufactures Siebe's patents. The helmet of this appliance, which requires no air-pump, is supplied with a substance called 'oxylithe,' which gives off pure oxygen when breathed upon—its residue, an alkali, absorbing the poisonous carbonic acid gas of the expired breath. Together with a water-tight jacket, this forms a life-saving equipment for use in submarines, by means of which each member of the crew, in cases of accident to their craft under water, has a chance to reach the surface by becoming an independent diver.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST FLOATING DOCK.

EVERY ship has to be docked periodically, so that her bottom can be cleaned of the barnacles and other marine growths which seriously affect her speed. For a good many years it has been a slur on our supremacy as a maritime nation that we possessed no dock which would accommodate our largest liners, and these vessels have been docked in the United States. Two kinds of dock are used. One, the dry dock, is excavated at the side of a harbour, and fitted at the entrance with water-tight gates. Such a dock is allowed to fill with the tide until at high-water the vessel to be docked is floated in, and the gates are then closed behind her. Powerful pumps are next set to work, and the water pumped out, the vessel having been previously shored up so that she cannot fall over. The other type of dock, known as a floating-dock, is in the form of a trough, with thick, hollow, water-tight sides and bottom. So long as the sides and bottom are empty, the dock floats on

the top of the water. When a ship is to be received, water is admitted into the bottom and sides until the dock sinks to a point where only a few feet of the sides remain exposed. The ship to be docked is then floated in and shored up in the middle of the trough. By pumping the water out of the bottom the dock is caused to float again, the ship being raised clear of the water. Every one will have read of the opening of the huge floating-dock at Southampton, which is capable of accommodating the biggest Atlantic liners, thereby removing the reproach that this country had to send its greatest ships abroad to be docked. This floating-dock is the largest in the world. It measures 960 feet in length, and has a width of 170 feet, while the clear width inside the trough is 130 feet 8 inches. The thickness of the hollow bottom is 20 feet, and the sides stand up 50 feet above it. The dock will lift a ship weighing 60,000 tons, while the structure itself weighs 18,000 tons. One important feature is that the dock can clean or repair itself. To make this possible, the

length is divided up into seven sections, which can be taken apart from each other. To clean one section, it is separated from the others and turned half round, when it can be floated into the remainder of the dock as if it were a ship. Each section has a powerful pump at each side which can pump it dry from the deepest immersion in four hours, this being the time taken to lift the largest ships. These pumps, and all the other machinery about the dock, are driven by electric motors, for which current is derived from the Southern Railway's power-station on shore. Water is admitted to sink the dock through huge valves. All the motors and valves are controlled from one station by electric push-button switches. Here the operator has instruments which tell him the depth of water in each section, and other information which enables him completely to control the docking operations. It is, of course, important that a ship should be exactly in the centre of the dock before it is raised; this is ingeniously accomplished by four horizontal shores at each side of the dock, which are moved towards each other in unison until they nip the ship between them when it is central. The dock is moored at each end by immensely heavy anchors and enormous chains, the bar from which the latter are made being no less than $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. Sideways the dock is kept in position by booms, 110 feet in length, which have universal joints at the ends, so that they can move up and down with the rise and fall due to the tide, and accommodate themselves to slight end movements of the dock. The shore ends are fixed to reinforced concrete dolphins, while gangways give access to the shore. Messrs Clark & Standfield, of London, designed this dock, and it was built by Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Ltd., at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CLINOMETERS FOR CARS.

The steepness of hills has been a matter of interest to road-users ever since wheeled vehicles were first invented, but until recently no instrument for gauging gradients has been available. To motorists the steepness of the inclines their cars ascend and the speed which can be maintained on known gradients are matters of special interest, as such statistics form a basis of comparison between one car and another. A clinometer, or gradient meter, brought out some time ago, is now becoming increasingly popular. The essential feature is a heavy pendulum which is hung on hardened centres and enclosed in a case, minor oscillation of the pendulum due to the shaking of the car being prevented by a damping liquid with which the case is filled. When the gradient meter is mounted on a car which is either stationary or moving at a uniform speed, the pendulum takes up a vertical position, and the relative angle of the car is shown by the pointer, which consequently indi-

cates the gradient. When, however, the car is accelerating, the pendulum swings away from vertical to an angle which is exactly proportional to the rate of acceleration, and as this angle is also shown by the pointer, measurements of both gradients and acceleration are provided. The pointer of the dial at the front is made to follow the movements of the pendulum in a very ingenious way. The pendulum is a permanent magnet, and attracts, through the copper bottom of the case, an armature of soft iron, which therefore moves with it. This armature is connected by multiplying levers to the indicating pointer. In this way a frictionless connection is provided, while the case can be, and is, hermetically sealed. To be precise, the pointer does not move, but always remains vertical. It is the case containing the graduated dial which turns as the car is inclined when going up or down hill. Gradients from 1 in 30 to 1 in 4 are shown, level being indicated when the pointer is central. Rises are marked in black figures and falls in red. These gradient meters are handsomely finished, and are mounted on the dash. From their indications the various factors contributing to a car's performance may be measured, and the motorist is given a knowledge of his car's capabilities which is otherwise unobtainable, and thus any necessary adjustment so as to give the best results is facilitated.

AN AUTOMATIC CELLAR DRAINER.

It is often necessary to drain or pump the water out of cellars or pits which are below the level of any available sewer. A simple device for this purpose, which is entirely automatic in action, is based upon the fact that a high-pressure jet of water, or steam, in a larger pipe than is necessary to contain it, creates a partial vacuum which may be used to raise water. Usually the jet is arranged to enter at one end of a horizontal T-piece, in which case it passes across the mouth of the vertical pipe forming the leg of the T. If the lower end of this pipe is immersed in water, the pressure of the atmosphere will force the water up it to fill the partial vacuum caused by the jet. In the T the jet ejects the water through a discharge-pipe which is attached to the opposite end. It is only necessary to connect the jet-nozzle to a water main, and to provide suction and discharge-pipes. With a water pressure of 40 lb. per square inch, the water from a sump can be raised 9 feet; with double the pressure, the lift is increased to 18 feet. This simple device would work quite well as described, but it would be very wasteful unless some one was in attendance to turn off the water when the sump was empty. To overcome this difficulty, the control-valve is operated by a float. The complete device consists of a cylindrical strainer, with holes round the periphery, mounted on legs to allow of sediment accumu-

lating in the bottom of the sump. After passing a foot-valve, the water is drawn up the vertical suction-pipe to the T-piece, at one end of which are the jet-nozzle and the control-valve, the latter being opened and closed by a copper float. A hole in the centre of the float enables it to slide up and down the suction-pipe as a guide. The top of the float is connected with the valve-lever. At the other end of the T is the discharge-pipe. All parts, except the strainer, which is of cast-iron, and the copper float, are of brass, and the working parts, except the float, are above the water. Four sizes are made, the smallest of which will lift 285 gallons an hour through a height of 9 feet with a water pressure of 40 lb. per square inch, or 340 gallons per hour through a height of 18 feet with a pressure of 80 lb. per square inch. The largest size has a capacity of 670 gallons per hour and 1050 gallons per hour for the same lifts, with 40 and 80 lb. per square inch water pressure respectively. These quantities are net—that is, over and above the small amount taken from the water main.

FIGHTING THE MOSQUITO IN ENGLAND.

Although the mosquitoes found in England are not so numerous or so bloodthirsty as those met with in tropical countries, they form a pest at many places along the coastline of Dorset, Hampshire, Sussex, and Kent, while they are by no means unknown in Essex. Such a nuisance have they proved, that a society, known as the 'Hayling Mosquito Control,' was formed in 1920 to wage war upon them. The third report of this body, which deals with the period between May 1923 and May 1924, shows that the voluntary efforts of its members, under the able directorship of Mr J. F. Marshall, M.A., F.E.S., have practically abolished this insect pest from the district. The examination of many thousands of mosquitoes in the control laboratory at Hayling has shown that the nuisance is caused almost entirely by a particular species (*Ochlerotatus detritus*), which breeds in stagnant water which is either salt or partially so. The breeding season extends over nine months of the year, and the range of flight greatly exceeds that of any fresh-water species. Hence these salt-water mosquitoes not only breed in almost incredible numbers, but are capable of becoming a serious nuisance at considerable distances from their actual breeding-grounds. It is only the female mosquito which attacks human beings, and, although a meal of blood is not indispensable for keeping her alive, it is an essential preliminary to the process of egg-laying. The eggs, of which 100 to 200 are laid at a time, hatch out into larvæ, the curious-looking creatures (often called 'wrigglers') which hang head downwards in stagnant water, with their tail-like breathing-tubes just penetrating the surface. The larva changes its skin four

times, and then becomes a pupa, out of which the adult mosquito soon bursts forth. The larval stage is passed entirely in water, the period of growth varying from three weeks to several months, according to climatic and other conditions. Mosquitoes are, therefore, only found in districts where water is permitted to stagnate for long periods of time. The most effective way of achieving permanent success against them is to destroy their breeding-places. This can be done by filling in or draining the breeding-pools, by restoring the flow of water, or by establishing communication with tidal water. Alternatively the larvæ may be killed (a) by pouring paraffin into the water (the oil forming a film on the surface, entering the breathing tubes of the larvæ, and suffocating them); (b) by introducing some chemical substance which acts as a larvicide; or (c) by stocking the water with fish, insects, or other creatures which devour the larvæ. It has been found difficult to maintain a film of paraffin on the surface of the water owing to reeds and wind. The introduction of the White Cross Disinfectant, a form of disinfectant which contains 15 per cent. of soluble cresol, has been found to kill mosquito larvæ in as small a proportion as one part in 30,000. Water thus treated is quite harmless to human beings or animals. Several pieces of stagnant salt water were treated last year with the disinfectant specified, the strength used varying between one part in 8000 and one part in 16,000. In each case entire success was achieved, not a single mosquito larva being found alive after the water had been treated. Laboratory experiments show that the larvæ can be killed by as low a proportion as one in 48,000, and even this is not considered to be a limit. This useful work by the Hayling Mosquito Control, which is carried on mainly by voluntary subscriptions, has been recognised by the Ministry of Health by a grant of £100.

A SMALL PORTABLE LISTENING-IN SET.

It is impossible to take the ordinary listening-in set on one's journeys because of its bulkiness and the unwieldy character of even a coil aerial. This difficulty has been overcome by a portable instrument which is entirely self-contained. What the makers claim to be the most sensitive and compact portable receiver which has yet been devised measures 14 inches by 12 inches by 8 inches, and weighs only 16 lb. The various instruments making up the set are contained in an oak cabinet with a hinged lid. The aerial is wound in the lid, and makes a complete circuit, so that no 'earth' is required. With this aerial and a loud speaker, a range of from 20 to 25 miles is obtained, but stations at much greater distances can be heard with the head phones, while with an outside aerial, for the connecting of which provision is made, any

range up to 1000 miles is easily possible. The high-tension battery is of the dry-cell type, which will last from eighteen months to two years, while the unspillable low-tension accumulator will work for 30 hours at a cost of one shilling per charge. It is claimed by the makers that this receiver is only about one-half the size of any other portable set, while the range is considerably greater. Another advantageous feature is that, instead of using inductances, which involve loss, electrostatic devices are employed that give the fullest possible control, being in fact much more delicate than the magnetic arrangements for producing similar effects. Although the range claimed for this receiver with a loud speaker is only 20 miles, and 50 or 60 miles for head phones, the instrument when fixed in a passenger train at Southampton has enabled those on the platform to listen-in to a concert in London; while Bournemouth transmissions have been reproduced on a loud speaker in the Channel Islands. The wave length can be extended indefinitely from 330 to 30,000 metres. This instrument was used in the magistrates' court, at the Guildhall, London, at the time when the King was opening Wembley, and those in the court were astonished to hear the King's speech clearly without any aerial other than the small coil in the lid of the box.

EAR-TRAINING WITHOUT A TEACHER.

Music students engaged in ear-training for examination and other purposes are often handicapped by the absence of a teacher or an obliging friend to do duty at the piano and strike notes and chords by way of aural tests. Self-help in such cases is apt to be a delusion and a snare. Even if one resists the temptation to look at the notes one is striking, the relative position of the fingers enables the self-tester to guess intervals when these should be identified by the unaided ear alone. To overcome these drawbacks and permit students to practise ear-training without the presence of a second person, an ingenious set of three aural test-triangles has been devised. Made of thin mahogany (varnished or unvarnished), these triangles have a hole in the centre and two or three tooth-like projections on each outside edge. The projections serve as fingers, and are differently spaced on each side of each triangle in such a way as to allow the student to strike different intervals and combinations thereof without the sense of touch or that of sight coming to the aid of the sense of hearing. By passing the thumb through the hole in the middle of the triangles, and using these singly, reversed, superimposed, or one in each hand, the practiser can press gently on the white keys with first one edge and then another in turn, producing all manner of intervals, chords, and their inversions. The answers to the self-imposed tests can then be confirmed or corrected by studying the edge or edges in con-

tact with the keyboard, useful annotations and directions being printed on the triangles. For beginners there is available a satinwood 'tortoise' which will strike intervals in the same way.

A NEW POCKET CALCULATOR.

When large numbers of calculations have to be made, an instrument known as a slide rule is often used. In its simplest form it consists of a rule about one foot long, in the middle of which is a slide. Where the edges of the slide are in contact with those of the rule anti-logarithmic scales are marked, these scales exactly matching when the slide is closed. By setting the slide from one figure to another all kinds of arithmetical calculations can be made rapidly, the answers being read off the scales. Sometimes the scales are marked on the peripheries of discs, which slide round against fixed ring scales, the instrument resembling a watch with a face at each side. With such short scales it is easy to understand that the markings must be very close together; hence the results are never absolutely accurate, because of errors in setting and reading, if not in the marking. It is clear, therefore, that the longer the scales the greater the accuracy. A big instrument with the scales marked in a spiral on a cylinder has been available for many years, but it cannot be conveniently carried about, as is the case with the rule and watch types. A smaller cylindrical calculator has recently made its appearance which has a scale 66 inches in length. Each division is therefore $5\frac{1}{2}$ times the length of one on the ordinary slide rule; yet the appliance will go into a pocket. When closed it is $1\frac{1}{8}$ -inch in diameter, and 6 inches in length. It consists of a small tube marked with a spiral scale, which slides and turns within an outer tube having a similar scale marked upon it. A third tube, marked with an arrow at each end, slides upon the outer one, and serves to connect the two scales. The tubes are of brass, the whole appliance is handsomely finished, the results obtained are correct to four significant figures, while the price is low.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (a) a reply post-card, or (b) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

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Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

DREAM VALUES.

By DOUGLAS NEWTON, Author of *The Mountainous Mr Neuburg*, &c.

PART I.

I.

'THIS one still unconscious,' said a voice.
'I'll go through his pockets,' said another and very weary voice. 'Must get the list on the wire.'

Martin Romanes felt hands upon his body, turning him. Hands searched in the breast pockets of his coat.

'Trustring,' said the weary voice.

There was a pause, in which papers rustled. Then the first voice said, 'Edgar P. Trustring?'

'That's it,' said the tired voice. 'E. P. Trustring. Here's another envelope, though—' 'Edgar P. Trustring.' Tick him off. What was his cabin?'

'Half a minute.' More rustling papers. 'Here we are. Stateroom 54, E deck. He was in there with another fellow, Martin Romanes.'

'What about Romanes?'

'Haven't found him yet. This chap may be able to place him though, among the dead. This feller'll come to presently; he ain't so badly hurt.' The voice went on slowly, as though the speaker was writing. 'Edgar P. Trustring. That closes the list of survivors, Jim, doesn't it?'

'Yes, that's the lot.'

Martin Romanes opened his eyes and saw two men about to walk away. He knew them to be stewards of the *Tapajos*, and he guessed their business. He ought to correct the mistake they had made. He could not. He felt too weak and tired.

But his wits were clear, if his will was weary. He knew, for instance, that he was lying in a freight-shed full of strange, tropic, spicy smells. He knew that outside the warm, still gloom of the shed the tropic sun burned like a steady fire. And he knew why all this was.

He was a survivor from the wreck of the *Tapajos*, which had been rammed by a Mexican oil-tanker in the midst of a Caribbean hurricane.

He could remember it all. The hurricane had punched down on them about eleven o'clock of the day after they had left New Orleans. The tanker had got them somewhere in the small hours, just as the blow was tailing off. He had got off in a boat, and had been picked

up by a 'sponger,' with, he thought, most of the others.

But he wasn't Trustring; he was Martin Romanes. He remembered the last he had seen of Trustring with a touch of cynical superiority. Trustring had panicked when he heard the crash. He had bounded to his feet, for both of them had been flung from their bunks, and, in pyjamas, had snatched a life-belt and bolted like a scared hen through the door and away.

Martin had dressed. He rather gloried in his stoic calm. With the deck kicking and hiccuping under him, he had fished his clothes from the tangle into which the collision had flung everything. It had been easy, for the light had not failed until he was putting on his waistcoat.

And easy, too, because, actually, he did not care what became of him. Without doubt, that was the thing behind his calmness—he didn't care. Even, he remembered muttering, 'After all, perhaps this is the way out.' He didn't mind if he were killed. If it happened it happened, and there would be an end to all their troubles—his and Silvia's. When the light went out he had picked up his coat, reached for a life-belt, and with easy steps had walked along the reeling alley-way to the deck.

II.

As he thought of this in the freight-shed, he half-raised himself, looked at his arm. He saw why the stewards had taken him for Trustring. He had put on Trustring's coat in the dark.—They had found Trustring's papers in his breast pocket.

He thrust his hand quickly to the false belt that made part of his trousers.—No, he hadn't made a mistake there. They were his trousers, and the five thousand pounds in notes bulked under his fingers.

On deck there was a wildness of wind and sea—or rather of sea only, for the wind had vanished as suddenly as it came. Somebody had thrust him into a boat, and there had been an interminable hell of tossing about, of shipping water, of baling. Then the sponge schooner had driven out of the spray, and they had been hauled on board. He'd been knocked insensible

then. He had been swung against the ship's side. . . . And here he was in the freight-shed, apparently quite safe, and the stewards were taking him for Trustram.

He must really correct that. They would telegraph that Trustram had been saved, and raise false hopes. . . . But, no, that wouldn't matter. He had only spent a few hours with Trustram, but the fellow was the sort who told everything about himself on the shortest possible acquaintance. Trustram, he remembered, was alone in the world, an orphan and a bachelor, and without friends.

He, Martin Romanes, was nearly as lonely, but he had Silvia. And of Silvia all he could say was, 'This will solve things—this will be a way out.' If he were dead—reported as dead—she could begin again, marry again, make something of the life they had both spoilt so utterly.

He knew quite definitely that he had failed Silvia; that they had both failed. They had, he supposed, married too young, before they had steadied and settled, before they had realised the difference between their ideals and their interests.

He had met Silvia in his last year at the university. She was a bewildering bundle of daintiness and temperament. She had appeared to him vivid and eager with life; she seemed to want to snatch at life, to do things with it—big things. And because he was like that too, young, ardent, anxious to put his shoulder to civilisation and push progress a little faster, they seemed to come together, and to go up in marriage like an inevitable flame.

And then the rift came—how it began he didn't quite know. Was it, after all, that her idealism was a phase, merely a sort of modern pose, or had he, as she said, choked all her high aspirations out of her? Was it that they had failed in their ideals, or merely come to grief over methods?

The latter, he thought. She was all for hurrying things on, all for making the world anew at once; she wanted to begin right away, even in the middle of the honeymoon. He had had to check her. He had told her that reforms could not be handled like that. To do any lasting good, one's plans must be sure and sound.

So, because he had insisted, they had shelved a fine but sketchy scheme of Co-operation on her estates and in his factories, and had gone out into the world to get sound experience. Out of that friction there had grown his certainty that her interest in these big things had been merely superficial, that it could not stand wear and tear.

Gradually she seemed to become more absorbed by the smart, vivid, gay life in which they naturally moved, and when he came to lay his well-developed ideas before her she had either a dance or a party that took her away, or she was indifferent, or she was quite frankly bored.

From somewhere about this point dated their

drifting apart, their estrangement, he taking refuge in his sober circle, she in her rather fast set. Then came the quarrels, his protests against her dubious companions and their forcing-house pleasures, against her continual absence from his side. At last, inevitably, the grand explosion, with his striking out into the world to travel aimlessly. He wanted to escape the sense of complete crash, of utter failure, to drug himself by movement and constant change. He had never succeeded.

Silvia was all right without him. She had her own income, and his settlements. That was all she cared about—the means to enjoy herself. His presence was not merely unnecessary, it was irksome. She ought to be mated to her kind, to be married to a gay butterfly man. He prevented that.

He sat up in the freight-shed, nursing his knees with his arms. He *had* prevented that—he wouldn't any longer. He would be dead; she could marry again.

He felt certain that the real Trustram was dead, and that he could take on the fellow's name and status. And since he had taken on Trustram's name, somebody must be dead to make the thing fit. That somebody would be Martin Romanes. Martin Romanes would be reported dead, drowned in the wreck of the *Tapajos*. Silvia would hear; Silvia would be free to marry one of her kind.

III.

Almost impatiently he stood up. He wanted somebody to come and find him well enough to identify the dead.

As for himself—well, he could manage. Perhaps, even, it was his chance of doing things. He could take Trustram's place. Trustram was going out to South America 'on spec.' He had ideas about the development of cacao and the utilisation of the *urucu* plant in the dye industry. Well, he, Martin Romanes, could follow up the idea. He had a capital of £5000. He could do something with that. He could begin again, build up, do something big, maybe—maybe find his life's work.

Half-an-hour later he stood before a battered figure in the rags of pyjamas.

'Yes,' he said evenly. 'That's poor Romanes. He rushed up on deck at the first sounds of the crash. Yes, there's no doubt that is Romanes.'

The wires recorded what he had said, and next day in her home Silvia learned that her husband had perished in the wreck of the *Tapajos*.

IV.

Martin felt release. All that had seemed fettered until now was freed, and he felt strong with an irresistible power and assurance. He could do things, he *would* do them. He was going to put into the future all his ideals, all the pent-up energy of years.

He had a very settled plan for creating the perfect estate. He had it all cut-and-dried. He would bring into being a plantation that would stand for all time as a model of what plantations must be. He'd show how human brains, with the human heart inspiring them, could do wonders.

But, of course, he would have to study conditions.

He studied them during six months all along the coast, from Cartagena to Para. He drifted in indolent fashion, feeling that there was a good deal of wisdom in the Latin 'To-morrow,' absorbing, as he said, facts and practical politics in scores of American and English clubs, on planters' stations, and even in cafés.

It was unwise to hurry a matter like this. Only—well, only Silvias rushed in where solid men trod carefully.

He picked up bales of facts, mainly unsympathetic towards his ideals ('You can't work out ideas like that with Latins, half-breeds, and Barbadian niggers,' was the attitude), but he was the sort to keep the hot flame of his enthusiasm undimmed, and, though he gained wisdom, he was not turned aside. And it wasn't a bad life either; gentle, indolent, full of attractive acquaintances and good-fellowship. To a reflective and observant nature such as his it was an idyllic existence. He might have gone on with it, drifted serenely, gathering valuable wisdom all down the coast to Rio, had he not overheard something in the club at Para.

Hidden in an alcove, he heard a group of men talk of him. It was pleasant, at first, to listen, because they all obviously liked him as a good sort. Then one of them, one of the shrewdest planters of the area, said abruptly, 'But there's nothing to him, of course. Just a drifter.'

'Oh, but think of his mighty plans for the regeneration of planting,' said another, and he said it with a grin. There was also a general laugh.

A cynical man said, 'Oh, well, we *all* feel we must have some excuse for existence. And that's his. He can have all the thrills of a world-worker without any of the labours. It makes him feel that all the hours he spends cosy in an arm-chair are really tremendously significant.'

'Queer thing, isn't it,' said another, 'how these spineless, driveless fellows manage to hypnotise themselves into the feeling that they are wonder-workers? To hear him talk makes you feel that Cecil Rhodes and Goethals are just trying amateurs beside him.'

Martin Romanes, or, as they knew him, Edgar Trustram, slipped away. He was almost angry—not really angry—for, after all, they were fellows of common clay; they didn't understand. They were fit members of a stupid world that demanded immediate results—always

immediate results—furious activities. They reminded him of Silvia. She'd had just that attitude, she must do things—'Now.' She couldn't wait for plans and wisdom to mature . . . and see how she had drifted away from their ideals!

No, he was not really angry, but he was hurt. Hurt enough to feel that he would like to 'show them' what he stood for. His first impulse had been to catch the next steamer down the coast away from this coarse-grained place; but as he sat in his room, and each rankling word and grin came back to him, he felt stirred, he lost his reflective calm. Yes, he ought to show them, he really should demonstrate to them.

An examination of his purse decided him that he would. It was surprising how his money had dwindled, although he could swear he had spent practically nothing. He had only £2800 left. Of course, he was a rich man in his own right, but, as he had killed himself so that he might be free as Trustram, he couldn't touch his money—well, not yet.

He sat and thought things out. He'd heard of a fine piece of land, above the flood-mark up-river. He could buy it at a ridiculous price and work it cheaply—it would be well within his means. He could, in fact, clear expenses in the first year's yield—that was the beauty of this rich country. The 500 hectares at Pijos would be just the thing for his experiment; it was part planted, there was water-transport—every advantage. He had his scheme well enough defined to start now, and with a fine gesture.

v.

A week later he said, smiling on the same group at the club, 'I'm going to begin work up-river within the week. At Pijos.'

They were a little taken aback, as men faced with their intellectual superiors are taken aback when they hear their decisions, but quickly they were talking.

'What, taken the old Tembe station? That's splendid. That's fine land; you ought to do well.'

'I think I'll do well,' smiled Martin.

'Not much trouble to work either. You've taken the whole 500 hectares?'

'No,' said Martin, with his wise smile. 'I've only taken 100 hectares. You see, I mean to go slowly, solidly, carefully.'

They looked at him blankly. One said tersely, 'But that's only fooling with things. You can't make it pay its way with only 100 hectares.'

Martin smiled again. It really was delicious. He could not forbear reading them a lesson.

'That's because you want big returns—in cash. You are looking at it your way, you see. I'm looking at it in mine—and, if you'll allow—a rather more far-reaching way. This is merely to be the nucleus. I'm going to start in

what means a small way to you, but it will be a sound way. I'll get my scheme grounded solidly. Then gradually I'll expand. The thing will grow outwards, you see, until, well—'

He stopped, stared above their heads dreamily, the soft, splendid glance of a visionary. He saw all Brazil, all South America . . . all the world gradually being swallowed by the gigantic expansion of his scheme.

Afterwards the big planter took him aside. 'It's none of my business,' he said, 'and I suppose you can afford to mess things up—but, well, that's what you are heading for, a bad mess up. You can't possibly make this a going proposition.'

'Perhaps your and my ideas of a going proposition differ,' smiled Martin.

(Continued on page 727.)

WHITE FISHING ON THE CAITHNESS COAST.

By N. M. GUNN.

I.

A COLD wintry morning with a heaving lift in the sea; a sky banked by massive clouds that lower threateningly; a small wind from off the sea with a cutting edge to it; now and again a spot of rain stinging the face. Standing near the point of the old cement pier, one feels there is little romance in this business of going down to the sea in ships—little romance, but plenty of cold, uninviting danger and even more of bitter, hard work. Against the break-water that forms the opposing wing of this narrow inlet on a wild, precipitous Caithness coast, the long roll of the sea smashes itself to froth, but without warmth—even of passion. The most characteristic quality—a relentless, encompassing, sucking cruelty—is exhibited with such deadly indifference that one feels, in a shuddering moment, that if an army of men were drowned there before one's eyes, the insatiable green water would not pause even to lick its chops.

So it breeds the hardy race of men who, as the school-books teach, have had no small hand in making 'our island story.' Running in on the wind—they are favoured to-day—the brown sails come from the 'haddie ground.' Small boats these, undecked mostly, that pitch and toss like corks on a turbulent river. We wait for the first one to make the narrow opening. Straight on the pier-head she comes, with a certain gallant indifference that mocks the sea and raises a spark of warm admiration in the cold watcher. Now she is at hand, heaved to the crest of every wave, sent sprawling to its trough, but coming, always coming, nose to the pier. At the right moment her head is eased off, she gets the last kick from the wind, and as the block tackle rattles and the traveller slips down the mast, she glides safely alongside the quay.

There is a gathering of folk. Questions are asked and casually answered. 'Ay, there wis a bit lift in id the day. . . . Weel, aboot three baskets o' haddies an' a basket o' blockies [codling]. . . . They're gettan scarce.' No more. There is none of the enthusiasm or the despond-

ency of the amateur fisherman here; merely a grave, unemotional attitude born surely out of the element with which these men have been in such close contact since first they 'traiked off' as callow school-boys to the cold 'ebb' for a 'baiting' of mussels.

The catch is thrown, each according to its kind, from the open hold into a cran-basket (four such baskets filled with herring make the measure of a cran) and heaved on to the quay. Two of the crew carry it to the little curing station, where the local fishcurer is prepared to receive the contents and deal with them in the most profitable way. Haddock, whiting, cod, codling, coalfish, flounders, and a few odds and ends, from crabs to starfish, make up the catch.

Primarily the fishcurer wants the haddock. But if a boat sells him its total haddock catch he must be prepared to take the codling too. In creeks such as this one, where a direct daily service with the southern markets is not possible, no matter how early the fish be landed, and where, in addition, freightage charges constitute an almost prohibitive burden, the industry in despatching fresh fish is small; for haddock arriving on the market two days old, after having been shaken to a soft, sticky appearance over a long journey, do not command the same sale or price as fish brought to market a few hours after being landed. Codling, however, are despatched in boxes without ice (there is none available), and the curer states he is satisfied if he can realise a price sufficient to cover all his charges—though it may confidently be added there is not infrequently a small margin of profit as well.

II.

However, the fish is the haddock. And already I notice four or five women entering the curing-shed. They have oilskin aprons on, and are obviously ready for their work. The little boats come in one by one—five in all—and the total haddock catch is soon piled up on the benches. The women are now busy gutting, splitting open, and scrubbing the fish in the sweetest (and coldest!) of spring water,

preparatory to the interesting process of turning a fresh haddock into an appetising 'finnan.' In many places on the Scottish coast 'smoking haddies' is an important industry, but it can readily be understood that nowhere is its importance so vital as where freightage charges and distance from the markets severely handicap the marketing of fresh fish. In passing, a word may well be said about this industry, though a special article would be necessary to give an adequate outline of its history and of its processes.

The name finnan is popularly believed to be derived from the little village of Findon, on the coast a few miles south of Aberdeen, though authorities seem to agree that finnans were first cured 'near the Findhorn.' Altogether the controversy is somewhat obscure, especially to those old curers and fishermen who have followed the industry on the Moray Firth. However that may be, the making of the true finnan in the fishing-villages south of Aberdeen was at one time a simple and homely industry, as so many of our old Scottish industries were. The young lass sat by the peat fire knitting. Whilst watching that the fire did not go out she had to be equally careful that it did not blaze up in 'lowes.' In the latter case she damped the flame's ardour with a handful of sawdust. The 'lum reek' did not go straight up the chimney in the ordinary way; instead, the 'lum' or 'chimbley' itself went slantwise across the gable wall, and in its course passed through a specially built cupboard, where the haddies hung by their ears to spars with bent, nail-like hooks. These homely scenes, with whatsoever of human romance entered into them, vanished, as the handlooms vanished before the mills. Now along our coast special curing-sheds deal with quantities of fish not by the cupboardful but by the ton.

Moreover, nowadays the astute nose of a Glasgow or Edinburgh fish-dealer may not be easily deceived. He opens a box of finnans and takes their bouquet. 'Peat!' he will sniff disdainfully, if no wood shaving and oak sawdust have gone to the smoking process; for it is the oak that gives the true and delicate flavour to a smoked haddie. And there are degrees of flavouring. To those who know only the full body of the 'dark-browns' one word of advice: Try the 'light-pales'! Roughly, the light-pale stage is reached thus. After the fish have been finally cleaned and split they are dropped into a tank of brine for about an hour and a half. Thence they are picked out, graded, and pinned by the ears to those thin spars bristling with their rows of nail-like hooks—'tenterhooks.' When they have been in the smoke long enough to get their tails dry they are about ready.

The rest of the catch, from whiting to the possible crab, is shared out amongst the crew

for home consumption and for the selling of 'six-pence-worths' to neighbours. But the crab! What a centre of interest to the young of the family, from its powerful claws, its propensity for crawling below kitchen dressers, to the final feast, and the use of the big toes by the very young men as pipes for illicit smoking of 'foug'—that sort of shag produced from rolling and teasing out a piece of mossy peat!

III.

Meantime, the fisherman's day is not done. He has been at sea since the wee sma' hours, for he is one of those who perforce recognise a very literal tide in the affairs of men. All through the bitter cold of the early morning he has been heaved about in the frail shell of his 'small-boat.' Now he has to set about preparing for the following morning, for while the weather lasts every hour is precious. And the preparation of the 'small-line' is the nightmare of all fishermen's lives, ay, and of the lives of their wives and families as well. Each fisherman—and there are almost invariably four or five fishermen to every small-boat—has his small-line, and each small-line for every outing has to be cleaned, baited, shot, and hauled. When it is remembered that a small-line carries about 600 hooks hanging at regular intervals, about a fathom apart, to a correspondingly tremendous length of supporting back-line, the amount of toil involved may be dimly grasped.

So he sets off home with the 'skoo' (a basket specially designed for holding the baited line) hitched across his back, and the prospect of a cold, busy afternoon looming up in front.

After 'denner' the work begins. The fisherman himself, on a wooden chair out by the back-door if the weather permits, otherwise in the stone-floored kitchen, settles down to the task of 'redding the line.' This consists in running it carefully from end to end through the fingers into an empty cran-basket, cleaning each hook as it comes along, and with a dexterous loop and twist burying its barb in the 'tipping,' which is made of home-twisted strands of horse-hair, and which takes the place of the trout fisherman's gut. In the business of taking a 600-hook line from the sea, laden with fish, crustaceans, molluscs, and other strange things of the deep, the marvel to the casual observer may well be that the whole line is not in a hopelessly inextricable tangle. Sometimes, indeed, there is confusion of knots and twists—'raivels'—and hooks have to be followed through a perfect maze of intersecting coils, but with a good stiff pipe of 'bogie roll' going full blast after a warm, satisfying meal, the patience of the fisherman, at all times great, now seems to be inexhaustible. Hook after hook is fished out, and bit by bit the line passes, smoothly coiled, into the cran-basket. When it is considered that at the rate of even four hooks a minute the whole task would take about two

and a half hours, its arduous and painstaking nature may be understood. Moreover, as happens frequently enough, many of the hooks have been torn from their tipplings. In such a case the tipping is threaded through the basket, to hang outside until such time as the line has been 'redded' and the 'baiting' is in view. Then a new hook is 'bisked' on with strong thread to the old tipping, or, if the latter has been badly torn, a complete new tipping with hook is affixed.

IV.

The line redded, the next question is the getting of bait. Mussel bait is best, though limpets are used when mussels are not available. The limpet, however, is a poor substitute, even when boiled, and it is usually boiled both to soften the bait and to make the 'shelling' easier. (After boiling, it can be easily gouged out with a thumb, but if raw it has to be scooped out with an empty limpet shell, and this is a difficult art, requiring much practice before facility is gained.) If the fisherman has a family of helpers, he will find himself in the lucky position of being able to send one of them to the 'ebb' with a bag to bring home sufficient mussels for a 'baiting.' Unfortunately these mussels are not naturally available on this rocky coast, and have to be 'imported,' generally from Tain, Leith, or England. Those from the Dornoch Firth, near Tain, are dredged from the bottom, are not riddled, and consequently hold on to enough of their native grit and byssus to permit them quickly to anchor themselves when laid out in beds on a suitable tidal shore (the 'ebb'). Those from elsewhere are generally riddled smooth and clean, and are stored in bags within the tidal harbour-basin itself.

When sufficient mussels have been dug and plucked from their bed, or simply taken from the sack, the youth hurries home with them. Now begins the shelling process, one in which an astounding degree of proficiency can be, and is, attained. With a sharp knife (the 'corkag,' made for the purpose) the bivalve is cunningly split open, broken over in two, and the bait scooped out plump, whole, and juicy into a bowl. So quickly does the knife work in experienced fingers, that it all seems easy as shelling peas—until tried! And efficiency is never sacrificed to speed, for the bait must reach the bowl perfectly whole and never torn or ragged, otherwise when the head of the house is baiting there will be gentle remarks to make young ears tingle. For it is a point of honour with each fisherman that his line be perfectly baited—slovenly work is a thing not to be borne.

And soon the redded line begins to coil back again into the skoo. As each hook comes along, it is unwound from its tipping and cunningly hidden in a soft, luring mussel-bait. Side by

side in rows the baited hooks are placed, the back-line being curled in behind. All must be done with very great care and precision, so that in the darkness of the following morning, when the small-boat is again tossing to the cold sea, the line may run out, bait after bait, without a single hitch. And when the last hook is baited, and the fisherman, straightening his back, looks at the clock, he finds the following morning is indeed but a very few hours away.

V.

It is a strenuous life, though interrupted all too frequently by stormy weather—and long spells of stormy weather mean poverty. A brave race of men, with quiet, undemonstrative ways, inured to the hardships of life, and tempered to a fine self-reliance by the ever-lurking danger in the restless sea. All their lives long they have known only the sailing-boat, and now, in face of the concentration of the fishing industry in a few big ports, such as Wick, Fraserburgh, Aberdeen, and of the general introduction of steam and motor power, they are a vanishing race. Even to-day it is one of the saddest things on earth to wander down to their little harbours, and to feel the silence hanging about everything like a shroud; the cooperages with gaping windows and roofless walls, the jetties crumbling, the lonely, cavernous crying of the gulls, the few small-boats even emphasising the loneliness, where once, in the season's height, 150 two-masted herring-boats thronged, 'mid a life pulsing with the thousand and one energies of a great industry. To many a mind not yet past middle age, how memory will recall the hum of life that was there: the chant to the creaking halyards as mast or sail went aloft, the gay, stirring sight of the fleet, one by one, negotiating the narrow entrance, the children's voices, the clank of the coopers' hammers, the herring-gutters with their gay chatter and incredibly dexterous fingers, the guttural Gaelic voices of the hired men from the Lews ('Lewsachs'), the endless coming and going, the glamour and glow of abounding life. It is hard to have to write it, but all has gone gray, and the sadness is inexpressible. Only the sea pays no attention, but day by day, with cold indifference, eats a little more of the cement, loosens a stone here, a stone there, slowly undermines a jetty till it sags with the decrepitude of decay.

POT POURRI.

ROSES gathered long ago

While the summer days were bright,
Breathing sweetness, though the snow
Falls in silent flakes to-night.

Thus do happy memories last,
And the heart with pleasure fill,
When life's sunny hours are past;
Like these roses, fragrant still.

E. MATHESON.

TRAVELLING IN 'PERSIA.

By Lieut.-Colonel Sir WOLSELEY HAIG.

I.

GOOD health, the placid temperament which ignores discomfort and the lesser hardships, patience, tolerance, and the love of seeking 'strange strands' are the proper equipment for the enjoyment of travel in Persia.

Here are no railways; here is no stepping into a cushioned carriage to be whirled in the course of a few hours, divided between repose and the absorption of food, drink, and the lightest of current literature, to a distance of hundreds of miles. Motor-cars run on two or three chosen tracks as yet ill-fitted for them; a decrepit carriage may be hired at great expense, and in this the traveller may be slowly jolted over a rough and stony desert by four horses harnessed abreast, but at the cost of a bruised body and lacerated feelings, for the lameness, sores, and the galls of the poor jades which draw him will wring the withers of his soul. Only imperious haste should persuade him to travel by post-carriage; but haste is of the devil, as says the Arab, and the philosopher will travel by caravan.

Not a glorified gipsy van with every necessary and most luxuries cunningly stored into the smallest possible space, but a string of pack-mules. The traveller himself will mount a horse, providing his own saddle, for the Persian saddle is a seat at once painful and insecure. The sturdiest mule will carry his cooking pots, his samovar or Russian urn, his small stock of provisions and creature comforts, and his servant perched on the load.

Thus furnished, let the traveller set out, neither in the summer nor in the winter, for—though Persia is not, as some believe, a tropical country—the heat of summer, endurable within doors, makes journeys a purgatory, and the winter is bitterly cold. The climate in spring and autumn is hardly to be surpassed in any part of the world. It is dry and bright, warm, but not oppressively hot, and the exhilarating air is so clear as almost to annihilate distance.

Both scenery and atmosphere differ widely from anything to be met with in the British Isles. The cool gray skies, soft moist air, brown heather, and refreshing verdure are exchanged for a brilliantly blue cloudless vault, intensely dry atmosphere, and a grayish-yellow plain, with naked hills ever changing in hue as the sun moves on his course. Persia is, in fact, one vast desert, dotted with oases large and small, the former its towns, the latter its villages. Here, and in the glens, watered by streams in the higher hill ranges, are verdure, trees, and tillage; elsewhere the country is barren for

want of water, and the desert herbage, wild rue, and camel-thorn lend no colour to the scene.

II.

A dreary prospect for the traveller, some will say, but much depends on the traveller. Let us go with him. As he is not in a hurry, there is no need to rise before dawn, and six o'clock will be early enough to turn out. A bath, or at least a wash, is the first thing we think of, but there is no time for a bath, and on this occasion it is better not to wash even the face. The natural secretions of the skin protect it from the ravages of the sun and wind, and should not be disturbed immediately before a day's march. The precaution is unpleasant, but there are said to be fair women who have not washed their faces for years. The traveller should not, however, imitate them in their use of unguents, for if he greases his face the sun will fry it. The wash is but postponed to the evening, when there will be dust to remove.

By the time that the traveller is dressed his breakfast of tea, Persian bread, and eggs, sardines, potted meat, or some such 'kitchen,' should be ready. The bread, which comes from the baker's oven in large flaps, is excellent, but the butter of the country is not recommended, for the strong, rank flavour which appeals to the Persian palate is apt to turn a western stomach.

After breakfast there will be time for a pipe or a cigarette while the mules are being loaded, and it is advisable to await the end of this operation, and to let the caravan set out before mounting, giving it a start of a mile or so, because it is seldom safe to be far distant from one's luggage in a land where gentlemen of the road work in companies, and it is unspeakably wearisome to ride constantly at a foot's pace beside the laden mules.

The day's march, as we are in no hurry, need not exceed twenty miles, and at some point on the road it will be pleasant to indulge in a light lunch of bread and cheese, or hard-boiled eggs. The muleteer may know of a likely spot, or one may be descried from afar. Towards it the traveller, followed by his servant on the sumpter mule, will make his way at a trot, leaving the caravan behind, and will dismount under the shadow of a great rock, or a tree, or, it may be, in a post-house or a caravan-serai. Here he may take his ease, allowing the laden mules to pass, and, when he is rested and refreshed, he will overtake them, leaving them behind him once more as he approaches his destination, where he must seek a lodging.

This may be one of the fine caravanserais built more than three centuries ago by Shah Abbas the Great, and now falling into decay, but yet providing the stranger with a roof and some degree of privacy, which is all that he will require in such a climate; or there may be a post-house, where he will find an equal degree of comfort. Failing caravanserai or post-house, he must rely largely on the address of his servant for a night's lodging. A well-to-do family may be persuaded to vacate a room or two for him, or, if he is specially fortunate, he may occupy the garden-house of some rich absentee. This is the most luxurious lodging of all; the custom of the country allows him to use it, not only without permission, but without even acquaintance with his absent and unconscious host; and the only return which he need make is a small gift to the gardener, who will usually earn this reward by ready assistance in obtaining such provisions and fodder as the village affords.

A lodging having been obtained, the servant will soon have some tea ready, and after the tea a wash, a saunter through the village, and some conversation with its inhabitants will fill the time until a simple dinner is ready; then a pipe, and a book, or the diary, until drowsiness warns the traveller that it is bed-time.

III.

This, slightly varied, will be the daily routine. Occasionally the path may lie through defiles, gorges, and narrow glens, where the roughness and difficulty of the road will be counterbalanced by verdure fringing and trees overhanging a mountain stream—a welcome relief from the drab monotony of the desert. When he is less fortunate the traveller may find himself faced with one of those apparently interminable stages which lie across a great dip in the desert, so that he may keep his eyes fixed, almost throughout the long day's march, on his goal, perched on a hill-side or some rising ground.

Sometimes a long march, say of thirty or forty miles, must be made, owing to the scarcity of suitable halting-places or the necessity for avoiding the haunts of brigands. At such times the traveller must be stirring betimes, and, if he is in the saddle before the night is past, he will see the wonderful dawn of the desert.

The darkness is first broken by the false dawn, when 'the wolf's tail,' a gray light, sweeps across the sky. This fades, and the world relapses into darkness until, within an hour, the true dawn appears. The pale light of the sky is first reflected on the everlasting hills, which lend infinite variety to the prospect on the otherwise monotonous highlands. Their dark mass emerges purple from the gloom, and as the earth's blue shadow gradually sinks on the western horizon, and the purple of the hills

brightens into rose madder, and that again into brilliant pink, the gray billows of the desert are tinged with gold. As the sun climbs higher the whole scene is clothed in that blinding grayish-yellow which it will wear until the shadows lengthen again—yet not the whole scene, for the hills retain shifting shadows of blue and purple, and the bright light reveals black rocks, red rocks, and green rocks, and here and there in a clench a clump of trees veiling unseen dwellings of men.

The march will be tedious and wearisome to-day; the traveller, approaching the haven where he would be, will welcome with sympathy the muleteer's suggestion of rest for his beasts on the morrow; and it will not be long after enjoying the glories of the sunset, rivalling those of the dawn, that he will creep to bed.

IV.

Does such a life seem drearily monotonous? That depends on the traveller. He who cannot bear to be alone has two courses open to him. He may secure as a companion for the journey a friend from his own nation; but let him be careful to select a friend indeed, for a *solitude à deux* in the Persian desert is a severe strain on friendship. There was a case of two friends travelling together in Persia who, long before they reached their journey's end, were writing notes to one another at dinner for the salt and the pepper.

The wiser course is to master the language of the country. He who does this need never be lonely. Intercourse with the villagers will give him glimpses of life from an angle to which he has not been accustomed. He will hear of the wonderful power of the evil eye; of the infirmities of the local governor's temper; of the treasure buried under a neighbouring mountain by the hero Rustam, and protected by him with a diamond wheel, which whirls round at such a rate that any laying predatory hands on the deposit would instantly be cut in two; of the sufferings of the robber who was built alive into that stone pillar standing near the entrance to the village; of the *sagtur*, a mysterious hybrid beast of incredible strength, ferocity, and cunning, and of many other marvels. With the sick and the infirm he must be very patient, for the charity of our physicians and the good fortune of a passing layman, who may have chanced to relieve suffering by an opportune pill or dose of quinine, have convinced the Persian rustic that all Europeans are skilled in medicine, and the traveller may be asked for drops warranted to cure blindness of many years' standing, or a liniment to restore a withered arm.

Above all, he must be tolerant of curiosity, remembering that in many respects he is a wonder to those among whom he moves. His umbrageous hat, his indecently short coat, his

strangely cut breeches, the general skimpiness of his attire, his energetic movements, are all wonders. He must bear with those who steal softly to watch him at his meals, for who can forbear watching one who cannot, by reason of the poison which, as every Persian knows, distils from his nails, plunge his hand into his victuals like an ordinary human being, but must arm himself with fearsome weapons, and attack his meat with both edge and point?

On the road he may meet others, and there are few travelling Persians whose conversation is not worth listening to, at least for a time.

Even the servant can tell his master much that he did not know before, and, if the worst comes to the worst, he can cap verses with the muleteer; for this boor, who cannot write his name, and does not even know the letters of the alphabet, may have a memory stocked with masterpieces of the classical poets, and will correct a doubtful reading with assurance.

A journey in Persia affords both entertainment and instruction, but it resembles the study of Scripture, in that he who would gain something from it must take something to it.

‘MARY TRUE.’

By J. E. S. P. BRADFORD.

‘To be a light to lighten our darkness.’

I.

SHE was ketch-rigged, black of hull, slate-gray of sail, and her deck always a litter of trawl-nets and rope-coils, lobster-pots, or the odds and ends of fishing gear.

At first sight you would hesitate before naming her a lady, a weather-worn lady at that, but the white-painted letters of her name, on bow and stern, brought reassurance—*Mary True*. With such a name, could she be anything but a lady?—and a lady she was, from keel to slanting deck, from bowsprit to her rudder of teak wood. But her home and her ways, her means of life and existence, were anything but lady-like. At all times and in all weather she would thread her way, a light-footed gray ghost or a heaving, plunging mammoth, along the winding, sinuous creeks, out through the leagues of sand-bars and mud-flats, following inexplicable channels, till she reached the fairway, where the gray waters of the North Sea broke into white, scudding foam. ‘At all times’—but I am wrong there; her goings and comings followed the will of tide and time and her master for one-half the year; but from October till the far end of February, be the tide what it willed, or the fish however plentiful, she remained at home from dusk to dawn. A strange edict, an edict founded on fear; not her fear, for the *Mary True* was afraid of nothing, but the fear of Joseph Benn, her master. And his fear, be it said, was an impersonal one.

And her home? From Blettering Creek to Wharton Creek, which is three miles from mouth to mouth as the crow flies, there is neither foreshore nor beach, neither sand-dunes nor rocks, to break the sea from the land—only the marshes, two miles broad, that lean seaward till they melt into the gray, fœtid mud or the glittering yellow of mud-bank and sand-bar.

Only the marshes, but if you have not seen them you have missed one of the wonders of

the world. At low tide they stretch green to the eye, here lined criss-cross with queer black streaks, there pock-marked with gray-black speckles; and the streaks are but shelving creeks, black of sides, at times five, at times twenty feet in width and depth, and with evil swelters of ooze hiding their bottoms; and the speckles their younger sisters—grotesquely formed pit-holes, in squares or circles, ovals or semi-circles, some small, some linked up till they resemble miniature lakes, but all alike filled with the same fœtid ooze of gray mud and brackish sea-water, either depthless or shallow as the whim seizes them.

And over all, the green of the marshes, grows marram-grass or prickweed, stunted sea-covered gorse bushes, straggling clusters of sea-weed, and a multitude of sea-grasses and fibres, sinuously interwoven together, whose names are legion. At times they stretch over till they all but cover pit-hole or narrow creek; at times they flourish on shifting mud that sinks at the weight of human step a matter of feet.

They are barren, lonely, and evil marshes, resonant to the shrill call of the curlew, and o’er-topped by darting objects, redshank or tern, godwit or dunling, an all but safe refuge for the wandering shore or sea birds, a more than probable death-trap for the stranger who loses his way there at nightfall. For when the tide turns, the gray flats of mud that are but the sea’s bed cover quickly, the water hurries onward in each and every creek. Still flows the tide, and the winding creeks are brimful one moment, the next the taut line of water breaks, swirls, and eddies over the green top of the marshes. Sometimes it varies, and the marshes are but decked in a bare three inches of water; a gray sheen from which reeds and bushes rear their heads on high, and a pleasant harbourage for all manner of duck. More often than not the ebb commences ere the creeks be as yet quite full, but there are times when the moon and the seasons, or the blustering gales, will it that the

flow of water rises and rises, till the marshes are three feet under their cold, impenetrable covering.

Then is the time when the gray ghosts of long-dead men arise from the waste of waters, and the sea-birds mock at man in insequent derision. Woe betide the person who is caught there in such a time and tide; he must swim shorewards if he wills to live, for the swirl of waters will drag him from off his feet, and the shore is a long two miles distant. He cannot walk; he may flounder perhaps, and from sinking mud his feet will fall into swirling water, the unseen course of a creek, or, surviving that, stumble into the clinging ooze of a pit-hole.

And for that reason the *Mary True* abided at home from October until February, at dusk and at dawn.

And her home? The inky-black sides of a broad creek midway between Blettering and Wharton creeks, midway between land and sea. There she sat, either floating jauntily on the ebbing or the flowing water, or wallowing, her keel awash, in the fathomless mud and ooze of the emptied creek.

And the reason, or rather reasons? From a line square of posts, bordering on the marshes, and on the mud-flats' farthest encroach, the one safe track leads shoreward. It is unseen, and the track is in reality but an imagination. Yet if you steer for the riding-light which adorns the mast of the *Mary True*, there is a line of marsh-land free from pit-holes, uncrossed by creeks, a narrow line, an unintelligible edict of Mother Nature, but, be it said, a safe one; for, as you near the *Mary True*, a bare hundred yards on her sea-girt side, stands the first of a line of black, rotting posts, guide-marks of a long silted-up creek, that stretch four to five feet from out the marshes. These, if you follow them, lead shorewards, winding in and out amidst other new-born creeks, till at length you may scale the bank of tide-tossed silt and garbage that makes the land-girt side of the marshes.

II.

Richard Fortescue always took his stand close to the square posts, always made his way homeward by these guide-marks, and therein lies the essential reason of the *Mary True's* unseaman-like attitude. For Joseph Benn and Richard Fortescue of Blettering Hall, the owner of the marsh, were friends, and therein lies another story, whose gist is the following.

It chanced, in the bygone years, that Joseph Benn was wild-fowling at a spot farther up the coast-line. It happens there that any man may shoot the flying duck or geese, up to the limit of high tide, up to and no farther, for the rest is private property and well preserved. It chanced also that a badling of duck, flying

in from the sea, whirled down and settled in a reed-bound pool, a hundred yards inside the preserved domain.

Is it to be wondered at that, unseen and stealthily as a weasel, Joseph Benn stalked forward and added a brace of duck to his game-bag? Yet the unfortunate occurrence was that the marsh-watchman should catch him, on the wrong side of high-water mark, engaged in secreting the duck in his bag.

In the County Court, where such petty crimes pay toll, and, moreover, where Richard Fortescue held the rôle of magistrate, Joseph Benn was duly tried and acquitted.

At the worst, two sovereigns would have been his punishment, but Richard Fortescue, nodding drowsily to himself, found his interest awakened, agreed inwardly that Benn had done the only wise thing, voiced to the rest of the Bench that it might have been possible for Benn to have shot the duck while fighting overhead, to have gone on to preserved ground to pick them up, with the result as stated. But more than the verdict was the friendship that was born therefrom, for Richard Fortescue would admit of no sport in comparison with wild-fowling, and wild-fowlers are friends all the world over.

It was Richard Fortescue who presented Benn with the *Mary True*, who set him up in his trade of general fisherman, mussel-gatherer, and lobster-catcher. It was Richard Fortescue who offered the *Mary True* her anchorage and Joseph Benn free wild-fowling over his marshes, and hence, is it to be wondered at that Joseph Benn, with *Mary True's* pleased consent, uttered his edict, that was to turn her into a welcome beacon-light; or that he worshipped 'the Squire,' as he called him, with a whole-hearted delight?

And from Joseph Benn's gratitude and reverence sprang his fear. For Benn's home was the *Mary True*, and the *Mary True's* the marshes. A home of ten years' standing, but, more than that, a home brimful of knowledge to be acquired, of fears to be feared.

You may know the salt-marshes superficially, and be able to appreciate their charm and have some taste of their dangers, but you must live amongst them to feel the throbbing pulse of their ecstasy, or shrink from the unseen concrete terror that is their own, and Joseph Benn had acquired both the knowledge and the fear. A haunting, ever-present fear that one dusk the Squire might be caught by tide or sinking mud, by blinding hailstorm or sudden sea-fret, and the swirling, hungry waters lick their lips over a predestined prey.

It was Benn who, by diligent searching, found the one safe track; Benn who, hesitatingly, and in a casual, off-hand manner, voiced his discovery to the Squire; Benn who replied to the Squire's perplexed query—'Nay, sir, *Mary True* and I will be here alway at dusk

and dawn, for why should I bother overmuch if I do miss the tide and the fishing? Surely there be mussels to be gathered, and nets and pots to be mended? Have no fear, sir. Why, we'll act as the 'Green Woodpecker.'

The 'Green Woodpecker,' as all the world knows, is the concrete lighthouse that stands by Bexham Point, whose strident fog-horn, 'Yafool, Yafool,' sends the hurrying smacks and trawlers panting breathlessly towards the fair-way, away from the quickening miles of sand-bars.

And for ten years the arrangement had rung true, till Joseph Benn's fear had all but died out, and the rising light of the *Mary True* had become a permanent fixture in the Squire's calculations.

III.

For October the day was oppressively warm, with a faint off-shore breeze to rustle through the marram-grass and twirl the water into little ripples.

And with the first red tints of dawn the *Mary True* sped seawards, threading her way against a flowing tide, an all-but-silent voyager, with only the frou-frou of her sails and the thresh of parted water at her bows to break the stillness. As she veered into a broader channel amidst the rapidly decreasing mud-flats, for the tide was flowing in, a babbling chorus of voices bespoke her approach, rising crescendo to an uproar, that ceased as suddenly as two thousand downy bodies spread wings, rose, and gained height. Then, their clamorous honk-ahonka renewed, they turned shorewards, heading for the fresh clover-fields of the mainland.

'The geese, William,' Joseph Benn said to the youth who aided him in the *Mary True's* workings; 'but too high for the Squire if he be down there, and I doubt he be not, with this wind.' For, be it said, a gale is only less preferable to a hurricane if your chance is to be anything with the wild geese of the north.

And so the *Mary True* passed onward till she felt the full force of the incoming tide, the never-ceasing rise and fall of the fairway, bucketed twice to show her delight, and then fell in with an ever-growing welter of trawlers and smacks; at about which time Richard Fortescue roused himself dreamily from the comforts of sleep and warm bed-clothing, peered out through an open window, shook his head, muttered, 'No good, no wind,' and got back into bed, to be reawakened twenty minutes later by the clamorous honking. He smiled faintly. 'The old devils! They're using Bett's clover, I believe. We'll see if we can't get one of you to-night.'

IV.

The sun rose to its zenith, to dip farther and farther as the hours sped by. At four o'clock, when already the air felt chillier, Joseph Benn turned to the youth, 'Home now, William; the

tide's well on the flow again, and there be an hour's sailing afore we be back. Lordee, how the days draw in! It be dark by half-five now.' And light-heartedly the *Mary True* swung round to the rudder's touch, and jaunted gaily as the slanting breeze and the flowing tide drove her homewards.

For the *Mary True* was proud of her mission, proud of her beacon-light, and more than inordinately proud of 'the Squire,' who in bygone years had saved her from the broker's yard; also she loved her master-owner, and bowed joyously to his will. The cliffs by Bexham Point showed bright against the sinking sun; to the right, lined in faint gray mist, a score of miles away, was the coast of Lincolnshire; and in front, ploughing along the fairway and heading out to sea, were three wallowing tramp steamers. Joseph Benn gazed querulously at the far-off Lincolnshire coast, frowned once, gazed to left and to rear, and frowned again. 'Happen we must not be late to-night, William; there be a sea-fret a'coming.' A sea-fret or fog, call it what you will; to the landsman or the town-dweller it but spells an abomination that is damp and clammy, and confines one to one's house, but to the fisher-folk and others, whose living and life are on or of the sea, it holds infinitely worse in its all-embracing survey.

And it comes apace; one moment it is not, the next the sea and the land are wiped out in cold, clammy, impenetrable grayness.

By the time the *Mary True* was midway betwixt the opposite shores, ploughing an invisible course down the fairway, the world and all its marks were blotted out.

'Get thee forrard, William,' voiced Joseph Benn, 'and keep thy ears skinned, or I'll give thee a jobbin'.'

From Bexham Point came the thunderous shout of the 'Green Woodpecker'—'Yafool, Yafool, Yafool.' The minutes lengthened to a quarter of an hour, and all the while the *Mary True* slid gaily homeward. Joseph Benn tapped her deck with his foot. 'Yafool? But we knows our way, eh, old lady? Why, we could find it blindfold. I'm not worryin' about us, but what about the Squire, and the tide comin' in a'fast? That's whom we're worrying about, eh, old lady?' And, as if in answer, the *Mary True* ducked her nose into a sudden swelling wave.

'Darn it!' cried Joseph Benn. 'One of them tramps. Sound ye the rattle, William.' The whirling, clanking hand-rattle creaked out its vibrant notes. To the right a grunting bellow, as of a disgruntled cow.

'One of them,' cried Joseph Benn. Two more bellows, piercing in the silence, this time from in front. 'And another, there. Watch ye well, William.'

The *Mary True* plunged forward again, rolling slightly.

'And she be nearer'n t'other one. Sound ye the rattle, William. Darn this fog and the steam——!'

The words died out on Joseph Benn's lips as the fog ahead broke—broke into the dingy black line and curving sides of oncoming bows, broke into a sudden swirl of parted waters.

'The rattle, William!' He flung himself onto the rudder, and the *Mary True* lifted her bows and spun sideways. Spun sideways, but the oncoming tramp stayed not; over the *Mary True* she towered. Then the silence was broken by a shriek, two shrieks; one from above those grinding bows, one from the *Mary True's* deck. 'God a'mighty; look out, there!' and from Joseph Benn, 'We're done, William; done, old girl, and the Squire!'

Came a sudden sickening crash, a clatter of falling spars and sails, the threshing of screws hastily reversed, and the evil gurgle of covering waters, and then silence, a moment's silence, broken suddenly by the shrieking call, 'Yafool, Yafool.' And over all the impenetrable fog.

V.

Behind the square of black posts, and unseen in the slowly gathering dusk, stood a figure, and behind the figure, lapping noiselessly in from the sea, the ever-moving wall of gray fog. In the creeks the waters hissed and gurgled a bare six inches from the top, and the mud-banks were hidden beneath depths of swiftly-flowing tide.

To the left, the soft whistle of quickly-beating wings, and Richard Fortescue turned, raised gun, and as quickly lowered it—the all-but-invisible shapes had sped into the gray wall of mist.

'The devil, I never noticed it;' and with the words the sea-fret leant forward, stretched its clammy fingers across his face, and the world became a gray blank.

For a full minute he stood lost in thought; thoughts that not even the sudden resonant honking of the fighting geese overhead could disperse, the unseen fighting geese buried in the gray wall of fog; and the thoughts were not over-pleasant ones. 'It's the highest of high tides to-day, I know—Benn told me so yesterday; and how the deuce am I going to see the old hulk's light in this fog?' He paused, suddenly aghast. 'Damn it! The boat wasn't there when I passed. She's not come in since. I—— Good God! I'd better be moving.'

And as he moved there came the faint flopping, breaking sound, as the swollen creeks poured their water over the top.

For three minutes he slithered forward, the ever-rising water now swirling around his boots, now feeling above his ankles. Then one foot stretched forward, found no bottom, and sunk. He lunged backwards, and gasped, 'My God, a

near shave, and a creek!' He paused in growing fear. 'Lord, help me, I'm lost! There should be no creeks, if I'm going right.'

He listened intently, peering into the gray blanket about him, and no sound came to him save the hissing of water, and one faint whistle, as a dilatory curlew flitted by. Then he moved onward again, now bearing to his left, and in a minute his foot slithered forward down the side of another creek, or the same one for all he knew; and the waters rose, slowly but surely, an inch above his ankles, now swirling and sucking in evil desire. And then fear gripped him.

'To drown like a rat in a trap! My God, it's impossible! I—— Oh, if only I could find the *Mary True*.' And of a sudden, as if in answer to his prayer, there came through the deathly silence of the fog a soft sibilant sound: the frou-frou of water circling round a hull, and followed by the gentle flapping of rigging in the faintest of breezes.

Richard Fortescue breathed a sigh of relief. 'Thank God, the old boat has come back.—Hi, Benn! Benn, where are you?' No answer. 'Benn!' Again no answer, but through the gray wall of fog there glimmered a ruby pinprick that flared up momentarily to steady and glow.

He made for it, the tide keeping pace with his steps, but all fear was gone now.

Far to the left it showed, and as he walked he voiced his thanks in heartfelt gratitude. 'But for old Benn I'd have been a goner. Miles out in my reckoning—the good old soul!'

A black post loomed up before him. He touched it, swung right-handed, shouted out. 'Thanks, Benn, you've done me a good turn to-night,' and made his way forward. Halt-ingly, but with a queer increased confidence, despite the ever-rising tide that threatened at times to swirl over his knees, despite the fact that the next post ahead was all but invisible in the mist; at long last, with the water swirling over his knees, rising, ever rising, babbling in futile anger at his escape, the guardian bank of silt and sand loomed up before him. Up the rough-hewn steps, a shake, the kicking of water from over-filled boots, and Richard Fortescue shuddered suddenly as the nearness and the horror of it all hit home.

'The Lord be good to old Benn for his work to-night. I'll thank him to-morrow myself, and the old *Mary True* as well. We'll have her painted and spruced up in token of it.' He shivered again. 'Blast this fog! I'm wringing wet, and it's as cold as charity.'

He made his way along the sea road, walking quickly, his thoughts running over, and recalling his meeting with Benn, and the crowded events that had befallen them together in the last few years. Of a sudden, a light, the light from the lodge, showed faintly at his side.

He turned up the drive, and then as a thought struck him, turned back, and peered into the fog, into the blackness, the filmy gray walls of mist that shrouded the unseen cottage. Then he voiced the sudden thought that surged in his brain. 'I can't see the light in the cottage from five yards away. How—how the devil did I see the light on the *Mary True*, two hundred yards away?'

All that evening he pondered over the thought, fitfully irritable at its insolvable aspect.

'I suppose Benn's must have been a search-light or something, but even then it's curious, almost uncanny. The light looked the same. I—oh, well, I give it up. I'll ask him to-morrow.'

But that question may never be asked in this world, for the floating bodies of Joseph Benn and his mate William, and the wreckage of that queen of ladies, the *Mary True*, were washed up that night on the sand-bars that skirt the shore two miles south of the 'Green Woodpecker.'

A LITTLE-KNOWN GROUP OF INSECTS.

By D. M. REID.

ARTICLES innumerable have been written at various times about the social habits, &c., of bees and ants. Butterflies have received their portion of publicity, and even the beetles have not been overlooked. But perhaps the commonest and most widely distributed group of insects has been entirely neglected. This neglect does not confine itself to the more or less popular writer only, but to the average entomologist as well. The Collembola or Spring-tails, as this group is called, seem to thrive everywhere and under all conditions, from the dry cellar to the surface of water, from the tropics to the arctic.

Lift any old board which has lain for some time on the ground and examine its under-surface, you will be sure to see some little member of this order. He may vary in length from one to five centimetres. He may be pure white, brown, or more or less iridescent in colour. As he runs along, touch him with a blade of grass—he disappears! Examine another with a lens and you'll see that all his six legs are the same size, and not adapted for jumping; he can't fly away, for he has got no wings. How, then, does he effect his 'get away'? The reason is simple, effective, but hidden away beneath his body. Lying along the under-side of the abdomen there is a long forked organ, the forked end pointing towards the head, while the other, or 'handle' end, is hinged to the tail end of the body. This instrument is held in position by a catch which projects down from the body and passes between the prongs of the fork.

When the insect is alarmed he releases the catch, and down goes the fork or 'spring' with such force that he is sent hurtling out of harm's way. Thus the name 'Spring-tail'—and a very good name too.

The spring is not the only peculiarity possessed by the Collembola. On the under-surface, just behind the legs, there is a stump-like organ through which the insect can emit a fluid, or, in some cases (perhaps in all), a sucker-like tube, often bifurcated. I have watched a little

fellow climb up the glass side of his temporary home, stick this sucker up against the glass, and withdraw some of his legs as if to rest them.

As for their habits of life—well, comparatively little is known. They seem to feed for the most part on decaying vegetable matter. Very likely they act as distributors for the spores of fungi. They have been blamed for destroying fruit in green-houses, but I fancy this is hardly possible, owing to the weakness of their jaws. Admittedly, I have seen them feeding on a tomato, but then the tomato had previously been bruised.

Collembola do not, however, confine themselves to a purely vegetable diet, as is often instanced by the numbers which congregate with indecent haste about the carcase of a dead slug. Thus they do useful work as scavengers. A great many 'Collems' live on the surface of water, over which they run and jump as easily as they do on dry land. One species, named *Maritima*, lives on the seashore. This little wonder does not appear to mind an occasional ducking at all. He crawls out of the way of the raging element, his whole being expressing the idea of tolerant boredom rather than terror. Of the life history of the Collem there is little to be said. There is no spectacular change such as takes place in the case of the butterfly, no peculiar caterpillar, no chrysalis bursting with an unfolding of splendid wings; his is just a straightforward process.

An egg is laid which hatches out into a minute replica of the parent. This youth grows up by a series of 'moult,' until he has assumed parental dimensions, and that's all there is to it.

Perhaps the Collembola form a link between the Centipedes and the higher insects; they certainly have some centipedian characters, and they most certainly are insects. Thus it almost seems as if we have here another 'missing link' which has been under our noses all along.

THE TREASURE ISLAND OF COCOS.

By JOHN G. ROWE.

COCOS ISLAND, which must not be confounded with the Cocos Keeling atoll group in the Indian Ocean, is 'a palm-covered, picturesque, solitary bit of land,' between 400 and 500 miles to the west of Panama. You will find it on any good map of Central America. It belongs to the republic of Costa Rica, on the Isthmus of Darien or Panama, and is the treasure island *par excellence*.

All manner of romantic tales are associated with it, and various estimates give the total of wealth still lying hidden upon it, awaiting discovery, at from six to twelve millions sterling. Numerous expeditions have been fitted out to try to find these buried riches. Among others, the officers and crew of H.M.S. *Imperieuse*, and also of H.M.S. *Amphion*, conducted searches on two separate occasions; and some twenty years ago Earl Fitzwilliam, with Admiral Palliser and a party, landed there from the steam yacht *Veronique* on a similar enterprise. Earl Fitzwilliam's party met with a mishap through a landslip. The island is volcanic, and landslips are of frequent occurrence. Several members of the party were injured by the falling rocks. Earl Fitzwilliam himself received a slight scalp wound, and three of the crew had to be taken to a hospital in Panama.

The island is about twelve miles in circumference, and is well watered; and not only the coconut palm but also the banana tree grows in groves upon it, while it is not without animal life, which includes droves of wild pigs, so that abundant sport can be enjoyed by the treasure-seekers.

The first lot of treasure is known as the Benito treasure, and the story attached to it is as follows: In the early part of last century, Don Pedro Benito was a notorious pirate—one of the true breed, of the old-fashioned, 'blood and thunder,' walk-the-deck type, like 'Black-beard,' Ned Low, Kidd, Montbars, and the rest of them. He was one of the last ocean freebooters who were the terror of the seas through their ruthless ferocity. He commanded the brig *Relampago*, carrying eight carronades and a 32-pounder swivel or 'Long Tom.' 'On the ships he attacked he never left a soul alive if he could help it, and he was known to have obtained immense booties from his piracies in the Spanish Main.' He made Cocos Island his headquarters in 1820, having previously infested the Caribbean Sea, on the other side of the Isthmus of Panama. He sailed to the Pacific Ocean through the Straits of Magellan, and, landing on Cocos, buried all the ill-gotten wealth he had acquired by his depredations round the

West Indies. This treasure consisted of 733 bars of gold, several tons of silver, jewels, and other valuables.

He then proceeded to Valparaiso, where he left part of his crew for some reason or another, and sailed northward. He took in succession several ships with rich cargoes, and off Guayaquil fell in with a Spanish galleon, which was conveying an enormous quantity of priceless church plate. This was in 1822. Peru was fighting for independence from Spain, and Chili was free, and had sent an army and a fleet to her sister state's aid. The Chilean fleet was under the command of the renowned Lord Cochrane, afterwards Earl of Dundonald, and the army under General San Martin, the illustrious liberator of the Argentine. The Spanish Viceroy, General La Serna, had retreated into the interior, but was still holding out, and the whole country was in a dreadful state of confusion and turmoil. Much brigandage went on, and so this costly church plate was being removed to safer quarters by its ecclesiastical owners. Benito captured the plate-ship, returned to Cocos Island, and buried his precious freight. Next, he sailed northward to Acapulco, in Mexico, 'from which castled port the Spanish galleons were wont to sail with the wealth of the west.' There he captured two more Spanish vessels, 'killing both passengers and crew, and transferring the booty to his own craft;' whereupon he sailed back again to Cocos.

He used, it would seem, four separate hiding-places for his spoil. In one excavation, we are told, 'were buried 300,000 pounds of silver and silver dollars. In another cave were deposited the 733 bars of gold already mentioned.' 'Another hiding-place contains 273 gold-hilted and bejewelled swords, precious stones, and several kettles filled with gold.' The church plate went into a specially constructed pit, and included solid gold chalices, patens, ciboria, richly chased and begemmed monstrosities, &c., 'a golden triangle studded with jewels, and a crown that bore, amongst other ornaments, a diamond the size of a pigeon-egg.'

Marks were made to locate each site; but the usual tale is told that, 'when the treasure-pit was sealed up, Benito murdered every one who had assisted in its making, so that he might be the sole depository of the secret.' Another and more likely account is that the pirates quarrelled among themselves, and the band was considerably reduced in number in the furious *mité* that ensued. Anyhow, Don Pedro and what was left of the band sailed away again from Cocos, intending to return there, however, but

proposing to pay another visit to the West Indies. Probably they had made the western seaboard of America a little too hot for their liking. *En route* they were captured by the British man-of-war *Magician* or *Magician*, and the savage Benito met his deserts. 'Official sources show capture, trial, execution of leaders, and imprisonment of men.' Eighty-one of the pirates were hanged. The man-of-war proceeded to Cocos Island, and recovered a part of the buried treasure—so it is reported. The hoard recovered 'was very carefully hidden by sinking in gravel and tunnelling in rock.'

But when some of the reprieved pirates were subsequently taken back to Cocos in expeditions from San Francisco and Australia, they failed to locate the other treasure-pits, owing to changes in the configuration of the place.

The other lot of hidden gold on the island was stolen by the English barquentine *Mary Dier* in 1836, when Chili went to war with Peru, and a Chilian army had united with Peruvian malcontents under General Agustin Gamarra, who afterwards became President. The *Mary Dier* had sailed from Bristol to Valparaiso, and, after discharging her cargo, proceeded to Callao, anchoring off the fort there. Callao was threatened by the besieging forces of Chili; and as none of the warships of the Peruvian Government happened to be in the harbour at the time, the authorities, in order to save the funds of the national treasury and the wealth of many private persons, induced the captain of the *Mary Dier* for a handsome consideration to hide the treasure on his ship until the crisis had passed. The British flag would prevent the vessel from being looted. An immense hoard, consisting of gold, silver, jewellery, church ornaments, and precious stones, especially diamonds and emeralds, was secretly conveyed on board the *Mary Dier*, and stowed away.

The story was told by a man named Thompson, who was one of the barquentine's crew. This man and his fellows, tempted by the prodigious wealth aboard, conspired together—just like Long John Silver, Israel Hands, and Co. in Stevenson's *Treasure Island*—and 'in the silent watches of the night' overpowered the guard, slipped the anchor-chain, and sailed off with the treasure. A Peruvian armed vessel gave chase, but the pursuers knew not in which direction the pirates had gone, and had to return to Callao—baffled.

'We were now in undisputed possession of the treasure, with no fear of capture,' runs Thompson's confession, given to a man named John Keating. 'In the hold of our little craft was wealth sufficient to supply us all with princely opulence; but how was it to be disposed of? After many plans had been proposed and rejected, we decided to bury it on Cocos Island. Eleven boatloads were, one after an-

other, conveyed to the beach and buried there. I do not know the exact amount in money, but it was said to be many millions, some of it in boxes and some of it in hides. After leaving the island we encountered a heavy storm, had our sails carried away, and were driven by the wind to the coast of Peru, where we were captured, taken to Callao, and sentenced to be shot. That sentence was carried into effect against eight of us, but I and two others were placed on board a government ship and promised that if we would show where the treasure was concealed we should be pardoned.'

Thompson and his two fellow-survivors of the *Mary Dier*, however, owing to further political troubles in Peru and the absolute anarchy which prevailed, were not taken to the island. Nor did they ever manage to return there on their own account. All three of them died 'within the next decade,' but before his death Thompson gave a plan of the hiding-place to John Keating, who was unable to do anything in the matter for five years, and then persuaded a Captain Bogue to join him in partnership and take him to the island. Bogue's crew did not share in the secret, and, on reaching Cocos, the captain and Keating went ashore in a boat by themselves. According to the narrative before the writer, they 'unearthed the treasure, but it was of so great magnitude that they could not carry it away on their persons. They therefore took out about £6000 in gold each, which they carried in vests specially made for the purpose, and in their boots, &c.'

As the pair were rowing back to the ship with their first load of treasure thus concealed about their persons, they squabbled, fought, and upset the boat. The captain, weighted down with his secreted gold, went to the bottom like a stone, but Keating managed to cling to the upturned boat, and was picked up by another boat from the ship. This account states that Keating died without again visiting the island, and gave a clue of the whereabouts of the treasure to a Captain George Hackett, who was preparing to go to the island when he too died. Before his death Keating told Captain Hackett that the amount of treasure seen by him on the island was very great, there being a large number of boxes of specie and bar gold and jewels. He left a drawing that he made to indicate the location of the treasure, and an expedition subsequently sailed to use this sketch. 'But a landslide had obliterated the bearing upon which all depended,' and had apparently covered the site. To find it in the circumstances was impossible, and any attempt at excavation would have entailed grave risk of bringing about a second landslip and burying the party.

In April 1900 George Hackett's brother, Captain Fred M. Hackett, sailed in the schooner *Aurora* to Cocos, to search both for the *Mary*

Dier treasure and the Benito treasure. The vessel was fitted out by prominent business men of Victoria, British Columbia, and had a crew of eight hands, 'but the chief personage on board was a Mrs Brennan.' This lady was in possession of an old Spanish chart of the island. It had been handed down from one to another until it came into her hands, and she had joined forces with Captain Hackett in persuading the Victoria merchants to equip the expedition. When the men of the *Aurora* disembarked, they found other treasure-hunters there before them—a Captain Gissler, a German, who had sailed from Stockton, California, seven years before, his wife, and an American named Charles Hartford. Hartford had come to the island in the previous September, and 'professed to know where treasure to the amount of thirty million dollars was buried.' He offered to divulge the hiding-place to the crew of the *Aurora* on certain terms, to which Captain Hackett would not agree. After searching vainly for some time, the party from the *Aurora* were satisfied 'that the treasure, if in the locality pointed out, would be covered under a landslide which had occurred all along the vicinity,' and so abandoned the quest and returned home. Hartford also came away in the *Aurora*.

It is said that earlier expeditions to the island had 'found grouped skeletons, which told them of the fate of the previous explorers.' A writer in the *Globe*, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, asserted that on one occasion a Pacific Steam Navigation ship landed a party of treasure-hunters on this island, and called there again to take them back to the mainland. The mate on board this vessel and his chum, a man named Jack (surname), discussed the question as to which they thought the most likely place a boat's crew would select to deposit the treasure. A year or two afterwards, about twenty years ago, proceeds the *Globe* writer—that is, nearly forty years back from today—this same mate was employed to navigate a pearl-fishing schooner. This tale goes on to say that the schooner remained at Cocos Island for a week, and, while the divers were diving for pearls in the bay, the mate was searching for the treasure-cave; that he found it, and, on his return to Callao, deposited with his friend Jack 'gold doubloons, which two days after they sold for £300.' The pair then prevailed on two more men to join them and pool funds, so as to buy a schooner to take them all to the island and fetch the whole of the treasure away. A fresh Chilean war broke out, however, and the mate went off in a Chilean man-of-war, so that the scheme fell through, Jack being unable to return to the island.

The Captain Gissler already mentioned lived on Cocos Island, which was otherwise unin-

habited, for over sixteen years, on and off, searching incessantly for the Benito treasures. He was a modern, though voluntary, Robinson Crusoe. Two years before he took up his residence on the isle, he had bought from a relative of one of the Benito pirates a clue to the spot where the freebooters had buried their spoil; at least so it is said. But apparently he was no more successful than many others.

No fewer than seventeen or eighteen expeditions have been fitted out to search for these treasures of Benito and the *Mary Dier*, 'the most notable, because of the vessels and the men engaged,' said a newspaper account at the time of Earl Fitzwilliam's expedition in the steam yacht *Veronique*, 'being that of the flagship *Imperieuse* and other vessels of the North Pacific Squadron under Admiral Palliser.' The schooner *Vine* sailed from San Francisco, the schooner *Hayseed* from Stockton, California, on further fruitless searches for Cocos's buried hoards; and the Pacific Exploration and Development Company of Victoria, British Columbia, fitted out the brigantine *Blakeley* for the same purpose. The men of the *Blakeley* were to conduct the search on scientific lines, aided by gold and silver 'finding' instruments, which had just been invented in the United States for locating precious metal. The company was a joint-stock one, and the shares were reported as finding a ready sale. Captain Gissler wrote threatening to have a Costa Rica man-of-war at the island to prevent the expedition landing; and certain it is that about 1905 he obtained from the Costa Rica government the privilege of exploration. The company issued a prospectus briefly relating the facts of the deposit of the two lots of treasure on Cocos. The account given of the *Mary Dier* treasure was pretty full. This treasure was estimated by the correspondent in the London *Globe* as worth about four millions when placed, but, as much of it consisted of silver, he argued that its value must have depreciated to about one-third only of its former value, and the same with Benito's treasure.

In December, 1907, a Mr Claud Robert Grieves Robinson also obtained from the Costa Rica government sole rights for two years to explore Cocos Island, Gissler having failed in the previous October to secure a renewal of the concession granted to him. Lord Fitzwilliam was said to have been interested in Gissler's venture, and to have found the vessel which took him back to the island. Since that time nothing has been heard of Gissler, who was reported to have returned to the island in spite of the lapse of his grant, 'vowing that no one else should find the treasures of Don Pedro;' and apparently, too, all other attempts at unearthing the buried millions have been abandoned.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

ASLAN KHAN, MAHSUD.

By Lieutenant H. P. CINNAMOND, M.C.

I.

CAREFULLY and methodically Aslan Khan folded his loin-cloth, placing it upon the top of his other garments; then he stood upright, naked, save for a tiny rag about his middle, a perfect picture of a man, six feet of bone and muscle and sinew. He shivered a little as the night wind struck upon his unprotected body, for there was more than a suspicion of frost in the air, and Aslan Khan was not of those who love the cold; moreover, he knew that it would be worse when he left the deep nullah in which he crouched, and which afforded him a very fair protection against the weather.

He glanced at the stars—a good six hours yet before the dawn. Drawing a bottle from among his garments, he proceeded to smear himself from head to foot with oil. This ceremony completed, he was ready for his work—or almost; he picked up the heavy triangular bone-hilted blade which lay at his feet. Now he was ready. He crawled to the lip of the nullah and—vanished.

II.

Old Ali Murad, chowkidar, sat on the veranda of Morrison Sahib's bungalow humming softly to himself; he was happy, so why should he not sing? Here he was in a good position, earning ten rupees a month, and pickings; ah, ha! and pickings. What were his miserable ten rupees a month compared to the bakhshish which he almost daily received from his comrades of the hills?

The night-watchmen in the cantonment of Peshawar are, presumably on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, selected from the Pathans of the neighbourhood; but, however excellent the arrangement may be in theory, it hardly works out in practice, except in so far as wolves will keep jackals away from a carcase. The Pathans hold a monopoly of the thieving around Peshawar, and they will not share it.

Of course, there *may* be good chowkidars, but if so they are dead ones, and even then, owing to the climate, they can hardly be expected to remain good very long.

Still, there *must* be good ones, for occasionally one hears of one of them having his throat cut

during a raid; but then that may be owing to a blood-feud.

At any rate, old Ali Murad was not one of the good ones; far from it. The Prophet's injunction to all true believers, that they should not seek to lay up treasure on earth, he entirely ignored, possibly because he had a very fair idea of what his fate hereafter would be in any case. As a just-minded man, he did not believe in a last-minute repentance.

So he was laying up treasure on earth; it was a bad day for him when a five-rupee note didn't slip into his palm from one source or another. As he wandered about in the daytime he was able to pick up a good deal of information. Down in the Sudar bazaar old Ali Murad, with his wicked tales of a past generation, was a great favourite with the servants of the sahib-log. Mostly down-country men these servants—soft, foolish, and loose-tongued; with the information he gained from them, he trotted off to the native city, where he exchanged it for cash. There wasn't a 'budmash' in the country that Ali Murad, like most of his brotherhood, was not acquainted with.

Still, life was not all bakhshish; there were awkward moments with the police after the bungalow which one was supposed to guard had been raided. And the Punjabi policemen were by no means particular as to how they extracted information; their methods weren't official, Ali Murad knew that, but—they hurt.

But there is no rose without its thorns. Ali Murad was prepared to put up with a beating now and again—had he not but yesterday added a cow to the fine stock which he already possessed?

There was another fly in his ointment, as an item of news which he had heard that day in the bazaar recurred to him: men said that Aslan Khan, Mahsud, had returned to the district. Ali Murad doubted very much if this was true, for the Mahsud-Waziri *versus* British Empire fight was still going on. But one never knew. That devil Aslan Khan would risk anything; he was the very Shaitan himself.

The thought of his presence so disquieted the old man, that he found it necessary to get up and make a complete tour of the grounds before he could compose himself sufficiently to prepare

for his night's rest. Like all good night-watchmen, he carried a little blue-and-white-striped jail-made rug. This he now spread on the ground, and it, with his thick sheepskin posseteen for covering, made an excellent couch for his tough old frame.

He lay down, but got up again; he felt uneasy about this thrice-accursed Aslan Khan. Could it be really true that he was back in the district? He rolled up his bed, and sat down upon it. Brooding deeply, he peered into the gloom. If Aslan Khan had really returned in the face of the present danger, there could only be one reason for such return, and Ali Murad realised gloomily that *he* was that reason.

What a fool he had been to meddle with anything belonging to a man like Aslan Khan! But he had been so sure that no Mahsud would dare to show his face in Peshawar for, at least, some months to come, by which time he would have retired to his village of Hadji. Even a devil like Aslan Khan would hardly have dared to follow him there, and if he did he would never leave the place alive. But if he was really back already, well he, Ali Murad, would have to get out. Yes, if the affair turned out to be more than a rumour got up to frighten him—all the people knew that he had Aslan Khan's woman—then he would clear out on the morrow.

As for the woman, she could take her chance. She had come to him only for his money—it was a well-known fact that Aslan Khan never had a pice—and she had had a fair slice of that; anyway, now he was tired of her. If Aslan Khan would only come peaceably he could have her, but he knew the other too well to hope that he *would* come peaceably. Had he not sworn that day, when he had been compelled to make a dash for the border, that he would slay any man who dared interfere with his woman? It was very unjust, thought Ali Murad. After all, she was a public woman; Aslan Khan had not been married to her, so why should he grumble if some other in his absence took her? But that was the way of these filthy Mahsud dogs; they came stalking into Peshawar as if they owned the place, always bragging and shouting of what they would do to any one who annoyed them. Who were the Mahsuds, anyway? Was not he himself an Afridi, of a tribe that could eat the Mahsuds ten times over?

III.

Private Jones, leaning against a rifle rack, stared discontentedly at the row of sleepers before him. He was 'fed up' with this business of sentry-go in a dormitory. His regiment had just arrived in Peshawar, where they had taken up their quarters in the Khaibar barracks. Private Jones had been all through the war, he had been in many barracks, but he was hanged

if he had ever been in one yet which required so many sentries stuck about the place. Every blessed room had got one; they could easily get on with half the number—then a man might get a bit of sleep at night.

Rifle thieves! Everybody talked about rifle thieves, and how regiments from England were always caught out by them. Regiments from England! You'd think they were a bunch of recruits, to hear people talk. Men that had gone through the war in France weren't likely to be taken in by a bunch of niggers out here. Besides, the whole place was wired like the ground before a front-line trench.

He straightened up as faintly he heard the No. 1 group's 'All's well' sound in the distance, then, nearer, No. 2 group, and so on round the outposts. There was another thing—you'd think the barracks were expecting an attack every minute. He'd been in Peshawar nearly six weeks now, and, so far as he could see, the people were as peaceable as any others.

IV.

Aslan Khan lay motionless in the shallow ditch separating the circular road from the Khaibar barracks as the 'All's well' rang out. He knew that for nearly five minutes after the call the barrack sentries would maintain some show of vigilance, then—he smiled. What sort of a country did these Gorah-Log come from? In his own hills a person of their habits would never arrive at manhood at all. But they were infidels; no doubt Allah, or His Prophet, upon whom be the Peace Everlasting, blinded their eyes, even as he had blinded the eyes of those other infidels before the attack of the Faithful some twelve hundred years ago in the valley of Bedr.

He slipped from the ditch, and, flattening himself to an almost incredible degree, slid between the bottom strands of wire and the ground. Soon he was through the fence and in the sacred precincts of the barracks. Some seventy yards to his front lay a shallow stream, part of the magnificent irrigation system of the cantonment, which runs the whole length of the barracks, affording excellent cover. Towards this Aslan Khan made his way inch by inch, taking advantage of every patch of shadow, every inequality of the ground—and there are many in that barracks. Arrived at the stream, he slipped into it and walked swiftly along until he came to an elbow, where the stream curved abruptly to the left. Following the new course for a short distance, the stream made a second turn to the left, leading away from the barracks towards the married quarters and the Mall. On Aslan Khan's right at this point were the stores and some of the regimental shops. His particular objective, the barrack-rooms, lay some hundred yards to his front across a flat maidan. There were other barracks much easier of access

down by the circular road, but in most of them robberies had been perpetrated, and the inmates might be more alert than in his present objective.

For a brief second Aslan Khan rolled on his back in the soft dust; then he commenced his long wriggle across the maidan. Small blame to the sentries whom he passed now. At a distance of five yards he was, when motionless, quite invisible, so perfectly did the dust clinging to his oiled back harmonise with the surface of the ground.

Arrived at the veranda of the barrack-room, which was raised a foot from the ground, Aslan Khan lay perfectly motionless in the dust, the sentry passing within a couple of feet of him. He raised his head when the man had passed. The barrack-door was closed at the moment, but that mattered little, for he knew that men were constantly passing out for one purpose or another. Waiting until the sentry again passed him, Aslan Khan, like a great gray snake, glided to the wall of the room, and, flattening himself near the door, so perfectly did he match the gray wall that in that light he was entirely invisible, save to the very closest scrutiny.

Shortly afterwards the door opened, and a sergeant stepped out for the purpose of assuring himself that the sentry was on the alert. At the same moment Aslan Khan slipped through and lay stretched out, under the nearest cot.

From cot to cot he slipped until he reached the foot of the room, whence he glided behind the rifle-rack, against which Private Jones leaned, inwardly cursing the idiots in authority who considered his present job necessary, and envying his loud-snoring comrades.

How it is done remains an unsolved mystery on the Frontier, but it *is* done, and that frequently. Rifles in a locked rack—that is, rifles in a wooden stand having a steel rod passing through their trigger-guards and locking to the rack at the end—vanish mysteriously, leaving no sign of the manner in which they have gone. The general theory is that the trigger-guards are cut; but they are of steel, and the sentry is never more than *six feet* away! However, be the method in which he obtained them what it may, the fact remains that when Aslan Khan, some two hours later, slipped into the bed of the stream, he carried with him two rifles valued by the government at £6, 10s. each, but worth Rs. 300 (£20) each on the Frontier. Private Jones, that veteran of France, would have to pay £13, the government valuation, and in addition he would be court-martialled, and would probably receive a couple of years' imprisonment. To lose a rifle on the North-West Frontier is a very serious crime.

v.

Ali Murad stirred uneasily in his sleep; then he sat up, rubbing his eyes and gazing about

him in a terrified manner. Ugh! then it was only a dream after all; he clutched his heavy iron-shod staff nervously as he peered into the blackness. He thought the end had come that time. Why, he seemed to feel the iron grip of the Mahsud still on his throat. Tenderly he fingered the part. Why—Mashallah! it was bruised and sore. How could that happen? He must have gripped it in his sleep. But this was serious; was he, then, to choke himself through fear of a Mahsud — (the word is not a nice one)? He rose to his feet. As he did so his heart leapt to his mouth. Something moved, rolled away into the darkness. In terror Ali Murad peered after it. Yes, there it lay. He picked it up, and the heart died in him as, with a sickly gasp, he recognised it for what it was—a woman's head. There is but One God. He glanced down; yes, there were other things. He knew what *they* were without being told; they were the hands, the feet, and the breasts of his inamorata, the ardent Zulma.

Hai! Hai! for some time he crouched on his heels, swaying backwards and forwards, wailing softly. Occasionally he murmured his 'Allah il Allah ilaha Mohammed er Rassoul Allah,' the profession of the Faith. The word 'Moslem' means resigned; Ali Murad knew that as a good Mussulman he should be resigned to whatever fate held in store for him. But Ali Murad wasn't a good Mussulman.

He shuddered all over as he thought of Aslan Khan visiting him in his sleep. Why had he not slain him then? But this temporary release engendered no hopes in his mind; he knew the Mahsud temperament too well for that.

Hai! Hai! what a dreadful death he would die! And he was old; he could not bear pain. Hai! Hai! Hai!

A low chuckle answered his wail and—there stood Aslan Khan. Mad with terror, the old man leapt to his feet, striking out blindly with his chowkidar's staff. The iron-shod end caught the Mahsud full upon the brow, and he collapsed. In wild amazement Ali Murad gazed at his work; he struck again and yet again. Then he took the blood-stained knife which Aslan Khan yet held in his lifeless hand, and he cut the dead throat Afridi fashion. And then, for he was very angry, he—but that cannot be written.

YOUR MEMORY.

I WOULD not have my memories of you
Lost 'mid the shadows of the gathering years;
Or the clear vision of your perfect face
Dimmed by the mists of my too-frequent tears.

I should not fear old age could I but know
'Mid failing powers and weakness I could keep
God-guarded in the cloister of my soul
Your memory, till I, too, fall asleep.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

TECUM HABITA.

By G. A. FOTHERGILL.

I.

PERHAPS one of the most useful essays, in the broad sense, ever published for man's edification, is that short and delightful piece of composition from the pen of William Hazlitt entitled 'On Going a Journey.' It is to be found in *Table Talk*, a work which has gone through many editions since it was written, rather more than a hundred years ago. But this particular essay has not yet reached the hearts of the people in the way its author intended it should do: contemplation of Nature, such as he alludes to, and the best method for attaining it are still indulged in only by the very few, and not too often by them.

It comes to be a question whether the majority of us now can contemplate in the way laid out for us there—we are so crowded together in this little Britain of ours. Each one of us must settle this question for himself or herself. Hazlitt has at any rate shown the way, and many after him, including Robert Louis Stevenson, have done their best to point out where and how the truest and most lasting delights are to be obtained.

'One of the pleasantest things in the world,' Hazlitt writes, 'is going a journey; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room; but, out of doors, Nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.'

The fields his study, nature was his book.

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country.' There are those, he adds, who 'carry the metropolis with them.' But Hazlitt liked liberty to think and feel and to do just as he pleased, and to get rid of others for a few days together, much as he loved good-fellowship and the being with others at other times.

For an author who deals with the science of first principles of nature and thought, this kind of reasoning is sensible enough: he must be all alone, attending only to the call of Nature and in the most solitary places:

There must ye go; there will I stroll again
And taste the fountain of that woodland glen—
The pure delights of rock and moss and fern
Beside a crystal stream; there ye shall learn
How rare and sweet the fount of Eskdale is,
And feel the purest sense of worldly bliss.

We are not all, however, author-metaphysicians, and we most of us have to be content with but a snatch now and again of the beautiful in Nature, following it up afterwards as well as we can in book-land:

We try to love it from a learned book;
They learn it wholly from a loving look.

Nature's life is different from ours: we who are cooped up in large towns, slipping over the cobbles beneath a smoky sky, never can know life in the open quite as they know it. Yet there seems no reason why a great many more of us should not take occasional opportunities of being better versed in metaphysics than we are, by studying Nature herself a little more closely whenever we do get the glorious chance.

There are still many parts of the country where Hazlitt's and Stevenson's method for securing this study may be carried out to the heart's content. Let us, then, say with the former, 'Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking!' And that 'thinking' is to be done at some quiet wayside inn where one is utterly unknown—such inns are to-day, we must allow, a rarity, but there are still some if we hunt for them, where rest and freedom for thought may be procured—where 'take one's ease at one's inn' is not an untruthful advertisement to the place. One has to read Hazlitt's essay to know how he could enjoy it all. His abundant relish of life in the heart of the country was such that he could never there repine, whatever he did elsewhere—and he was not unknown to quarrel with the world! Emeritus-Professor George Saintsbury has said of him, that he must have been 'one of the most uncomfortable of all English men of letters, who can be called great, to know as a friend,' but goes on to say, 'he is certainly, to those who know him only as readers, one of the most fruitful, both in instruction and in delight.' Apart from Hazlitt's confessions in *Liber Amoris*—which were unnecessary and revolting—nearly all of us who have read his *Table Talk*, *The Spirit of the Age*, &c., would wish that there were a few more 'uncomfortable' people just like him now to become acquainted with: the world would not be the poorer for their presence, and, knowing their superiority, would willingly put up with their failings.

II.

I have purposely coupled the name of Stevenson with that of this brilliant essayist, as their natures in many respects were akin; and from what one has read of the former, one is inclined to think he must have revelled in all the works of the latter—excepting the unfortunate *Liber Amoris*, which we gather was quite sufficient to turn Stevenson away from him as a subject for an essay. Stevenson

was undoubtedly influenced by Hazlitt, and followed him in the flesh as well as in the spirit: both were by nature 'vagabonds'—both loved the liberty of the countryside, and neither could have rested without roaming from home. R.L.S.'s best-known song of travel is 'The Vagabond,' and in it he exhibits exactly the feeling promoted by Hazlitt in his essay 'On Going a Journey,' the main difference being that the Scotsman seemed to wish for nothing better than bread and water for all his meals, while the Englishman looked for a good dinner at the end of each 'three hours' march.' The one would vegetate alone in the country as a tramp of the lowest order; the other would do it like a gentleman—he must at least have money in his pocket. The great critic and essayist was human and sensible; the poet-novelist aimed at the impossible—for how could he expect to make a living out of Nature and be fed only on 'bread dipped in the river'! Stevenson's flow of words and rhythm are beautiful, but the subject, on the whole, abject nonsense; whereas everything Hazlitt has to tell us contains the best of good sense. In passing, let me suggest that, shortly before R.L.S. had written his sweet song, he had read Hazlitt's fine bit of prose. No one to my knowledge had offered any critical remarks of the following kind upon this subject until I brought the matter up in the presence of two well-known students of everything Stevensonian. Any one, after placing the essay and the poem side by side, and reading the essay first and then the poem, would surely be struck with the sameness of motive in each, and how R.L.S. has taken to heart the brief passage which I have quoted near the beginning of this paper, and actually started as Hazlitt started, and used some of his words, and in the same order, too. The poem commences:

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above,
And the by-way nigh me;

and in the second stanza we find:

Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me—

which words are repeated in the fourth and last stanza. Stevenson says he must travel without wealth, hope, and love,

Nor a friend to know me:

and Hazlitt writes: 'But I like to go by myself . . . out of doors, Nature is company enough for me.' So far as the delights of vagabondising are concerned, though the former's 'fine madness of the poet' does not harmonise with the sane remarks of the latter, these two writers would seem to be closely related. With Hazlitt's assistance, I take it, R.L.S. has converted their own peculiar sentiments and landscape into a fine lyric; Hazlitt, single-handed, and without employing any metrical

form specially to catch the reader's eye, has described all we want to know, all that can be of use to us, in plain but excellent language. Didactic as in many things he may be, on this subject he has written so as to please every sensible reader, and he has 'talked far above singing.' And yet so strong is the breeze of popular favour, so long does it take the world to discover what is wholly original, were the MS. of his essay to come into the market and Stevenson's thirty-two lines of verse with it, we might find that the second would fetch the bigger price of the two: those much-loved initials, R.L.S., would weigh down the half-forgotten W.H., the very one who must have given the novelist so fine and rare a keynote for his 'Vagabond.' This discovery should in no way detract from the pleasure of reading 'The Vagabond'—rather the reverse. At the same time, 'On Going a Journey' might be more appreciated than ever, when it is thought that so famous an author elected to pick a few feathers out of the essayist's cap. William Hazlitt pulled many leaves out of the laurel crowns of the ancients, as well as plenty of feathers from the caps of his contemporaries, and the world thinks none the worse of him now for so doing.

III.

In no spirit of misanthropy did Hazlitt wish to be left to his repose at times when in communion with Nature—that 'undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence' was the making of him for others; without it we could never have had *Table Talk* with its thirty-three essays. It was in these solitary excursions, with only the host and the waiting-maid, or some casual visitor whom he met at the inn, to talk to, that he laid in the stock of ideas for the enrichment of his work, and to make him the deep critic and brilliant conversationalist of whom Charles Lamb thought so highly. Even a dear friend on one of these journeys would have reminded him of too many other things, and, perhaps, 'ripped up old grievances and destroyed the abstraction of the scene.' But he tells us that he was not unmindful of some people—he loved to repeat aloud to himself long passages from the poems of his old friend Coleridge, whenever any particular prospect reminded him of them, and other great artists of the pen and brush would be continually swimming into his view. If it was a matter of investigating the ruins of some ancient castle, going to see a cathedral, or looking at a collection of 'old masters,' then he would jump at pleasant company—not upon it! For, said he, 'They are intelligible matters, and will bear talking about. The sentiment here is not tacit, but communicable and overt. Salisbury Plain is barren of criticism, but Stonehenge will bear a discussion antiquarian, picturesque, and philosophical.' But for the 'swelling theme' of the

rest he preferred to be alone—they led to ‘associations too delicate and refined to be possibly communicated to others,’ and these he cherished and sometimes fondly clutched at when he could escape from the throng to do so. ‘To give way to our feelings before company seems extravagance or affectation; and, on the other hand, to have to unravel this mystery of our being at every turn, and to make others take an equal interest in it (otherwise the end is not answered) is a task to which few are competent.’

This *Tecum Habita* spirit did not start with William Hazlitt; it comes down to us from the ancients. The essayist knows his Bible very well indeed, and there are plenty of the dwell-with-yourself sort in the Book of books to have prompted him to go and do likewise. When reading Persius, too—which, of course, he would have done long before he wrote ‘On Going a Journey’—he would find, in the Fourth Satire, this line:

‘Tecum habita; nōris quam sit tibi curta supellex.’

Conington paraphrased it thus, ‘Be true to yourself and learn your own weakness.’ Others have construed *Tecum Habita* in such words as ‘Keep at home,’ ‘Keep your own counsel,’ ‘Mind your own affairs,’ ‘Mind your own business,’ ‘Dwell with thyself, and thou wilt know how short thy household staff is’—in other words, what an ill-furnished mind you have. Marcus Aurelius (b. 121 A.D.) also had something to say about this subject—‘Remember, then, to retire into this little territory of thine own and there look at things as a man, as a human being, as a citizen, as a mortal. Remember that things do not touch the soul, for they are eternal and remain immovable. . . . It is in thy power, whenever thou shalt choose, to retire into thyself. . . . And I affirm that tranquillity is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind. . . . Constantly, then, give to thyself this retreat, and renew thyself.’

IV.

It was in April 1910 that the writer made an exceedingly careful drawing of an inscribed stone, with this semi-satirical motto upon it, at the Edinburgh Free Library, and it was reproduced and published in one of his books, entitled *Stones and Curiosities of Edinburgh and Neighbourhood*. Originally it was one of the door-lintels of a large house in the Cowgate belonging to Sir Thomas Hope, Bart., that ‘sturdy old Scottish statesman,’ who was Lord Advocate under two kings, James VI. of Scotland and Charles I., and from whom the present Marquis of Linlithgow descends. The Carnegie Library is built upon the site of that old house, and all who have entered the large reading-room must have noticed the motto staring them in the face at the top of the stone stairs—a most appropriate inscription to find over a library

door. Should any one prefer to be a recluse, and have the means to be one in comfort, he cannot go far wrong by burying himself in a library of good books. And if he cannot live five whole years away from Edinburgh, as Sir William Temple of yore boasted of doing from London—though he could see the metropolis from Sheen House (where he went to reside, surrounded by his peaches, grapes, and oranges, and excellent literature)—he can, in certain seasons of the year and at certain times of the day, be almost alone in Edinburgh’s Public Library, yet in the society of the great and wise of past and present times, and in touch with Nature as she is described in the works of Hazlitt, Wordsworth, Tennyson, George Eliot, Ruskin, Fiona Macleod, and many others.

We fear that neither Hazlitt nor R. L. S. would have found much to interest him in the psychology of modern travel parties, unless he perceived in it a medium for giving vent to his thinly-veiled satire! ‘You depend for happiness on your fellow-travellers’ was at any rate not Hazlitt’s way of thinking, as the essay he wrote clearly shows us; and the same would apply to him when digging in a library full of good and rare books. There were no half-faced feelings about Hazlitt—he must be either deep in his own thoughts and away from every one, or placing himself entirely at the disposal of others; and happy would he be if he chanced to meet people not ‘cut to pattern,’ but of a varying outlook on life; and then, as they expanded in thought and sympathy, he in turn would wax eloquent and brilliant in their company. On the other hand, ‘delightful travelling companions’ are not always to be found, and the trend and end of the vast majority of them early in last century, and even more so to-day, would be just meal times—they expand in belly a good deal more than in thought and sympathy for others. They come in, too, ‘ungraciously between us and our imaginary character,’ and, after all, it is but present objects and passing events that are usually discussed by them *ad nauseam*—there is no shaking off the trammels of the world in such society. ‘The more the merrier, with children admitted in the park,’ we find some enterprising twentieth century manager has introduced in his company’s circular, a clause which most assuredly would not ‘catch on’ with Hazlitt. To be boxed up in stage-coach or motor, with a squalling child returning his milk and toast full into his lap, would not be pleasant—an incident that would be quite sufficient to send Hazlitt back to the *Tecum Habita* mood, and no director or manager under the sun could persuade him to rejoin the ranks of a party for that particular ‘tour attractive.’

V.

The ancient Cramond bridge, dated 1619, which gives the name to the hamlet where I am

now writing, was crossed on foot by William Hazlitt in 1822, during his 'melancholy errand'—the visit he paid to Edinburgh in order to procure a divorce from his first wife. His wife, who was in lodgings in Edinburgh by herself at the same time, also came over the old bridge when on her journey alone into the Highlands, an account of which she has left behind her. The new and much larger bridge (close beside the old one), over which the bulk of the traffic now passes, was only in the making in 1822, and was not completed until the following year, the date 1823 being beneath one of the fine arches on the Edinburgh side of the Almond. Within three miles of this bridge is Craigerook Castle, which Hazlitt visited as the guest of his friend, Lord Jeffrey. It will be remembered that the former wrote much for the *Edinburgh Review*, of which Jeffrey was editor, and Macaulay the mainstay, for twenty years or

thereabouts. The present writer has some pleasant recollections, dating back to 1893, of Craigerook as it was then. In one of the paddocks he had one of his hunters running out at grass, and on two occasions he sat in the identical study, 'hallowed by talent and worth,' to use Lord Cockburn's words about it, where Jeffrey for over thirty years received so many distinguished literary people—Sir Walter Scott; Tom Moore, who challenged the Scots judge to a duel, but outlived his resentment and called Jeffrey 'one of the most cordial and highly valued' of his friends; Sir Humphry Davy; Captain Basil Hall; Sir James Mackintosh; Henry Mackenzie (the *Man of Feeling*); Macaulay (most probably, though his presence there is not authenticated); William Hazlitt; Carlyle and his good dame; Charles Dickens; Lord Moncrieff, and a host of other lesser lights in the land of Law and Letters.

DREAM VALUES.

PART II.

VI.

MARTIN went up-river to Pijos with a handful of Barbadians, and good consignments of cacao and *urucu* for planting out. He was rather impressed by the silence and deepness of the bush, the farther he got into it. The hot, thick loneliness of it oppressed him almost. He was cutting himself off from man for the sake of his ideals. What is more, he felt with a qualm that he would be labouring here for the good of man for years, perhaps, and man—the great world of men—would not know. That rather dismayed him. He would be out of sight; nobody would hear what he was doing—Silvia would not hear.

That was rather disturbing. Like all prophets of a new movement, he wanted to justify himself before men—and, in a way, before Silvia. Of course, he had cut himself entirely off from Silvia, and she might even—might even have married again. (The thought gave him a nasty twinge, and he ran away from it.) But he did hope that in some way, some day, Silvia might learn that the Edgar Trustram who was doing such wonderful things, who was, in fact, inaugurating a new world-phase in the relations between master and man, was none other than Martin Romanes, who was thought to have been lost on the *Tapajos*.

He did not put that into words, but he had the feeling, and it filled him with a glow. He really would like Silvia to think fine things of him. But if he laboured up here unknown. . .

But, of course, he *might* jot down the framework of his idea, put, say, into a review article, just the outline of the things he was actually accomplishing.

When he landed at Pijos he was full of this. The barracôa was in good order, and the Barbadians could be trusted to look after their own housing. He had pens and paper; he would just get down the rough outline of what he had in mind while it was still hot in his brain.

In a fortnight the 'boss boy' of the niggers interrupted him at his writing. 'What we do, boss?' he asked. 'We put up shanties some time, and we sit and wait till byemby you tell us what we here for. I think you tell us now, boss. I Englishman an' good feller, but some of these coloured gents with us is low trash, and they get fat and lazy.'

The man was right, Martin saw. Now was the time to tell them of the great things they were all to accomplish, how they were to work together to launch a new world-movement. A good talk to them would also help to render clear some points that had been difficult in the writing. Also it would start them out on their great work.

He had his negroes sit before him while he spoke eloquently of 'Work-brotherhood,' that was the title of his—not article, he couldn't get it all into an article; he was making it a pamphlet—treatise. He spoke of community work and sharing profits and management, and pointed out that this estate was not actually his, but 'ours,' theirs as much as his. How they were all owners, workers, and profit-sharers in one.

His words were so well received that he took back an enthusiasm to his desk that enabled him to write all night.

VII.

The big planter, Dempster, was going up-river nine months later, and he called at Pijos to see

Martin. Martin was conscious of his presence because of a shout outside the house, a scuffle, and then a squeal. He dragged himself to his feet just in time to see a big black nigger go down before Dempster's fist.

The planter came angrily into the house. 'You should look after your hands better, Trustram,' he snarled. 'That son of a pig was insolent.'

'Surely not insolent,' breathed Martin, but he knew a qualm. He had felt himself that—that there was a certain lack of brotherliness in the niggers' treatment of himself latterly.

'Far too insolent for this country and climate,' snapped Dempster. 'First he had the confounded cheek to ask me what I wanted here, asked me to state my business. Then when I sent him to blazes he ordered me—ordered me off the station, as though it were his.'

'Oh,' said Martin smiling, but not too easily, 'in a way it is his, of course, as much his as anybody's. We share——' He saw the light in Dempster's eye. 'He took too much on himself, naturally, but these primitive people do.'

Dempster stared at Martin. The hot words on his lips died down. They'd have no effect on this Trustram. He looked, if anything, more dreamy, more drifting and spineless than ever. He was charming and intelligent—he always was; but he had gone to seed, clothes on anyhow, and such clothes. Hair ragged, a new beard unkempt. He looked like a man who had forgotten everything outside his dreams.

'I see,' said Dempster slowly. 'These being your views, all this is explained.' His hand swept that part of the estate in view. Martin suddenly saw the estate. He had grown into it, grown accustomed to it up to now, but—and probably it was the presence of Dempster—he suddenly saw it in its ruin. It was an ugly, a heart-twisting sight. The little cultivation that had been put in, under the first drive of the boss-nigger, under the occasional spurts of activity from Martin himself, had gone rank with neglect. The voracious jungle had swept into his clearing, and mingled its tangle with the riot of weeds. The huts of the compound were unkempt and filthy; there was a mess of litter everywhere. . . . His own house was falling to pieces.

His estate, he saw, was disgusting. He turned lamely to Dempster. 'Yes, it—it appears to have gone a little to seed,' he faltered. 'We haven't really started yet on—on our scheme. To be honest, I've been occupied on a book. True, I finished it two months ago, sent it home—but I've been down with fever since.'

'A book about your scheme?' asked Dempster dryly.

'Naturally,' said Martin. 'A book called *Work-brotherhood*. It sets down clearly all we are going to do—all we are aiming at.' Again he saw Dempster's eyes. He laughed nervously. 'I suppose it does look as though my practice was inferior to my preaching—but

give us time, my dear fellow, give us time and we'll show you.'

Dempster frowned as he stared at him. 'Look here, Trustram,' he said. 'Theories, dreams, are all right—but some of us aren't good at actualities, at making 'em good.'

Martin threw up his hand. 'Don't,' he cried almost tearfully. 'Don't say that. There are moments when—— No, I will show you all that it can be done.'

VIII.

Dempster went up definitely to see Martin seven months later. He had heard rumours; also his accountants had told him how they had dunned Trustram for goods supplied without ever getting a milreis in return.

The condition of the Pijos estate was frightful. Weeds and jungle had conquered it completely. Martin was ill in what was the wreck of a once fine house. He was ill, but not so ill that he could not follow the conversation between Dempster and the boss-nigger—the only man he had left—outside in the sun.

'He is a saint, boss,' said the big nigger, 'but he is bughouse, too. He's craze. Look! he tries to make de black trash work, but he no let me beat dem niggers up for to do it. Dey knew he wouldn't hurt. Dey knew, too, he hadn't got no punch in him. Look! one day him come out tearing craze; he is all for work; we clear whole forest in one day, an' plant him too, it seem. For one, two hours we work till we fit drop. Den him begins to stare empty into de ribber. Sometime him pull up, an' shout at black trash for stopping work—den he go off dreaming again. Den he walk away to his hammock, an' lie swinging an' dreamin'. An' den, of course, dere no more work for a week—for a month. No, him fine feller, saint, too, but him no boss man.'

The nigger then told how the others had drifted away, some because they were fed up with the mad sort of life, others because money had given out, and credit and luxuries had ceased to come to them.

'He couldn't hold dem,' said the nigger. 'He couldn't make dem work for to get money byemby. He jus' done know how about work. Oh, he fine talker—such lovely words, but he don't can't know how to do anythings. He jus' don't can't know where to begin. He jus'——'

Martin, listening in his hammock, yelled, his lips twisting wryly, 'Come in and hear the rest from me, Dempster. I can tell you all about it—without prejudice.'

And he did. After reciting the dry facts of his failure, he said, 'Didn't you say last time you were here that theories and dreams were all right, but some of us aren't good at the actualities? Well, that's my epitaph. I dream, but I can't do.'

'It's something to dream,' said Dempster,

who saw that he would have to handle Martin carefully if he was to get him down to Para alive.

'It is, if you don't dream mush,' said Martin, who, in the completeness of his awakening, saw himself in the starkest light. 'But if you dream mush, make yourself mushy by dreaming, then it's wrong. The only way to dream is to dream hard, to dream vigorously, to dream things that can be put into practice. I didn't.'

'Oh, I thought some of your ideas were good,' said Dempster, and he really meant it.

'They weren't,' said Martin cynically. 'Oh, I'm seeing myself as you saw me—as others saw me.' His voice shook a little. 'You weren't the first to warn me against myself. Some—some one else did that, earlier than you. Some one else told me that that old attitude of mine, that pretending to gather facts, that pretence of going slowly and carefully with my ideas, was only a cloak for my inertia, an excuse for laziness. . . . And she—and all of you were right. I hadn't really the guts, the drive, to realise what I dreamed, so I sunk myself into, drugged myself with, dreams. . . .'

IX.

Dempster took him down-river in his launch. He had always liked 'Trustram'; he liked him better now. He was more human in his failure. He'd lost his faintly superior, his softly obstinate mulishness, that had made him difficult before.

At Para the doctors said that the only thing to get the fever out of his system, and give him a chance of life, was to send him home. As he happened to be penniless, Dempster saw to that. Dempster also saw to it that he got some sort of outfit, and, what is more, packed it for him, since he wasn't fit for exertion.

It was in the middle of the packing that Dempster came across Martin's book, *Work-brotherhood*. He picked it up, puzzled over its cover, which bore no author's name, and said, 'What's this?'

'Something to amuse you,' Martin chuckled weakly. 'Keep it, old fellow; and, if you can, read it. It'll tickle you to death. It's all about work by a man who is congenitally incapable of doing it.'

'*Work-brotherhood*,' said Dempster. 'I remember something about that.'

'You do,' laughed Martin. 'I told you about it up in the bush. That's the great gospel I was preaching during all the time I was failing to practise it. It's my book. The publishers sent me out some copies a few months back.'

'I know it's your book,' said Dempster. 'But that wasn't the thing I was remembering. It was in a paper from home. If I remember, they said some wonderful things about it.'

'Said! . . . Talk! . . . Another talker on a talker. It meant nothing,' said Martin.

X.

On the voyage home he picked up a good deal of his strength. So much, in fact, that, on landing, he was well enough to go to visit one of his own factories near the port.

He went there mainly out of curiosity, for, as yet, he hadn't any definite ideas as to what he would do. He was still Edgar Trustram, and, apart from the cash Dempster had advanced, a pauper. He didn't know how things were, whether Silvia's new husband—he was certain, with an almost morbid agony, that she had married again—had sold up his estates, or reorganised them, or—what. In fact, so uncertain was he that his visit was perhaps more than curiosity; it was an expedition to spy out the land.

It was easy to get into the works. The old time-keeper was at the gates, and he'd had instructions in the old days to let anybody interested go over the place. The time-keeper still had the habit, though there was a hint of a new order, for, quite distinctly, he hesitated, he seemed put out.

Martin walked about, and soon became rather startled. There were changes here, more changes than he had anticipated. But it wasn't that so much as the quality of them that made him frightened. He was extraordinarily pleased when Weatwood, the manager—he was glad they hadn't got rid of him—crossed his path in the machine tool-room, and stopped to chat.

He wasn't afraid of old Weatwood detecting him; his beard, his tan, the wasting of the tropics made too good a disguise.

Weatwood, inclined to pass on, stopped by him, indeed, began to walk by his side explaining the things they had done, and were, in fact, still doing. When Martin suggested that Weatwood was being kept from his work, Weatwood hurried to say no, protested that he was only too glad to show round somebody who was so keen on things. Weatwood, in fact, was keen, too; he seemed to hang on every question eagerly.

So intimate did they become that at one point Martin almost betrayed himself. When they came to some new building, he cried, 'Hullo, what are you doing with those old annealing sheds, Dick?'

He could have bitten his tongue out, but Weatwood, who was a pace ahead, didn't hear, thank goodness, but stood staring at the building for quite a minute before he turned and apologised, and asked if he had spoken.

Martin got it correct then, and Weatwood told him that the old, dark, dirty sheds had been taken down so that up-to-date saw-tooth sheds with plenty of light and heat and cleanliness could be put in their place. 'They've got blue-prints of these over there at the clerk of works,' he said. 'Come an' look at them,

sir. You'll see what a fine job they are going to make of it. Those sheds will be more like dance halls when they are finished.'

XI.

While they were studying the blue-prints, Weatwood was called away, and the assistant-manager, who had come for him, took his place. Martin did not particularly know this, he was so absorbed by the things that had happened. He was getting a series of shocks. He was hard put, even, to realise that he was seeing actual and concrete things, and not dreaming again his old slow dreams. He put a question to the assistant-manager.

'Oh, there were changes before, a good many, and most of those remain; but most of the things you point out, sir, have been brought into force in the past few months.'

The past few months. The past few months. . . . The words kept echoing in Martin's head.

But even he had his fill, rather before the enthusiastic assistant-manager had his, in fact. There came a moment when Martin felt he must go away, and lie down and try to get something like sanity into the whirling bewilderment that made his head. But the assistant-manager was dense. He seemed absolutely spell-bound by the big club—a combination cinema-theatre-dance hall that was one of the prides of the factory. He couldn't tear himself away—none of Martin's hints would move him.

Then, just as Martin felt there was nothing for it but to walk straight away from the fellow, a big covered car swept up to and stopped at the entrance to the club. Martin, caught indecisive, stood dazed before it.

And Silvia got out.

She looked at him, put out her hand, said, 'Martin! . . . Martin!'

He was conscious of something tenderer and deeper in her beauty, something graver, finer, more reposeful. He stood away, wondering why he could not run away.

'Martin,' she whispered. 'Martin, dear, . . . do get into the car.'

Then he began to fall. . . . Then soft arms and strong ones gathered him, and he knew that that sly assistant-manager was helping, and that the slyer Weatwood was also on the scene. . . . Then there was swift, smooth motion, and he felt a strong arm about him, and a soft cheek against his, . . . and the cheek was wet. . . .

With a sigh of happiness he fainted.

XII.

Silvia sat by his couch—his couch in his own home.

'Let me do all the talking,' she cried. 'First, the time-keeper at the gate recognised you and told Weatwood. Weatwood couldn't quite

believe it, so he intercepted you in the works. He grew surer and surer it was you, and then, when you gave yourself away at the old annealing sheds, his mind was made up.'

'Then he wasn't called away when we were looking at the blue-prints?'

'No, he was telephoning to me.'

'Were you very, very surprised, Silvia?'

'Not very. I was overcome—but I felt it would happen all along.'

'You felt it?' he cried, staring at her. 'But you must have been certain that I went down in the *Tapajos*?'

'I never was quite convinced of that—somehow, and a few months ago I became certain there had been a mistake.'

Again Martin said in surprise, 'A few months ago?' and stared at her.

'Yes,' she laughed at him, a tender motherly laugh. 'A few months ago. . . . Did you notice anything about the factory, the improvements?'

'I was absolutely startled by them,' he cried, sitting up. 'If I'd—Are they your own ideas?'

'No. I have no ideas of my own, I've found out. I got them out of a book.'

'*Work-brotherhood*,' he gasped, and then, seeing her face, 'You—you guessed I wrote that.'

'It seemed unmistakable, . . . all your propositions put down in your own language, but the whole thing stronger, finer, surer, more mature. And—I say, Martin, do you happen to know that that book has opened a new era in industrial conditions? That it's become a sort of text-book on the relationship between Capital and Labour?'

'Good God!' cried Martin, gaping at her. 'And all the time I was making a muck of things out there on the river.'

'Of course, I saw that too,' catching his puzzled stare. 'I saw that too; it taught me to understand you—to understand *us*. How, with the best intentions in the world, we'd gone to smash.'

'Yes?' he asked.

'My dear,' she said, 'we'd got the partnership wrong. We both wanted to *do* everything, dream and plan and do, together. And I couldn't dream—I was all *do*, I wanted to rush at things, get a hustle on, do something—'

'And I,' he said, 'was merely able to dream, not *do*; to preach, not practise. That's all I was fit for. . . .'

'All?' she cried. 'All? Why, with the right partnership you and your dreams could renew the world.'

'The right partnership, Silvia?' he said, and he put out his hand timidly.

'My dear,' she said softly, and she knelt beside his couch.

THE END.

THE WEST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA.

By RICHARD THIRSK.

PART I.

I.

THE first landfall we made after waving farewell to the shores of England was the little island of Mona, situated between Puerto Rico and Haiti. From there we had three days' sailing through the Caribbean Sea to Cristobal, the port for Colon. Here we had our first experience of a town in the tropics, of *dry* America, and of wet, very wet, Panama.

Cristobal and Colon are one and the same town, though the former is under U.S. jurisdiction, while the latter belongs to the Republic of Panama. The line of demarcation thus forms a *dry* and a *wet* zone. U.S. midshipmen do not approve of the *dry* zone. There was a boat-load of them at Cristobal while we were there, and I can safely say that I never before saw so many young men reeling through the streets of a town. How they mobbed the drinking saloons in Colon, and how they painted the town red, proving that they were 'Some boys!'

Colon is a town that has come into existence with the building of the Panama Canal. It is interesting because of its many-coloured life. All the peoples of the East seem to be represented there. Chinamen supply provisions and chop-suey; Indians and Japanese sell gold and silver wares; Armenians compete with them; Arabs and Egyptians sell their wares; while niggers of all shades do the work. The real American, when he is not a canal employee, makes ice-cream.

Groups of coloured women squat at street corners behind piled baskets of pine-apples, which cost only a few cents, while for twenty-five cents you can buy more bananas than you can conveniently carry. In quality and flavour these fruits are infinitely superior to those imported into Europe.

As a protection against the sun the upper storey of all the houses projects over the pavement, so that it is not necessary to go out of the shade, except when crossing the road. All the shops are under this balcony and are cool, especially as most of them have large revolving fans hanging from the ceiling.

What possibly strikes the visitor most forcibly is the extraordinary depth of the gutters he has to step over at either side of the street. At some corners they go down to a depth of about three feet, and the sewers are so wide that it is said that on one occasion a small boy was carried down one of them, and came out, strange to relate, alive, at the outlet on the sea-front. As likely as not Nature will explain the reason for the deep gutters. If the traveller

has the misfortune to experience a rainstorm, he will learn to his discomfort that even a three-feet gutter is not sufficiently deep to carry off the deluge.

Most people you meet carry an umbrella, even workmen. When I spoke to an American about this custom, he explained that they had rain at Panama, but that they seldom paid much attention to it. No, they didn't, for the good reason that the rain paid so much attention to them they were soaked through almost before they had time to know it was raining. Rain! Bah! Perhaps what I experienced was a miniature deluge, an imitation of the emptying of the seven seas of the world. It was not rain; it was a solid mass of water that tumbled down, flooding the country. Luckily it did not last for long—else it is easy to imagine a navigable sea taking the place of the Panama Canal.

This rain, which entirely blotted out the landscape as effectively as does a London fog, made navigation impossible and delayed us somewhat. As soon as it was over, the pilot took us through Limon Bay towards the Canal. All vessels passing through the Canal must take a pilot.

Though it is an exaggeration to speak of the Panama Canal as one of the wonders of the world, it is nevertheless a colossal feat of engineering, of human ingenuity and endurance. It enables a vessel to do in six hours what in the old days took six weeks, and more.

II.

From the Atlantic side the ship passes through three locks, the Gatun Locks, each one of which is calculated to take the largest vessel afloat. Immediately before the first lock is entered, a crew of niggers comes on board to work the ropes. These wire ropes are stretched from the ship to motor-tractors running on rails the length of the docks. Electric 'mules' the tractors are called. There are three on each side, two towing the bow ropes, two amidships, and two for steadying astern. These mules both guide and propel the ship—because of the possibility of damage being caused by the wash from her propellers, she is not permitted to use her engines.

All the operations at the locks are electrically controlled from a two-storeyed building situated between the different locks. The gates open and close as if by unseen hands, while the water rises to the level of the next lock without any apparent human effort. The passage through the three locks occupies little more than half-an-hour, in the course of which time the ship is lifted 85 feet above sea-level.

It should be explained that all the locks are double—that is to say, two ships, one westward-bound and the other sailing in the opposite direction, can pass through at the same time. Thus there is practically no delay. But two ships bound in the same direction are not permitted to enter at the same time.

On leaving the last of the three locks on the Atlantic side, we enter Gatun Lake, an artificially-created expanse of water extending over an area of 164 square miles. This lake was made by impounding the waters of the Chagres River, and is necessary for the supply of water for the locks on either side of the canal; that is to say, it supplies all the water for raising and lowering ships.

The dam necessary to resist the tremendous force of such a large sheet of water is not the least interesting feature of the canal. It is a mile and a half long, and half a mile broad at the bottom. In the middle is a spillway, or overflow channel, 300 feet wide, cut through solid rock: 154,000 cubic feet of water can be discharged through this per second. This overflow drives the hydro-electric plant for supplying electric power and light for the working of the machinery of the canal, the railway, and the entire zone.

In Gatun Lake the steamer can go at full speed for a distance of 23 miles. The lake is dotted with numerous islands, covered with palms and tropical vegetation, and you hear screaming parquets among the trees. In many places the bare stumps of trees that grew before the inundation may be seen rising above the surface. It is a beautiful tropical lake, and the traveller feels sorry when he leaves it to enter the Culebra Cut.

This is where the range of hills running down the isthmus was cut in two for a distance of nine miles. You will have some idea of the difficulty in constructing this portion of the canal on realising that 5,000,000 cubic yards of solid rock were taken from this cut, and that many hundreds of lives were lost. Serious obstructions have occurred here from time to time, and gangs of workmen are still employed in cutting the rock, in order to prevent future accidents.

At the end of the Culebra Cut is the Pedro Miguel lock, where the ship is lowered 30 feet to the level of the artificial Miraflores Lake, a sheet of water about two square miles in extent. Through this lake the vessel passes on to two more locks, where it is lowered another 55 feet to the Pacific level, coming out at Balboa, now used as an American naval port.

We left Cristobal at 11 A.M., and reached Balboa at 5 P.M., thus completing the passage in six hours.

When building the canal the Americans used no part of the old French workings. Parts of these may yet be seen. A good deal of the

rusting machinery is still there, sinking into the mud, sad relics of the loss of millions of francs and the useless sacrifice of many lives.

Canal dues are very high. Our captain told me that his steamer, 7000 tons dead weight, had to pay over £1000.

The U.S. Government has rented the land adjoining the canal, known as the Canal Zone. One of the conditions is that money thus received must be expended in improving the roads and means of transit within the Panama Republic.

III.

Something like twenty-four hours south of Panama we crossed the equator.

Guyaquil, in Ecuador, was our next port of call. To reach it we had to steam about twelve hours up the river, and lie at anchor in mid-stream while the cargo was discharged over the side into lighters. Natives, many of them coming off in canoes hollowed out of tree-trunks, swarmed on board to vend Panama hats, fruits, live-stock (monkeys and parrots), and to steal anything they could lay hands on.

Guyaquil suggests a town that man started to build, but tired before he got little more than half-way through. The streets are most of them impassable, except for donkeys, and all of them lead to rubbish-heaps that mark the end of everything. Many of the streets are used only for the drying of cocoa-beans, among which numbers of men sit patiently turning them over and selecting the dry ones, which are taken down to the wharves on slow-moving bullock-carts.

There is one prevailing fashion at Guyaquil to which all those who can afford boots must conform—that is, to have them shining so that you can see yourself reflected in them when you look down to admire. A man may be in rags and tatters, and there may be nothing of his shoes remaining except the laces, yet these must shine so that the sunlight may play among them. More energy is expended on shining boots than on washing faces; it is the serious business of life. An army of shiners, ranging from six to sixty years of age, keeps on shining all the day and well into the night. If you sit down at a café or a hotel, along comes one of the army with a boxful of bottles and silk-cloths, and begins operations. Board a tram-car and there is another, polishing as though dear life depended on it. Stand in the street for a second, and one of the faithful will get to work on your footwear, which, if not up to the standard, will be a source of much trouble and possibly danger to you. I got the impression that half the male population of Guyaquil lived by polishing shoes.

Not so long ago yellow fever and kindred horrors were endemic at Guyaquil. Happily the transmitter of the yellow variety has been

exterminated, but other species of mosquitoes still live and flourish abundantly, as I can vouch. Bah! those nights at Guyaquil were nightmares. With the dusk, while we were at dinner, down came the mosquitoes in clouds to feast on our ankles, making us itch and wriggle in our chairs like so many people possessed. When we hurried out to escape those in the saloon, fresh clouds were waiting for us on deck. Worst of all, they were already in possession of our bunks when we retired for the night, not to sleep, but to spend weary hours listening to their venomous ping-ping, waving our arms in a vain endeavour to chase them off, and scratching ourselves until we bled. I recommend mosquitoes as a counter-irritant to the languishing love-sick who lie awake at night counting the hours.

Guyaquil is ashamed of being a town built of wood, so it has invested in paint and done its best to make the low houses look as though they were built of stone. Churches—even the cathedral itself—are of wood painted to resemble marble. It gives you a shock of surprise to walk across what appears to be a mosaic floor and hear

it sound hollow to your tread. Yet it must be remembered that Guyaquil is subject to frequent earthquakes. The inhabitants know not if they may wake up one morning and find their town vanished, and presumably they argue that it might be more comfortable to be struck on the head by a piece of falling timber than to stop a stone hurtling from a height.

I never in my life saw so many donkeys as at Guyaquil. Everybody ambles along on a donkey. Two hefty men think nothing of sitting astride a decrepit little moke, which one of them might easily carry. Sometimes the load is so bulky that it is impossible to see anything of the donkey under it. It is only a donkey, which needs neither care nor attention, and which picks up its sustenance as it ambles through the streets—banana skins and offal—a kind of scavenger.

But the outstanding memory of Guyaquil is mosquitoes. At the end of a week of their blood-sucking we all of us looked like scarlet fever patients, and were glad to lift anchor and sail down the coast to Callao.

(Continued on page 760.)

THE FIREBALL.

By LADY NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

THE sun was sinking into a great bath of crimson, rose, and gold, behind the island of Eigg.

The 'Scur' stood up black and menacing against the gorgeous background: the scene of sinister memories of dark days of old, with the cave at its foot and the whitening bones of murdered Macdonalds trapped by treacherous and savage MacLeods. The Macdonald clan had their turn at the MacLeods later on, sure enough, and an ugly one, too. But those days are long since past and relegated to the rites of the long ago, and now Macdonald and MacLeod plod along peaceful plains of dull conventionality.

There, however, is the remote island of Eigg, and on that summer evening of which we write an exquisite peace reigned. The great plane of the sea was as a sheet of pure gold. The rich red-brown of the tangle waved in the tide, which whispered soft nothings to the rocky shore. Sometimes a whale came up, his black back shining. Gulls chattered peevishly, and crowded round him, when he would sigh and sink again to his depths. Cormorants fished and fluttered noisily, disturbing the calm surface.

The day's work was done. The old dairy woman and the two daughters of the farmhouse down in the hollow near the shore were seated high up on the Tor, watching and waiting.

The old woman had a grim look on her worn face. The brown eyes that looked out from

among a forest of wrinkles had seen many things, and were still keen and far-seeing.

The girls talked to each other in low tones in Gaelic. They were watching to see the fishermen from the Aird swinging down the track, wending their way to join the steamer that was to take them to the herring-fishing.

'They are coming,' said the old woman in her native Gaelic, in the soft, minor key of the west. 'And how many of them will come back? God help them!' she muttered.

'Be quiet, Seonaid,' said the girls. 'You are always a prophet of ill.'

A long straggling procession of men came down the hill. Splendid men, most of them, talking, whistling, singing.

Dusk was falling. The golden glory of the sunset was fading into the exquisite aquamarine, blue green of the northern night.

'That is not all,' said the old woman, counting the heads. 'No, I thought not,' and as she spoke a single figure came round the shoulder of the hill. Just in front of him a ball of fire* seemed to spring out of the ground and run along the ground. The man was walking with bent head, and did not appear to see it. Then it paused and plunged into the earth at the side of the track.

'Tis for Angus Ban,' said the crone, white to the lips.

* A fireball was not an uncommon sight in those parts, and was the source of many conjectures.

'Be quiet, Seonaid,' said the girls again.
'You will bring bad luck.'
'Wait you,' said the crone.

Summer lingered long that year in that beauteous land, and then the gales burst upon it; the forces of the storm were loosed, and worked their will. The Walkyrie shrieked.

More than one gallant little boat went down with its gallant crew. The Glasgow steamers carried many a long box that year, to be borne to its burying in the old land so well loved by her sons in those bygone days.

Once more the crone and the two girls, sitting

far up on the Tor above the farmhouse, watched and waited.

A sad little procession was winding down the track. It paused, and the men rested the coffin they were bearing by the side of the rough road.

Some of them piled up a cairn of stones after they had lifted it, to mark the place where it had rested. Then they continued their journey.

'Ay,' said the crone, and the painful tears of the old stood in her eyes; 'you will believe me now.'

The little cairn was on the exact spot where the fireball had disappeared, and the coffin contained what remained of fair young Angus Ban.

CANDLE-LIGHT.

By FRANK KING.

PART I.

I.

THE moor was shadowing as Jacob Webster trotted briskly along the rough bridle-track that led to Far Intake. The long summer day had ended in splendour of gold and crimson, and now the rich night-purple was softening the bold silhouettes of the hilltops towards Lancashire. Through the dusk, the circling peewits called plaintively; an occasional grouse cluttered hoarsely among the heather. Apart from these, the moorland lay silent, sinking into peaceful slumber after the drowsy content of the sun-bathed day.

Both man and beast were tired. It was no easy achievement to journey to the distant prayer-meeting at Heptonstall and return the same evening. Yet Nell pressed on with knowledge of the oats that awaited her in the comfortable stable at Far Intake. And the man urged her forward to still greater haste; for in the cool, oak-raftered kitchen of the farmstead two gentle eyes would be watching for his return, two warm red lips would speak welcome.

'The Lord hath smiled upon His servant,' he murmured, his dour face softening into tenderness. 'He hath rewarded me far beyond my deserts.'

A staunch Puritan was Jacob, with full conviction that salvation could be attained only by constant and ever-watchful struggle with the powers of Darkness. His close-cropped head and stern, solemn face marked him out as one of those who had lately rebelled against an ungodly king, a distinction further enhanced by his severe and sombre garb. He had many of the virtues and most of the faults of his sect. Among the scattered circle of zealots whose prayer-meetings he attended he was known as 'Sweet Humility,' an honoured pseudonym

earned by the fervour of his exhortations against the besetting sin of pride. Yet a word against the honour of a Webster of Far Intake would have sent his hand to his sword-belt in unthinking haste.

Jacob had fought against the Royalists, and fought like a true-bred moorman. He had been at Marston Moor and, with his fellow Roundheads, helped to turn the failing day for Noll. He had seen the Cavaliers routed at Naseby. He had gone through the campaign with a stern exaltation in the triumph of Heaven over Hell. When the forces of evil were finally overthrown, he had obtained an honourable discharge and returned home to lay his heart at the little feet of Anne Halliday. And she, strangely attracted to this dark-visaged man who loved his moorland so well, and a trifle dazzled, maybe, by the rumoured fame of his battles, had taken his heart into her gracious keeping and consented to become the mistress of Far Intake.

'The Lord hath smiled,' he murmured again, with tender memories of those earliest days. 'In no other way could her love for such unworthiness be explained.'

His thoughts flew back to the wedding in the old barn-chapel, and to the busy, glowing time that followed. He had been perfectly happy within the limits of his austere religion. There was much work to be done on the farm, neglected during the fighting. He had toiled early and late with plough and spade, and praised God for the gift of so fair a flower as Anne. But little by little a vague uneasiness had disturbed his content. For Anne was no Puritan, but a care-free daughter of laughter and joy. She showed no enthusiasm for the God-fearing life. He began to grow anxious for the safety of her soul.

With earnest sincerity, he had taken the

matter in hand. His wife was too dear to him to be allowed to go the way of the unbeliever. His entreaties and gentle admonitions, watchful and never flagging, had had their effect. Anne had become more serious in mind, more sober in conduct. Her joyous laughter was heard less often in the sombre rooms at Far Intake. She performed her household duties with only rare interruptions of frivolity. Jacob rejoiced to see his fears for her salvation thus dispelled. Yet there were times when curious doubts assailed him, keen though momentary regrets for eyes that had danced and lips that had smiled so readily.

Doubts such as these damped his anticipation as he turned the mare from the bridle-track into the boulder-strewn path near Far Intake. The very intensity of his feelings, the eagerness of his desire to fold the loved one in his arms, warned him of the danger of idolatry. It seemed to him that this keen longing to see her smiles and hear her care-free song came very near to sin, that it betokened a tendency towards that worldliness against which he had spoken.

'I must keep good watch,' he muttered anxiously, 'lest I give the Devil the foothold he seeks. This love for Anne is a wonderful and a sacred blessing. Yet it must not become more to me than the love of God.'

In a moment, however, his fears vanished, ousted by the glowing tenderness which swept through him with thought of the welcome waiting at the farm. Visualising the dear face, he remembered that Anne had lately lost colour and grown thinner. The weather had been hot and trying, and maybe she had expended too much energy in the care of the house. He promised himself that he would keep careful guard over her health for the next few weeks, even at the expense of an occasional prayer-meeting.

The mare's hooves clattered loudly upon the cobbles of the farmyard. Jacob was surprised to note that no light shone from the kitchen. 'I warrant the lass sits dreaming in the darkness somewhere,' he smiled, slipping from the saddle.

He lit a lanthorn and attended to the mare's comfort. Then, carrying the light, he crossed the yard to the house.

The kitchen door stood ajar and the house seemed strangely silent. Jacob stood on the threshold, peering into the room. 'Anne! Anne!' he cried cheerily. 'Where art thou, lass?'

No reply came from the darkness. The silence was broken only by the ticking of the long clock and the chirruping of the crickets beneath the hearth-stone. With some faint premonition of trouble, the man advanced into the stone-flagged kitchen, his footsteps echoing hollowly through the house. 'Maybe she has

gone on to the moor,' he muttered. 'Yet 'tis unlike her to be absent when she knows of my return.'

He placed the lanthorn on the white-scrubbed table, and at the same moment noticed the square sheet of paper there. He picked this up and held it to the light so that he could see the few words scrawled upon it: 'Jacob, I can bear it no longer. Thou dost not love me. I have gone to one who does. Anne.'

II.

A slow sigh escaped from the man's lips, and the paper fluttered to the floor. He gazed slowly round as though expecting to see Anne hiding behind some piece of furniture, ready to spring out with a merry laugh when her trick was discovered. But he was alone in the dim, silent room. Abruptly he dropped into a chair. For long he sat staring at the paper on the floor. 'Tis Anthony Cartwright's work!' he muttered at last. 'The loose-living Royalist! No man in the countryside but he would dare to philander with the wife of another in these days when the laws are made by God-fearing men.'

His hands clenched angrily at mention of the hated name; for there had always been enmity between the two men, so unlike in manners and appearance, who had been rivals for the love of Anne Halliday. Cartwright, with his handsome face, courtly bearing, and easy morals, found much to amuse him in Jacob's gloomy appearance and equally gloomy beliefs. Nor was he tactful in concealing this amusement, but rather quick to share it with others. So that a deep resentment had grown up in Jacob's heart, and had not dwindled with the two years of happy married life. True, his enemy's beauty had been spoiled by the sword cut which he brought back from the war; and since a mistress had reigned at Cartwright Hall, there had been fewer rumours of drunken and dissolute orgies. Still, Jacob had found it hard to be civil to the man, harder to countenance his frequent visits to Far Intake.

He had always suspected him, with his easy laugh and light banter. He had tolerated his visits only because they seemed to give pleasure to Anne. And now their purpose was revealed. He had been a fool to allow such as he had knowledge of. There must have been many more of which he was not aware, stolen meetings which had seduced the girl-wife from her honour and duty. 'She has gone like a lamb to the den of the wolf,' he cried bitterly. 'Dazzled and betrayed by lies and false promises!'

He fell on his knees then and prayed, prayed earnestly that the sins of the guilty should not be visited upon the innocent. For well he knew the purity of Anne's soul. She was no light woman. Nor was this an ordinary

elopement. She had been misled and deceived into taking a step the sin of which she could not know.

'She does not know, O Lord!' he muttered. 'Thou knowest there is no evil in her. She is careless, maybe, and does not all that she should do. Yet her heart is gentle and unstained, and is ignorant of evil.'

For long he argued with his Maker, humbly submitting every argument which could help to explain Anne's action. And in the process, his troubled mind lost any trace of doubt, finding only a firmer faith in the integrity of the wife who was, apparently, false.

Slowly, and as a natural corollary to his faith, came the realisation that Anne was in danger. Cheated and deceived, she must be contemplating the final step, must be standing even now on the brink of the river over which, once crossed, there could be no return.

'Save her from this, O Lord!' he pleaded. 'Watch over her timid footsteps. And guide Thy servant into doing Thy will, so that the innocent may return to Thy fold without suffering.'

The night was far advanced before Jacob Webster rose from his knees. But as he stretched his stiffened limbs he knew that the vigil had been well spent, that Divine guidance had been vouchsafed to him. The call to the sword had come again. Lover of peace though he was, this evil could not be overcome without strife. It was the will of the Lord that he should regain his wife by force, that his good right hand should be the instrument to punish the evil-doer.

He took down his sword from the wall and wiped the grease off it. It had struck shrewd blows for the right in the past. And now it shone bright and untarnished, slender and true, a fit weapon for the protection of so slender and fragile a maid as Anne.

'Art tried and proved!' cried the man, handling the tempered steel with tender and reminiscent care. 'Wert ever faithful in the days of Armageddon; and wilt not betray me now.'

A curious thrill ran through him when he buckled on the sword, a lusty joy of fight that had tingled in the veins of his ancestors for generations, the exhilaration that had transformed him on the field of battle. There had been times when he doubted the godliness of this savage enthusiasm. But to-night he gave no thought to it; for Anne was in danger.

Flinging open the door, he strode out into the yard. The night was moonless, and a dark screen of clouds hid the stars. The heath around lay black and silent. It was a far step to Cartwright Hall, but Jacob decided to walk. Through the darkness and over the stony moorland roads he would make as rapid progress on foot as on Nell.

He stepped out quickly through the heather, heading directly for the edge of Turvin Valley, at the top of which stood the home of Anthony Cartwright. A gentle breeze sprang up, rustling the grasses and the ling stems, stirring the blood of the man to fierce yet tender longings. But he thrust them aside with grim determination. The Lord's business was of greater moment than his own puny, earthly desires. His mission was to slay the guilty and save the innocent from sinful snares, whatever might result to himself. Maybe, if he acquitted himself righteously, the Lord would see fit to grant the full extent of his prayers and give Anne back to him.

Arrived at the edge of the valley, Jacob scrambled down the steep wooded slope to the road below that twisted and turned up the valley to Cartwright Hall. Here he could proceed with less caution and delay. He walked swiftly up beside Turvin Water flashing noisily over its boulders. Soon the three miles were behind him and he stood on a knoll near to the stream, looking up at the home of his enemy, barely distinguishable in the darkness.

No light showed in the black mass of the house, and for a while Jacob hesitated, uncertain what course to pursue. It was useless to advance and knock boldly at the door. Through dogs and servants, he would have little chance of winning to the master. Moreover, the warning of his approach would give ample time to Cartwright, if Anne were in the building, to hide her in some forgotten corner of the rambling wings.

At last he decided to climb up the ivy and seek an entrance into one of the upstairs rooms. Once inside, he could investigate cautiously, and, if discovered, hold his own against any attack. He stepped forward quickly. After gazing upwards in a vain endeavour to distinguish the windows, he chose a root of ivy at random, and climbed it with as little noise as possible.

'The Lord guideth His servant!' he muttered exultantly as he neared the deep-mullioned window and felt it yield to the pressure of his hand. It was the work of a moment to push it fully open and wriggle through into the room.

(Continued on page 744.)

IN THE CITY.

DEAR, where you are I country see
Where we have wandered wooingly;
Your eyes the amber of sweet streams
In whose loved depths I find lost dreams;
And all about you still do blow
The gentle winds of long ago.
So, on this air, there comes to me
The fragrant of field and tree;
And in this dark the sunshine gleams,
Since, in your hair, lurk truant beams.
To be together is to know
That birds are singing, flowers grow.

E. E. DOUGALL.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

SERVANTS OF THE LAW.

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN, F.Z.S., Author of *Habits and Characters of British Wild Animals, Tracks and Tracking, &c.*

I.

THE pool lay in the hollow of the mountains—just a circle of crystal water overshadowed by pine and poplar, and having no visible inlet or outlet. Crystal, I say, and so, normally, it was; but to-day its waters were of the colour and consistency of *café au lait*. Moreover, there was something strange about that pool, something one might not have noticed in peering through the bush from any one of the jagged ridges rising all round above the fallen timber, for there protruded from its surface at irregular intervals sundry pairs of huge exclamation marks, standing erect or flapping back and forth as though all were engaged in semaphore conversation. Also there were heavy swirlings and bubbles here and there, while above each pair of inverted champagne bottles hung a dense cloud of mosquitoes.

Yet, save for these curious signs, there was nothing to indicate that the herd of cow moose had sought the sanctuary of the pool as a haven from the flies and from the mid-day heat—though, of course, a skilled tracker might have followed them there. They lay hidden, their bodies totally submerged, only their huge ears and at intervals their nostrils rising to the surface, and the keenest of their foes, passing on the leeward side, might indeed have gone by without knowledge of their presence. For the water was doing more than shield them from the flies and the sun's heat—it was hiding them from view; and more important still, it was hiding their body scent.

Suddenly, however, a great ungainly head rose from the surface and remained a moment, bearded, streaming, and grotesque, while two great black eyes peered from it into the chaos around. Then, in the fraction of a second, the whole surface became alive. It was as though a hatching of gigantic water mammals burst all at once from the inert caddis, possessed of a desperate desire to leave their aqueous habitat. The cow moose rose with one accord, till the whole pool was a seething mass of spray—each great ungainly beast wallowing in awkward bounds for the break in the timber by which they had entered.

What had alarmed them?—for alarmed they certainly were, and desperately so. Yet there had been no sound on the mid-day heat save the buzzing of cicadas and the rhythmic purr of the spruce bugs.

The first of the cows reached the opening, her half-grown ungainly calf beside her; then came the rest with their calves, jostling each other like oxen on market day as their paths converged at the opening of the runway.

Above the slush of wet bodies and the rumble of hoofs there rang out a single rifle shot, and one of the cows fell to her knees, uttering a grunting bleat, presumably to her calf. She was trampled over by the rest, her calf was borne on with them, and there, very still, she lay on the trodden earth, among the dripping foliage.

So the rumble of hoofs died, and soon silence fell again, save the never-ceasing insect life. The cow moose was dead, shot through the spine, I fancy. Someone did not care for the white man's game laws, nor heed the boundaries of the great National Reserve. Some poor devil out of grub, perhaps, so we must not judge too soon.

II.

About ten minutes passed, then a man came forth from the thickets—an unkempt, ragged individual, whose black hair hung to his shoulders. There was nothing about his carriage which suggested hunger—indeed the whole impression he gave was one of wiry quickness and panther-like alertness. His feet were shod in moose-hide moccasins, from which still hung a ragged adornment of stained porcupine quills, while the tattered finery of his buckskin shirt and trousers lent lustre to his primitive manhood. Over his shoulders hung a service carbine, and his face was lean, wolfish, and dangerously keen. The man was an Indian, and his name was Nahara Too. No mean hunter, Nahara Too!

Nahara went up to the dead moose, and drawing his hunting knife he went to work quickly and skilfully. He stripped off the skin, or rather a portion of it, then he took some of the meat. It was of no use taking much,

because he was alone, and it would not keep, so he took only the best and left the rest for the wolverines.

While Nahara was at it the calf came back to look for its mother, and peered at him big-eyed, not ten paces away. It moved slowly round in the bush, watching the Indian at his gruesome work, but there was nothing to indicate that Nahara even so much as saw it. He made two thongs with which to carry the hide, then he rolled the meat up in it, flung his heavy burden over his shoulders, and trudged silently off—back towards his canoe.

But Nahara's luck was out. Ere he gained his canoe he heard a metallic click in the bush behind him, and knew it to be the click of a safety-catch. He froze in his tracks, for he felt the sights burning into his shoulders, and he knew that at last the game was up.

'Drop your gun, Nahara, also your knife—in double-quick time!'

Nahara obeyed. He had no alternative; he turned and looked back as his captor stepped from a thicket. 'You, Vaughan!' he said in a quiet voice, but without surprise.

The white man made no comment. He took up the Indian's belongings and leaned them against a tree; then he said, 'I've been watching you the thick end of a month, Nahara. Three times already I've warned you. You can't say but that I've given you every chance. You'll go to jug this time.'

Nahara shrugged his shoulders indifferently, but his face was not pleasant to behold. This was the White Man's Law, and Nahara hated that Law. Many times he had broken it for the sake of breaking it, and, too clever to be caught, he had yet let the rangers know that he was defying them. To him the rangers were the Law. To his way of reasoning Val Vaughan, the man standing before him, was responsible for the changed order of things. And Nahara had hunted that range ere the fetters of the Law were known—hunted in freedom, as his fathers had hunted before him.

'What now?' inquired the Indian at length.

'You are coming back to Outpost River,' Vaughan answered. 'The skin and the moose meat we will take. We shall need them as evidence, but we will leave your rifle and the knife till I return with the inspector. You will not need those.'

Nahara stepped forward and leered into the ranger's face. 'To-day you what you call—the high horse, ah?' said he. 'But some day, I kill you for this!'

Then it was that Vaughan struck the man—struck him a blow which smashed his own knuckles, as the order of things out there justified; but Nahara went his way peaceably, yet with the slur upon his manhood indelibly engraved.

III.

Two days later, having left Nahara under arrest at Outpost River, Vaughan returned with the inspector to collect what evidence there was by the pool. It was sun-down when they arrived, and there, of course, was the evidence staring them in the face. When there was light enough they would take photographs, for they meant to leave no stone unturned. Nahara was a bad Indian, and they intended to make an example of him. Quite prepared were they to overlook the occasional killing of moose and deer for food, but this systematic wastage, this killing of female animals out of season, simply in defiance of the Law, could not go on.

Near to the pool the two rangers made their camp and lit their fire, and, as the velvety darkness of the forest night closed about them, they heard at intervals the sound of stealthy steps, now here, now there. An inquisitive bear, no doubt, or possibly a panther—and they paid little heed. They were sitting over their pipes when Vaughan suddenly rose, his fingers clutching his rifle, gazing over the inspector's shoulder. The latter did not move. 'What is it?' he questioned quietly.

A grim smile curved Vaughan's lips. 'Well, I never!' he exclaimed. 'You poor little devil!'

The inspector also rose, and there, behind him, the fire-light reflected in the wonder of its gaze, stood a straddle-legged moose calf, which clearly had no fear of them.

Vaughan went up and stroked its nose. It tried to suck his fingers. He felt its ribs. 'Starving!' he announced. 'Isn't it an infernal shame? Doubtless the calf of Nahara's victim, haunting the place where the smell of its mother still hangs.'

They had plenty of grub with them, including canned milk and oatmeal, so they fed the calf sumptuously, and it lay down near to them for the night. Next morning it followed stumbling at their heels, sucking their clothing at every chance, while they did what had to be done. And finally it followed them out over the mountain route by which they had come. And so little Wama became the established pet at Outpost River.

IV.

Nahara was, of course, sent to prison. His term was a short one, but it is not likely that he would ever entertain very happy memories of it, as it was for him to carry home to his people the hell of white man's justice. Moreover, his punishment did not cease there, for the rangers in the meantime had visited Nahara's chief, and talked long and earnestly with him on the welfare of his tribe. So when Nahara got back his chief ordered that he be

publicly whipped for bringing disfavour upon his tribe, and for destroying game to no useful purpose.

Nahara was not without his enemies among his own people, and the old chief, anxious to make a good show of it, saw to it that Nahara's enemies were chosen to wield the rawhide. This was an affair after the hearts of all, reminiscent of the good old days, though enveloping it all in a halo of light was the justice of the White Man's Law. 'It is well that it come from you rather than from us,' the white ranger had said. 'Nahara must suffer that your tribe may prosper under the Law of the Paleface, even as the Palefaces themselves prosper.' So, by a savage creed, the prosperity of the tribe would be in exact ratio to Nahara's sufferings.

Three weeks after the Indian's return to his tribe he left it again, broken in health and in spirit. His squaw wished to follow him, and he had to strike her many times ere she would obey his order—to remain with the tribe and take good care of their little daughter, Snow on the Mountains, till such time as he returned. For assuredly he *would* return when the shame and the shadow had died from his name.

He went as a child goes forth into the world, went in all his tattered finery, and he drifted southwards. He drifted into the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and he drifted out again. He guided a white explorer north of the Great Slave Lake, was two years in the Arctic, and guided the explorer safely back. Then he and the explorer, regaining civilisation's edge, both got roaring drunk, and Nahara drew his knife. Of course he went to prison again. That was the White Man's Law.

He was converted under the Holy Cross, and took the Blue Ribbon, but a week later he went to prison once more for riotous debauchery. Again he was converted, again he took the Ribbon, and again he got drunk and went to prison. So he came to regard the White Man's Law as a mockery of itself, and the white man's creeds as a travesty of God. He married an Italian woman, and deserted her. From Calgary he drifted to Winnipeg, and he established the record time on the winter trail between Winnipeg and Fort William, driving the Northern Packet. He became known as an Indian with gifts if he could but use them to effect.

V.

Then the Earthquake came which shook the world, while its tremors ran out far beyond the bounds of civilisation. And Nahara drove a dog-team two thousand miles across the snowy wastes, and went to other lands. With the scum of the north country, out in search of grub tickets, with the cream of the world's pioneers, with all the blotched and motley throng he

went, and shoulder to shoulder, man to man, he toiled and suffered with the rest.

Three years later he returned, pronounced by the Law as war-broken and useless. The desire to go back to his own land was dead, for he had seen so much that he no longer wished to tell his people of it. It was too long a story, and he was too weary. Also, they would not understand.

But there shone on Nahara's horizon one lone star. Very brightly it shone, fresh and unfading as the dawn. Ten years had passed since he left the children of the tepees, but they left his memories unchanged. For him the meadows of his youth were still rich in musquash and beaver, and the fat deer were in the grassy bays.

Hard times followed Nahara's return, and his youth was passing. His constitution had been wonderful, but after all he was but a red man. And now the cough of the lungs assailed him, and he knew that his face was towards the sunset.

Yet to Nahara that knowledge bore no sadness. He was not afraid. He had drunk deeply of the cup of life; he knew its sweetness and its gall, and he feared not to drain its dregs. Life owed him nothing. Assuredly he owed nothing to the world, which to him had evolved itself into the White Man's Law. For ten years the Law had stood over him like a drawn sword, ready, inexorable, crushing all men into submission, even as he was crushed, though their hearts yearned for freedom. The Law! That was the Law! To him the tyranny of military rule was but its semblance—rising like a brass god over all creation, though its power dissolved into smoke for those who feared not human suffering. Once he had regarded the Law as a god indeed, but now he knew. He no longer feared it, for he saw in its power but a feeble thing—like the Blue Ribbon of the priests—because it was helpless to stay the human will.

So one day Nahara turned his face northwards again, knowing that his feet were set towards the journey's end.

VI.

During the winter succeeding her capture, Wama, the moose-calf, was broken to harness, and so Vaughan was able to satisfy a pet desire. For long he had held that the wild deer of the woods, the moose and the caribou, might aptly be employed by the Mines and Forests Department as beasts of burden. Always they were short of dogs, and dogs, at any rate, were expensive, while food had to be carried for them. The moose, on the other hand, could feed itself anywhere, and, compared with the sled-dog, or even a whole train thereof, it was a mighty beast.

Left alone, when winter came, with God and

the snows, Vaughan set to work to train his moose, and so well did he succeed that very soon he had little use for his dogs. He used the moose as he might have used a pack-horse, travelling overland instead of by the long and circuitous routes of the waterways. This was rendered possible by the animal's wonderful knowledge as to the whereabouts of drifts. Guided by some mysterious sense, it would jog despondently in and out, seeking the wind-swept patches, sometimes making a seemingly needless detour to avoid the deep snow, but unerringly returning to their line of travel by the most direct route. It could pack on its shoulders more than the strongest man could carry, and trot all day as fast as an unladen man could move on snowshoes, feeding during the night and taking its rest while it fed.

All next summer Wama was used as a draught animal, and the principals of the department became much interested. It drew Vaughan before their notice, but of course there was just one fly in the ointment. Wama was becoming so fierce that no one but Vaughan could go near her. She would rear like a horse, and strike out with her terrible fore-hoofs, uttering a trumpet-like squeal should any one try to make friends with her. And whenever Vaughan left her tethered outside trading-post or depôt, he was compelled to hang a glaring notice over her ears, incidentally eclipsing her eyes, 'This Animal is Dangerous!'

Naturally he and his strange companion became somewhat famous, but all who had anything to do with Wama were unanimous in the opinion that they would prefer dogs.

Things were going well with Vaughan, for he was a very able servant of the Law—ever ready to give quarter where it was deserved, but inexorable in his justice. As civilisation advanced, Outpost River became more than an outpost, and from it the tentacles of Government groped their way outwards into the wild, till Vaughan had many rangers under him. He built a bungalow, trained flowers over the walls, and took to himself a wife. Time passed, and the music of children's laughter crept into his life. And no call came to Vaughan when the whole earth shook, because he had his own great work there in the untrodden places. Ten years passed, and the first shades of autumn laid their frosted fingers upon the ranger's temples

VII.

Christmas was near. Vaughan had been up-country visiting some of his outposts, but, determined to spend the festive season with his family, he made a hard push to get back. Wama, as usual, was carrying his packs, and his half-breed servant accompanied him, the moose eager to make good time now that her nose was towards home.

The trail was one which she knew well, for

it led down a rocky defile, piled and pillared on each side with gigantic columns of ice. And when the close of the short day found them only twelve miles from home, they decided to push on rather than spend another night on the trails.

They had not made very many miles, however, when Wama stopped and refused to budge. No mule on earth was more obstinate than Wama when she chose. Vaughan tried coaxing, but she would not stir. He went ahead, calling after her, but she stood with her fore-legs wide apart like a wooden image.

What to do Vaughan did not know. Wama was quite prepared to go back, but go forward she would not. The half-breed, of course, became superstitious, and very soon he too refused to go on. He said that some evil awaited them on the trail, and that the moose knew it. He rather suspected wolves, or possibly a grizzly, lurking in hiding for them. But the ranger knew that he feared the River Inua—the dread ghost of the waters.

Vaughan cared not a rap for wolves or Inuas, but he knew that it was as useless to argue against the breed's superstitions as against Wama's obstinacy, and thoroughly out of temper with them both, he decided to make camp where they were. Indeed, he had but one alternative—to return eight or nine miles to a base-line crossing, then make a wide detour homewards over the most appalling going, which, of course, was unthinkable.

They were astir next morning with the first glimmer of dawn, and, Wama having forgotten her prejudice, were soon into their stride again. The sun was up when, gaining the mouth of the defile, only a few miles from home, something prompted Vaughan to look back.

Then it was that he saw a man lying between two boulders some fifty feet above the trail. Vaughan called to him, but he did not stir, and the ranger knew then that he had answered yet another call, for the cold was intense. So Vaughan went up among the rocks to see what there was to see.

The man lay between two boulders, his sightless gaze still fixed along the sights of a service-rifle trained on the open vista down which they had come. His stark fingers were locked about the trigger-guard, hoary with ice where his breath had settled.

The heart of the ranger was heavy as he looked down at that still, cold figure—silent evidence of the Law which he himself served so ably. He knew now why Wama had refused to take the trail, but his gaze became misty as he saw, protruding from the Indian's pocket, in significance of the season—a tousel-headed plaster doll.

So Nahara's star had shone, and he had forgotten that his little girl, Snow on the Mountains, would be grown-up now.

YPRES, THE PHOENIX.

By THEODORE RUETE.

I.

TEN years have now passed away since Britain entered the war by Belgium's side. During the four and a third grim years that succeeded the violation of Flanders, Ypres and its famous Salient, where our empire is calculated to have lost some 250,000 sons, were busy making history that will live for ever.

On 4th August of this year, therefore, the Earl of Ypres, as representative of the Ypres League, crossed to the town whence he derives his title, to mark the memorable occasion by laying a wreath upon the ruins of its renowned Cloth Hall—the great cenotaph to all who fell in defence of Ypres and the Salient.

In Belgium, however, this anniversary is also celebrated as a national festival. The booths and roundabouts covering every inch of Ypres' Grande Place are always thronged with merry-making crowds, but these were especially great this year, in honour of our distinguished soldier on his mission of piety and respect.

The wonderful old town of Ypres dates from about the year 940 A.D. During the whole of its long history, wars and pestilences constantly have ravaged it, but although shorn, latterly, of most of its former importance, it continued fairly prosperous right up to the Great War, when at last it was levelled with the ground. Of all Ypres' 5000 houses before the war, but one small building, in a distant corner, still remained standing. This, although severely damaged in several places, managed to retain four walls and a roof of sorts, and to-day is pointed out by the inhabitants, with a mournful kind of pride, as the single structure that survived the four years' bombardment of the Germans.

Despite this terrible disaster, however, Ypres, thanks to the Belgians' wonderful pertinacity, is rapidly rising again, phoenix-like, from her ashes. About two-thirds of the town have already been rebuilt, and some dozen up-to-date hotels, with several smaller ones, and many first-class shops offer visitors every possible comfort and luxury.

These facts are all too little realised by the streams of British continually crossing to Belgium to visit the battlefields in this cockpit of Europe. Most of them imagine, probably, that 'Wipers' is still a heap of ruins, or at best a collection of little wooden hutments. Both are certainly present there, but the ruins are fast disappearing, and if folk continue to live in the streets of wooden structures put up as emergency dwellings on the former cavalry drill-ground, many of them, nevertheless, now

possess proper houses, which they are renting out to others.

The reconstruction of Ypres is, indeed, one of the marvels of modern times. Of the town's 18,000 pre-war population, over 13,000 already have returned thither, and almost all buildings occupy their former sites—the records of owners and positions fortunately having been preserved. Many of the streets, now well-lighted and clean, have been widened, however; slums, swept away by the war, have not been permitted to return; and with a good drainage system and an efficient water supply from Lake Dickebusch's 105 acres, close by, Ypres, nowadays, is a far healthier town than ever it was before. People in those villages that escaped bombardment are quite envious of Ypres, in fact, and only regret that their houses were not also destroyed, that they, too, might be getting the far superior type of dwelling now quickly rising in Ypres.

II.

The rapidity with which Ypres has been, and still is being, rebuilt is hardly credible to those who have not seen it, when it is remembered that six years ago not a brick had been laid. As a matter of fact, except for a few scattered edifices erected by private enterprise, building here began officially only in April 1921. Luckily, the pleasing old style of architecture, modified where necessary to conform with present-day engineering principles, has largely been retained. All the houses are distinctive, and many of them show once again those famous Spanish fronts, so common in Flanders since the Duke of Alba's occupation. A tree-branch lashed to the topmost rafter of a house that has reached its upward limit is a common feature in Ypres just now, and signifies that no further progress will be made in connection with that particular house till the owner has stood drinks to all the workmen employed thereon.

Quite a number of buildings in Ypres are being put up by a contractor with an interesting history. He was a mere nobody before the war, and his father died owing large sums to various people. The son managed to secure employment selling wine to the troops, and thus amassed considerable wealth. With this he at once honourably discharged his father's debts, then started in business for himself as a builder, and to-day is exceedingly prosperous.

Work on the St Martin's cathedral-church is proceeding apace, and it is expected that the nave will be completed by March 1925. The fine gateway to the cloisters has already been cleverly restored to much of its former weather-beaten appearance; and in the ruined square of

these cloisters stands the only memorial as yet erected in Ypres to British soldiers. Here will stand, eventually, a Gaelic cross to the memory of men of the Irish Legion, whose countrymen, with characteristic impetuosity and humour, have had the pedestal, which alone, so far, is in place, already unveiled—on the 7th of July 'twas done—by General O'Brien Mahon.

The ruins of the Cloth Hall, however, present a problem of quite another nature. For some considerable time past certain persons have favoured the project of completely restoring this grand old building to its former condition. This notion, however, has been strongly opposed by others. They truly say that the town no longer has any use for a cloth-hall as such—the cloth-trade has gone, never to return. Moreover, they consider that the ruins should be left as they are for all time, as a national memorial and a universal reminder of Germany's brutal savagery. Feeling has waxed very warm in this dispute, but despite the contention of the party opposing reconstruction, this, under pretence of consolidation, was quietly going forward. At last the others, among whom were some of the town's most influential members, announced that, if this work was not instantly stopped, they would withdraw all their interests from the place. The protest finally was successful in forcing reconstruction to cease, and further elicited a promise that, if at any future date the hall should be restored, it should only be used as a national museum.

III.

Although Ypres' principal occupations at the present time are 'building' and 'tourists,' the government-owned railways have so far shown lamentable want of vision in not providing this celebrated town with better and cheaper facilities for getting construction materials, on the one hand, and with a service for tourists, who would bring money to the place, on the other. At the present time no train, either way, connects with the boats entering Ostend, where arrivals by the afternoon boat have to cool their heels for an hour and a half before they can leave for Ypres. The consequence is, that most folk visiting Belgium stop in Ostend, or some other of the country's watering-places. Or perhaps they rush on to Bruges, or Brussels, whence they make hurried pilgrimages into the Salient and Ypres.

They would be far better advised, however, to take up their abode for a time in Ypres itself, where H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice and H.M. the Queen of Spain have lodged before now when visiting the grave of Prince Maurice of Battenberg—near the famous Menin Gate; for the whole neighbourhood here is studded with places of deathless interest, easily reached from the central point of Ypres. The town itself, too, with its beautiful cemeteries—250 of these

exist within a ten-mile radius from its centre—its architecturally-fine new structures, copies of the best of the old, and its captivating ruins, is a fascinating spot for such as really desire to be informed about the centres of conflict on this front.

A whole morning, for instance, could easily be spent in walking round and inspecting Ypres' picturesque old ramparts, on which the trees and shrubs are rapidly growing up again. The ramparts curve inwards and again outwards at certain points, and at each side of all such bends exist various chambers, whose exits, facing inwards from the exceedingly wide moat, are invisible from without the town. During the war these turrets were used as starting-points for reconnoitring parties of our brave lads, who, slipping out of these doors, crossed the moat on bridges concealed beneath the water.

Standing on these ramparts, it is easy for one to understand how the foe was able to work such terrible destruction on Ypres, for the place is completely dominated by Kemmel Hill, Monts Rouge and Noir, the Messines Ridge, and various other vantage-points, including Hill 60. Among the shell-holes and churned-up ground on these heights, where so many of the enemy flew into the air on the exploding of our mines, the trail of war still lingers, and beside a battered rifle and a shattered pickelhaube there was a human foot, still completely fleshed, six years after cessation of the conflict.

In one of these rampart-curves previously mentioned, a small shore has formed in the course of centuries, and hereon is located what surely is the most romantically-situated hen-run in existence; for a Belgian veteran keeps fowls and raises market-garden truck upon this spit of land, while his dwelling is in the thickness of the rampart's wall behind. Farther along, one comes upon a meat-refrigerating station established in this same wall, its chimney-stack sticking up, periscope-like, through the earth. Here were divisional headquarters during part of the war, but these ramparts also contain many other dug-outs, some of them 200 or 300 feet long. These are to be preserved for posterity, restored exactly as they appeared in the war.

At one part the moat has a fairly large island, on which has been erected a jolly little tea-house, and rowing-boats now pass lazily across the water over which shells formerly screamed.

IV.

Many visitors to Belgium doubtless would like to see for themselves the very 'Flanders' fields where poppies blow, between the crosses, row on row.' The actual dug-out where that fine Canadian poet, Lieutenant-Colonel John Macrae, wrote these lines of his immortal poem, 'We Shall Not Sleep,' is in the bank of the

Yser canal, a short motor-run from Ypres. Leaving the town at 'Dead-end' and turning at 'Hell-fire Corner,' one passes at length the fine memorial to the 47th Yorkshires, on a bluff by the canal—the beautiful little cemetery, embellished and tended with loving care, being upon the opposite bank, between the road and the waterway. This last lies choked with weeds, and useless nowadays, but the spot, at a bend just beyond the bridge of a branch-road—beside which highway a brand-new flour-mill has sprung up—for ever will be associated with some of the most moving poetry ever conceived by the human brain.

Throughout the Salient, at various points along the roads, stand squat little obelisks, bearing the legend, 'Here the enemy was halted,' and the date of that noteworthy occurrence. Moving about from village to village, too, one constantly meets still with waggon-loads of rusty, galvanised iron, and miles of ragged barbed-wire, packed by the 'Bijou' presses into neat bales, for shipment to Cardiff or Swansea. These keep coming into Ypres all day long, and every day, and it is calculated that they may continue so to do for another couple of years. Bodies also still are being found daily in this neighbourhood, forty per cent. of which are instantly identifiable by some means or other, and a further twenty per cent. eventually identifiable—to such perfection have the records of this very sad work been brought.

No more need sorrowing relatives go wandering aimlessly around nowadays, seeking their departed's resting-place; if they know his name and number, his grave, provided he has one, can be located quickly and with certainty. There are, moreover, no more unknown warriors now; the words on the neat tombstone, or little wooden cross, above any remains that cannot possibly be identified being these, 'A soldier of the Great War; known unto God.' Further, those known to have fallen in Ypres or the Salient, of whom no grave as yet has been discovered, are to have their names inscribed upon the panels on each side of the majestic restoration of the famous Menin Gate, which is being undertaken—it is already under way—at a cost of £150,000, as a memorial in Flanders to the whole British army. Despite the most painstaking efforts to establish the rightful resting-place of every soldier, those thus commemorated, alas, will form a company so great, that it has been said a large number of workmen will be more than two years completing the task of recording their names!

V.

Along the Flanders roads, where formerly passed the various firing-lines, the smashed pill-boxes, the pitiful headless stumps of trees, and the occasional passing waggons of barbed-wire are almost the only signs of war that are still

left. The roads have been put into repair, the country scientifically drained, and the land smoothed and brought into good tilth again; splendid crops, so far as the eye can reach, witnessing to the indomitable courage and tireless industry of these wonderful Belgians.

In Langemarck, where are stacks of local bricks, the new church is nearly completed. Money for churches, by the way, always seems forthcoming in the villages of the Salient where, if anywhere on earth surely, good excuse could be offered were it lacking. But building seems to cost much less over there than with us, to judge by the results of inquiries and comparisons. In building anywhere in the Salient, however, caution always has to be exercised, for sometimes the ground is mined, the foundations sink, and edifices suddenly collapse. Notwithstanding every care, all mines have not been recorded upon the surveys.

The new church in the village of Kemmel, upon the slopes of the famous hill of that name, is also almost finished, and looks a fine building for so small a place. Likely the hamlet will grow, however, and become a summer-resort, for which its fine situation admirably fits it; one of its most commanding sites already has been sold to an orphanage in Armentières.

It has been proposed that the top of Kemmel Hill, which is 153 metres high, should be used for an international War Memorial, to be contributed to jointly by Great Britain, France, and Belgium, and a meeting to discuss this matter was held, indeed, on 7th July, in a certain hotel in Ypres.

These hotels of Ypres, by the way, are replete with every modern comfort, such as excellent cuisine and wines, central heating, electricity, baths, etc., and intending visitors would find it advantageous to make private arrangements with any of them, or to work through the Syndicat d'Initiative. They would thereby save at least 2s. 6d. per day on the prices charged by various tourist organisations and semi-religious bodies, and should not have to pay more than thirty-five francs (about 7s. 6d. per day) at even the very best places.

WHEN PLANETS RISE.

WHEN planets rise serene in night's array,
By sequence sure a path ordained for each,
A reign of law so bright, so calm, may teach
What bliss is theirs who burn but to obey.
I would my course were thus forbid to stray!
When I recall my infancy of speech
And thought, unfeigned and pure, I could beseech
Yon silver moon, some potent, mystic way,
To draw a tide from seas of innocence
Where childish memories fragrant float—a tide
Rising in flood o'er shallows' mean pretence,
Lifting my barque on swelling stream to glide.
So borne, I might with chart and sail dispense,
And trust Thy grace to bring me to Thy side.

A. WISHART.

CANDLE-LIGHT.

PART II.

III.

INSIDE, the darkness seemed still more intense. Feeling his way with groping fingers, Jacob brushed against a small table, on which stood a half-burned candle. Taking tinder-box from his pocket, he lit this, closing his eyes as the light dazzled him. When he opened them and glanced round the room a grim smile curved his lips. The Lord had delivered his enemy into his hands!

He tiptoed to the door and shot the heavy bolt. Then he turned and advanced to the bed, gazing sternly down at the occupant.

The man slept on undisturbed. A bandage over his eyes hid the upper part of his face, but there was no doubt as to his identity. The long hair and the thick beard, both of the same flame colour, were known throughout the countryside, and had earned him the sobriquet of Red Anthony. The last of the Cartwrights, the last of many generations of wild, ungodly men, lay there sleeping peacefully as a child.

Jacob seized his shoulder and shook him roughly. 'Awake, thou son of Belial!' he cried. 'The time of punishment for thy sins is here!'

The other sat up in bed and turned his head from side to side sleepily. He raised his hands to rub his eyes, felt the bandages, and dropped them again. 'Who speaks?' he asked irritably. 'Who is it disturbs me thus? I cannot see.'

'Why canst thou not see? 'Tis Jacob Webster speaks.'

'Oh, 'tis Sweet Humility! I' faith, Jacob, I never guessed lack of sight might be so near a blessing. Your sour face was ever enough to turn a man's stomach! I have one of your Roundhead fellows to thank for this relief. My old wound has broken open and inflamed my eyes. But what do you here in my room, man!'

'I have come to kill thee.'

'To kill me? Egad, 'tis vastly inconsiderate to waken a man up for that!' Cartwright laughed heartily. 'May I know the reason for the slaughter, or must I die in ignorance?'

Jacob was watching him intently, a dull flush staining his dark cheeks. Now he seized the man by the shoulders again, swinging him round so that they were face to face. 'Where is my wife?' he asked in level, yet urgent tone.

Cartwright's smile faded, and his mouth hung open for a second. It was as though he had remembered an important matter which should never have escaped his mind.

'Your wife?' he echoed uneasily. 'What do I know of your wife?'

Jacob's grip on his shoulders tightened. 'Where is my wife?' he repeated.

'I—I do not know,' faltered Cartwright. Then, recovering his composure and brushing away the other's hands, 'I have a wife of my own,' he continued, more easily. 'And, in truth, one is as many as I should care to manage. How should I know aught of Mistress Webster?'

'Thou liest!' said Jacob sternly. 'But 'twill not avail thee. The Lord hath spoken to me and made me the instrument of His wrath. Thou hast gone too far, Red Anthony. Thou hast beguiled an innocent woman into sin, enticed her from her honour and duty. The note she left said not where she was going. But I have long suspected the good faith of thy frequent visits to Far Intake; and thy guilty bearing now has stifled any doubts. My wife is in Cartwright Hall at this moment! If she were here with full knowledge of her deed, there would be naught for me to say. But because thou hast lied to her and betrayed her, I shall kill thee before I search for her. Up, and get thy sword!'

Cartwright slipped out of the bed and fumbled for the dressing-gown which hung over the foot of it. His movements were calm and methodical, and he showed no sign of the confusion which had made him falter and stammer a few moments ago. 'I always knew Sweet Humility for a hypocrite,' he said smoothly; 'but I had no suspicion Jacob Webster was so arrant a fool. I say once more that I have no knowledge of Mistress Anne.' His voice roughened. 'And if I had I would not tell you! A maid with youth in her veins is well rid of so amug and self-righteous a Puritan. 'Tis a puzzle to me how she has borne with your psalm-singing so long. Away with you now! Else I call the servants and have you thrust from the door!' He made a move towards the bell-rope.

Jacob drew his sword and sprang to intercept him, pointing the steel against the other until it pricked his chest. 'Another step!' he cried, his lips drawn into a straight line and his eyes burning fiercely; 'another step, and I kill thee as I would a mad dog! Dost think thou canst escape the Lord's vengeance by such trifling? He hath chosen me for His purpose, and naught can save thee. Yet I would see thee die as a moorman should. Wert not always a craven, Red Anthony! Must I taunt thee to bring back thy manhood?' He flicked the other lightly on the cheek. 'Now, wilt thou fight?'

For a moment Cartwright stood motionless as though dazed. Then he flamed into furious

anger. 'Fight! God rot you! I would give my soul to spit you as you stand there, grinning at my impotence! I cannot see'—his fingers flew to the bandage—'yet I will fight——'

'Stop!' Jacob's voice rang out hard and decisive. 'Hast said hard words against me to-night, Red Anthony, many of which, maybe, are deserved. Yet no man has earned the right to call me coward. I would not have thee die thinking the Lord had chosen so sorry a tool for His work. I give thee my word that I was not laughing at thee, that for the moment I had forgotten thy blindness. Dost believe me?'

'Indeed, 'twas not like Jacob Webster,' muttered Cartwright, almost reluctantly. 'Aye, man, I believe you!'

'Tis good!' said Jacob soberly. 'Leave thy bandages on. I will give thee thy sword and blow out the candle. The night is pitch dark and I shall see no more than thou canst. We will fight till one of us finds death, and the Lord shall choose who goes before the Judgment seat. I—I am sorry I taunted thee in forgetfulness of thy affliction.'

'Agreed to your plan!' cried the other eagerly. He hesitated, then added, 'I would have you know, Jacob, that when I hinted at cowardice I spoke in anger and excitement. And—I am sorry, too.'

IV.

Jacob caught up a sword which lay on a chair and handed it to Cartwright. He strode across the room to the candle and pursed his lips to blow it out. Glancing round as he did so, he paused, at last picking up the candlestick and walking slowly back. 'Red Anthony,' he said, placing the light on a table, 'thou hast always been a sinner, yet hast ever sinned openly and generously. A brave man cannot be wholly lost to the Lord. I know that I shall kill thee; for the issue is already judged and determined. 'Tis only right that thou shouldst have full warning. But one small inch of this candle remains to be burnt. I would postpone our fight until it flickers and dies, to give thee time to prepare for death, to repent and pray for forgiveness. What sayest thou?'

Cartwright shrugged his shoulders and sat down on the bed. 'As you will,' he muttered uncomfortably. 'I would that the decency in you, Jacob, was not so overshadowed by this whining hypocrisy. I warrant the Lord has scant concern in your fate or in mine. 'Twill be pure chance who first pricks the other in the darkness.' He laughed shortly. 'And as for repentance—'twould burn many candles to confess all my deeds which you would deem sinful!'

'I will tell thee when the light goes out,' said Jacob solemnly. 'And canst rest assured that thou wilt see thy Maker face to face before

the wick has ceased to smoulder. The Lord hath spoken to me, and His will shall prevail.'

After this there was silence. Jacob drew up a chair to the table and sat down. His sombre eyes alternated between the candle and the half-hidden face of his adversary. He would have given much to know what was going on behind the bandages. He would have given much to know that Red Anthony was striving to make his peace with God. For he had no doubt that the man was on the point of death; and it would be a good work to save his soul while taking his life.

But beyond the tenseness of the waiting, Cartwright's face showed no indication of what was in his mind. Occasionally, his lips would curve into a brief half-smile as though he could not refrain from tasting some forbidden jest. And after each smile there was a perceptible increase in his restlessness. 'I would that your nature were not hidden by so thick a cloak of hypocrisy, Jacob,' he muttered once, breaking the silence abruptly.

The candle burned lower. Jacob's eyes now fixed upon it, and he paid no further attention to Cartwright. In a few short moments the greater part of his work would be done. He would be free to seek out Anne and take her back home. He was strangely confident that no harm had come to her yet. Otherwise Cartwright could not have faced him in this way.

The exultant confidence in Anne's safety affected Jacob curiously. Because of it, and because of the man's courage, he experienced a certain reluctance for the fight, a new-found shrinking from his task. 'Yet the Lord's will must be done!' he murmured. And, aloud, 'Red Anthony, thou hast less than five minutes to live!'

His eyes never stirring from the flame, Jacob watched the concave top of the candle as it sank into the lip of the holder. Lower and lower it burned until the shape of the candle was lost in formless ruin, and only the wick, charred and bent, remained floating in the little pool from which it still drew light. At any moment this might fail, or the top-heavy wick fall over and be extinguished.

Jacob groped for his sword and his fingers closed tightly about the hilt. With the feel of it, the thrill of fight ran through his veins again. At the most, it was now a matter of seconds. Yet still the tiny light flickered feebly, and he could not avert his intent gaze from it. He saw the end approaching. The wick slowly heeled over and lay flat. As the light went out, he closed his eyes to accustom them to the darkness. 'The time has come, Red Anthony!' he cried. 'On guard!'

He sprang to his feet and opened his eyes. As he did so, his body stiffened and he stood rigid as though in the fascination of some evil. His sword dropped from his nerveless fingers

and clattered upon the floor. His heart thumped unmercifully in his chest. Dimly yet unmistakably, in this room which should be black as sin, he could see his adversary rise from the bed and raise his arm in defence.

'Stop! Stop!' he cried, his voice shrill almost to screaming. 'Stop! I can still see thee!'

'No matter!' growled the other. 'Pick up your sword. 'Tis time this farce was ended!'

v.

Jacob did not move. His gaze was fixed incredulously on the windows. These were now sharply defined. The light in the room, though faint, grew stronger every moment. Outside, a lark was soaring aloft, greeting the new day with rapturous song. The dawn had crept up unnoticed while Jacob watched the dying candle.

He turned to Cartwright, staring at the bandaged face with fearful eyes. Suddenly, full realisation came to him. He dropped into the chair and buried his head in his hands.

'Come, man!' cried Cartwright impatiently. 'Pick up your sword and fight.'

A low moan came from Jacob's hidden face. 'I—I cannot fight thee,' he stammered. 'The Lord hath spoken!'

The other hesitated, fingering his sword in perplexity. 'Now this I do not understand,' he said angrily. 'What has come over you, man? First the Lord commands you to kill me; then, on a sudden, you turn about! Yet I know you are no coward. What does it mean?'

Jacob sat motionless in the chair, his soul in a wild confusion of fears and doubts. To him the breaking of the dawn was a revelation of Divine displeasure, a sign that he had erred and striven against the Lord's will. The light had come at too appropriate a moment for him to misunderstand its meaning. In unmistakable fashion, the Lord had forbidden him to kill his adversary. This could only mean that he had been wrong, miserably, hopelessly wrong in deeming himself the instrument of a Heavenly design. The shock of the knowledge rioted through his consciousness until the whole structure of his faith rocked on its foundations. He had been so sure! And he was wrong!

'Egad, 'tis beyond all sufferance!' cried Cartwright, taking a step towards him. 'Maybe if I prick you, 'twill persuade you to pick up your steel!'

'Thou couldst kill me before I would touch it,' replied Jacob dully.

The other flung aside his sword in disgust. 'It must be my head grows wooden!' he said with a gesture of resignation; 'for your changes of mood pass far above my poor comprehension.'

Jacob raised his face, smiling sadly. 'Tis no change of mood,' he said, in a slow, passionless

tone, 'but a man's realisation of his unworthiness. While preaching the sinfulness of pride, I have myself nursed a pride swollen and immeasurable. I came here to-night to kill thee, imagining, in my vainglorious folly, that I had been chosen by the Lord for the purpose. Thou knowest the compact we made, that as the candle left us in darkness we would fight. When the light of man went out, the dawn-light of the Lord appeared! . . .

'The message to me was plain. I saw myself naked in my presumption and sin. I had ventured to judge and punish, to usurp His prerogative! I—with human failings as any other man!'

For a long while both men were silent. The light in the room brightened, and birds outside wakened into gossip and song. Cartwright sat down on the bed, and again the brief half-smiles appeared about his lips. 'Jacob,' he said, turning to the other at last, 'I would have you speak as man to man. Is 't true that you came here thinking your mission inspired from Heaven? Or is 't part of that hypocrisy of which I spoke?'

'Tis no hypocrisy,' replied Jacob earnestly—'though 'twas rankest pride and folly, and seems scarce credible now. I believed it sincerely. I have, I think, believed it always, believed myself a favourite servant of the Lord, something a little above my fellows.' His hands gripped tightly together until the knuckles gleamed white beneath the tanned skin. 'Yet I also believed in my right to the name of Sweet Humility! Doubtless thou findest amusement in this?'

'Nay, I do not smile,' said Cartwright. 'An hour ago, in truth, I would have laughed you to scorn. For I believed you naught but a mumbling hypocrite. I see now how far I was from the truth. And because, in return, I can speak to you as a man, I am about to tell you something of what your blind and intolerant pride has done.'

vi.

Red Anthony paused for a moment. When he spoke again, few of the moor-folk would have recognised the voice as his.

'In days gone by, when we were rivals in love, there was no sweeter maid in the land than Anne Halliday—save one! She was a tender flower, a laughing fairy sent by God to brighten the world and make men glad. I grudged her to you, Jacob. Even after my Elizabeth showed me the meaning of life, I grudged you the gift of Anne. For 'twas wasted on you! I know now that in your own way you loved her well. But what did you do with the bright jewel of her love? You ground it remorselessly beneath the iron heel of your gloomy fanaticism. You stifled her light-hearted joy in life, you killed her urging to laughter. She must not smile, she must not sing; for such are

the marks of the loose woman! Damn you, man! You choked and throttled her with your nauseous creed until her love for you despaired. She drooped and withered. She lost desire for life.'

Jacob stared at him open-mouthed. Then he remembered the pale cheeks and the thin fragility that had lately caused him some concern. A new light, more powerful even than the day's dawning, flooded his soul. 'Tis true!' he muttered wretchedly. 'May God forgive me! I did not understand.'

'Nor is that all!' went on the other heatedly. 'Anne has the purest soul in Christendom—save one! Yet you were jealous—jealous of me who did but carry messages between her and my Elizabeth, her only friend! You heeded all the loose talk you had heard about Red Anthony, condemned him out of your own self-righteousness, and suspected the virtue of your wife, suspected the most innocent—'

Jacob sprang to his feet, overturning the chair. 'Thou liest!' he cried angrily. 'That I did not do! 'Tis true I suspected thee. But never Anne! I knew her too well. I believed thou hadst made false statements and cheated her innocence. I did not believe she had left me in sin. I—I came here to save her from thee!'

'You are right!' said Cartwright. 'I spoke too far in my anger. I ask your pardon.'

'Tis little need there is of that,' said Jacob

wearily. 'I have sunk lower than aught thou canst say. No blame can be too severe.'

Again a long silence ensued. Jacob righted his chair and sat down, staring miserably at the floor. The rising sun peeped in at the window and filled the room with golden light. Cartwright fidgeted restlessly, as though unable to make up his mind. The half-smiles had returned to his face once more.

'Come!' he said at last. 'I am about to break a promise!'

He groped for Jacob's hand and led him into the corridor. Outside a door at the end he halted.

'When Anne, believing that your gloomy bearing could hide no spark of love for her, decided that she must leave you, she could think of no refuge but with my wife. She came to Cartwright Hall. And we promised to keep her hidden for a while and deny all knowledge of her whereabouts. I break this promise now because I have dug down to the man beneath your harsh exterior. Anne sleeps in here! If you have found that your cold, saintly regard for her has turned into a warm, human love, go in and tell her so!'

Jacob looked at him for a moment, his eyes incredulous and eager. Then, without a word, he opened the door and strode into the bedroom, heedless whether the door closed behind him or no.

THE END.

AN UNATTRACTIVE BIRD-HAUNT.

By T. A. COWARD.

I.

THE particular bird-haunt under consideration is not attractive to the general public. This is well; well, also, that the ground is private, and that the sporting rights are let. The majority of the birds which come are beneath the notice of the ordinary sportsman, but not of the man who carries nothing more deadly than field-glass or telescope. A sewage farm is hardly a popular promenade.

The farm is the property of an urban district council, who let the shooting, for partridge and snipe abound, and put up notices warning against trespass. It covers many acres, and is divided into squares by low banks and ditches. Looked at from a distance, it appears as a tract of low-lying, cultivated land, chess-boarded into fields under various crops, with small square lakes here and there. The artist would not call it picturesque; the ordinary country walker would say it lacked interest. But food, not æsthetic feeling, attracts birds, and in consequence the bird-watcher also is attracted.

Years ago this spot was wild moorland, a

haunt of grouse, curlew, and twite; these and other birds associated with the hills nested amongst the ling and cotton-grass, whilst the night-jar churred in spring in the birch zone which formed the boundary of the lowland moor. Now the avifauna has changed, but the variety and interest of the birds is even greater than in the days when first I knew the locality.

Various methods of disposing of a town's waste products are adopted, and doubtless some are superior, more sanitary than others. From the ornithological outlook, however, the deposition of sludge in settling tanks, taken in rotation, has great advantages. In addition to the tanks are sundry dumps, where street refuse, the contents of dust-bins, and all the litter of a town, are tipped into unwanted ponds or used to raise hollows into level fields. Piles of waste paper, straw, empty tins, broken bottles and crockery, rags, and cinders may be burnt, but here there is no modern destructor, and amongst the inorganic matter condemned to the smouldering fire are many fragments of organic rejectamenta which birds appreciate. The

dumps are popular. Here are the starlings, peering anxiously into empty corned-beef tins, the sparrows in thousands pecking at decomposing cabbage stalks, the chaffinches, and in winter bramblings seeking grain in the stable-litter. Greenfinches and linnets are there, and a robin or two keep watch and guard over what they assert is their territory. Rooks and daws bicker over the fragments, and now and again a sly magpie flies with a chatter when it sights an approaching man; when treasure-hunting it has a guilty conscience.

Though the farm is sixteen miles from the nearest salt water, and double that distance from the open sea, black-headed gulls are always present. They feed on the dump, a wrangling, noisy crowd, a symphony in black and white when the rooks are present. Many objectionable scraps are swallowed, even greasy paper, and no doubt they help to clear away useless rubbish; what they find to satisfy them on the settling tanks is difficult to understand, but they spend much of their time wading in the shallow water or resting on the mud. At dusk they retire, lazily winging to a large lake a few miles to the south; there, in the centre, they spend the night together with many hundreds of their fellows who have been performing better service in the neighbouring fields. What a heterogeneous collection of comestibles these inland gulls must gather in the daily forage.

Skylarks are on the fields at all seasons. They nest amongst the crops and sing overhead in summer; they fly in purring winter flocks from field to field when domestic cares are ended. Meadow-pipits abound, though uncommon in the surrounding country, and the red-backed kestrel drifts or hovers, tail expanded, as it scans the ground for mice or beetles.

All these birds, including the gulls which seem to have forgotten the sea, are inland species, but the birds of the tanks are, for the most part, maritime. From December until the end of February, and in June and July, there is little stirring, but at seasons of migration the tanks have a varied and ever-changing avian population. The autumn passage is the more interesting, though the presence of numbers depends largely upon the prevailing force and direction of the wind. The large group of shore birds known collectively as waders provides the most interesting variety.

II.

Every autumn large flocks of lapwings or green plovers join the gulls on the settling tanks. Young birds are flocking in June and July, but it is not until August that the gatherings are extensive. The young birds in juvenile plumage have short crests and speckled faces, and their voices are wheezy and discontented. In September and October the resident flocks are replaced or augmented by the overseas

immigrants, but the numbers fall off again in November, when many have travelled farther south.

Next in abundance, and always ready to advertise its presence, is the noisy redshank. Within recent years this progressive wader has pushed its nesting area inland, farther from the shores and marshes, where it is still abundant; not a few pairs nest within a few miles of the farm on some frequently flooded water-meadows. These, however, form a very small minority of the autumn redshanks, for most are travellers from far and wide, passing in no great haste from northern Europe, or perhaps Siberia, to wintering haunts, which may be in Africa. Many remain in England, and the tanks are seldom entirely deserted by redshanks. How long individuals stop is hard to say, for the numbers fluctuate from day to day; probably some are reluctant to leave a plentiful food base.

Redshanks are a nuisance; they are far too wide awake. Before it is possible to get near the tanks the birds begin a plaintive, wailing whistle of uncertainty, and though the watcher may be sheltered by a hedge or a pile of rotting cabbage stalks, smelling worse than the sewage, they rise with yelping alarm cries and warn every other other bird upon the tanks. As they fly round, yelling in chorus, the white inner rim of the wings is a sure specific label, but to those who know them too well their voices proclaim identity.

Amongst the redshanks—a taller, more graceful bird—a greenshank may be detected. Its pose when standing is less upright than that of its companions, and when it rises with a liquid *tchou, tchou, tchou*, the large expanse of white upon its lower back is very conspicuous. Ruffs and reeves consort with the redshanks when they come, but they are irregular in their visits. Probably they have crossed sea and land from the Dutch polders, where they nest, but what brings them so far west is difficult to understand. So great is the difference in size of the sexes—the ruff is the male, the reeve the female—that they might be taken for distinct species, but in autumn the plumages are more alike than in spring, when the male is adorned with handsome head and neck ornamentation, which he spreads and displays when engaged in the mock heroics which are intended to charm the feminine eye. In a poor light the birds may be confused with redshanks until they rise, when the absence of wing border will be noticed; the spread tail, when the bird is flying, shows a dark centre with white borders. Several ruffs and reeves visited the farm last autumn, for it was a busy year, bringing numbers of unexpected and some rare travellers to halt for rest and refreshment at the urban council hostelry.

Among the lesser fry which leave the tide

washed shore to wade in the shallow tanks are numerous dunlins and ringed plovers. Many of the earlier dunlins show on their breasts traces of the black of summer plumage, but this soon vanishes, and leaves white-breasted winter birds difficult to distinguish from birds of the year. Dunlins wade until their under parts are submerged, and probe the ooze with long bills; they are deliberate in their actions, and often very tame, when they stand, half-asleep, on the islets where polygonum or other plant has taken root. The critical eye discovers differences of size in these dunlins, but dare we assert that the smaller birds are the British nesting species, and the larger more northern breeders? Ornithologists who work on ranges of skins now believe that this explains the difference, but there is so much variation in the birds, especially in the length and droop of the bill, that the cautious field man hesitates to accept these theoretical assertions.

Many of the first incoming ringed plovers are in juvenile dress, with ill-defined face markings, and breast-bands refusing to meet in the centre; but in addition to these plumage signs there is in their behaviour a psychological distinction. There the systematist will, doubtless, fear to tread; he may admit that the nestling has all the irresponsibility of childhood, but he does not know his birds well in the field, for he shoots at sight to obtain specimens for his study. The young bird, the adolescent bird, has lost the trustful simplicity or ignorance of infancy, but it has yet to gain the caution due to long and often painful experience. It is puzzled by man—is he a danger? It looks at him with uncertainty, wondering if he is as harmless as the complacent cow or horse, or even the noisy train, belching out smoke, which roars through the cutting close to the tanks. These it soon learns to ignore, but man is a problem. One has only to look at its eye, or note the uneasy jerks of the head and body, to realise that the young bird is getting as near to thought as is possible in the avian brain. How do we know how much is possible?

III.

During the autumn a very rare bird for northern counties spent at least two days on the tanks; it was a Kentish plover, a near relative of the ringed plover, whose present status as a British nesting species depends upon the day and night protection afforded by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. North of its breeding area on a small reach of the south coast the Kentish plover is known only as a very occasional bird of passage; it, too, nests in Holland, and no doubt it had travelled thence with ruffs, for these birds were present on the tanks. The Kentish is smaller than the ringed plover, and instead of a breast-band it has brown patches on the sides of the breast; the

young ringed plover, when the band is unfinished in the centre, might be mistaken for the rarer bird were it not for the colour of its legs. Though they are chrome-yellow in the mature bird they are brownish yellow in the young, but the legs of the Kentish are black. I saw this little black-billed, black-legged bird within five yards of my hiding-place, and it was with two immature ringed plovers. It was easy to see the difference in the breast, and the fact that the black of the legs was not due to paddling in mud.

In July common sandpipers in little parties—family parties in some cases—visit the tanks and pass on, but later the green-sandpipers appear, though seldom more than two at a time, and usually as solitary visitors. In a good light the back is really dark green, but when the bird is on the wing few waders look more black and white; the under parts below the breast and the upper tail-coverts are conspicuously white. The green-sandpiper is a shy and nervous bird, feeding on the vegetation that fringes the tanks or in the deep ditches; at the least suggestion of danger it is up and off with a loud triple whistle, and does not return until the coast is clear. Next day it may be found in the place from which we disturbed it.

The wood-sandpiper, a rarer bird, came at least twice last autumn. The first visitor was mature, the second a bird of the year. The wood-sandpiper is smaller than the green, but its legs are longer in proportion, so that it appears to stand higher; it is lighter in colour, and its upper parts are more distinctly spotted. All the birds of this species that I have watched have been less nervous than greens; they rose with somewhat similar cries, but after a flight round returned to the place whence they had risen or dropped again at no great distance away. Neither of these birds can be counted as a nesting species in Britain, though eggs of the wood-sandpiper are recorded, and a nestling was obtained; the breeding of the green-sandpiper is suspected, but direct evidence is lacking. A curious habit of both birds is that of occasionally—the green-sandpiper frequently—placing the eggs in deserted nests of other birds, or on the platform provided by an old squirrel-drey.

At intervals the little stint appears amongst the dunlins; it is a pocket edition of this species when in winter dress. The little stint and the curlew-sandpiper, another irregular visitor, nest in remote Siberian tundras; they are long-distance migrants. The latter bird is taller and more shapely than the dunlin, and its bill has a more decided curve, not a mere droop towards the tip; it is another species which shows white above the tail when it flies.

Flocks of golden plover feed annually in the fields at no great distance from the farm, but they seldom visit the tanks; last autumn I saw single birds on two occasions, and they

rose, calling anxiously for companions. A mature gray plover appeared in December as a winter visitor, but did not remain long. It was kind enough to raise its wings to stretch, when the black auxiliaries against the light under-wing settled any doubt about its identity. It is a common shore bird in winter, but seldom leaves the estuary or coastal muds or sands.

The snipe is always with us, for many nest upon the farm. The numbers rise considerably during spring and autumn passage, and many stay throughout the colder months, to the joy of the sportsman. The jack-snipe is a winter bird and passage migrant; when it rises it soon drops again, and it will crouch in the rushes and withered brown grass until in danger of our feet; but it is always smart enough to avoid accident. Snipe probe the sludge and mud in the ditches, feel for movement with the sensitive end of the long bill, grip with the prehensile tip, and drag out the struggling worm.

IV.

This exhausts the list of the passage and other waders which I saw as visitors to the farm last year, but in previous years the curlew has dropped, the whimbrel tittered over, and on other farms in the neighbourhood the oystercatcher, turnstone, sanderling, and knot have called. On a sewage farm in the same area a spotted redshank was seen by two reliable observers on more than one occasion in the autumn of last year. Anything may turn up when migrants are on the move.

Ducks are little attracted by the sludge, but an odd mallard or teal may be disturbed from the deeper ditches, and for some days a shelduck in juvenile plumage paddled about with an air of indecision; mature birds also wander in from the neighbouring estuary.

In autumn passerine visitors are interesting, for the tanks are frequented by large numbers of pied, yellow, and white wagtails, whilst gray wagtails are usually about in winter, and in autumn after they have left the hills and 'the little brooks that tumble as they run.' What a change from those clear streams of the uplands are these shallow, discoloured, muddy tanks!

When the wagtails are passing in spring there is always the chance of discovering amongst the hundreds of yellows one or two blue-headed wagtails on passage. Swallows, house and sand martens, and swifts feed above the tanks in spring and autumn in incredible numbers, for when the flocks are passing, slowly wending their way north, or drifting towards winter quarters, they are sure to find small-winged insects in plenty over the pools.

Many other birds, both in summer and winter, visit the farm, some nesting in the fields, hedgerows, or scattered trees, but they have little to do with the tanks, and may be met with over other cultivated land. Common, herring, and lesser black-backed gulls are frequent visitors, but are never so numerous as the black-heads; not much more than a mile away is a refuse tip from a city market, where fishy remains are dumped for the benefit of the farmers. The larger gulls prefer this odoriferous supply to the uncertainties of the tanks.

What is it that attracts the waders and other birds to the settling tanks? The sludge is a precipitated sediment, not from crude sewage, but from the treated effluent from the filter-beds; the water in the outfall from the tanks is clear as gin. Sanitary engineers assert that it contains no deleterious matter. Countless millions of larvæ of small flies, mostly chironomid gnats, and moth flies (*Psychodidae*) inhabit the tanks and filter-beds, and several species of earth-worm abound. These insects and worms perform useful service, devouring dangerous organic matter and cleaning the clinkers in sprinklers of too great an accumulation of fungal matter. It might be argued that the birds were fighting against us, destroying our humble assistants, but too much of a good thing is apt to be troublesome. These insects, if too numerous, might spread to places where they were troublesome instead of useful; the birds regulate the supply. We have provided something that is abnormal in its quantity, and have thereby encouraged the growth of low vegetable and animal forms; their abundance becomes abnormal and unnatural. The birds see that the numbers are reduced. Nature everywhere adjusts balances, even in sewage farms.

THE WEST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA.

PART II.

IV.

CALLAO, the chief port of Peru, lies in a sheltered bay. Though there is a small harbour, few vessels take advantage of it, for the reason that bubonic plague is endemic at this port, and vessels lying along-side are

submitted to a long period of quarantine on their return to Europe; hence they prefer to anchor in the bay at a safe distance from the shore.

At this busy port is the terminus of the highest railway in the world. It winds its tortuous way up over the Andes to a height of

17,665 feet. Most travellers who are not accustomed to high altitudes suffer from mountain-sickness, while others develop serious cardiac troubles. At the building of the bridges, when about half-way up to the eternal snows, men began to drop dead at their work, and the mortality became appalling until it was discovered that the trouble was caused by the bite of a peculiar fly, known only in those regions. Building began in 1868, and the last section was not finished until 1908, exactly forty years later.

Lima, the Peruvian capital, is only a few miles distant from Callao, and is connected by rail and electric tram, the journey occupying half an hour. Quite long enough to view the gruesome sights by the way—flocks of hideous raw-necked vultures feasting on the carcasses of mules, and dogs, and filth. In the fields you can see men following the wooden plough drawn by oxen, preparing the land for cotton, maize, or bananas. The men do not show more enthusiasm in their work than do the slow-moving oxen.

A praiseworthy attempt is being made to beautify Lima, to construct wide boulevards, and to abolish the flat mud-roofed houses on which cats delight to scrape holes. There are still a few old Spanish houses left, built by the Conquistadors, with carved balconies jutting over the pavement, and in the cathedral may be seen the bones of Pizarro, the overthrower of the Incas, who set his stamp on the place. He could not easily have selected a nicer situation for his city, at the base of the high Andes, though unfortunately the original town fell a prey to the flames long ago. Fires are more feared and more devastating than earthquakes, particularly in those districts where water is scarce. The local authorities do not worry much about fires; therefore at Lima the different foreign nationalities represented have been obliged to organise and keep up their own fire-brigades.

Having travelled so far, it is only natural that one should begin to think about food and drink. It is always interesting to hear how people abroad live and what they eat, though the majority of travellers who record their experience would seem to have a soul above such trifles. They do not realise that the difference between good and bad food is just the difference between a pleasant and a disagreeable voyage.

Here I must tell a story. Two fellow-passengers ventured ashore on their own at Lima, intent on seeing the sights of the town by day and its attractions by night. To our surprise they returned soon after lunch, full of execrations and vile language. Lima they condemned as the most God-forsaken place in Christendom—they could not get anything to eat!

'But aren't there any restaurants?' they were asked.

'Of course there are, but they are all Spanish, and you can't get anything in them except onions and garlic, followed by garlic and onions,' they answered.

They had done their best with the aid of one of those neat little books compiled to mislead travellers in foreign languages and mystify the natives; they had made themselves look foolish making signs and grimaces; yet all they could extract from the kitchen was onions and garlic—one admitted to having discovered a piece of some kind of meat under the garlic.

Quite as bad as that it is not, though it must be confessed that Lima does consume vast quantities of onions and garlic. Our fellow-passengers were invited ashore by a countryman, and I chanced to dine at the table next to them. I could see by the beam on their faces and the wine flush, that they had succeeded in getting something other than onions and garlic. Indeed, the fare was practically the same as one gets at any good European hotel. That night they stayed ashore, nor did we see anything of them until late on the following afternoon, when they came on board to make a hurried change and return to the flesh-pots of Lima. They had gone to curse and remained to praise.

V.

Soon after leaving Callao we entered the arid waterless region where rain is practically unknown, except that once in a decade there may be a cloud-burst, a calamity more feared than even an earthquake, since it leaves nothing behind in its track. All the fresh water used at Antofagasta, one of the most flourishing towns on the Chilian coast, is brought in pipes from Bolivia, two hundred miles distant. As earthquakes frequently destroy sections of the pipes and bursts are not uncommon, a sufficient quantity of water to last the town for a week is stored in tanks on the hills above it. That water, under such conditions, is not as free as the air we breathe is soon made evident by the sparing use made of it.

This dead, treeless track stretches all the way down the coast to Coquimbo. High hills, sand-covered, rise from the sea, mounting upwards towards the distant Andes with their snow-capped summits. There is not a speck of green vegetation anywhere to cheer the eye, and yet the unaccustomed colouring, the varying lights and shades on the parched mountains, have a peculiar charm, which it is difficult to describe. It is equally difficult to convey in words the harmonious blending of grays with the dusty reds of withered rose leaves and the greens of weather-beaten copper tints. To view these mountain ranges when they are bathed in the warm glow of the setting sun is to recall visions of fairy land.

Up on the Pampas, as the tableland behind Antofagasta is called, are the nitrate and copper

mines, or Oficinas, as they are termed locally. Large numbers of men are engaged at these Oficinas, and are cared for by the companies employing them. They are paid in tokens, with which they may purchase their requirements from the enterprising storekeepers, who receive cash on presenting them to the company.

Vast quantities of nitrate are found a few feet below the loose sand, in layers of varying thickness. The nitrate is blasted and conveyed in small trucks to the refining house, where it is boiled in huge vats. When in a liquid state it is run off into extensive filter-beds. The water is evaporated in the sun and the dry crystals are then shovelled into sacks, ready for shipment to Europe, where it is used in the manufacture of gunpowder, chemicals, and artificial manure.

Copper-mining appealed to me as being much more interesting. To obtain this metal, also gold and silver, mountains are literally moved from one place to another. The caked sand is blasted, special machines picking up the pieces, which are passed through a series of crushers until pounded to a fine powder. This is conveyed into vats filled with acid, where the copper is separated from the sand. The liquid is then run into cells containing metal discs charged with electricity. Attracted by the electricity, the copper adheres to these discs, making them several times thicker than when put into the cells.

When stripped from the metal discs the copper is melted in a furnace and run on to a revolving-plate that might best be described as an inverted saucer. Radiating from the centre of this plate are deep cuts or moulds the size and shape of the ingots. The molten copper is poured into the first of these moulds, and when that is full the plate automatically turns round so that the second mould comes into position to be filled. Cold water is sprayed on the ingot immediately the mould is full, and by the time it has revolved little more than half-way round the copper can be removed and run along rollers to railway trucks, ready for dispatch to the port of shipment. The whole process is so mechanical and scientific that the copper is practically never touched by hands until it arrives at the port. Sometimes as many as twenty-five tons a day can be produced; at other times the output does not exceed five tons, according to the value of the deposit being worked.

Our next port of call was Valparaiso, a fine-sounding name that figures largely in the chanties belonging to the good old days when wind-jammers beat round the Horn. But Valparaiso is a modern town where some two hundred thousand people live in villas built on the hills surrounding the deep bay. It is also a town where earthquake shocks are too frequent to make it attractive to any one except those

who have some particular reason for staying there.

What impressed me most at Valparaiso was the green vegetation after weeks in the waterless region, and the evidence of recent rain. It may seem curious for one from these rain-swept northern latitudes to be glad at the sight of rain. Yet after an experience of the parched desert you realise that rain, bugbear though it may be, is as necessary as air; and not the least of its blessings is the contact with people who have had their morning tub.

The magnificent valley up which the railway winds from Valparaiso to Santiago supplies all the requirements of life and of commerce, throwing an excellent wine into the bargain; Alexander Selkirk's Island, just off Valparaiso, is so surrounded by lobsters that they are anxious to be caught and placed on the table. Life amid such luxurious abundance might be a veritable bed of roses were it not for the constant dread of earthquakes—there must always be a fly in the ointment!

VI.

Since Europeans abroad take with them their European manners and customs, it is more of an adventure to get among the natives, who afford more variety and interest. All along the coast of Ecuador, Peru, and Chile the natives are a mixture of the Spanish conquerors and the original Indians. Spanish predominates, and it is from Spain they have their language and religion. They are proud that they speak Castilian, not Spanish, as they will correct you, and they are devout Roman Catholics.

To sum up the characteristics of a people and give a true picture of their life in the course of a short article is not easy. Nationality has so many moods, contradictory most of them, that it refuses to be compressed into a few sentences.

I was introduced to some of the descendants of a race said to be the original Indian inhabitants that peopled the country long before the Inca period. Their origin will ever remain a subject of speculation, for they had neither signs nor writings in which to chronicle their history. Practically all the monuments and other records of their national life, which might have been of service in enabling the scholar to piece together the story of their beginnings, were destroyed by the Spanish conquerors in their hunt after gold. All that remains to-day is an occasional burial mound—they buried their dead in brick vaults placed one on top of the other to a considerable height. Even these have been desecrated for the sake of the earthenware vessels and valuables buried with the dead. Though the Government has taken steps to prevent further molestation of the tombs, travellers may still buy thousand-year-old drinking vessels for a few shillings.

(Continued on page 763.)



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

WHEN one has wandered for weeks in northern Africa, peering into places sought by few travellers, and has worked and wondered, and, with the essential previous knowledge, studied and even conjectured, he finds, on returning, that friends affecting a high interest in political and economic things invite him seriously to inform them upon the likely future of those places and their peoples. So the infinite legends, an effort to suggest the intense Islamic easternism, the aged sombreness, the achievements in art and craft, and the peculiar beauties of Fez are insufficient for these inquisitives of Britain and America who demand skilful and well-based prophecy. A curious gesture this. Now for some time to come Fez will probably be of much interest and importance to us as a travellers' objective; in this way its value is about to soar. So one may dare to prophesy of this heart of Islam, which until yesterday was kept closely veiled from the eyes of all infidels like us. Little else may we guess upon, for what is best learned by men who watch and think along North Africa, year by year, is that of nothing and nowhere is it less wise and sure to prophesy. Let protectorates and colonies be good and firm, even what propaganda says they are, yet an uncertainty hangs upon this long-extended region, across which rays of political and religious light slant from India, from Egypt, from Turkey, touching the countless mosques of Kairouan, appealing to the shrine of Mulay Idriss here at Fez, cities which are as the elder children of mother Mecca. Only yesterday the French were very joyful, and reasonably, upon their possession of Morocco, seeming the loveliest jewel of all colonies of Europe, one that Britain might envy; and now, almost suddenly, our friends are assailed with doubts. Morocco lacks money and men, trade is still, offices and houses are empty, gloom and anxiety increase, and the question asked from Mazagan to Mogador, from Fez to Marrakesh, is whether Morocco can be 'made to pay,' with a marked tendency in sundry quarters to make the answer no. For two or three years after the Great War Morocco was booming, stimulated insidiously by speculation, from whose effects sharp reaction is

always certain. Then was propaganda played delightfully. But now the business of propaganda is to hide a little, to guard a wise reserve, and present a pleasant face to things that look not good nor are. Morocco will recover and advance to splendid things, but her present economic condition has caused some pangs of doubt for the first time in the minds of the occupiers, who now look straight at truth and make complaints. It seems that one must state these facts or impressions as news, since, near as is Morocco, our people generally live in the belief or assumption that the French protectorate here advances from security to success and reaches forward, through labour and content, to riches only measurable in terms of eastern magic. It is not so. France is seriously apprehensive about the future of Morocco. Her confidence is still rightly sound, but the present condition of temporary disappointment has caused a shock, and the authorities have to explain and encourage instead of murmuring pompously upon achievement.

* * *

But apart from such considerations, if one, knowing it were vain to prophesy upon any matter in Morocco, could still rashly venture upon a prophecy it would be that in a year or two at most from now, this ancient city of Fez, until lately secreted from the world outside, garnished in our foreign imagination with a thousand scented mysteries, may be one of the most popular attractions of the general tourist. For a season or two it may be like a chief favourite, a definite vogue, a 'rage,' as the vulgar say. A man of Manchester or Dundee, regarding the advertisements and the propaganda around him, the articles in the newspapers, the letters he receives from friends alert in Birmingham or Aberdeen, may feel that he should no longer delay the conventional visit to Fez when arranging his most imminent tours. It may be an obligation upon all travellers who venture farther out than Paris. For such conjecture there are well-set reasons. Even now, as so many know, one may journey there quite easily and comfortably, but much easier and cheaper the way soon will be. With the prophet's careful reservations one would say that in two years or less, the expedition to Fez

will be the cheapest and easiest of its kind in all the world. One reason is that the French, needing to make money from what might be called the by-products of their development, are disposed to encourage a more modest kind of tourist than has hitherto been attracted to Morocco. Another, more potent, is that the long-discussed and long-engineered railway from Tangier to Fez approaches completion. This has been said many times before, but now I have inspected it myself in different parts, seen its stations, looked at lofty viaducts towards its eastern and more uneven extremity, and trod upon its permanent way, which some engineers of a pessimistic view declare to be of such a shifty kind that no ballasting will make it secure for fast and heavy traffic for some years to come. But the optimists contend that in a few seasons the fast express from Tangier to Fez is certain, and with it the cheap fares. In such event one should make the journey from Tangier in perhaps three hours—and it is the easiest thing in ocean travel to reach Tangier from this country. At present it is two long days by road from Tangier to Fez by way of Rabat, or one very long one from Casablanca, which for us is less easy of access than Tangier. But so, the thought of landing at Tangier on a certain morning and taking tea in Fez upon the afternoon of the self-same day makes a kind of jolt in the understanding of all who by reading and experience know what an arduous and even adventurous thing the going to Fez has hitherto been. To our trained and respecting minds there seems even iconoclasm in this new projected order, a smashing of an aged system based upon obscurity and insecurity, to which colour, adventure, and some barbarity were attached at almost every yard. We of the early period may at least console ourselves, when witness to the organised excursions flying upon the route to Fez, with the reflection that in the romantic sense the travelling is no longer a splendid thing. But Fez the old, Fez el Bali, will be much the same, for it is not easy to change it and it must not be changed. The French do no injury; it would resist all the attentions of modernists beyond the electric light, the telephone, and some details of sanitation. It dislikes intrusion, and for that one may apprehend that an invasion of tourists might cause difficulties, and therefore it would be well to be among the pioneers of the new period.

* * *

Old Fez is not to be trifled with, and she for herself makes no kind invitation to the foreigner, nor ever will. She tolerates a few, but none can pace through the winding alleys of this strange and powerful city without being conscious that it is just toleration and not more, and that, though unmolested, no native welcome

beams upon him. Indeed he is regarded coldly, friendly gestures or other advances find no response, and in the most venerated places, like the precincts of the sanctuary and mosque of Mulay Idriss, a veritable heart of Islam, he must have care lest unwittingly he should offend. At this spot our wondering western vision upon another world, so strange and different from our own that it might belong to another planet, is focussed to one sharp point; and here, seated on the small stone bench opposite the shrine or in the shaded alley near, I have lingered for hours on many different days, not at all spellbound, but yet with an odd and inescapable feeling of some influence of this strange exotic mysticism upon my emotional state or condition. The street is narrow; a part is uncommonly roofed and a lamp is hung; and on one side is a dado traceried in the familiar red and green, and, first above it, a carved frame of cedar wood, and right of that three high panels traceried in red and green. To the middle of the frame, man high, a small copper orifice is fitted, two inches wide or thereabouts, through which coins may fall easily to their destination within the shrine or mosque, while, man high again, at the base of the centre panel is a kind of small wicket, which—meaning no disrespect by a comparison as inevitable as incongruous—looks like a ticket-office at a railway station. Upon the wires that are hung across, knots of wool are tied by those who, being sorrowful and anxious, thus make their appeal to Allah. Behind this wall is the mosque, whose main entrance is higher up the street, where with a careful discretion we may sometimes peer through the inside gloom on to the raised tomb of the intensely venerated saint, and more easily upon the row of seven splendid grandfather's clocks in front, such clocks being the chief ornaments of all mosques I have entered in Kairouan and elsewhere. This bit of street where is the copper hole in the wall, dirty lamps swinging over it, and the wicket for the wisps of wool for pleading, is not beautiful to our western eyes, but it is certainly different from all other parts of Moslem Africa, and one feels the pressure of exerted Islam. Here fervency, and fanaticism even, may be and are exercised intensely and all the time. It is not true, as often said, that all who pass this way drop a coin through the copper hole; but many do, and some of them hold their fingers in it, twirl them round in it, hang on to it while they let their bodies sag, as if here they touched the saint and were cast in a spell thereby; and others again lay their faces to the frame, and in a low voice murmur 'Mulay Idriss!' proceeding with a whispered prayer or appeal in the manner and tone of those who for the time being have passed from the material world and are half-way up to heaven. Then another will lay his hands against the cedar panel,

and, pressing his face against it with eyes wide open, imagine that he sees through everything, past life and death themselves, to the realms where the soul of Mulay Idriss, Fez's founder, dwells. Everywhere around this spot the venerated name is ceaselessly uttered in a moaning, wailing way. There are beggars always by, and some of them will at once deliver the alms that are offered them to the orifice in the wall. But not all of them do that, as has been said, and I think the practice is decreasing. Some women make a little cheap embroidery on coarse white handkerchiefs, and, selling them to passers-by, may make an offering of the money to Mulay Idriss. Occasionally a sheep is brought to this place for sacrificial slaughter. But of all these things and doings there seems, from what I could gather at the place, to be less done now, or it is done with less apparent intensity, and it is reasonable to suppose that, if this is so, it is due to the recent invasion by the infidel of these sacred parts. That we could understand, and not set it down for anything in decline of religious zeal. Once there were barriers placed across the streets, at a distance from the shrine and mosques, beyond which the unbelievers could not pass, but in latter times, by pressure of what some call progress, they have disappeared. The faithful seem indifferent to our watching them in their casual devotions now, but we must fairly admit that, even when observation is conducted with great respect, it is still an intrusion. For myself, I lingered there in the shade, as much out of the way and unobserved as possible, hoping thus, with some previous study and experience, to add some trifle to a timid sense of this mighty Islam, so mysterious to the European despite all his information upon it, so pregnant with possibilities for disturbance of the world. Here the fervour, the blind belief, the fanaticism—using the term in full respect—of the Moslem people can be faintly understood by a slow process of absorption when idling for hours, and not minutes, by the shrine. The French are seeking to understand, and are sympathising. They have just built a big mosque in Paris for the chief purpose of displaying their sympathy. To many Christian visitors the fervour and the fanaticism seem like nonsense, but the observer of these things is not half way to knowing the outer elements of Islam until he ceases this disdainful attitude. He must come to feel more and more that Islam, with its ramifications, its traditions, and its innumerable miraculous legends attached to persons and places everywhere, is another world, embracing an entirely different sense of life from that we ourselves possess. The European, however sympathetic and intelligent, can never come exactly to understand what a Mussulman feels and thinks, because he cannot know *how* he thinks.

After all, the fervency displayed here by the shrine of Mulay Idriss is calm in contrast with what happens elsewhere. The delirious exhibitions of the sect of the Aissaoua in many different parts of North Africa are another thing. By strange music, and rhythmical movements, by intensified concentration upon a mystic idea, by sacrifice, and especially by self-torture and mutilation, of a kind we consider shocking, the people of this confraternity, founded by Sidi Mohammed ben Aissa four hundred years ago, work themselves up systematically to an amazing condition of frenzy, in which they are evidently less of this world than of some other. They have their regular meeting places, but bands of them are formed in town and country districts, and small groups may be seen from time to time wandering in irregular procession through the streets, even the Europeans' streets, a banner at their front, and a few musicians with musettes and small drums in attendance. Thus, chanting or wailing, and with a short tail of followers, they wander along. I have even seen them threading their way through the covered market at Tangier. But these are the restful moments. One night in another part of Morocco I heard a noise coming from a small open space in a secluded part of the town, and, knowing its meaning, moved towards it. A circle of observers, all natives, perhaps a hundred of them, were gathered round some five or six of the confraternity, who had come in from somewhere in the hills on a kind of mission, and were here lined up in white burnous—ghostly they seemed in the moonlight that fell upon the scene—in front of a furled banner and two or three players of the musette and the tambour. As the rough music was wailed out, the men in white were swaying from left to right and right to left in an effective rhythmical unison, dipping their knees at the extreme point of each movement, and all the while chanting vigorously, monotonously, with, at intervals of two or three seconds, at the dipping motion, a peculiar emphasis which might almost be called a musical sneeze. The musettes, with the sound of bagpipes, were blown harder, the tiny drums rattled more vigorously, the chanting was intensified, and, all continuing monotonously for half-an-hour, the desire and the effect were evidently to produce in the white Aissaouas a state of frenzy or mystical exaltation. By-and-by, being sufficiently affected, one of them came out from the line and, immediately facing a musette player, glaring fiercely into his eyes, danced wildly, leaping and flinging his arms about. After a few moments he drew back to his associates, another advanced, and there were indications that the influence upon them was rising to its height. Much of the business might have seemed simply stupid to some western minds, and one could not guess anyhow where Allah or Mahomet came into the consideration, or yet Sidi

Mohammed ben Aissa, but in the moonlight, in this little corner of a white Arab street or lane, all otherwise quiet and dark, it was truly an emotional scene, and one could nearly understand the people being affected by it. The watchers were quietly observant. Presently, the crisis being apparently within reach, there was a whisper that a sheep might be brought along and sacrificed and eaten raw. Forgetting myself and circumstance, I had without definite intention crept through the ring and was standing on the inside within touching distance of one of the Aissaous, who had emerged for his individual dance, when I became conscious of attention being directed to me. Then a friendly Moor whispered to me in French that I might do well to creep away as unostentatiously as possible and retire to a safe distance, for the presence of an infidel was distasteful just then, and, without fear of consequences, they would not hesitate at swift killing if they thought it desirable to kill me—indeed at their crisis they would rejoice in such an act. That might be; so I, the only infidel, retired to a distance. After another fifteen minutes the spell was broken, the wailing music faded, and the Aissaous went away.

* * *

Within the general aim and desire in visiting Fez this time I had fixed some secondary objectives, one of which, a sentimental conceit, was to carry there an old paper-covered book that was itself of Fez, and there have it bound by the bookbinders of Fez, who have been justifiably famous for their art and craft, but are now by all accounts a fast diminishing number. It was really a proper and useful book to take to Fez, for it was my first old copy in French of Pierre Loti's *Au Maroc*, the tale of his journey there, when he was attached to a French governmental mission, in the spring of 1889. Getting to Fez in those times, by horse and mule and ass, with escorts provided by the Sultan, and the homage and assistance of the various tribes at intervals, was a more difficult, adventurous, and ornamental business than now, and Loti described it well, with his usual emotional effects. On nights of June in Fez I sat on my balcony, looking across a dark valley, filled with trees of many kinds, and rushes, with faint sounds of running and falling water. A high, fort-crowned hill stood up beyond, over which presently a gigantic summer moon ascended. Here I read again what Loti had to say of his coming here and afterwards. Alas for disillusionment! Many years ago this book was the first of fifty, perhaps, that I absorbed in an increasing desire to acquire knowledge and feeling of North Africa, and, for its author and its writing, and the circumstances, it has been well respected on my shelves. But, on my looking through it now in Fez itself, and paying attention to passages I had marked, it was impossible to avoid the thought that Pierre Loti, with his

beauties of style and his sensitive emotions, was not a good observer. In the days when he went to Fez it was not permitted to him or any infidel to go by the sanctuary of Mulay Idriss, and any traveller might now see and know more of Fez than Loti did in his short stay, when he was so proud to find that, attired in caftan and burnous, he could walk the narrow streets without attracting attention, and sat in the evening on the roof of his house of lodging watching for the appearance of Moorish ladies on adjacent terraces, ladies of the harem he was not supposed to see. But though Fez at that time was more strictly of itself than now, and limitations were more rigid in some ways, Loti might have looked around him more. In this book he has a chapter of hearsay about the tolbas, or university students, and the colleges they attend, and what they learn, but I wish he could have come with me to spend a while in the living cell of one such tolba, overlooking the aged decorated court of the medersa or college of Bu Anania, listening to this dreamy young Arab as he talked in a slow, tranquil way on various things. The cell was bare of furniture and equipment, with only a mat to sleep on, a jar of water and some simple cooking utensils, no books save the Koran, no ornaments, no elegances, no comforts. Seated on the floor together at the tolba's little window, we looked on to the old court with beautifully traceried walls, and ancient cedar timbering, and a fountain in the middle. The tolbas learned, as he told me, things of their language, of their religion, and things associated with astrology, alchemy, and divination. It is considered important that they should learn of the influence of the stars upon our human mundane fate, and so forth. With matters connected with other languages, with mathematics or sciences, with history or geography, and such like studies of our own schools and colleges, it is not considered desirable or essential they should acquaint themselves. There had been talk of their including the French language in their irregular and spasmodic course, but it had come to nothing. Yet here, as at universities at home, there are movements, and this young tolba told me a thing, upon the significance of which I have pondered deeply since. 'You see,' he said in effect, 'what we wish to do in our learning and teaching is to get back to Mahomet, to make our lives and thoughts and customs as much like his as we may do. Thus we would progress.' So progress in reaction was the ideal thus enunciated. As I left the tolba in his soiled white burnous, seated on the floor at the cedar-framed window, he turned back to his Koran, learning the text and studying the interpretations. . . . However, I found a native bookbinder, a skilled craftsman of the old Islamic school, who bound Loti's book for me most beautifully in blue and gold.

'ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.'

By D. E. STEVENSON, Author of *Peter West*.

I.

IT was well-known in Port Andrew that Mistress Macfarlane 'had a tongue on her,' and few folk cared to get the rough side of it, for it was apt to make one feel as if the very clothes were being stripped from one's back. She had sandy-red hair, a freckled complexion, and a pale-blue eye, with which she fixed her victim while her tongue flayed him. In view of this peculiarity, and an assured position socially, the good lady ruled Port Andrew with a rod of steel.

But if Mistress Macfarlane ruled Port Andrew in a sovereign manner, Mistress Herald, and none other, was her prime minister, and it was a brave—or an ignorant—woman who went against this redoubtable pair. Whether it were a question of the rearing of bairns, or the exact shade of yellow for lace window-curtains, their word was law. Rumour had it that even the minister's wife had taken their word as final—against her own judgment—on the subject of sheep's-head pie; but this statement should not be taken too literally, for it is well-known that all great figures in history, as well as modern celebrities (including cinema stars), have anecdotes told of them which have little or no foundation on fact—and Mistress Macfarlane was no exception to this rule. I quote the report merely to emphasise the veneration for their opinion which existed in the village, making it impossible for any one to act contrary to their mandate.

The baker's shop—the only one in Port Andrew—had been handed down from father to son in the Macfarlane family for three generations; but alas! there was no son to succeed the present owners, for their only boy had died when he was five years old, and three girls had failed to fill the blank in his parents' hearts. The shop was situated at a corner of the steep High Street, and had a small old-fashioned window in which was displayed daily a tray of cakes and scones and biscuits, fresh from the oven. Every household in Port Andrew went to Macfarlane's for its tea-bread as a matter of course, and many a scandal was discussed in hushed voices over the low counter of the dark little shop, because Mistress Macfarlane was not above lending a hand there herself when business was brisk.

One cold, snowy morning in January Mistress Herald arrived in a great fluster at the door of the baker's shop. She entered with a swirl of snowflakes, and the small bell—which rang in conjunction with a catch on the door—tinkled for at least a minute by the clock.

Mistress Herald was a privileged person, so no opposition was offered as she swept through the little shop and up the stairs to the rooms above, where the family lived.

'Losh!' cried Ben, the assistant, as he gazed after her voluminous petticoats disappearing with incredible swiftness up the steep and narrow stair.

Now, there was much in this exclamation which cannot be conveyed on paper; it betokened surprise at the rapidity of the lady's passing, curiosity as to what had brought her out so early in the morning through the swirling snow, and a certain contemptuous male superiority to such excitement, which, however, did not hinder him from running up the stairs after her in his stocking-soles and clapping his ear to the key-hole of his mistress's kitchen door.

Mistress Macfarlane was making marmalade when her friend appeared breathless in the doorway and sank on to the nearest chair, with one hand clasped to her ample bosom. She was overcome with curiosity as to the meaning of this early visit, but with a huge effort she rose to the heights of self-control, merely remarking in her amiable way, 'Ye seem short of breath this mornin', Mistress Herald. It disnae dae tae gang skitin' about that way at your age.'

Mistress Herald was so full of her news that the insult—and insult it was, for her years numbered only two more than those of her august friend—failed to stem the torrent of her tidings, which poured out unchecked as the Clyde in spate. And the gist of her news was sufficiently remarkable to make Mistress Macfarlane forgetful of her marmalade. The small shop opposite to Mistress Herald's house, a shop which had been empty for several months, had opened that morning with a display of cakes and sweets in the window, and by so doing had proclaimed itself a rival to the great Macfarlane's itself!

II.

The sheer cheek and bold effrontery of this act was enough to take any one's breath away—this was the verdict of the entire village. It seemed incredible that a newcomer, a stranger to these parts, and a mere woman to boot, should presume to open a shop at all in the sacred precincts of Port Andrew.

'Of course naeboddy will cross the door,' Mistress Herald announced; and Port Andrew bowed to the decision of its sovereign lady as communicated through the medium of her prime minister.

Many of the younger women would have

given much to look in for a crack with the new-comer 'to see what like she was,' but they were too much in awe of the baker's wife and public opinion which upheld her to venture across the threshold. Mistress Herald's window, in its strategic position opposite the new shop, commanded such a view of the street that nobody in Port Andrew dared to hold a moment's converse with the enemy for fear of eyes which lurked behind the curtain.

Day after day the window of the little shop was filled with cakes and scones, freshly-baked and tempting, but nobody bought them, and the widow saw her small capital melt away into thin air. She had so hoped to make ends meet with this tiny shop, had been confident of her ability to run it in a small way, and so rear her boy of five years old in comparative comfort; but as the days passed hope died in her brave heart and she grew desperate, and then frightened, for what remained for the pair of them but the poorhouse when her rapidly-dwindling store of money was exhausted?

The weeks passed, bringing their usual quota of snow and sleet and fog to the little village by the sea, and the widow's boy fell ill. It was partly from malnutrition, for food was scarce and dear, and partly a neglected cold which developed into pneumonia. After three nights of torture little Mrs Smith was obliged to go for the doctor in sheer terror for her darling's life.

Mistress Herald, watching from behind her yellow lace curtains, saw the village doctor emerge from the doorway of the little shop, looking grave and preoccupied. She longed to run after him and ask what was the matter, but she was too much in awe of Mistress Macfarlane to show any interest, however slight, in the occupants of the new shop. Alas, she had never felt better in her life—not an ache or a pain could she conjure up to form an excuse for visiting the surgery.

All that day she stuck to her post by the window with a fortitude worthy of her high position in Port Andrew, and towards evening she had the satisfaction of seeing the doctor paying another visit to the Smith family. This time she caught sight of Mrs Smith, who came to the door with a white, anxious face, which was clearly to be seen by the light of the shop.

It was obviously not Mrs Smith who was ill enough to warrant a busy doctor paying her two visits in one day—it must be the small boy, who was occasionally to be seen playing with an old tin on the door-step, and who was ostracised by the small people of Port Andrew, even as his mother was by their parents.

Mistress Herald's mind went back twenty odd years to a dreadful time when her own bairns

lay sick and helpless. 'Puir wee laddie!' she said; and then, after a moment's thought, she added, 'Puir soul!' She stood for several minutes, gazing across the dark roadway at the little shop, with its garish lights, as if she had never seen it before.

III.

Half an hour later a large, ungainly figure might have been seen to emerge from Mistress Herald's door. It was wrapped in a dark cloak, and carried a basket under the voluminous folds. The basket stuck out like an excrescence so that the silhouette of the figure, as thrown on the pavement by the pale moon, was inhuman and monstrous. Twice did this figure attempt to cross the narrow street, and twice it shrank back in the doorway to escape the notice of a chance pedestrian. What conspirator was this? It was the prime minister of Port Andrew in revolt against her queen, and she was so much in awe of that redoubtable lady that she very nearly turned back with her hand on the door of the new baker's shop. She hesitated there for perhaps half a minute, and then, with a gesture of impatience, she opened the door and went in. 'I'd like a poke of acid drops,' she announced breathlessly; 'an'—an' I brocht ye a wee tick o' calves'-fit-jeely for the laddie.'

Mrs Smith was too anxious about her boy to be surprised at this sudden ebullition of good feeling on the part of her hitherto indifferent neighbour. She thanked Mistress Herald for her kindness, and was about to weigh out the sweets, when the door of the shop swung open to admit another customer—and the two rulers of Port Andrew found themselves face to face! Both women were speechless for a moment with astonishment at this unexpected meeting, and the little widow was too worn and weary with her struggle against fate to cope with a situation which she did not understand.

Mistress Macfarlane was the first to recover her wits. 'I jis' ca'd in tae ask for the laddie,' she explained. 'An' I'll tak' a dizen o' scones an' anither o' cookies—we're short o' them the day.'

This was too much for Mrs Smith. She burst into tears and sobbed heart-brokenly. 'Oh dear, oh dear!' she cried, 'an' I hav'na' ony scones the day—those in the wundy are twa days auld. I've bin sae vexed about Airchie—an' it seemed sic a waste tae mak' scones ilka day when naebody wanted them—'

'Dinna greet, wumman,' said the baker's wife hastily. 'I ken fine ye've had an awfy time, but the laddie's got the turn noo—the doctor tellt me that. An'—an' I'll jis' tak' thae scones—I like them fine twa days auld.'

Before she realised what was happening the dazed widow found herself selling stale scones to her dreaded rival, and wondering in a dim

way if she were asleep and would presently awake to find it all dream.

IV.

The two friends paid for their purchases and left the shop together without having exchanged a word.

Mistress Herald was wondering what was passing in the mind of her companion. She was not left long in doubt.

'Ye'll mind wee Johnny was five when he deed o' pneumony,' said Mistress Macfarlane apologetically.

'I mind it well,' was the reply, and the

casual tone hid a wealth of sympathy and understanding not to be conveyed in words. Indeed, these two old friends understood each other perfectly; they did not need a plethora of words to make known their thoughts.

There was just one more point to be settled, and Mistress Herald waited impatiently for its elucidation. She was not disappointed; the situation was cleared up with characteristic brevity, and the future policy of the state outlined with a sure hand.

'James says,' announced Mistress Macfarlane casually—'James says there's room eneuch for twa bakers in Port Andrew.'

LONDON'S LORD MAYORS AND FREEDOM.

By A. J. GLASSPOOL, Late Keeper of the Guildhall.

I.

WE shall more eagerly appreciate the freedom we enjoy, both in the safety of our bodies and in the expression of our opinions, if we look back to the work done by those who have laboured and suffered to gain for us these great privileges.

Among those who have not been afraid of either king or parliament, some of those who were at the head of the municipality of London deserve an honourable mention.

English kings and queens of old were not slow to exercise despotic power, and the English parliament at times took upon itself authority which, in the present day, would not be tolerated for a moment. The fight for freedom has been long and bitter.

When Henry III. occupied the English throne, acting under the influence of the Papacy, he refused the privileges promised by Magna Carta. The king took into his own hands the appointment of the City's Justiciar or Chief Justice, thus robbing the City of its rights.

Fitz-Thomas, the Lord Mayor (1261), had such advanced ideas of freedom that he disgusted the barons by consulting the people in their Folkmote and by accepting their 'Ya, Ya' as law.

Henry's son, Edward I., copied his father's bad example, and endeavoured to obtain, by force, the money which he could not obtain by loan. The exasperated citizens pelted his wife, Queen Eleanor, with mud and stones as her barge passed under London Bridge. For this Fitz-Thomas was refused his office when he appeared before the Barons of the Exchequer on the occasion of his third election as Lord Mayor. When the king and the barons were reconciled at St Paul's, Fitz-Thomas had the boldness to remind the king that there must be

reciprocity between the king and his subjects. He said the memorable words: 'So long as you are willing to be a good king and lord, we will be to you faithful and true.'

This was a hidden threat of rebellion thrown into the teeth of the king. The king ordered Fitz-Thomas and a number of the principal citizens to confer with him at Windsor. On their arrival, notwithstanding the letters of safe-conduct, they were treated as prisoners and locked up in the castle keep. Fitz-Thomas was never seen again, alive or dead. His temerity had brought about his death.

Another famous Lord Mayor, who occupied the chair of the Mayoralty in 1310, was Richer de Refham. He first made a careful study of the City's charters; he then proceeded to demand of Edward II. a confirmation of these privileges. When the king ordered a poll-tax the Lord Mayor rejected it, and claimed the rights of the citizens. They were exempt; not being of the king's demesne, they could be taxed only by the consent of the barons, prelates, and citizens. The king's assessors, however, appeared at the Guildhall and read their commission to make the tax. For the moment the demand was compromised by a thousand pound loan to the king, and when Parliament met, it was too busy discussing the war with Scotland to consider the poll-tax.

The king now produced his 'Charter of Service,' calling upon the people to bind themselves to serve him in his future wars. This the mayor and the citizens refused. 'But the people would not accede to it, for all that the king would do.' They compelled the king to agree to a declaration that 'the aid granted you on this occasion should not be prejudicial to the mayor and citizens, nor be looked upon as establishing a precedent.'

Thus in the early days the Lord Mayors of London were the mouthpieces of the people in

demanding freedom; they were not afraid in those perilous times to face the wrath of kings, and in this way to lay the foundation of a more permanent liberty.

II.

The most notorious of London's Lord Mayors was John Wilkes. No other man holding an official position of this kind has attracted such public attention during his life or had so much written about him after his death. Usually the Lord Mayors 'kept the noiseless tenor of their way,' and have slipped out of office a little grander in title than on their entrance. Their arms are placed in the Gilded Chamber of the Aldermen, and except for that the place thereof knoweth them no more.

John Wilkes will ever be remembered as a fighter for personal liberty; to him we owe the abolition of General Warrants, the privilege of constituents to elect whom they please as their representatives in Parliament, and the removal of the gag upon the press which prevented the people knowing what their members had said, and how they had voted in the House of Representatives.

These are no small advantages; they represent some of our most cherished possessions, and without them life would be intolerable. Imagine our sensations if a citizen could be arrested on a warrant which stated neither his name nor his offence; with what sort of feelings we should go to the ballot box if Parliament exercised its authority to keep the one we had voted for out of his or her place in the senate chamber! Think how our digestion would suffer from anger if at our breakfast table we found every scrap of parliamentary intelligence in our newspapers obliterated!

These are the privileges for which Wilkes and other Lord Mayors of London struggled.

It is pleasant to search the archives of the great city to learn the inner workings of this campaign for liberty. In this undertaking we are much assisted by Dr Reginald R. Sharpe in his three volumes, *London and the Kingdom*.

Let us do what Dr Johnson advised, free our minds from cant. Wilkes was the son of a London distiller; he was educated at Leyden; he became one of the disgraceful order of mock monks who carried out their profligate lives in their so-called monastery at Medmenham, a charming spot near the Thames, in Buckinghamshire. This community was known as the 'Hell Fire Club'; it was probably this association which caused Wilkes to stain his pen by writing his 'Essay on Woman,' and caused Bishop Warburton to declare in the House of Lords of Wilkes that 'The blackest fiend in hell will not keep company with him when he arrives there.'

We have to remember that at the time of the Wilkes excitement, morality among public

men was not of such a high standard as at the present day; even the Great Commoner is said to have been seen in a state of intoxication in the House of Commons. Before Wilkes passed out of this life he had time to reform his character and to become much respected. What author has not written in the days of his fiery youth something he would like his friends to forget?

John Richard Green, in his *Short History of the English People*, states that Pitt denounced Wilkes as a worthless profligate; yet the historian is forced to admit: 'Wilkes became the chief instrument in bringing about three of the greatest advances which our constitution has ever made.' This is a powerful testimony from a historian who, unlike Macaulay, was not given to exaggeration.

Wilkes had a charming way of winning others to his side; his wit, tact, and powers of conversation attracted the great conversationalist, Dr Johnson, who must have abhorred the boldness of Wilkes in attacking those in authority, for the man who would not dare to sit down in the presence of a bishop must have been horrified at the bare thought of provoking a king.

III.

Wilkes was clever with his pen; he followed somewhat the style of Addison. There was no doubt as to what he meant when he expressed his thoughts upon paper; he did not hesitate to call a spade a spade.

Wilkes owned and edited the *North Briton*, a radical periodical published weekly.

It is stated that because Lord Bute, the prime-minister, declined to appoint Wilkes ambassador to Constantinople or governor of Quebec, he used the *North Briton* to attack the ministry. The most famous number of this paper was No. 45. When Parliament was prorogued on 23rd April 1763, the king expressed his opinion that the late Peace of Paris between Britain, France, Spain, and Portugal was honourable to the Crown and beneficial to the people.

Wilkes used his pen with extraordinary power. He attacked the ministry without mercy. In the celebrated No. 45 he declared:

'I am sure all foreigners, especially the king of Prussia, will hold the minister in contempt and abhorrence. He has made our sovereign declare, "My expectations have been fully answered by the happy effects which the several allies of the Crown have derived from this salutary measure of the definitive treaty. The powers at war with my good brother the king of Prussia have been induced to agree to such terms of accommodation as that great prince has approved; and the success which has attended my negotiation has necessarily and immediately diffused the blessings of peace through

every part of Europe." The infamous fallacy of this whole sentence is apparent to all mankind, for it is known that the king of Prussia did not barely approve, but absolutely dictated as conqueror, every article of the terms of peace.'

This was clearly indicating that the minister had put a lie in the mouth of the king.

This bold statement naturally annoyed the king; he had not yet learned the wise maxim 'Silence is golden'; he expressed his opinion and gave his commands too openly. A General Warrant was issued, the messenger bearing it being instructed as to whom he was to arrest.

When Wilkes found himself lodged in the Tower, no doubt he was greatly gratified that his prison home became a centre of attraction. The opposition leaders paid court to the political martyr. It was soon found that the ministers, goaded on by the king, had made a great blunder. Lord Chief Justice Pratt declared the arrest to be illegal; the prison doors opened; Wilkes was free once more.

Parliament, however, did not relent, not even when the Under-Secretary of State was ordered to pay Wilkes £1000 damages. No. 45 was ordered to be burned by the common hangman, and was declared to contain a false, scandalous, and malicious libel. In consequence of a riot there was considerable difficulty in carrying out this order. Thomas Harley, one of the sheriffs, a brother of the Earl of Oxford, after seeing No. 45 burnt at the Royal Exchange, had to take rapid refuge in his carriage, the windows of which were broken, and to save his skin he hurried behind the doors of the Mansion House.

Wilkes, refusing to appear before the House of Commons to answer for his conduct, made his way to France; the King's Bench pronounced him an outlaw.

Wilkes was not silenced, returning home in 1768. When a general election took place he made desperate efforts to become member for the City of London; but the City would not elect an outlaw, notwithstanding his glib tongue. In Middlesex he was more successful. Crowds and rioting accompanied the campaign; to be able to pass along the roads leading to Brentford one had to wear a blue cockade in the hat inscribed 'Wilkes 45.' Unilluminated windows in Pall Mall were smashed, and because Harley, the Lord Mayor, was unfavourable to Wilkes, the windows of the Mansion House met with a similar fate.

To put matters right, it was necessary that Wilkes should give himself up to legal custody for outlawry. On his way to the King's Bench Prison, the excited mob drew his coach. Riots in the neighbourhood of the prison resulted in much bloodshed and one death. At length Wilkes heard his fate in Westminster Hall on the 8th June 1768. His outlawry was removed;

he was ordered to pay a fine of £500 for No. 45, or to be imprisoned for ten months; and another £500 or twelve months' imprisonment for writing his 'Essay on Woman.' Inside the prison his influence was as great as ever; he was elected Alderman for the Ward of Farringdon Without. The Court of Aldermen refused to receive him; Wilkes being elected a second time, it was decided to keep the vacancy open until Wilkes was at liberty.

Elected a second and a third time for Middlesex, Wilkes's appeal at the bar of the House met with no favourable result. The fourth election created great commotion. Samuel Turner, the Lord Mayor, and the Common Council supported him; friends came forward to pay his fines; a procession of merchants, with an address of sympathy to the king, on its way to St James's Palace was broken up by force. The House rejected Wilkes and accepted his opponent, Colonel Luttrell.

Received at last as an alderman, Wilkes settled down to his duties with great dignity. Walpole thus expresses his opinion of his conduct: 'I don't know whether Wilkes is subdued by his imprisonment or waits for the rising of Parliament to take the field, but hitherto he has done nothing but go to City banquets and sermons, and sit at Guildhall as a sober Magistrate.'

Wilkes continued to work for the further liberty of the people. Parliament was offended because some newspapers reported its proceedings. A certain John Wheble was arrested by proclamation for the offence. He appeared before Wilkes at Guildhall; he was discharged and bound over to prosecute the officer who had charged him. On the same day, by authority of the Speaker's Warrant, a Mr Miller was arrested on the same charge. Brought before Lord Mayor Crosby, Wilkes, and a brother-alderman named Oliver Miller, he also was released, and the Speaker's Warrant declared illegal. The officer was bound over to appear for arresting a freeman.

Twice the Aldermen rejected Wilkes as Lord Mayor. In 1774 he had a double victory. He took his seat in Parliament as M.P. for Middlesex, and his residence at the Mansion House as Lord Mayor. Walpole thus commends him: 'Thus after so much persecution of the Court, after so many attempts on his life, after a long imprisonment in a gaol, after all his crimes and indiscretions, did this extraordinary man of more extraordinary fortune, attain the highest office in so grave and important a city as the Capital of England.'

As Lord Mayor he behaved with wonderful good sense and great liberality. Even the king said of him he had never seen 'so well-bred a Lord Mayor.'

Johnson, who looked on him at first as a low demagogue, confessed on further acquaintance

'Jack was a scholar, and had the manners of a gentleman.'

Elected as City Chamberlain in 1779, the emoluments received enabled him to pay his debts, accumulated by his bountiful hospitality as Lord Mayor; he was re-elected annually without opposition for eighteen years; and on the 26th December 1797 he passed away.

IV.

Associated with Wilkes were two other Lord Mayors who ought to be remembered for their independence of character and their nobility of action in protecting the rights of the citizens against the tyranny of the King and Commons. These were Lord Mayors William Beckford and Brass Crosby.

Even as an alderman Beckford commanded great respect, for when the elder Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, retired from office, receiving an ample pension, many enemies made use of this to slander his name. Pitt wrote to Beckford a letter explaining his actions, and declaring that his honours were unsolicited.

Faction must have run very high at that time, for when the king attended the Lord Mayor's banquet on the 9th November 1761, Pitt arrived with Lord Temple in a very ostentatious manner. His party gave him such a feeling welcome that he was received with greater enthusiasm than the king. Bute was hooted and pelted, and had to take refuge in his carriage.

Beckford was a man of considerable wealth, twice Lord Mayor of London, and M.P. for the City. He had the honour to be the father of another William Beckford, a man of eccentric habits, made memorable as the author of *The History of Caliph Vathek*. Though Beckford supported Wilkes, he was a man of very different moral character. The only Lord Mayor honoured with a statue in the Guildhall, Beckford's meagre form would lead us to believe that his habits were very abstemious, though his banquets were noted for their extreme splendour. He assisted Chatham in his efforts to persuade Parliament to regulate the affairs of the East India Company. As Lord Mayor and M.P. he was responsible for a petition to the king from the Common Hall, in which it was declared that the House of Commons did not represent the people; that it was 'corruptly subservient' to its Ministers; that the Ministers should be dismissed and a new Parliament called. This was an act of great independence and bravery; Walpole admired it, and said that 'a bolder declaration both against King and Parliament was never seen.'

It was in May 1770 that Beckford drew up an address to the king, protesting in the name of the Common Council against the violated rights of election to Parliament, as seen in the expulsion of Wilkes. The Recorder, afraid of

such bold language, refused to attend with the deputation to the king, and probably Beckford read this address himself.

The king gave a brief and unsatisfactory reply. Having in my official capacity been present at such interviews at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, my special duty being to keep strangers from intruding on the Royal presence, I know that, in accordance with established custom, with the King's Speech the proceedings are ended. Beckford was, however, filled with righteous indignation at the reply of the king, and contrary to all precedent, when the king was about to retire, he stepped forward and made the speech recorded on his monument. The king listened impatiently, then retired without a word of comment.

Never before had any Lord Mayor dared to express himself with such boldness. He expressed regret that the citizens had incurred the displeasure of the king; he was not slow to denounce those who had attempted to separate the king from his subjects; he was eager to declare that the king had no more loyal subjects than those of the City of London.

Beckford's great innovation met with general approval. The Guildhall rang with his praises, and eminent statesmen joined in the universal applause.

Walpole declared that it was 'wondrous loyal and respectful.' Chatham went further, saying, 'The spirit of old England spoke on that never-to-be-forgotten day.' He affirmed that Beckford was a true Lord Mayor of London, the first Magistrate of the first City in the World. 'I mean to tell only a plain truth when I say your Lordship's Mayoralty will be revered till the Constitution is destroyed and forgotten.'

V.

Brass Crosby was Lord Mayor in 1770. He had the spirit of Beckford; he made objections to the system of pressing men into the army against their will; he consulted with Chatham to find out if this method could be altered, but, being advised that the custom was not illegal, he induced the City to seek to modify the practice by giving premiums to those who recruited voluntarily.

Lord Mayor Crosby was member for Honiton, and Alderman Oliver had succeeded Beckford as member for the City of London. The king was determined that these should be punished because they had declared the Speaker's Warrant illegal. They were called upon to answer for their conduct to the House; in the course of the examination Crosby, who was suffering from gout, was taken so ill that he had to ask permission to go home. At St Paul's he was drawn to the Mansion House by the people.

Both Crosby and Oliver were sent to the Tower, the Common Council showing their sympathy by ordering that their tables should

be well provided. The figures of Lord Bute, the Speaker, and others were beheaded on Tower Hill, and then burnt. On the release of the city magnates, the Artillery fired a volley of twenty-one guns, and the city was illuminated.

All this goes to prove how much the City's rulers deserve the kindly thoughts of those who

enjoy the privileges they helped to win. No more General Warrants were issued; no constituencies were ever more angered by the refusal of their Members legally elected; the Press was free to say how Members of Parliament had voted, and to report what they had said.

Let us give honour where honour is due!

THE WEST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA.

PART III.

VII.

THE most interesting relic I saw of this forgotten past was the ruin of Chang-Chang. This must have been a walled town of very considerable size and importance. It is now a wilderness of crumbling bricks, a scene of desolation, causing the visitor unconsciously to speculate on the secrets that lie buried there. The most obvious curiosity is the construction of the few remaining walls. At their base they are from four to six feet thick, tapering upwards to the thickness of a single brick. Apparently the height of a wall was regulated by its thickness at the base.

Pizarro established his headquarters in the neighbourhood of Chang-Chang, at the modern town of Truxillo, while planning the conquest of the Incas. Truxillo, situated on the fringe of the fertile valley watered by the river Muche, is a delightful little Spanish town transplanted to the Pacific coast. It is the sleepy abode of *grandees*, whose houses are built round paved courtyards, made beautiful with palms and flowering plants. It is a town of much colour and many churches, which lend to it a somewhat Eastern character, particularly when viewed from a distance with the warm sunshine playing on the white domes and towers.

It is in the surrounding district that you meet the offspring of the builders of Chang-Chang. They are still in possession of the land, which is divided into fields by low mud walls. Some of the more ambitious have built for themselves flat-roofed mud dwellings, while others, at the edge of the barren foot hills, are satisfied with airy habitations constructed of branches and reeds. These they share with their domestic animals, pigs, donkeys, oxen, and dogs. Life is ordered on a communal system, most things being considered common property. They borrow and lend freely among themselves, and help each other in the fields as though such assistance were the most natural thing in the world. They are sober and industrious, and somehow manage to settle their affairs among themselves so that police are unnecessary. They even dispense with doctors, curing all their

ailments with herbs, of which they seem to possess considerable knowledge. Though almost anything will grow in their fertile land the chief cultivation is maize, which ripens all the year round and supplies all their needs. There is neither affluence nor poverty, and all seem to be happy and contented.

In appearance they are short and thick-set, with straight black hair, somewhat flat noses, and high cheek-bones. Their skin is a dark brick-red. The women, who share the work with their husbands, dress in long, black skirts, reaching to their bare feet, low blouses, exposing the arm from the shoulder, and broad-brimmed straw hats. The men seem satisfied with any old patched garments they can get hold of. They are clean in their habits as well as in their person, which is more than can be said of most dwellers on the west coast.

The people with whom I came into contact around the ports, the so-called more civilised, are an entirely different type. They are a mixture, of native and conqueror, and in too many instances, of the Chinese, who have a monopoly of the retail shops and restaurants. Yet they are all proud of their Spanish origin, though whether or not Spain is proud of them is another matter. Certainly the traveller is well-advised to keep a sharp eye on his possessions, and when a ship is lying off a town it is well to keep portholes closed and cabin doors locked. The chances are that in spite of precautions you will be relieved of some of your possessions. To steal from a ship is a sport, not a crime, and it is notorious that vessels trading on the Pacific coast are fitted with complicated burglar-proof appliances.

Here is an instance of what happened to us while loading nitrate at Mejillones, a town consisting of some wooden shanties dumped down on the loose sand. On arrival we were warned to be careful, as thieves had taken a heavy toll from an Italian vessel the week before. Accordingly our skipper set a double night-watch, armed with heavy revolvers, and ordered all the deck arc-lamps to be kept alight from dusk till dawn. Thus we felt secure, and when we sailed away the skipper smilingly

boasted that he had been one too many for the robbers. Two days later the carpenter discovered that in spite of revolvers, watchmen, and arc-lamps, a quantity of honey in the after-hold had been broached. The thieves had smashed the staves of the casks, and, after taking what they wanted, left the remainder of the honey to trickle on to bales of cotton.

Naturally, the passengers, recalling the skipper's boast, made the most of the incident. But the laugh was turned ruefully against us when we heard that the padlocks and bolts securing that part of the fore-hold reserved for passengers' luggage had been tampered with. On entering we found that every trunk had been ransacked and many necessary garments removed. The temperature, already high, went up with a jump to a height that was not altogether agreeable for the skipper.

Complaints to the authorities are answered with an unsympathetic shrug of the shoulders and a smile which seems to approve of the cunning of the thieves. From what I can gather, so many different people are implicated in these ventures, that unless the offenders are taken red-handed there is little chance of ever obtaining satisfaction. These depredations seem aggravated by the fact that customs officials live aboard vessels all the time they are lying off a port to control everything taken ashore.

But, as I have said, it is no sin to steal from a 'Gringo,' and if any one is so foolish as to be caught in the act, he has the satisfaction of knowing that the punishment will not fit the crime. It is true he will be incarcerated for a period—a period of idle days, spent in the society of jovial compatriots, who smoke and chat so that the time passes all too quickly. He will also have the satisfaction of being an object of public sympathy, for at some towns prisons are open to the populace, who seem to find them as interesting as the cinema shows.

At Huacho, a small town in the neighbourhood of Lima, I was attracted towards what seemed to be a cage, within which a number of men were poking their heads between the bars after the fashion of wild animals at a zoo. Outside the bars, keeping an eagle eye on the people who came and went, was a little fellow dressed in imitation of a French Alpine Chasseur. This, I was informed, was the local prison—the sight of the main street. The prisoners were hanging on to the bars in the hope that sympathetic passers-by might give them money or something to interest them. Close at hand was a young woman who did good business in fruit, sweets, and cigarettes, which the public were at liberty to hand to the prisoners. They were an unwashed, unkempt lot, yet with few exceptions seemed perfectly happy. Some read, while others amused themselves scribbling on the walls

after the fashion of a school-boy with his first pencil.

Though there may be many arguments in favour of exposing offenders to public view, it must be admitted that such sights are depressing. Yet in countries where hurricanes, earthquakes, and tidal waves destroy all feeling of settled security, as well as the patient labours of years, institutions, like the abodes of men, must necessarily be primitive. The recent wiping out of Coquimbo affords a sad instance of the insecurity of property, life, and institutions. Our Pacific Squadron had a naval coaling-station there, and I believe it was one of the ill-fated Admiral Craddock's last ports of call before going out to match his small force against Von Spee with his big German ships. It is the first rain-swept town one views on the voyage down the Pacific coast, the first bit of colour to relieve the monotony of the sand wilderness. Crowds of smiling natives swarm on board with fruits, caged canaries, which are caught in the district, and boots. It is difficult to think of these people fleeing to the mountains before the terror.

Unfortunately, the mortality from these causes is as nothing in comparison to the annual toll caused by pestilence and disease.

I found it difficult to understand the high death-rate, especially as the natives I saw stripped to the waist working the cargo in the holds impressed me as being of a strong, muscular type. A medical acquaintance, who had spent many years in practice on the Pacific coast, informed me that though powerfully built they are so lacking in stamina that few of them live to be old. They mature early, marry young, and have many children, most of whom die in infancy. My informant ascribed this high rate of mortality to their inborn contempt for even the most rudimentary laws of hygiene. Then, too, it must be admitted that, for the average native, life is as drab as his colourless surroundings. He has no interests except an occasional carouse when funds permit.

VIII.

Foreigners living on the coast assure me that the climate is as near perfection as can reasonably be wished. There is sunshine all the year round, with no extremes of heat or cold to cause discomfort. Europeans who take their baths and hygienic habits with them, and keep down the swarms of pestilential flies and mosquitoes in their homes, enjoy perfect health. As for their children, they thrive so well that the Pacific coast is spoken of as being a children's paradise.

Of this I had visible proof at a place called Tambo de Mora. There I met the proud parents of twenty-three children, all doing well, as the father informed me before I had spoken

to him many minutes. He is, by the way, an Italian, who settled there as a young man and saw to it that his children were brought up amid healthy surroundings. I also met an American who, after a lifetime on the coast, is as energetic at seventy-five as he was at twenty-five. When asked for his secret he answers 'the climate!' Most of my countrymen with whom I discussed the climate were equally enthusiastic, which says much, coming from the representatives of our nation of chronic weather growlers. Strange to say, they had no particular grumble that I can remember.

I sometimes wondered what these countries would do without the ubiquitous Britisher. You meet him everywhere, even in odd out-of-the-way corners. And he has a hand in everything. He goes off on lonely trails prospecting for minerals; he runs the railways, the trams, the nitrate mines, the sugar plantations; and he has a fair share of the commerce. He has practically a monopoly of the water, gas and electric supplies, and at Valparaiso I found a colony of engineers from the Clyde in charge of the shipbuilding yards. I even met some who are engaged in helping to train the efficient Chilean navy.

Probably the success of our compatriots is responsible for various schemes that have recently been suggested for establishing settlers in this part of the globe. A few went out to seek fortune shortly after the war, but I understand they are most of them home again, nursing grievances. Though these countries on the Pacific coast of South America are suggestive of future possibilities, to my mind, and I express the opinion of the people on the spot,

they are not yet ripe for the advent of European settlers in large numbers. For economic reasons, and also for political reasons, which are equally important, the 'Grengoe' settler is not wanted.

By the way, the word 'Grengoe' or 'Gringo' applied to foreigners, particularly to those hailing from our Isles, is not a Spanish word. It belongs to the Pacific coast, and one explanation as to its origin will appeal to Scotsmen, though I do not vouch for its accuracy; as likely as not it was invented by a scion of the nation that cannot see a joke. At any rate, a Highland regiment has the honour. On their march through Valparaiso the kilties sang 'Green Grow the Rashes O,' to the astonishment of the natives, who did not know what to make of the garb or the song. Yet the melody appealed to them, though the only words they got hold of were 'Grengoe.' And so to this day we are all of us 'Grengoes.'

Yes, the Pacific coast is fascinating, and I am tempted to enjoy the sunshine in those sleepy towns outside the torrid zone, among the palms, the bougainvilleas and the quaint gardens where the moonflower fills the cool night air with its perfume, and fireflies dance among high geranium bushes, which flower all the year round; to enjoy such delicacies as custard apples, alligator pears, and mangoes, plucked from the trees; to watch the flight of myriads of sea birds rising overhead, so that at times the sky is blotted out and nothing can be heard save the beat of their wings. But even the longest holiday comes to an end, and we must back through the sunshine to the drizzle and the gray days of our less-favoured clime.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A NEW PORTABLE CAMPING-TENT.

A novel form of camping-tent has lately been introduced into this country from Norway. When collapsed, this tent takes the form of a rectangular bag. To erect it, the closed end is pegged down by the corners. A pole is then inserted vertically in the mouth. What were the edges of the bag when flat on the ground are cut back from the mouth for about 12 inches, and ropes are fitted at the ends of the cuts, and pegged out at the sides. The result is a very curiously shaped tent, with the pole in front of a nearly vertical diamond-shaped door. The cutting back of the edges leaves flaps which can be buttoned over each other, thus entirely closing the tent. It will be noted that the bottom of the bag forms the ground sheet; hence there is no possibility of draughts or the entrance of water, because there are no openings. These tents can be erected or doubled

up in a couple of minutes, and they can be raised against the strongest winds so long as the closed end is pegged out to windward. They are made of impregnated waterproof cotton fabric in two qualities. One, of heavy material, for use all the year round, weighs 4.4 lb.; the other, of lighter fabric, weighs 2.2 lb., and is suitable only for summer camping. A very ingenious pole in three pieces, with simple fittings for its extension, is supplied with each tent when desired. The tents are convertible into man-carrying floats, sleeping-bags, or ambulance litters. The heavy tent is 7 feet 3 inches long and 5 feet 7 inches wide; the lighter variety is 4 inches narrower. These tents should be very suitable for camping tours by cycle or boat.

TWO NOVEL CURTAIN-RODS.

During the last year or two several inventors have devoted their attention to the improvement of curtain-rods, and to the devising of

sliding attachments for the curtains which are less liable to stick than rings. One very simple and inexpensive rod is a metal tube with a slot right along its under side. Inside this tube are the curtain runners, each consisting of two tiny wheels mounted on one spindle, with a space between them equal to the width of the slot in the curtain-rod. A phosphor-bronze link is hung on the spindle between the wheels and projects through the slot, terminating in an eye for the curtain-hook. These carriers cannot stick, because the 'racking' pull when the curtain is drawn comes on the spindle, while the link in the slot keeps the wheels central in the tube, and in line with its axis. Slotted brackets, which the carriers will pass, are provided where necessary. Excellent as these curtain-rods have proved, they cannot be bent by an amateur or a jobbing carpenter, although the makers will supply them bent if desired. This slight drawback is overcome by the metal strip curtain-rod, mounted edgewise, which is easily bent. This type has been in use for some years, but an important improvement has been made recently in the runners. These take the form of bent metal strips to embrace the rod and a wheel which runs on the top edge, while an eye at the bottom takes the curtain-hook. Although this arrangement is fairly satisfactory in itself, the end pull for drawing the curtain tends to tip the strips, when they are liable to stick. To obviate this tendency, the curtain-hook is attached to a link which swings on a pivot of which the centre coincides with that of the rod. Another interesting invention is a tubular metal curtain-rod, round which is wound a stout wire in the form of a helix with a very coarse pitch. The curtain-rod is mounted on rubber-faced rollers, and is fitted at one end with a pulley and an endless cord. The curtains are hung on rings in the ordinary way. When the cord is pulled the curtain-rod rotates, and the wire helix causes the rings to travel along. Two curtains may be made to meet in the middle by giving one end of the rod a right-hand and the other a left-hand helix. When used for bay-windows, the three rods are connected at the angles by universal joints, so that all can be rotated together from one end. An interesting feature is that the rings do not jam if the rod is rotated when the curtain has reached the end of its travel. They simply slip over the helix, and there is no danger of tearing the curtains. All of the above-mentioned rods and their fittings are finished in copper or steel bronze, or in brass.

A REIN-CONTROLLED AGRICULTURAL TRACTOR.

Among the implements to be seen at the Royal Agricultural show at Leicester was a powerful motor tractor, which is capable of hauling a three-furrow plough, a disc harrow, or a cultivator. A unique feature of this tractor

is that the operator sits on the implement, and controls the tractor by a pair of reins, as he would a team of horses. A slight jerk at the reins puts the tractor into forward gear from the standing position, and the special band-clutch takes up the drive quite smoothly. Once the tractor is started, no difficulty is experienced, as steering is easily affected by pulling the right or left-hand rein, the angle through which the tractor is turned corresponding to the length of time the rein is pulled. A steady pull on both reins at any time stops the tractor and applies the brake, while a further backward pull introduces the reverse. Thus a tractor which has the capacity of a team of eight horses is fully controlled by the manipulation of a pair of light reins. Only a light pull is necessary, as the actual work of steering is effected by friction wheels, one or other of which is caused to engage with the fly-wheel of the motor by pulling on a rein. The tractor is carried on two wheels, the rim of each of which is surrounded by a chain of ten pads, the two sets of pads forming tracks for the wheels to run upon. With two cylinders arranged in the form of a V, the engine has ball and roller bearings for the main bearings and the cranks respectively, while the magneto is of the 'impulse' type, which gives a 'full-speed' spark when starting, however slowly the handle is turned. Having only two wheels, the tractor depends upon the implement being hauled for its third point of support; and it is connected thereto by a telescopic draw-bar, with provision for quickly changing over from one implement to another. A two-ton trailer is also supplied with each tractor. The outstanding advantage of the rein control is that the operator, being mounted on the implement instead of on the tractor, is much better placed for getting the best results. This tractor, with its power pulley, is also very useful for driving threshing machinery, chaff-cutters, and other farm implements.

MINIMISING THE DANGERS OF COLLISION AT SEA.

At the recent summer meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects, a very interesting development was discussed in connection with passenger ships. It is generally admitted that the chief danger for ocean travellers is the possibility of ships being run into and sunk. Although collisions cannot be entirely prevented, it was suggested by Mr Spanner that the effects could be minimised by giving a soft nose to every ship. It is a well-known law that the shock caused by stopping a heavy body, such as a ship, varies with the time taken to bring it to a standstill. Theoretically the pressure becomes infinite if a body is stopped instantly. As a matter of fact, this cannot be done, because there is always a certain amount of spring in the surfaces which are brought together. The possibility of avoiding

shock by stopping a heavy body gradually is well brought out in connection with big guns. When a shell is fired, the gun is projected backwards at a considerable speed, but it is stopped by hydraulic buffers which bring it to rest by offering an even pressure over two or three feet. Without these buffers a gun would wreck its mounting. Mr Spanner proposes to fit every ship with what is equivalent to the hydraulic buffer for the gun. This consists of a comparatively light construction for the bow, which will double up if it collides with another vessel, thus helping to bring the ship to a standstill gradually, while offering a big surface to the side of the other ship instead of what may be termed a cutting edge.

A HYGIENIC MILK-COOLER.

One of the most important dairy appliances is the milk-cooler. Originally invented for cooling beer, the essential feature of this device is a rectangular, flat, hollow chamber, made of thin copper, and having deep horizontal corrugations on each side. This chamber, through which cold water is circulated, is fixed vertically in a frame, and is surmounted by a trough having a row of small holes along the bottom. The warm milk from the cows is poured into the trough, to flow through the holes and trickle round the corrugations to the bottom of the chamber, where it is collected in a second trough, and is discharged through a central hole into the churn. Throughout its course the milk is exposed to dust and to any germs which may be in the surrounding air; in addition, a considerable amount of evaporation takes place, causing a sticky deposit to form on the corrugated surfaces. To avoid these drawbacks a cooler has been invented which has duplicate corrugated chambers, the inner ridges of one exactly coinciding with and fitting into the inner corrugations of the other when they are placed together, but leaving a thin zig-zag space for the milk to pass down between the two. Both the trough at the top and that at the bottom are covered, so that the milk is nowhere exposed to contamination, and there is no evaporation and consequent deposit. Both chambers are hinged, and can be turned down into a horizontal position or lifted out of the frame for cleaning. These chambers and the troughs are, of course, tinned where they come in contact with the milk. The number of bacilli in milk is now often measured, and bonuses are given by some dairy companies for the lowest averages. Protection from contamination between the cow and the churn may therefore pay, in addition to guarding the health of the consumer.

MEASURING THE ROTATION OF THE SUN.

In view of the conditions obtaining in Russia, it will come as a surprise to many that a new

and elaborate astronomical instrument, made by an English firm, Sir Howard Grubb & Sons, has been recently erected at the chief Russian observatory, situated at Poulkovo, near Leningrad. This instrument is known as a spectrograph, the function of which is to photograph the lines of the spectrum. In this case the instrument is especially devised to photograph simultaneously the lines of the spectrum from two opposite sides of the sun's disc, preferably on the equator, from which the rotation of the sun on its axis can be studied in a way which will be explained later. Space does not admit of fully describing this interesting instrument. The spectrograph itself consists of a long tube, mounted on three concrete piers on the ground floor of the astrophysical building. This tube is fitted with the necessary slit, diffraction grating, provision for the photo plate, and an object glass. The sun's image is projected into the spectrograph by a system of mirrors, the first of which is moved by clockwork to follow the apparent movement of the sun across the sky. How the lines of the spectrum from each side of the sun's disc indicate the velocity of its rotation is explained in *Engineering* as follows: 'The rotation of the sun is studied by measuring the relative displacement of the lines in two spectra taken simultaneously from two opposite portions of the sun's disc, symmetrically in relation to the sun's axis of rotation. The displacement results, of course, from the fact that one part of the solar surface is advancing towards the earth, while the other is receding from it, the wave-length of the light from the advancing portion being diminished by the motion of the light source, while that from the receding portion is increased. The phenomenon is known as the Döpler effect, which is commonly observed in the case of sound waves by the drop in pitch which takes place when a locomotive sounding its whistle passes the observer. When the sound source is advancing towards the observer the pitch of the note is increased, and *vice versa*, and of the two sounds heard under these conditions one is higher and the other lower than would be heard if the sound source were stationary. It has been determined that equatorial points of the sun are moving with a speed of about 2 kilometres [roughly $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles] per second, and the apparatus we are now describing, used in conjunction with a suitable diffraction grating, will give from one spectrogram a velocity measurement of greater accuracy than $\frac{1}{10}$ th of a kilometre per second in the line of sight.'

A MINIATURE MECHANICAL CULTIVATOR.

Until the advent of the implement described below, small-holders, nurserymen, and growers on a small scale have been compelled to cultivate their patches of ground by hand, horse or tractor ploughing and harrowing being im-

practicable. The implement referred to is driven by an air-cooled petrol-motor, and may be briefly described as a large motor lawnmower in which the cutter has been replaced by a rotary tiller. There are, however, several important differences. The rotary tiller is, of course, the essential feature. It consists of a number of tines in the form of hardened and tempered steel hooks. These are mounted on a horizontal spindle, parallel with the axle of the wheels, and they are rotated by the motor through level gear. The hooks are mounted on springs, which enable them to 'give' to stones and other obstructions in the ground. They hook up the ground along a path to a width which is adjustable between 16 and 20 inches—and to a depth that can be regulated from 2 to 8 inches. Moreover, they revolve in the same direction as the two wheels upon which the implement is carried, and therefore help to propel it. This feature enables the machine to cultivate steep inclines. The wheels are, however, also driven by the motor through worm gear, while sliding gears give speeds of 1 mile or $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile per hour. The implement is guided by two handles very similar to those of a lawn mower. These can be turned to one side or to the front of the machine, so that the driver can walk behind, to one side, or in front. They carry the engine and clutch controls. As with agricultural tractors, the wheels precede the cultivating implement. Their track is adjustable for widths from 15 to 20 inches, to suit the width to which the tiller is adjusted. With a weight of $3\frac{1}{2}$ cwt., a length of 7 feet, and a maximum width of only 20 inches, this little implement will cultivate ground between rows of trees or bushes which must otherwise be tilled by hand. It will turn up $\frac{1}{2}$ an acre to $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres in eight hours, according to depth, and the makers claim that it will do the work of ten men with spades and rakes. The petrol consumption is $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints an hour, and the tank holds enough for about $3\frac{1}{2}$ hour's work. The above description by no means exhausts the capabilities of this machine. With suitable attachments, instead of the tiller, the machine will mow or reap, while a pulley is fixed on the motor shaft which may be used for driving pumps, circular saws, chaff cutters, and other machines. The tiller is not a new idea, many larger machines by the same makers being at work all over the world. It is the small size of the implement which is novel.

A COMPACT PLATE RACK.

An essential labour-saving device for every kitchen is a plate rack. With this contrivance the wiping of the crockery after washing-up is unnecessary. Each article is dipped in clean water and placed in the rack to dry by evaporation. In small kitchens there is little space for

the ordinary type of plate rack, which takes up a lot of room; hence the number of households in which the crockery has still to be wiped. A compact form of plate rack has been recently brought out in which the plates are stowed with their faces steeply inclined towards the wall. It consists of two sides and a back made of deal or whitewood. For cups a trough is provided at the top with drain grooves and openings for air to circulate; at the bottom is a place for jugs. The space between is filled with inclined shelves, formed of round hardwood bars, for plates. Finally, there is a removable galvanised steel drip tray at the bottom, thus allowing of the rack being fixed in any convenient position, not necessarily over the sink. The wall to which the rack is attached is protected from dampness by making the back in one piece, and as the rack is carried by crossbars $\frac{5}{8}$ inch thick, an air space of this width is left between the wall and the rack. With a height of 33 inches and a width of 23 inches, this rack stands out only 6 inches from the wall, yet it will hold forty-four articles.

'THE ROAD TO RANNOCH.'

We have great pleasure in commending to the notice of our readers a recently-published book, *The Road to Rannoch and the Summer Isles*, by T. Ratcliffe Barnett (Robert Grant and Son, 126 Princes Street, Edinburgh; 7/6). These sketches of the writer's wanderings on foot in some of the most beautiful parts of Scotland—'the records of many happy days,' as he himself calls them—will delight all who have a love for Scottish scenery and the Scottish people. To many they will recall with picturesque vividness the glamour of glorious days spent on hill or moor, by highland loch or mountain burn. The fresh wind of heaven blows through the whole book; to read it is to find the scent of the moorland in our nostrils and the whispering of the woods in our ears. The sixteen well-chosen photographs add to the charm of this altogether delightful volume.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (a) a reply post-card, or (b) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE CURTAINS AT CHÂTEAU CORBENIC.

By LEWIS SPENCE.

PART I.

I.

WHEN I finish the first draft of a novel I lock it away for six months. At the end of that time I cast about for a retreat concealed in a neighbourhood so isolated as to ensure complete immunity from invasion and distraction while I wrestle with the perplexities of correction. Cornwall, Harris, Connemara, and the Dovrefjeld have all served me as refuges during these periods of stress and strain, and that is why I came to Corbenic, in Brittany, on an evening in late March.

Goodness knows, the place was secluded enough. I had seen a photograph of it at the house-agent's, but had scarcely realised how utterly lonely is that wind-tormented trio of promontories between Brest and Pointe du Raz, where gray tides swirl angrily in and out of the three firths and hiss round the hammer-head of Pointe de St Mathieu, on the northern claw of which my lodging reared its white tower with something of the ghostly monition of a lighthouse. Yes, I had done it with a vengeance this time, I told myself, as I stood, on the evening of my arrival, at the window of the upper room I had selected as my study, looking out on as grand a gale as only the Atlantic can show in time of equinox.

There I stood spell-bound till it was dark. I was just about to draw a chair up to the window and sit there for an hour or so enjoying the storm's huge symphony, when the old people who acted as caretakers of the place brought in supper. I snarled at first when they lit the lamp, but the odour of coffee soothed me, and I sat down to eat. And then I noticed the curtains for the first time.

It was odd that I had not done so before, for I had been standing close beside them. But then they were drawn back, and the curious pattern they had displayed had not been so apparent as it was now that they were stretched across the casement. I am inquisitive as a child about matters of design, but vexatiously short-sighted, so that it was not until I had finished supper, and had gone to the window-table for a book, that I was able to get a clear

view of the unusual figuring on the curtains. Upon a ground of blue repp was sewn in brilliant red silk what appeared at first sight a design in cross-hatching. But a closer examination showed that the pattern was by no means so regular as it seemed. Horizontal lines set at an equal distance from each other crossed the entire breadth of the curtain, and others, straight or sloping, intersected these, or met them from above or below. The whole irresistibly reminded me of some motif, artistic or symbolic, with which I had at one time been fairly familiar, but for the very life of me I could not recall its connection or significance. At last I concluded that it must be one of those elaborate pieces of folk-craft in which the Bretons delight, and sleepily satisfied that this was so, I crawled up the turret staircase to bed.

II.

But morning brought complete dissatisfaction with the conclusion of the night before. I hate to be puzzled, and breakfast had scarcely been placed on the table when I tackled old Queban on the subject.

'That's a strange pair of curtains,' I said. 'Where did you get them?'

'Oh, the curtains, monsieur! Every one notices them. They were worked by Miladi Alma Wethered when she was here, poor soul.'

Miladi Alma Wethered! Surely there could only be one Alma Wethered.

'So she has been here?' I exclaimed.

'She *was* here,' said old Queban strangely. 'As monsieur perhaps is aware, she was—' She left the sentence unfinished and tapped her forehead significantly.

Then the whole story came back to me—how Alma Wethered, the brilliant publicist and Celtic scholar, had suddenly disappeared from her circle, silently, unobtrusively, and those who had known her had seen her no more. It had been privately circulated that her mind had given way, and much sympathy had been felt for her husband, Sir Stanley Wethered, whose almost miraculous career in the world of finance was one of the great commercial romances of the age.

'That must be—let me see—about a year ago,' I guessed. 'Where is the lady now?'

'I do not know, monsieur,' with a great shaking of the head. 'She was taken away from here—where I cannot tell.' And gathering up the breakfast things on the tray, she scuttled from the room with what seemed almost suspicious haste.

Alma Wethered! I recalled the tall, vivacious Irish woman, the dark oval face, the presence fulfilled with strange charm. Hers had been a vivid personality, dominating, magnetic, intensely alive. Could an intellect so penetrating and original descend to such pitiful futilities as the sewing of outrageous patterns on blue repp curtains? I had never spoken to her, but, as I recalled her on the lecture platform, the mere notion seemed preposterous. What had prompted Wethered to send his stricken wife to such a place as Château Corbenic? Was this a fitting environment for a mind diseased, this place of gaunt heath and tempestuous sea?

I sat down and contemplated the manuscript of my novel with unrelieved disgust. Most emphatically I did not want to look into it just then. Very deliberately I threw it into a drawer in the writing-table, and just as firmly I filled and lit my pipe and crossed over to the window.

The storm had quite abated, and the morning was fine and sunny. But not a soul, not a sail was in sight. That suited my mood. I clapped on a cap and went out into the gorse-land which surrounded the château—out to the cliff's edge, where I sat down and smoked.

The truth was, I could not get Alma Wethered and her preposterous curtains out of my head. I could not picture her toiling at that dementia of decoration, she who had been so vigorously alive, so eminently sane. Could the brain play such fantastic tricks even with a personality like hers? It was inconceivable. I continued to sit moodily on the cliff's edge, chewing my pipe-stem and gazing across the quiet reaches of sea.

Suddenly I was brought back to the world of everyday by the chug-chug of an engine somewhere on the water beneath me. A motor-launch, a mere white speck, was hugging the coast. Two men were seated in her, and the figure of one, though muffled in greatcoat and slouched yachting cap, appeared vaguely familiar. Whence they had come I could not guess. Not from very far away, surely, if they went to and fro in such a craft. Yet there was no sign of any vessel from which such a boat might have been launched, although it was impossible to tell what might lie behind the claw of Pointe de St Mathieu, where a yacht of considerable tonnage could readily find anchorage. I began to feel that I had spent an unprofitable morning, and, gathering myself up, walked slowly back to the château.

III.

As I hung about waiting for lunch to be brought, I was drawn once more to the embrasure of the window by some singular spell of interest inexplicable. Those confounded curtains! Where else had I seen the extraordinary design which covered them in a criss-cross of scarlet silk? I tried to put the thing from me, but it haunted me for some days like a half-forgotten name, or a bar from a partly remembered tune, vaguely creeping like a shadow over the edge of consciousness, only to disappear again when the mind essayed to seize it. At last, to my relief, I shook myself free from the fascination of curiosity which the weird pattern had aroused in me, and grew as accustomed to the curtains as to those in my own study at home—or thought I did.

It was on the fourth day of my stay at Corbenic that I unearthed the manuscript of my novel once more. I had now quite regained the mood essential to its calm and judicial perusal. Normally I enjoy the work of correction, but I do not recall ever having found such satisfaction in it as on that particular morning. I proceeded at such a pace that by lunch-time I had passed nearly half a chapter as worthy of cold type. But it was destined that these two or three thousand words were all that should get themselves into shape at Corbenic.

After lunch I became drowsy. This would never do. I felt that distressing tightness about the temples which follows severe application, and realised that I needed oxygen. Five miles with the wind on the heath, and I should be ready for another lap at my book in the evening. For one reason or another old Armin came to remove my luncheon tray, and as a duffer in topography, I tackled him regarding the pedestrian possibilities of the district.

'The best walk is that to Kerouez, monsieur,' he told me. 'A favourite place with the English visitors, and less than a league distant. The stones there are magnificent. The great circle was built by the Courils in a single night, they say. Two kilometres of stone, monsieur, great and small, standing on the cliffs by the sea-shore. It is the finest sight in Finistère.'

Of course, every neighbourhood in Brittany is possessed of the 'finest' stone circle or avenue in the peninsula, but I was in no mood to cavil, and taking Armin at his word, and my waterproof, I set off along the coast to Kerouez. It was a misty day and visibility was poor—such a day, in short, as gives to the land of Lyonesse its quality of dream, the hazy charm from which emerge the dim shapes of legend. And the sad washing of the sea made dim music as an accompaniment to strange thoughts.

I had come nearly to the southern corner of Pointe de St Mathieu when I heard once more the chug-chug of the motor-launch. Carrying the

same half-familiar figure, it passed swiftly over the smooth expanse of blue beneath me, and was soon lost to sight behind the jut of headland.

Having had about enough of the rough and pathless gorse through which I had been stumbling, I shortened my detour by the coast, and cut across the nose of the cape. Looking down, I saw, some hundreds of feet beneath me, a tiny harbour crowded with black fishing-smacks, in which the white motor-launch lay like a seagull among crows. Here the cliff sloped gently, and huddled on its sides were the red roofs and gray walls of Kerouez, and beyond them, to the east, the long curves and upstanding lines of the great stone circle and its environing avenues.

A path, bordered by the blue flowers of the dwarf gentian, now appeared out of the heathy tract, and following this, I came to the great trilithon which forms the northern gateway to the circle. Through this I passed, and followed the inward curve of the vast ring, marvelling at the rude skill which had conveyed the giant blocks from their distant quarry and had propped them into place. Some were roughly squared, others showed no marks of handiwork. Extraordinary theories of a race of stone-workers who had raised such piles as this in many lands, from the Pacific to far-off Orkney, had, I knew, recently been advanced. Were these, I wondered, the first rude skeletons of later temples, the prototypes of those forests of pillars which Egypt and Greece had builded for the worship of strange gods? Perhaps, but overwhelming as were these gaunt monuments of a day before history, I missed the human touch that goes with handiwork. Oh for a single symbol, a carven picture, the evidence of the human hand amongst all this vastness of gray granite!

IV.

I had now come close to the eastern trilithon, a gigantic gateway mightily reminiscent of what a child slumps together out of a nursery box of bricks. One shaft was more sunken and sloping than the other, and it seemed that only by a miracle did the whole keep from toppling down in ruin. Ah, here were scratches, something in the nature of a rude inscription, perhaps. Advancing close to the mighty shaft, I peered into the worn lines on the gray stone, and quietly, and even without wonder, inevitably, as it seemed to me, recognised that their pattern was the same as the mysterious symbols sewn in red silk upon the curtains at Château Corbenic!

Triple ass that I had been! That which I had thought a rather unusual decorative motif was nothing but the simple and easily deciphered script known as Ogham—the 'alphabet' employed in the earliest Celtic inscriptions. What in the name of all romance had I come upon? The great stone stood forgotten, and I was looking once more on the curtains at Corbenic.

Lady Alma Wethered was, I knew, besides being a publicist of repute, one of the foremost Celtic scholars of her day. Had her dementia taken the form of expressing in silk those rudimentary characters which she had studied upon the standing stones of Ireland and Cornwall?

I stood amazed. From the first some queer instinct had advised me that those curtains enshrined a mystery of no ordinary kind. As a dabbler in the byways of archæology I should have known Ogham when I saw it. But it was the difference of the medium employed which had deceived me. It was one thing to recognise the characters on stone, and quite another in red silk on a ground of blue repp.

How long I stood and stared at these rude but regular incisions on the surface of the great shaft, I cannot say. But when at last I ceased to stare, and tore myself away from the spot, I began to walk back towards Corbenic like an athlete in training. Then I stopped with a laugh. Oh no! Romance must wait, for I was tired and thirsty, and the thought of cups on a white table-cloth at Kerouez was not to be denied. Nor could I have faced the curtains and what I felt to be their secret just then. So, skirting the circle, I stumbled down the slope towards the huddle of red roofs, and inquired for the inn.

V.

It was a faded, smoky place of wainscotings and beamed ceilings, and when I asked for tea they put me in a little room where there were flowers and silence. Tea was brought, and I drank off a cup almost mechanically. My brain was in a whirl. I was anxious now to return to Corbenic. A fever of curiosity and disquietude had descended upon me. I, the weaver of mysteries, had at last come upon a very treasure-chest of mystery. But what should I find when I came to raise the lid? The ravings of lunacy? I could not credit that. What then? Some story of a woman's life stranger than any I had ever pieced together out of the fragments of imagination? Ah, that would . . .

A step sounded on the flagged floor, and I looked with real dismay into a face which I had no difficulty in recognising. Once seen, the ingratiating smile, the black, crinkly hair, the heavy chin, were not to be forgotten. Yes, it could be none other than Sir Stanley Wethered!

'They told me there was tea in here,' he tenored. He had that wooing kind of voice that convinces nine people out of ten. 'You don't object, I hope?'

I did, mightily, but managed to stammer some kind of disclaimer. 'If I am not mistaken,' I followed up, 'you are Sir Stanley Wethered.'

'It's no use denying it,' he smiled. 'The beastly picture-papers give me little chance for incognito. Sorry you have the advantage of me,

door, had a cold plunge, and returned to my study, to find breakfast awaiting me.

An hour later I was tramping over the gorse to Kerouez. It was my only clue, for there I had met Wethered, and only one thing, I argued, could have caused his hurried visit to the place. The wind had risen somewhat, and my way was conveyed by the long race of billows diverted by the nose of the cape into the coastal depression which divides the headlands. I had no clear plan of campaign. A mere instinct swept me along, like the waves, in the direction of Kerouez, and, once there, to the inn.

I called for cider, and sat turning over the cud of reflection. Would open inquiry be best? I had heard and read a great deal about that suspicion which is supposed to be characteristic of the Breton, and so credulous are we regarding the estimates of others that I resolved to proceed with what now seems to me a rather comically exaggerated degree of circumspection.

The landlord of the inn was obviously the first person to tackle, and I found my way along

winding passages to his room. But after a chat of about a quarter of an hour, in which I worked slowly round to my subject, I found that he knew nothing of Lady Wethered's whereabouts, nor could he throw the least light on the matter. He remembered her stay at Corbenic, but nothing more.

All that day I mooned about the place, making inquiries in every possible quarter, but to no purpose. I even visited the office of the local commissaire, but he was obviously as much in the dark as any one else. Naturally I dropped no hint of the more serious side of the affair. For all I knew, Lady Wethered's denunciation of her husband's financial methods might not be justified, and the law of libel loomed large before me. But although disappointed at my lack of success, I felt that I had only to remain in the district long enough to arrive at the heart of a mystery which intrigued me, aye gripped me as no plot I had ever conceived had done.

(Continued on page 796.)

THE SIMPLICITY OF WELL-BEING.

By A. W. THOMSON.

I.

IF we look at the matter largely, and quite offensively, nearly every one you come across is a trifle abnormal in some direction. We are too thin or too fat, too ruddy or too pale, too short or too long, too weedy about the shoulders or the limbs, too red-nosed (with indigestion), too short-sighted or too long-sighted, prematurely old or gray, stooping, slack, lined, or care-worn; or, if not any of these, we are wide of justifiable limits of deviation in some other way.

You will pity them all in your comfortable, philosophical, and everyday manner. But the thing most deserving of pity is the probability that you and every one else will fail to notice these things. You will pass on to your own oblivion without comment of the mind; and the world, rather unfortunately, will go on as before.

But, if you really are of a somewhat original type, you will fall to wondering why on earth common humanity is made up of such a heterogeneous mass of ills and sorrows. Everybody (nearly) is a type of little ills all to himself. Even the healthiest, happiest, jolliest, and most capable person you do meet is likely to have (as the very least that can befall him) an abdomen that is definitely too prominent. You know several people who have heart's disease, and it is questionable if they have any right to have it. You know others who crawl in an affliction of kidney trouble or rheumatism. There are those who ask for sorrow by over-eating, or pos-

sibly over-drinking, and by indulging in wrong dishes, because such are given a fashionable name. There are consumptives who are to be pitied, and, in all likelihood, their parents are to be blamed. There are folk as full of nerves as an egg is full of meat, and they are foolish to think so little of themselves as to be bettered by such an insufferable complaint, unless under enormous stress and afflictions. Others have indigestion more or less chronic, which is as much their fault as their misfortune; while constipation is a national trouble, and responsible for more ultimate disease or auto-poisoning than anything else.

There are numberless simple little natural laws relating to common life that most of us either forget, or never quite realise. If you tell a person to do a few simple physical exercises morning and night, he or she imagines you are setting out to train him or her for a supposititious boat-race, or boxing-bout, or long-distance walking match. The least he will assume is that you desire to convert him into a physical-culturist, with enormous biceps, and the faculty of tearing up a pack of cards, and he has no time for such freakish antics. Alas! if he but knew, he will never be able to fight his way in the business of living unless he cultivates the *mens sana in corpore sano*. These are the coals that keep up the pressure of his ambitions to their highest intensity.

The organs, like everything else, wear out far more quickly by rust, inattention, and misuse, than by carefully attended wear and

tear. Well, then, if a few bodily exercises can be devised to stimulate the intestinal works, gently and daily, into more thorough, natural, and therefore healthy action, it is conceivable that such procedure may add ten years to the vigorous length of one's lifetime. It is natural to assume that properly directed use and care of the body is the only real and natural method to preserve it. You do not need necessarily to attend physical-culture classes to obtain the prescriptions. Your doctor ought certainly to be able to put you up to them.

For instance, if a couple of deep breaths twice per day, efficiently done and yet without straining to make a balloon of yourself, and in the purest air you can find, is going to oxygenate and clean out the accumulation of dirt in your lungs, it is indeed worth while. If gently done it will stimulate the tissues and blood-vessels, and bring no end of health to the lungs. The best and purest air is to be found on the house-top, so go up there if you can. You can work your way through each organ of your body in turn with some simple exercise. Certainly you can devise something to wind each of them up a bit, and help to keep them in a fair state of decent action, strength, and vitality.

II.

The writer is far from laying down any hard and fast rules to obtain the ideal well-being. He merely voices an idea that, if you cannot call common humanity a pack of cripples, you can at least say it is foolishly and often quite needlessly imperfect. Little daily exercises carefully systematised to meet individual requirements ought to be regarded by every one as a cleansing process for all that comprehensive anatomy known as the 'inside'; and therefore ought to rank with the daily bath that cleanses the outer skin. Yet you will find tens of thousands who make a fetish of their bath, but never seem to think it necessary to do anything to the *inside* of their bodies. All they look upon as necessary in that light is an occasional dose of salts, or else they adopt a biblical faith in the use (and misuse) of patent medicines. The carefully considered use of laxatives is verily an essential thing, but, of themselves, they cannot keep the body in repair. No matter how conscientiously you clean out an engine or any other piece of mechanism, it will not keep in perfect working order unless it is properly worked when it is working, and 'nursed' by some one who understands.

All this energy of talk applies to sickness of the mind just as it applies to the ills of the body. And it also applies to those other devastating conditions of life, known as nerves, indigestion, 'tics', 'itis', and one thing or another, all of which appear to be sort of dual sicknesses, having to do both with the mind and the body. The remedy, so we are told

nowadays, is to practise auto-suggestion, which doubtless means, stripped of its scientific garb, that greatest of all cardinal virtues, courage, scientifically directed. We set out to engage trouble until we conquer it. And, if only we suggest to ourselves often enough that we cannot be beaten, we have already half won. There is nothing quite new under the sun. This auto-suggestion, then, is an important exercise for the mind. You have to adopt it in a thorough fashion, letting it be high up in the grip of your will. But you need not tell your friends that you are an auto-suggestionist. It is more comfortable to look into the science, extract any good you find in it, and let your friends believe you are a commonplace fellow with an extraordinary quality of pluck.

Then, of course, we must account for the whole curriculum of familiar passions that humanity is prone to. These are nearly as murderous as physical disease or weakness of the spirit. Anger, jealousy, sloth, covetousness, intemperance of any shape or kind. You are permitted but one form of intemperance, that of a terrible passion to make the best of the body and soul that have been bequeathed to you. These horrible passions leave their marks on the health of a man or a woman as indelibly as they do on his or her character. The assertions of some doctrines that sickness is sin is largely justified. Without a reasonable amount of right-mindedness we cannot sustain good health and vitality. A fair and reasonable control, mark you, for without a suspicion of human weakness you become a machine rather than a man, and so defeat your own ends. In fact, to return to scientific theories, it is a fair assumption that the hot-bed of a trifle of anger may incubate those microbes that overcome other microbes more dangerous. Microbes live on microbes, and by killing and living, yet die. In this way we may keep down indifference and defeat indolence. And so we must take our copy-book moralists (as some will take this essay), with a grain of salt, beware mainly of the *brooding* forms of passion.

All the hotch-potch of this article comes to be boiled down to this, that you can, with a little thought, care, and trouble, make of your life always and ever something a little better than it is. The greatest benefit is naturally to be had by starting your course of thoughtful care at the beginning of manhood; but that is perhaps expecting too much in the way of old heads on young shoulders. It is happily never quite too late to begin. Make a little deity of yourself, an Ego, I, but don't do it without the humour of the thing. There is plenty of self in this world, and a lot of self-seeking, but there is mighty little of self-reverence. Don't do a lot of things; but you need be neither a prig nor a vegetarian

Adjust a balance between your appetite and your powers of digestion, thus adjusting the organs to their functions. Don't expect fifty horse-power from a twenty horse-power engine. You must acquire the power of extracting all the good obtainable from correct foods that suit you, and subsequently getting rid very effectually of the waste. No engine will work well and long that cannot effect easy and complete riddance

of the exhaust steam. The same remarks apply to the mind. Find the pivot on which you can balance the real good you bring to it, its digestive power, and its power of discharging useless matter. One of the weaknesses of mortality is that few of us bring our minds to absorb the total good it is possible to assimilate; fewer still can get rid of the poisonous by-products and waste.

JEAN THE REFORMER.

A DOG STORY.

By W. HAROLD THOMSON.

I.

LYING under the dripping bramble hedge, Mr Lachie MacIntyre, casual labourer and persistent poacher, put a hand behind him and thumped irritably at Jean's silky flank.

She protested faintly, and he thumped her again. Never once in her five years had this man whom she adored treated her roughly, and the knobbly, prodding fingers affected her spirit now more than her body.

'Hud yer tongue!' the man whispered. 'You yelp again like yon, m' lass, an' you'll see what 's what!'

Now Jean understood him perfectly, but on this night she was, in the common phrase, more than usually highly-strung.

A poacher's dog she might be, but she had no taste for poaching. Half collie, half retriever, she was sensitive, intelligent, loyal—and game to the last ounce. But night adventures had never been to her liking.

Perhaps some ancestor had been badly handled in the woods, or perhaps Jean was over-tender of conscience. However that may be, she loved the light better than the darkness, and only her whole-hearted devotion to this local 'bad man' persuaded her to accompany him on his nocturnal—and nefarious—outings.

It was still early, but already gloaming had merged into darkness, and never—or so it seemed to the quivering Jean—had the great wood been so eerie.

Her ears heard a score of small, threatening noises to which Lachie MacIntyre was deaf. She hated the gloomy whispering in the tree-tops, and the drip—drip from their branches, and the occasional plaintive hooting of an owl.

Moreover, the air was keen-toothed, and, as it happened, Jean had eaten nothing since early morning.

True, there would be a satisfying plateful waiting for her when she returned to the tiny cottage where her master and mistress lived, but at the moment she felt faint—and

when you feel faint you are liable to do things which you would not do under normal conditions.

The man beside her stirred, and Jean guessed that he was pushing the snares that he carried deeper into his big pockets. Being experienced in such matters, she knew that the enemy was near at hand; knew, too, that Duncan Cameron, the gamekeeper, was a very ferocious person, who held even so innocent a creature as herself in the strongest possible disfavour.

There came a moment when the enemy's stealthily-moving feet blundered, and the crash that their owner's body made as he fell into a clump of withered bracken startled Jean so suddenly that, with all the vigour of which she was possible, she barked once—twice—thrice.

The man whom she loved cuffed her with a damp hand, and called her evil names. But things moved so briskly then that he had to consider his own position, rather than the folly of his companion.

Before the echo of Jean's third bark had faded, the gamekeeper was on his feet and striding triumphantly forward, one hand gripping at the barrel of his gun, one holding a wickedly-brilliant electric torch. 'Ah! It's you, is it!' he exclaimed, when the white finger of light picked out Lachie's sweating, frowning face. 'I've got you this time then, m'lad!'

'Have you?' said Lachie, who had risen and was wiping slimy cobwebs from his coat. 'We'll see about that, Mr Clever! I can walk in this wood, if I like. Let me tell you that you've no right nor power to do more than ask me to leave. I know the trespass laws o' Scotland as well as you do. There *is* no trespass laws—not really. What d'you think you're goin' to do?'

The other had halted, and this largely because he had glimpsed the white teeth of Jean, and had heard her threatening growl.

'I'm going to take you down to the polis office, and hand you over to Rory Blair, the

sergeant,' he said. 'That's what I'm going to do.'

'Oh, you are, are you?' said Lachie. 'Well, you'll be terrible clever if you manage that, mister. Is a man to go to the polis office jist because he likes to take a wee bit stroll wi' his dog through the countryside? Here's what you can do—if you don't know. You can order me off your master's ground, an' if I don't go, you can take out an interdict against me. If I do go, you can do nothin'. Anyway, you've got to prove that I've done damage. That's the law, Duncan my man, an' it's time you learned it.'

What would have happened had Jean not lost her head again it is impossible to say. But she did lose her head. To her the torch-bearer was a repellant ogre threatening the being for whom, had that been demanded of her, she would willingly have given her life.

She saw the gamekeeper raise his hand, and did not guess that his innocent purpose was to wipe away a raindrop which was tickling his cheek. She thought that he meant to strike her man, and, her lithe, lean body trembling, she sprang forward.

The gamekeeper swore and kicked at her savagely, so savagely indeed, that, sick with pain, she dropped and lay for a moment, too deeply hurt to tell of that hurt.

But Lachie knew what had happened, and, a fighting man by instinct, yet with that soft something in his nature which made him love this dog of his as he had loved no human being, proceeded to take toll of her account.

'My God!' he cried. 'I'll sort you for that, you big, dirty goat!'

II.

Of what followed during the ensuing two minutes, Jean had afterwards but the haziest recollection. That she had been duly avenged, she knew—knew that while she limped homewards behind her scurrying owner, the enemy squatted beside a tree, moaning out terrible oaths, and fingering gingerly at a badly-damaged jaw.

Jean was angry with herself. She had behaved, so she decided, like a fool, and even the prospect of supper failed to interest her. But more than ever she idolised Lachie MacIntyre.

People who are averse to the companionship of dogs, and who are therefore incapable of understanding them, would jeer if they were told that Jean knew why the fight between the poacher and the gamekeeper had taken place. But she did know, and because she knew, the adoration in her heart swelled almost painfully, and the wistfulness of it showed in her soft, brown eyes.

When she reached the cottage, however, she shrank away, and made only a furtive dab or

two at the plate of bread and chopped-up vegetables and meat scraps which, as was her nightly custom, Meg MacIntyre had prepared.

Nose between paws; eyes, almost tearful, watching the adored one, Jean listened while the poacher told his wife what had happened in the gloomy woodland.

His tale was scarcely done when there came a knocking on the cottage's outer door; a sound which was followed instantly by Jean's barking.

'Stop it, you fool!' Lachie ordered. 'That tongue o' yours has made trouble enough the night already.'

There entered presently that good-hearted, simple-minded soul, Sergeant Rory Blair, who was to be followed presently—though he did not guess this—by a messenger from the village.

Jean padded forward and sniffed at his trouser-legs, and it was to her that he spoke first.

'It's a daft dog you'll be, Jean,' he said, 'an' by rights you should come to the station wi' your master. I don't know what my missus sees in you, but efter the night she'll mebbe no' be so terrible great a friend o' yours.'

Then, while Jean stepped back and kept a watchful eye on him, he turned to the black-browed Lachie.

The poacher stood before the little fireplace; tall, great-shouldered, florid of face, and with his glinting blue eyes holding a mingled menace and anxiety.

He was thirty-seven, and, save when the Empire's business had taken him to Flanders, had been—as he would himself have put it—jinking the police successfully, year in, year out.

'What'll you be wantin' here?' he demanded. 'You can't lay your hand on me for onythin'.'

'Can I no'?' the sergeant asked. 'I've got to do it, Lachie. It's my duty, y'see, an' wi' me, duty comes first. I'm no' goin' to arrest you for poachin', for I've no proof o' that. I'm here to arrest you for assault on the person o' yin—Duncan Cameron, game-keeper to Sir Angus MacAlister—an' you'd better come quiet. Is that no' so, Mrs MacIntyre?'

Left to himself, Lachie would undoubtedly have defied the law's majesty with force. But his wife, who had always frowned on his poaching exploits, and who was shrewder-brained than he, had her say. Having had it, she knew that this great husband of hers would be reasonable.

It was Jean who was unreasonable—for surely it is unreasonable to exchange a comfortable home for a chill and muggy out-of-doors, and that merely because you cannot bear to let a bad man out of your sight!

Yet that was what Jean did, and she did it stealthily. Into the small and already drowsy village she went, not exactly at her master's heels, but near enough to keep him in sight.

Prior to leaving the cottage, she had heard its second visitor, Dr Hamilton, whispering to Sergeant Blair. It was something to the effect that: 'I think she'll do all right now, but if she gets worse during the night, you must let me know.'

Jean, of course, did not realise what was meant by that; did not guess that the policeman's wife was very ill, and that the danger point had not been passed.

III.

Concerned only with her personal loss, Jean, once the garden gate at the little police station—the two cells of which were part of the house—had been closed, lay down in the middle of the lane.

The situation was entirely new to her. Never since she had been the companion of this rough-spoken, but kindly-hearted man, had he gone from her at night. True, he had often left his home, but on such occasions she had accompanied him, and had returned with him.

Something was gravely wrong, and as her intelligence grew more active, her distress grew greater.

There was a light burning steadily in an upper window, but everything was quiet now, and the nearest cottages, which were some distance off, were mere murky slabs in the shadows.

For how long she lay there, waiting and hoping, Jean did not know, but at length, unable to bear things any longer, she lifted her head—which was beautiful in Lachie MacIntyre's eyes, though not, perhaps, in the eyes of an expert dog-breeder—and sent out a long, doleful howl.

Nothing happened, so she howled again, and went on howling at intervals of a few moments only. Indoors an anxious husband frowned and cursed lowly, and glanced every now and then towards the bed where his sick wife lay.

'Whose dog is that?' the woman murmured. 'I hate to hear him, Rory. What's he howling for?'

'It's Jean,' he answered, 'Lachie MacIntyre's bitch. I think that she followed me down the lane.'

He wished to give no explanation beyond that, for Jess, always too tender of heart, never rested easily when she knew that a prisoner shared her roof.

'She's wanting something,' she whispered. 'I can't stand that howling. Go and send her away, Rory—or let her in.'

Jean heard the sound of a door being opened and the crunch of heavy feet on the trimly-kept path.

Running forward eagerly, she paused when she saw the policeman's menacingly upraised hand, and when she heard his hoarsely spoken orders.

Crouching, she waited for a blow to fall, but

Sergeant Blair believed, mistakenly, that he had cowed her into silence and obedience.

Before he reached the house again, however, the howling had restarted.

'Will you stop it?' he demanded. 'You won't? Well then, come in-by. But I'll knock your head off if you don't stop that infernal row!'

Blithely enough she pattered beside him, and would have been taken at once to the cell where Lachie lay, but for the fact that Jess Blair called out faintly, 'I want to see the dog, Rory,' she pleaded. 'I want to see her.'

So Jean, a trifle impatient, but with the main portion of her misery gone, was invited into the dimly-lighted bedroom, and once there, flung up, in her polite way, a paw towards the frail hand outstretched to her. She liked the fuss which Jess Blair made; liked to have her ears pulled gently, and to have a soft thumb rubbing between her eyes.

Yet she was uneasy, too, for somewhere near at hand there was a man who—it was thus that she read the thing with nothing of conceit—must certainly need her. But she waited long enough to hear the woman in the bed sigh contentedly, and to feel the stroking fingers slip away.

Very quietly, because he feared that the howling might re-start, Sergeant Blair conducted Jean to the cell, and, with a lantern in his hand, watched her transports while, balanced on her hind paws, she thrust her fore paws against the prisoner's chest.

'You might have locked her up afore we came away,' the sergeant grumbled. 'She's troubled the wife sore wi' her yowlin', an' I'd have killed her if I'd had my way.'

'No, you wouldna,' said Lachie. 'There's no law 'ud have kept me from smashin' you up if you had. But I'm sorry aboot yer wife. I thought that she liked Jean, here.'

'Well, you keep her quiet,' the policeman ordered. 'If I hear a sound from the cell the night, you'll ken aboot it.'

IV.

There did come a sound, and that sound was the shrill bark of a dog; but the sergeant did not care then, and knew himself to blame.

Long after midnight he unlocked the cell door for the second time, and stood, lantern held, the while Jean growled and leaned, protectingly as it were, against the sleepy, swearing Lachie.

'What'd you want?' the poacher asked. 'Can a man no' sleep in peace in his ain cell?'

'I'll tell you what I want if you'll keep that dog o' yours quiet,' the other answered. 'It's the wife. She seems worse—an' light in the head. She's asking for Jean.'

'Well?'

'Well, the dog's got to come up. An' that's

not all, Lachie. Some way or other I've got to get Dr Hamilton here. I'll no' be knowin' what to do. I can't go mysel' an' leave Jess alone. Onythin' might happen to her. I was thinking—I don't know how I'd explain it efterwards—but I was thinkin' that mebbe you'd go.'

'Me?'

'Jist that. Would you do it? Only, mind you, you'd have to give me your word to come back wi' the doctor, an' let yoursel' be locked up again.'

'A queer kind o' thing that,' the poacher commented. 'But—ouch well, you'll likely put in a good word for me if ye get the chance. I'll tell Jean here to stay. She'll do that right enough, for, y'see, when I say "Stay" she jalouses that I'm comin' back for her afore long.'

Thus it came about that while the temporarily-freed prisoner footed it sturdily towards the doctor's house at the far end of the village, Jean, his dog, remained. And, remaining, she gave by her presence comfort to a suffering woman, and sat dabbling every now and then a warm tongue across Jess Blair's fingers.

Less than half an hour later she was back in the cell, and fast asleep, her head resting on one of Lachie MacIntyre's feet.

V.

Weeks later, when the matter of Lachie MacIntyre's assault on the gamekeeper had been leniently dealt with, and when Sergeant Blair's wife was well again, Jean, who had brought a family of five sturdy puppies into the world, fell ill.

The illness was sudden—so sudden that Lachie heard it as a distressing piece of news when he returned from what he called a day's work, followed by half a night spent in the policies of Sir Angus MacAlister.

Dully he listened to what his wife had to tell him; the lines between his nostrils and his mouth-corners deepening, and the great hands holding his sodden cap gripping at it tightly.

It was not Lachie's fault that he was constituted as he was. Meg was his wife, and he and she got on well together, but the one living thing who had never given to him anything save adoration and faithfulness had won her way, in that gentle fashion of hers, closer to his heart.

He could not have explained that, or defended it. He merely knew that it was so, and, slow of mind though he was, would have admitted that he was wrong to give so great an affection to a dog and so little to his fellow-humans.

'You say that the vet.'s been?' he asked Meg.

She nodded. 'He's coming again the morn's

morn,' she returned. 'But he says that mebbe she won't last the night. I've taken her puppies next door to John Dundas, and Jean is too ill to care. She's lying on a heap of sacks in the kitchen.'

When the poacher went to Jean, she strove to rise. But he put a hand down and quieted her. 'A' right, lass, a' right,' he said. 'I'm here. I'd have been back long afore if I'd thought this was to happen. I'll bide wi' you for a while now, an' I'll warrant you'll be runnin' about quite perjink in the mornin'.'

He brought a small stool forward, and, seating himself, stroked softly at the wearily-lying head.

His wife, who watched him from the doorway, moved her shoulders and went upstairs. She could not understand how Lachie could be so stupid over Jean. She herself liked Jean, but, after all—well, there were plenty of dogs in the world!

But for the poacher there was one dog only, and he raged to think how short, at the best, her life must be, compared with his.

Fashioned so oddly as he was, and having little to do with deep matters, he said over and over again, as he sat watching those pain-filled brown eyes that were raised in love to his, 'What does the Lord want to make 'em so fine for if they jist sort o' come an' go?'

A very simple soul, Lachie MacIntyre!

VI.

Jean nearly died on the following afternoon, but, though she improved after that, Lachie saw at first no signs of this improvement. So he waited with her when otherwise he would have been back in the woods.

It was with no intention of going there that he rose at last, and, picking up his cap, walked towards the door.

Perhaps Jean thought that he was going to leave her; perhaps it was because she was still so very ill, but she whimpered a plea to him, and rising, followed weakly. Then, such strength as she had failing her, she toppled over and lay still.

It was in that moment that, all unconsciously, she reformed her master. He thought that she was dead, and when, on his knees beside her, he saw that the wistful eyes still held a glimmer, he made a vow.

'Jean, lass,' he whispered brokenly, 'you're no' goin' to go an' die? You're terrible young yet; there's years an' years ahead o' you. Jean, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you live, I'll never poach again. I promise you, Jean: but you've got to stay wi' me awhile.'

Very tenderly he lifted her, and when his wife came from a neighbour's cottage, she found Lachie in an old armchair before the feeble fire, with a sweetly-sleeping dog across his knees.

'Wheest!' Lachie cautioned, a hand upheld.

'She's sleeping. She's goin' to do fine now, Meg.'

From that day to this Lachie MacIntyre has never snared a rabbit or a hare; has never knocked over a pheasant nor fished in preserved waters. He is not all that a man should be, but at least he has kept his word to Jean.

And Jean, gray about the muzzle and less active than of old, goes with him every morning to his work, watches him throughout the day, and returns with him at night.

There is only one other house at which she

calls frequently, and that happens to be the police-station. Perhaps she goes there because one of her pups was given to Jess Blair. Perhaps she goes in memory of that night when she and her idol among men shared a cell.

Healthy and content, she is glad that there are no more night-time outings into the grim woods.

Lachie, on his part, is at times oddly ashamed of himself for being 'soft.'

But the secret of that vow of his is held by Jean alone. Not even Meg was told about it.

Because, you see, Meg might not have understood.

AN ORIENTAL ÆGEAN.

I.

ADEN, the Moplah country, Madras, the Andamans, Mergui, are all on the confines of the Indian Empire, and on or near the same parallel of latitude. It is to the easternmost of these that we would take in spirit those who have no chance of ever visiting one of the most beautiful spots within the realm of Burma. Mergui is in very sooth an outpost of Empire—centuries ago the port of a great trade-route running eastwards through the dank and desolate forests of Tenasserim to Siam, and thence to far Cathay. Along that route the busy trader, the pack pony, and the fever-stricken coolie passed; to-day no trace of a roadway can be found, so rapid is the process of disintegration, and so prolific is nature in this coastal region on which the south-west monsoon breaks in the early days of May, and pours forth its rich rains for the six months that follow.

Sixteenth century chroniclers mention Mergui in their memoirs. Cæsar Frederick, who visited the country about 1569 A.D., speaking of Tenasserim, wrote: 'A great river which cometh out of the kingdom of Siam, and where this river runneth into the sea is a village called Mergui, in whose harbour there lay every year some ships with veizina, nyppa and benjamin.' James Lamarter, writing in 1592 A.D., speaks of waiting at Point de Calle for 'ships of Tenasserim, a great bay to the south of Martaban, in the kingdom of Siam'; and it is said in an account of a voyage made in 1609 that 'the Guzerat vessels came to Siam in June and July, touching by way at the Maldive Islands and then at Tenasserim, whence they go over to Siam in twenty days.'

Mergui is still the chief port of the district of the same name, and enthusiasts dream of a revival of trade which will make it the great entrepôt it once was. Tin, rubber, coconuts, salt, exotic fruits, like the durian and the mangosteen, ngapi (a fish-savoury made by

allowing the fish to rot in the sun, the odour of which is more pungent than even the durian's fetid smell), wolfram, coal, and timber are all exported from or found in this, the southernmost district of Burma, the eastern border of which is not far distant from the Penang-Bangkok railway line, while the south is bounded by the Pak-Chan River, on the left bank of which lies Renong—the headquarters of a Siamese governor.

But though a hundred years have gone by since the first occupation of Tenasserim, as in Arakan, which was also taken in the twenties of the nineteenth century, development has not proceeded so rapidly as it has in the neighbouring Straits Settlements and the Federated Malay States.

Mergui can be approached only from the sea. The few miles of road that lead out of the town end abruptly at jungle villages; no railway has yet reached the northernmost border of the district; the coastal steamers running north to Tavoy, Moulmein, and Rangoon, and south to Victoria Point and Penang, are the sole link with the outside world. For a month during the *Emden* episode it was cut off from civilisation. It is perhaps well, however, that Mergui should be reachable only by sea, for whether coming from Rangoon or Penang the traveller catches glimpses of the wonderful archipelago which created the title for the province, 'Burma and the Isles.' Nearly nine hundred of these there are, stretching from Kalagauk off the Amherst coast, south to Victoria Point. This archipelago has been well described as 'a cluster of islands and islets with bays and coves, headlands and highlands, capes and promontories, high bluffs and low shores, rocks and sands, fountain streams and cascades, mountain, plain, and precipice, unsurpassed for their wild, fantastic, and picturesque beauty.'

II.

The names of the islands are a wonder in themselves. During the night, on the way

from Rangoon to Tavoy, are passed the most northerly islands of this archipelago, which lie some twenty miles from Maungmagan, a well-known bathing resort. Amongst these are the Neats Tongue and the Cradle Islands, on the latter being found caves, where the swifts build the nests which are used for birds'-nest soup. Farther south, we come to the Southern Moskos Island, and then, after leaving the Tavoy River, is reached what is really the first of this series of 800 odd islands which form the Mergui Archipelago. This island is called Tavoy Island, because it at one time belonged to the Tavoy district. It is one of the few in the north that have any inhabitants—mainly Karens. Its local name is Mali, and round it are dotted the North Button, Edward, Campbell, and Cochin Islands; while in its neighbourhood are the Great Canister and Little Canister, and the Canister Rocks. From there the steamer passes on to island after island, and just before Mergui is reached lies the northernmost part of Kings Island, the largest island of all. Away beyond it, out at sea, is Freak Island, and near it are the rocks called North Direction and South Direction, Castle, Morgan, Ramsey, and Blundell Islands. Between Chevalier Island and the Oublié Rocks, one is not surprised to find that there is a Mermaids' Passage.

After one passes Kings Island there are so many islands that a number of them have no names at all, and the reasons for the names of most are not far to seek, namely, in their shape, or in the imagination of the discoverers, or in their love affairs. There are Polly Island, Johnny Island, Rattrap Island, Haycock Island, Saddle Island, Smart Island, Greenlaw Island, Warden Island, and Lump Rock, the Ninepins and the Turrets, the Whaleback Rock and Entrance Rock, Christmas Island and Drake's Island. Mewstone Island makes one look for the Cat and Kitten Islands, which are not far distant from the Father and Son Islands. There are the North Sister, the Middle Sister, and the South Sister, and south of them the Brothers, and far to the west the North and South Twins. There are the Amie, Rosy, Biddy, Marian, Aggie, Clara, Maria, Eliza, Jane, Charlotte, Brunette, Gerty, Alice, and Molly Islands; the Gregory, the Pickwick, and the Trinity Groups; Ruby, Iron, Silver, and Money Islands; Cooper Driver's Island and the Marble Patch. There are the Westminster Hall, the Sugar Loaf, the Saucer, the Naked Hump, the Jimmy and Pine Tree Islands. There are a Black and a Brown and a White Rock, a Red Island and a High Rock, a Blunt Island and a Steep Island, a Chimney Island and a Sloop Rock. Parson's Rock, the Warning, and the Saul Islands form a fitting trio. The Horse-shoe, the Cockscomb, the Mouse and Tucker Islands are there, and so too the Lion and the Alligator Rocks, the Dolphin Nose, the Rhinoceros Horn Peak, the

Turtle and the Pigeon Islands. The St Matthew's and St Luke's Islands, with Hastings Island, form a great harbour called Hastings Harbour, and it does not surprise one to pass by Thanks Island at the entrance to Escape Bay. Others of the largest amongst them are Sullivan's, Domal, Bentinck, Ross, Elphinstone, and Grant's Islands, and one of the biggest of all, Kisseraing, which is said to have been a great haunt of pirates.

A great number of these islands are named after men who have been famous in Indian history, such as Pitt, Elijah Impey, Campbell, Lawrence, Pollock, Malcolm, and Bernard. If the names of these Islands conjure up visions of romance long forgotten, or episodes in the history of these parts—Kings Island being so-named after Louis XIV. by the King of Siam of the time; Kisseraing, after a noted pirate who found its dense jungles a useful hiding-place; Elijah Impey, after Warren Hastings's Chief Justice—the islands themselves, once seen, remain an abiding joy to memory. Variety is here, for not only are they geologically different—the most westerly being granitic, and those nearer the mainland being composed of sandstone and conglomerate; but in shape, in size, in contour, in vegetation—in all that goes to make for vividness of outline and for beauty of effect, the mind cannot conceive of any picture to surpass their utter loveliness.

As the steamer—little more than a launch—moves through this sea of enchantment, there comes to view a great flat sand-bank, over which the tides ebb and flow, covered with gaunt serpentine roots of the mangrove tree. The next island rises perpendicularly from the sea—mounted to the sky—its slopes covered with the greenest of trees down to the utmost limit of its rocky edge. There, on the horizon, slowly becoming visible, is a tiny coral rock—an islet with five trees and 'yellow sands'—a fit playground for fairies. Next the Elephant Rocks loom into view—great strange monsters rising out of the sea like giant mammoths immersed to their thighs. Lucky is the wayfarer who spends the night under the shadow of these awe-inspiring rocks, for in one is concealed a more perfect inland lake than the most fertile of imaginations could conceive. Its entrance is out of the way—for not until the adventurer has been taken into a small cove and has passed around a projecting flange of the uprearing rock does he discover the gloomy narrow vault which leads to this wonder of nature. If it is high tide he may never see it; but if it is low, the eerie journey underground may be made by boat through a cave, multi-coloured from the living growths that spread over its walls—out into the silence of the grave. A great hollow like a crater's—perhaps a fifth of a mile round; precipitous sides—even the vegetation, grass, and shrubs, and bushes, de-

pressed at their unfortunate location; a palm tree or two curved into weird shapes, as if contorted by their struggles for freedom; the green calm of the waters—all contribute to an eerie feeling that some awful tragedy took place here in the days of long ago, and the spirits of the dead still haunt this mighty circle of gloom. Back into the sunshine again, and, to relieve the mind of its haunting sensations, over the side into the grateful coolness of the unfathomable depths. But those who visit these parts should beware of taking unnecessary risks. Sharks and swordfish there are, and not too pleasant are some of the tales that the local resident—when in garrulous mood—can tell of hairbreadth escapes and death invisible.

III.

As you journey south, hugging the coast of an island covered with trees from the topmost peak of its highest hill down to the water's edge, keep your eyes open for a Salon village or encampment. The Salons are a primitive aboriginal race that inhabit these islands. How they came there, it is possible only to surmise; but they were probably driven from the mainland by the hordes that entered from the south and east and north, and took refuge in these fastnesses of the sea. And the sea they have made their home. Their residences are their boats, which are of a type peculiar to these islands.

The following description of the way in which they are made is taken from local records: 'The stem of a tree of from eighteen to thirty feet in length is hollowed out and opened by being placed over a slow fire and gradually stretched, thwarts being inserted to keep it open. At intervals, along the two upper edges, long bamboo spikes are inserted, and on these were, as it were, impaled, one above the other, the long pithy leaf stems of a plant of the palm family, and the sides are thus increased in height by from two to three feet. The only tools employed are an adze, a cleaver, and an auger. A portion of the boat is covered by a roof of mats made of palm leaves. The sail, which is very large, is made of palm leaves sewn together edgewise; the ropes are of twisted ratan. The boats are extremely light, and, being admirably modelled, fly before the slightest breeze.'

Any buildings the Salons may erect on the shore are built on bamboo piles at the water's edge. And flimsy, small structures they are—no larger than a decent-sized hen-coop; the length of a man perhaps, four to five feet high, and nearly as broad as they are long. They are built over the water, so that access to their boats is easy; and a whole encampment can be dismantled and every resident settled in his boat within a few minutes. The Salons are wonderful swimmers and divers. It is said that they can stay as long as four or five minutes under water, but when

timed the period of immersion is generally much less than half of this. They are the chief agents for the collection of pearls, which are to be found in this region, although they are being superseded by the diver who uses modern appliances. They wear no clothes except a loin-cloth. Living on fish and rice, they eat opium, which they regard as a prophylactic against fever and chills, and as an aid to endurance.

It is only within recent years that they have been touched by the influences of civilisation, and one result has been the establishment of two or three encampments in Mergui, Victoria Point (the southernmost village of the district), and elsewhere, so that even the most casual of tourists who visits these parts can inspect these sea-gypsies at close quarters. The children are bright-eyed, but without any ideas of cleanliness, and are frequently covered with scales which give them a disagreeable appearance. Much could be, and has been, written regarding this strange people. Gradually their language, their customs, their beliefs, are becoming familiar; but it seems doubtful whether, as a race, they will long be able to withstand the encroaching influences of civilisation.

Of other interesting spots in this archipelago, the Hastings Harbour, lying westward to the sea from Victoria Point, is a *lusus nature*—one of nature's haphazard gifts to mankind—for few ports possess a more perfect anchorage than is provided by this harbour. Of vast extent, deep to the shore, having perfect entrances from all sides, completely protected from the south-west monsoon, one makes the inevitable comparison of Hastings Harbour with Rangoon, situated thirty odd miles up a narrow river, dirty and requiring constant dredging. Perhaps one day generations yet to be will describe it as the Scapa Flow of the Indian Ocean, in which India's navy may lie secure, and yet watch the approaches to the great ports of Calcutta, Chittagong, and Rangoon. It was used, it is said, by the *Emden* as a safe retreat during that warship's stay in Indian waters.

From here the return journey may be made by a different route from that by which the southward was made. Whatever way the steamer takes is bound to please, and to leave ineradicable impressions of ever-changing scenes of delight—the sun rising in a moment, as it were, over the mainland or sinking, a red orb, into a golden sea; a bluff of strange shape—trees and shrubs on a precipice, their foliage French-combed by the violence of the monsoon; coves in which the lotus-eaters might well have spent their days of happy ease; here a pearler and there a fishing village, and everywhere beauty indescribable, a haunting memory of that which will keep—

A quiet bower for us and a sleep,
Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet
breathing.

SIR ROBERT COTTON—A GREAT COLLECTOR.

By R. C. B. GARDNER.

I.

IT is probable that few visitors to the manuscript saloon at the British Museum realise how great is the debt which the nation owes to one man for the preservation to-day, in the national collection, of so many documents relating to the early history and literature of our country. This man was Sir Robert Bruce Cotton, a collector of most voracious appetite, the founder of the collection afterwards known as the Cotton Library, which passed to the nation in 1700, sixty-nine years after his death, and which can virtually claim to be the foundation of the great British Museum Library as we know it to-day.

An inspection of the MSS. exhibited in the saloon and the Grenville Library shows that as many as 11 Royal Autographs, 13 Historical Papers and Autographs, 8 Latin MSS., 10 English MSS., 6 MS. Chronicles of Scotland, 2 Biblical MSS., 12 Historical Documents and Charters, and 8 Illuminated MSS. come from the Cotton collection, and these form a very large proportion of the total number of exhibits. This high proportion of Cotton MSS. exhibited gives some idea of the great wealth of historical matter contained in the whole Cotton Library. Space will not admit of a description of more than a few of the exhibits, especially as full details of each are given in the guide published by the Museum Authorities; but as the guide contains no account of Sir Robert Cotton, or of how he came to begin his collection, it may be of interest to many to learn something of the life of this great collector.

Sir Robert, the son of Thomas and Elizabeth Cotton, was born at Denton, in Huntingdonshire, on 22nd January 1570. The family seat of the Cottons was at Connington, three miles from Denton, and the family had removed to a small house in Denton parish soon after the marriage of Thomas and Elizabeth—'in order to be more at liberty from the incommodiousness of their own seat arising from a great accession of new Domesticicks.'

The Cottons had inherited Connington from an ancestor, William Cotton, who was killed at the Battle of St Albans in 1461, and who had married Mary, daughter of Robert de Wesenham, and grand-daughter and heiress of the Bruces. The Bruces had inherited Connington from Robert de Brus, who married Isabel, daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon, great-grandson of Waltheof, Lord of Connington, who had married Judith, niece of William the Conqueror. This brief account of Cotton's ancestry may appear to be a digression, but Sir Robert was inordinately proud of his descent from the

Scottish Kings, as will be shown later, and no account of his life is complete without a mention of his descent; for it is more than probable that the traditions which came down to him through such an ancient and royal line played no small part in turning his thoughts to collecting relics of the past, in MSS. and documents, in order that he might preserve for all posterity the written records of our race.

We know nothing of Robert Cotton's childhood until he entered Westminster School, probably about 1579, when nine years old. Here he came under the influence of William Camden, the great antiquary, who was then a master at the school, and there is no doubt but that his contact with Camden gave Cotton the first taste for antiquarian research, which would afterwards be fostered by his family traditions, as suggested above. In 1581, when eleven years old, he matriculated at Jesus College, Cambridge, taking his degree in 1585. Soon after this he settled in London, in a house in Westminster, afterwards known as Cotton House. When eighteen years of age he began to collect MSS. and charters—in fact, all old records that he could find. He became a member of the Society of Antiquaries, which had recently been founded, and of which the great Camden was a prominent and leading member. It must, one supposes, have been a compliment to young Cotton that the Society used frequently to meet at Cotton House.

Camden shortly after this started on his tour through England to Carlisle, and Cotton accompanied him, bringing back, on the conclusion of the tour, many Roman inscriptions and monuments which he had collected from near the Roman Wall. These may now be seen in the entrance hall to the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, where they were placed by Sir John Cotton, sixth Bart., in 1752.

In 1604, Robert Cotton, who had succeeded to the Connington estates on the death of his father, began to rebuild the house, and incorporated into the structure some portions of Fotheringhay Castle, which he had purchased at its demolition. Those portions removed to Connington included the entire room in which Mary, Queen of Scots, had been beheaded, and a portion of the stone cloister, or colonnade.

It was not long before this that Cotton had come under the notice of King James I., as they had many tastes in common. James knighted Cotton on 11th May 1603; and on account of his descent from the Bruces, called him 'cousin.' Thereafter Cotton signed himself 'Robert Cotton Bruceus,' and called himself 'Robert Bruce Cotton'—but lest he be accused,

in these democratic days, of snobbery, we must remember that J. G. Nicholls, in his *History of Leicestershire*—that greatest of all county histories—says he did so 'not in arrogance and ostentation, but in distinction to those of the name of Cotton of other families, and in a grateful sense of the Divine favour for that extraction, and to excite an emulation in his issue to follow the virtues of such glorious ancestors.'

Camden acknowledged Cotton's help in preparing a fifth edition of his *Britannia*, and Speed received valuable assistance from him in writing his *History of England*, which was published in 1611.

II.

Of the MSS. exhibited in the British Museum, the four earliest royal autographs are from the Cotton collection—namely, Richard I., Henry IV., Henry V., and Henry VI. The Latin and other MSS. include a Psalter, with canticles, hymns, &c., written in the eighth century, and with an Anglo-Saxon translation between the lines, thus making it the earliest extant version of the Psalms in English. Several more eighth and ninth century Latin MSS. are exhibited.

The English MSS. include the MS. of *Beowulf*, written about 1000 A.D., an epic poem in Anglo-Saxon, and the oldest poem in the English language; the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, written about 1050 A.D., from which we derive most of our knowledge of our early history; the *Ancren Riwle*, thirteenth century; Layamon's *Brut*, thirteenth century; *Piers Plowman*, fourteenth century; and the only English MS. version of Sir John Mandeville's travels—late fourteenth century.

Among the MS. Chronicles of England we find a twelfth-century copy of Nennius' *Historia Britonum*; an eighth-century MS. of Bede's *Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum*; and a twelfth-century copy of Simeon of Durham's *Historia Dunelmensis Ecclesie*. The passage of the last-mentioned which is exhibited describes the loss and recovery of a valuable copy of the Gospels during the wanderings of the monks of Lindisfarne at the time of an invasion by the Danes about 880 A.D. This identical copy of the Gospels is exhibited under the Biblical MSS., and is from the Cotton collection. The story of the loss of this book, known as the Lindisfarne Gospels, is a good example of the vicissitudes through which many of the Cotton MSS. have passed before finding a permanent and safe home in the National Collection. The book fell overboard while the monks were trying to cross to Ireland, and sank to the bottom of the sea. They returned to land, and after much lamentation on the part of the monks at such a grievous loss, it was revealed to them in a vision that they must seek for it when the tide

was low. Accordingly they went down to the sea, to find that the tide had receded several miles farther than usual, and after walking three miles, found the book, which apparently was none the worse for its immersion. Curiously, the book in question bears indications of its having at some time been soaked in water.

Among the charters exhibited is the Magna Carta, with burnt fragment of the Great Seal attached, which was found at Dover Castle by Sir Edward Dering, Governor of the Castle, and given to Sir Robert Cotton. The following letter, preserved among the Cotton MSS. (Julius, c. III. f. 191), is interesting, and one can imagine Cotton's excitement on receiving it:

Sr,—I received your very wellcome ltr whereby I find you abundant in courtesyes of all natures. I am a greate debtor to you: and those obligations likely still to be multiplied: As I confesse so much to you, so I hope to wittness itt to posterity. I have sent up two of your bookes which have much pleased me.

I have heere ye charter of K. John dat. at Running Meade: By ye first safe and sure messenger itt is yours. So are ye Saxon Charters as fast as I can copy them: but in ye meane time I will close K. John in a box and send him.

I shall much long to see you att this place, where you shall comand ye heart of your affectionate friend

and Servant,

EDWARD DERING.

DOVER CASTLE,
May 10th 1630.

The mention of the Saxon Charters suggests that possibly Dover Castle was the source whence Cotton obtained the charters which are now exhibited, and which form such a valuable part of the whole collection.

Isaac Disraeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, tells how Cotton once rescued a copy of Magna Carta from a tailor who was about to cut it into strips for measuring cloth, and cites Colomiès as his authority for this story.

Cotton was spared neither the criticisms of his enemies nor the jealousy of his rival collectors, for he was accused more than once of having enriched his own collection at the expense of other peoples'—purloining any books or MSS. to which he had taken a fancy. At the same time, however, he gladly lent books and, like many lenders, suffered from the non-return of those he lent. Selden is said to have kept many books borrowed from the Cotton Library.

This library, which was housed at Cotton House, Westminster, was much enriched by the private benefactions of Sir Francis Bacon, Lambard, Dee, and William Camden. The last-mentioned left to Sir Robert Cotton his great collection of heraldic and other MSS.

III.

Cotton took a prominent part in political affairs, and was several times returned to the House of Commons as a member of parliament. On account of his learning, and of the sources of historical knowledge he had in his library, he was frequently consulted by the Parliament and by individual statesmen. In 1604, Bacon interviewed him in order to learn his opinion about the Union of Scotland and England. In 1611 he was consulted by King James on the question of increasing the royal revenues, and Cotton wrote a tract—'The manner and means how the Kings of England have supported and improved their States'—and supported the proposal to create an order of Baronets. He was created a baronet among the second batch of those who received the honour.

Other important tracts written by Cotton were, 'An answer to such motives as were offered by certain Military Men to Prince Henry, inciting him to affect arms more than peace,' and 'A short view of the long life and reign of Henry the Third, King of England.'

In 1615 he was imprisoned for trying to protect Somerset, who was in the Tower on the charge of murdering Overbury. He was, however, pardoned after eight months, and released in 1616.

A feeling had for some years been growing up that it was dangerous to allow so many official and state documents to be in the collection of a private individual, and his enemies tried to prevent his having access to his own collection. He had by 1629 fallen out of favour with the Court by the publication of a tract entitled 'The Danger wherein the Kingdom now standeth, and the Remedy,' in which he had pointed out that the state was threatened by the growing power of the king, and that it was necessary for the king to put his trust in parliament; as a result of this his library was sealed up in November 1629. He was imprisoned, but although released in May 1630, on the occasion of the birth of an heir to the throne, his library was never restored to him. The loss of his library, and the six months' imprisonment, seriously affected his health. He twice petitioned the king for the restoration of his library, but in vain. His friend Sir Symonds D'Ewes described how his 'ruddy and well-coloured countenance' had been changed by grief into a 'grim, blackish paleness, near to the resemblance and hue of a dead visage.'

He survived his release from prison just a year, dying on 6th May 1631. He was buried amid great pomp at Connington, and his wife and son erected to his memory 'a fair monument,' which may be seen to-day, and on which are three coats of arms—one coat quartering 1. Cotton, 2. Bruce, 3. Earl David, 4. Waltheof, the others being Cotton singly, and Cotton impaling Brocas.

Of the great house at Connington, built by Sir Robert Cotton, little now remains beyond the stone colonnade from Fotheringhay, as it was dismantled about 1715 by Sir John Cotton, 6th Bart., who preferred to live at Stratton, in Bedfordshire. Stukeley, in his *Itinerary*, describes how, in 1722, he was travelling on the Great North Road, and 'I thought it piety,' he says, 'to turn half a mile out of the road to visit Connington, the seat of the noble Sir Robert Cotton, where he and the great Camden have often sat in council upon the antiquities of England, and where he had a choice collection of Roman inscriptions picked up from all parts of the Kingdom. I was concerned to see a stately old house of hewn stone, large and handsome, lie in dismal ruin, the deserted Lares and the Genius of the place fled; by it, a most beautiful church and tower; in the windows is fine glass, painted. A poor cottage or two seems to be the whole town once the possession of the Kings of Scotland.'

One is inclined to add *sic transit*; but though the glory of Cotton's home, inherited from the Scottish kings, has passed away, we have always with us, preserved in our National Library, treasures, historical and literary, worth many times more than their weight in gold, which will always stand as a monument to the passionate zeal for collecting possessed by this remarkable man.

Cotton's name ranks with those of Robert Harley and Thomas Bodley—and no greater honour could it have.

THE BACK END.

'HOPE springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest.'
I joy in that encouragement to hope,
Already blest by those two lines of Pope.

When we have reached the back end of the year,
And dull November's mists hang low and drear,
We think of what the coming year may bring,
And plant our bulbs to blossom in the spring.

But some there are, undisciplined to wait,
Who coming joys would fain anticipate;
They force their crocuses in autumn, and
Dame Nature's orders dare to countermand.

Well-meaning housewives, still more premature,
Roll up the carpet on the study floor,
Order the sweep, and dust the owner's books,
Putting them back where no one ever looks.

Spring-clean the house when spring is far away,
And do in autumn what is done in May.
Strive to enjoy the humours of the spring,
And show that there is 'good in every thing.'

Meanwhile the owner, looking for his books,
To find them, may be, 'in the running brooks,
Says to himself in somewhat chastened mood,
That 'better is the enemy of good.'

Better, perhaps, can never be the best,
'Man never is, but always to be blest';
Far wiser, then, to rest content with hope.
And at the back end read those lines of Pope.

C. J. BODEN.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

ST OMER, 1914.

A REGIMENTAL OFFICER'S REMINISCENCES.

By Major T. A. LOWE, D.S.O., M.C.

I.

THE cathedral cities of England have had a peculiar influence upon the history of the British Army. It may be that there has always been some special analogy between a black coat and a red one (after all, the wearers of both are destined to vocations of service and self-sacrifice), or that the measured routine of the close accords in peace time, in some degree, with that of the barracks. Be the reason what it may, the fact remains that the cheerful notes of the trumpet or the bugle are often to be heard intermingled with the solemn chiming of cathedral bells. And there are few who would confess that the musical effect, especially when heard from a distance, is unpleasing to the ear; like the baying of fox-hounds or the merry click of polo balls, it is a music peculiar to the English.

Perhaps, then, there was a certain pleasurable familiarity about the atmosphere of St Omer during the last few days of October 1914, when the writer's regiment, tattered and exhausted, arrived there from the trenches. Rest and re-organisation was the proposed programme; and in the autumn sunlight the khaki figures moving about the cobbled courtyard of the French infantry barracks seemed to harmonise wonderfully with the cassock-clad priests and novices, who were to be seen everywhere hurrying to their devotions.

A description of the cathedral city of St Omer would be superfluous to the majority of readers of this journal. Everybody who served in France and Flanders during the Great War must at some time have seen it. Like all cathedral cities, it had its virtues and its vices, each carefully hidden from the other, and each—as in England—claiming vigorously the attention of that neutral population to which soldiers perforce must always belong. To the wearers of the red coat alone is it given to be truly catholic.

In the early days of the war life at St Omer meant one of two things: strenuous work of the most exacting kind at G.H.Q., or a space of rest and quiet if one happened to be a

regimental officer fortunate enough to find himself there in the feverish intervals of trench and battle fighting. St Omer had pavements upon which one could walk jauntily after the restricted paddling in muddy thoroughfares; there were brightly-lit shops in which goods from England could be purchased; there were cafés where excellent food and drink could be obtained. In fact, during those critical days of war there were many worse places in which a man might find himself.

When G.H.Q. of the British Expeditionary Force arrived in St Omer, I believe that the majority of the staff and personnel were able to accommodate themselves in about two streets. The huge proportions to which the establishment grew in later stages of the war were then undreamed of, and Lord French's headquarters were still what might be termed a mobile unit. There were no troops, with the exception of a handful of orderlies and servants, and the arrival of a battalion (even though a weak and exhausted one) was in the nature of an event.

But even at that time, so good was the organisation of the British Army as compared with other European armies, new clothes and equipment were quickly forthcoming. Messes for officers and sergeants appeared from nowhere, and soon the normal life of a regiment began—normal, that is, so far as the phenomenal rush of duties which fell to its lot to carry out could be so termed. It is of those duties that I wish to write, because, from a regimental officer's point of view, I believe they may be claimed as exceptional.

II.

The strength of the battalion was about two hundred, and, needless to say, the proportion of officers was a very small one; so small, indeed, that guard duties for a subaltern were matters of daily occurrence. There was the Commander-in-Chief's guard in the Rue Saint Bertin—an examining post guard, split into about six small detachments, stationed at the main entrances to the city; a German prisoners' guard at the old convent; and numerous minor duties which I cannot now remember, except, of course, that of orderly officer, which was the most unpleasant

of the lot, by reason of the fact that the individual detailed for duty was confined to an almost empty barracks.

St Omer was full of spies, and for that reason alone it was necessary to examine every individual entering or leaving the city, a most exacting task, but one which had the advantage of giving officers a working knowledge of the language. The orders for the sentries on duty at these examining posts by night were so numerous that it was practically impossible to get the men to learn them efficiently. Certain persons were allowed to pass on the production of papers, and certain other persons were to be detained. As the details fluctuated daily, and private soldiers were seldom at the same posts for two days consecutively, there was always a certain amount of mental fog apparent when questions were asked by visiting rounds. I remember asking one sentry what his duties were on the approach of a civilian, and being greeted with a recitation to the effect that he was to 'stop all midwives in the execution of their duty.' What he really meant, of course, was that doctors and midwives engaged upon work in outlying suburbs were to be allowed to pass on the production of certain papers. But then, we were an Irish regiment (one, alas! which has now passed from the pages of the Army List), and what Irish sentry, especially of that gallant illiterate type which so quickly became extinct in the early stages of the war, could be expected to remember such detail?

On looking back it seems hard to imagine what possible use such examining posts as these could have been in the military sense, but it can only be supposed that they served some purpose, and that spies without an intimate knowledge of the country were deterred from endeavours to enter the sacred precincts of St Omer. None seemed to be caught by the sentries, and only on one occasion did I see shooting taking place, and that was at an unfortunate citizen who had had the bad luck to shut himself out of his own back door. In order to try to get in by the front door, of which he had the latch-key, he worked his way round the gardens, and approached the post in the main street. His movements, striking the sentry as suspicious, were greeted by rapid fire, and the poor wretch only escaped annihilation owing to the excitement of the sentry, which caused him to aim wildly. I have since often wondered what the emotions of that poor old Frenchman must have been as he lay on the footpath, latch-key in hand, in front of his own hall-door, and listened to the bullets of his Allies ricochetting over him.

The German prisoners' guard at the convent was an interesting duty for a subaltern officer who had lately met his enemies under less comfortable conditions. Most of the prisoners stayed only a few days, during which time they were

interviewed by one of the few Intelligence officers which the British Army possessed. The majority of the prisoners that I saw had come in straight from the Menin Road fighting, and belonged either to the Prussian Guard or to some of the crack Bavarian regiments. They behaved quietly, obeyed orders implicitly, and saluted British officers when walking about the courtyard in a manner which would have brought tears of joy to the eyes of a drill-sergeant in the Chelsea Drill School at a much later stage of the war.

One batch in particular impressed me very much at the time. It consisted of two officers, and eighty-three other ranks, who had been captured by our own brigade of Guards somewhere about Ypres, in that colossal struggle between the finest regular soldiers of the two empires. Both the German officers spoke English (one of them had been to Cambridge as an undergraduate), and, as it fell to my lot to visit them frequently, it was interesting to hear of the latest fighting at first hand. That they were completely dumbfounded over their own defeat was the main fact which emerged, and their descriptions of the devastating rapid fire by which the majority of their comrades had been annihilated were cheering, to say the least of it. Perhaps I showed my jubilation too apparently; anyhow, I was politely rebuked by the Cambridge 'Boche' with the remark that the British Army's valour was but the 'valour of ignorance,' and that although it was to be admired as such, the laugh would shortly be with the Germans, who could not possibly be stopped much longer, by the handful of British troops which remained. Subsequently, at various times, I had cause to remember those words, because it certainly seemed that only by the 'valour of ignorance' was the defence of that extraordinary Ypres salient maintained. However, at the time, my Prussian prisoners seemed glad enough to be alive, and gave me no trouble.

One curious and amusing incident occurred in relation to those German prisoners, which, if it illustrates nothing else, illustrates the fact that between regular officers of any nation there must be a sort of unconscious freemasonry. A somewhat bumptious and very badly-turned-out British officer arrived from England, with orders to escort the prisoners to a concentration camp there. Who he was or what he was I do not know, except that it was apparent to all beholders that he was not a regular British officer. In appearance he was like a promoted warder of a gaol, and I must say he acted accordingly, for he was exceedingly rough in his manner, not only with the Germans, but with me. He asked me in a loud voice how many Germans there were, to which I replied, 'About eighty.'

'Don't you know how many prisoners you have?' he shouted.

'Eighty-five,' I hazarded at a guess. (There

had been no papers handed over with them, and, so far as I knew, no one had ever bothered to count them.)

One of the German officers came to the rescue by shouting an order in a loud voice, at which all the 'other ranks' doubled out into the courtyard, and fell in very smartly in two ranks.

The German subaltern stood beside me.

'Number!' he yelled.

They numbered in German like lightning, and when they came to an end, the officer saluted me smartly, and said, 'Eighty-five, sir.'

As a matter of fact there were only eighty-three, but the young German guardsman was determined not to let me down. The thing had been done so quickly that my opposite number from England had no other course but to take them over and cease his idiotic behaviour. I almost loved that Boche.

Spies as well as prisoners of war were confined in that convent, and several of them were sentenced to death, and executed within a few hours. The executions were carried out by firing-parties, and I must confess that there are few less pleasant jobs than shooting a man in cold blood in the early hours of the morning, even if he happens to be a convicted spy. The men of the firing-party were usually issued with a strong ration of rum beforehand, and, proved old soldiers though most of them were, they needed it.

III.

The Commander-in-Chief's guard was by far the most pleasant duty that fell to the lot of a subaltern officer during that extraordinary time. This guard, which consisted of an officer, two sergeants, and twelve privates, was quartered in the Rue Saint Bertin, behind the house occupied there for so many months by Lord French. Nothing could have been nicer than the way the comfort of all concerned was seen to by the A.D.C. detailed for the purpose. The officer was allotted a room in an adjoining house, and upon many occasions he was bidden to dinner at the Commander-in-Chief's table; the sergeants were allowed to forgather with the private detectives, who had a small mess of their own, while the men were continually supplied with extra food from the kitchen. It was the plum of all the duties which existed at St Omer at that time, and, fortunately, owing to the shortage of subalterns, one's turn on the roster arrived fairly quickly. But there were greater joys to come.

Early in November 1914 the King paid his first visit to his armies in France. Colossal as the importance of such an event was to the empire, it may be imagined that its influence upon the tiny force at St Omer was electrical in intensity. To greet his Majesty a guard of honour was requisitioned.

Of the composition of that guard of honour perhaps the less said the better. It was made

up mainly from cooks, clerks, and servants, the majority of whom were better accustomed to other implements than the rifle. Little time was given for ceremonial beforehand, yet the amazing fact remains that the King was received outside Lord French's residence by a guard which caused him considerable pleasure. As he moved through the ranks not a man stirred under arms, while the inhabitants of St Omer were completely awestricken by the precision with which the various movements were carried out. The band, unfortunately, had been annihilated at Mons, otherwise the parade would have been complete.

If the duties at G.H.Q. had been interesting before, the advent of the King made them doubly so. St Omer became the centre of activity for Europe. Not only did the Germans maintain their ceaseless efforts to obtain the Channel ports, but a large number of influential people from the Allied nations came to visit the King and consult with him. The first to arrive was President Poincaré, for whom the guard of honour was again turned out. He had had a long journey in a motor-car, and perhaps he was tired. Anyhow, he inspected the guard, clad in a blue overcoat and an extraordinary head-dress of knitted wool, which exactly resembled the old-fashioned night-cap beloved of our grandfathers. I fear the guard was not so steady under arms as upon the previous occasion, because all ranks were consumed with inward laughter (remember, they were Irish, and that, whatever his faults, the Irish soldier was always endowed with a priceless sense of humour), and for this reason the drill was a bit shaky. But the President seemed pleased—so much so, in fact, that he sent a staff-officer to ascertain the names of the officers of the guard. 'For the Légion d'Honneur, messieurs,' he informed us—awards which, though they cost us many drinks in the mess to celebrate, never materialised.

And perhaps it was as well that decorations for such very pleasant war duties did not materialise, or we should have been covered with ribbons in which, in the light of hard service, there would have been small pleasure; for that same guard of honour turned out to greet many world-renowned personages, and upon every occasion did a staff-officer of the nation concerned take the names of the officers on duty, always with the same assurance that a decoration of untold value would surely follow. What the business cost me in drinks I dare not record.

IV.

Much has been written about the Prince of Wales in France, and much more might be written, because it is a good thing that the empire should know of what sterling stuff her future emperor is made. Suffice it here to state that it was the writer's privilege to meet him on several occasions during that momentous visit to

St Omer. He arrived at G.H.Q. wearing but one star upon the otherwise unadorned khaki uniform of a Grenadier Guardsman, and the moral effect of his presence in the B.E.F. was nothing short of tremendous, particularly with his fellow-subalterns. Scarcely a day passed that he was not in the line somewhere, and the number of narrow squeaks he had from bursting shells and short-distance bullets was proverbial. At that time he lived at St Omer, but the Rue Saint Bertin saw little of him. Occasionally he would dine at the Café Vincent—always a cheering proceeding—and mix with his brother officers with that unconscious cordiality which endeared him to the whole Army. The Great War has often been called a 'subalterns' war,' and the term is an apt one, for the Prince set an example of gallantry and obedience to duty at the beginning, which was maintained by subalterns to the end.

Apart from the guard of honour to greet him, there were no special guards detailed for the protection of the King during his stay at St Omer. He would have none, so the small extra duty of providing a sentry over his quarters fell to the lot of the Commander-in-Chief's guard, about which I have already written. But one incident ought to be chronicled, purely as a matter of history, as it throws amazing light upon the democracy and good-fellowship which prevailed then, and always will prevail, in the Army. The King, as everybody knows, is an early riser. One morning the writer was visiting sentries, being officer in charge of the Commander-in-Chief's guard, when his Majesty walked out of the front door of his billet. 'Good morning,' he said cheerfully; 'can you find Prince Arthur of Connaught, please?' The time was 7.30 a.m., and, needless to say, the writer flew upon the errand, although the exact locality of Prince Arthur's billet was an unknown quantity. However, a friendly batman, carrying field-boots, directed the way to a bedroom, and presently a long figure asleep in a bed was being violently shaken.

'Are you Prince Arthur?' I asked, still shaking.

'No. I'm Robertson. Try the room above.'

The shock at having so roughly disturbed the Adjutant-General (I think that was his appointment at the time), was a great one, but, with unnecessary apologies, I crept upstairs to the room directed. Prince Arthur was in bed, and his clothes, covered with mud—for he had been in the line during the night—were lying about. I shook him quite as heartily as I had shaken Sir William Robertson. 'The King wants you,' I said.

Seldom have I seen an officer dress more quickly. He went off in his muddy clothes, too; but then, in those days mud was rather a distinction.

There is another event which happened during this time of which I must write, though it is a

sad one. One morning I was awakened in the small hours by the adjutant, who said, 'You are to take an N.C.O. and six men to report to Colonel So-and-So at G.H.Q.'

Somewhat heavy with sleep, I aroused my command and departed, to be met in the Rue Saint Bertin by a white-faced staff-officer.

'Are you the guard for Lord Roberts?' he asked.

'I expect so,' I answered. 'Where is he?'

'He is dead,' came the answer.

All traces of sleepiness vanished. Lord Roberts dead! Impossible!

Up the narrow stairs I followed the staff-officer, and into a tiny bedroom. On the bed lay the dead field-marshal. Silently a sentry was posted outside the bedroom door, and another at the hall-door in the street. Then a great grief overcame me, and I sat down on the stairs and sobbed like a child. The hero of one's generation had passed, and though the end was a fitting one, the loss was poignant and personal.

And thus, within a very few weeks, the mark of history was left upon the ancient cathedral city of St Omer. In the years that followed, millions of British soldiers either passed through or made a temporary home there, and even in the days of continual air-raids the inhabitants maintained a loyalty and hospitality to the British which was refreshing, to say the least of it. Doubtless there were profiteers and faithless ones among them, but if so they were not apparent to the casual visitor, while to the individual who was fortunate enough to dwell there for a space, the true sentiment of a great entente was the prevailing atmosphere.

There are no khaki figures to be seen strolling in the cobbled streets of St Omer now, but the bells still toll in the cathedral tower, and bugles from the French infantry barracks may be heard at the changing of the guard. The comradeship of France and Britain in 1914 still lives in countless hearts.

DECEMBER.

ONE rare, red rose in my garden grows,
Not doomed to die,
One flamelit flower, though December snows
In the garden lie.

On a blackened bough in my garden bare,
With fluttering wings,
A song for the lone one lingering there
A linnet sings.

Like a single ray in a shuttered room,
One bright star glows
On the bird and the bloom in the dusk and
the gloom
Of my garden-close.

Red rose, lone linnet, and steadfast star
Their vigil keep
In the heart that fain would follow her
To the fields of sleep.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS.

THE SHOP.

By OSWALD DALLAS

PART I.

I.

THERE was nothing flamboyant about the establishment. It stood at the corner of the junction of the two village streets, with a window facing each, the windows overshadowed by the projecting upper part of the building, black timbered and bearing the date 1723. The proprietor, Mr Thomas Smith, lived above the shop.

In the windows was displayed every description of merchandise required in a country neighbourhood—loaves of bread, packets of flour, tubs of margarine, note-paper and envelopes, and suits at forty-seven shillings and sixpence. It is marvellous how much money can be made out of a village store. Mr Smith had been in business there for five-and-twenty years, and had done well; so well that he could have retired and lived in comfort for the remainder of his days. But he had no thought of retiring; he had no grandiose ideas, and the life suited him. He was in perfect health, a hale, stout man of sixty, who had been a widower for nearly twenty years.

Apart from his shop, his only interest was his daughter. Pleasant Smith was a pretty girl of twenty-two, whom he regarded with a species of adoration. For his Pleasant nothing was too good, and he had spent much money on her. From the age of fourteen she had been at a first-class ladies' school, from which she had gone to Girton. It was when going to Girton that her views on her social position underwent a change, though the change had been simmering in her mind for some time before that. She decided that any connection with trade was something to be ashamed of, and that the name of Smith was plebeian. Thenceforth she called herself Bertram-Smythe, Bertram having been the maiden name of her mother. It was her cross that her father continued to address his letters to her in the name of Smith.

For a long time after going to Girton, Pleasant had seemed to be perfectly happy, but latterly, on coming home for her vacations, she had shown a certain amount of dissatisfaction with her surroundings, evinced, however, more in her manner than in her words. Her last two vacations she had elected to spend with college friends at Folkestone. This hurt her father, though he offered no objection.

It was when Pleasant finally left Girton that the crisis took place. She had expressed no desire for a career, and Mr Smith expected that she would settle down, and that the two would go on living together at Poundshurst. If the

thought ever occurred to him that his daughter would marry, he drove it away.

They were having tea in the afternoon following her arrival home when Mr Smith realised that something was wrong. For some time Pleasant had been very quiet, and sat playing with her teaspoon.

'What's the matter, dear?' asked her father. 'Aren't you well?'

'Oh yes,' returned Pleasant, 'I am well enough.'

Then an awful suspicion jumped to the mind of Mr Smith. 'Aren't—aren't you pleased to be at home?'

His daughter evaded the question. 'How long are you going to stay in Poundshurst, father?' she asked, looking down at her cup.

The old man regarded her in amazement. 'Stay in Poundshurst!' he exclaimed. 'Bless my soul! where should I go?'

'Go? Go anywhere from here. It is deadly.'

Mr Smith had never had such a shock since his wife died. It left him gasping as if he had received a douche of icy water. 'Away from here—away from Poundshurst! How—how could I leave the shop?'

'You could give it up,' replied Pleasant, still looking down at her cup.

'Give it up—give—give up the shop!' gasped Mr Smith. 'Good Heavens! what should I do then?'

'Enjoy yourself as other people do. You could well afford to retire now.'

'But I don't want to retire. Why should I retire? I am not such an old man.'

'You might think of me, dad,' said his daughter, a trifle sullenly.

'Think of you! Why, I am always thinking of you. Have I not done everything I possibly could to make you happy? I worked hard, always thinking of you. You'll be pretty well off when I die—not that I mean to die yet awhile.'

'I don't want you to die; you know I don't want that, father. But I don't wish to be buried in this dead-and-alive place all my life, and it looks as if it would come to that.'

'Nonsense, my dear. You may get married one of these days.' Mr Smith sighed as he spoke.

'Married? Here? Who is there to marry? What chance have I in a place like this?' Pleasant spoke hotly, with a gulp in her throat. 'And—and if there was any one who—who cared for me, do you think that he could come to see me here?'

'Eh? Why not? I brought your mother here, and we were very happy.'

'Oh, father,' broke out the girl desperately, 'won't you understand? Can't you understand?'

'I am trying to understand, my girl,' returned the old man, with a sigh. 'You would like some of your friends to come and see you, but—but the place is not good enough, eh? And you are just a little ashamed of the old dad? That's it, isn't it?'

'The—the shop, dad?'

'I see,' returned Mr Smith sadly. 'It is the shop. You have grown too grand for it. Perhaps you have grown too grand for your old dad too.'

'Father,' said the girl, 'you know that is not the case, but—'

'Just so. What was good enough for your mother and me, what has enabled me to educate you and make you what you are, is not good enough for you. You may be right; you may be right. I should have foreseen what would come when I sent you to that high-class school.' He sighed drearily. 'Well, I have never denied you anything yet, and maybe it is too late to start now.' Suddenly he looked at her sharply. 'Is—there any one, eh?—is there any one—?'

The girl fumbled with her teacup and reddened a little. 'Ye-es,' she answered in a whisper.

'Ah! And you never let me know,' said her father reproachfully.

'There was nothing to tell you, dad. He hasn't asked me. It—it was just—beginning. But I think he likes me, and I like him. But what does it matter?'

'Who is he?' asked Mr Smith, his voice softening.

'A gentleman—that's why——' She stopped and, bending over the table, burst into tears.

Mr Smith nodded slowly. It was the shop. Pleasant had been mixing with people of a higher social standing than herself, and had met this man. He could see the whole thing; and if anybody was at fault it was himself. But, though only a country shopkeeper, he had money, and his daughter was a lady, by education at least. To give up the shop where he had spent so many years would be a wrench, but Pleasant's happiness was of more consequence than that. 'Where would you like to go if we left here?' he asked.

His daughter looked up, the tears shining on her eye-lashes. 'Couldn't—couldn't we take a house at Folkestone, dad?'

'He is there, eh?' said her father, with a dreary smile.

Pleasant nodded.

II.

Mr John Wetherall had his office in one of the principal streets of Folkestone, where he carried on the business of auctioneer and estate agent. One forenoon he was seated at his desk drawing up an advertisement, when a young

man entered. The young man was tall, good-looking, and smartly dressed.

'Busy, Jack?' he asked.

'Rather,' returned Wetherall. 'Sit down.'

He went on with what he was doing; the two men had been brother officers, and were on sufficiently friendly terms to render formalities unnecessary. The visitor seated himself, lit a cigarette, and threw one knee over the other.

It is something to be said in favour of this democratic age that, given the ability, there is practically no limit to the height to which a man may rise. Jem Mason, who had been assisting in his father's grocer's shop in Reading, joined up when the call came, achieved the rank of lieutenant, and would probably have risen higher but for having stopped a fragment of shell, which resulted in his being invalided out of the army. Whilst he was on service his father died, the business passed into other hands, and Jem inherited a legacy of £1500.

It is a defect in the arrangement of things that neither the government nor private employers are disposed to find positions for demobilised officers commensurate with their rank in the army. To Jem Mason the return to the back of a counter held out no allurements, and to his previous connection with one he never referred. Having held the king's commission, he looked upon himself as a 'gentleman,' whatever that may mean, and had no idea of accepting a post which would lower his social status. Wherefore, he lived in a cheap boarding-house, existing on his wound pension, his gratuity, and the interest from his legacy, and passed as a man of leisure.

Presently Wetherall stretched himself with a sigh of satisfaction, and glanced at his friend. 'What's the matter, Jem?' he asked. 'You look hipped.'

Mason nodded gloomily. 'Everything is rotten,' he said.

'Ah,' returned Wetherall, smiling, 'the world is out of joint since a certain young lady left.'

Mason shrugged his shoulders with assumed indifference. 'I know to whom you are referring,' he said gruffly, 'but her going or staying has nothing to do with me.'

'Really? I fancy that the young lady had a different idea. You kept pretty close to her skirts all the time that she was here. I suppose one won't see you quite so often at the tennis courts now.'

'Don't talk rubbish. You know dashed well that I can't afford to marry. If I had been a plutocrat like you——'

'What I have, I have to work for, my son,' interrupted Wetherall drily. 'You might do the same.'

'I might, if I had the chance, but chances don't come in my way.'

'Nor to other people much. You've got to make 'em, same as I have had to do.'

Mason puffed moodily at his cigarette.

'The matter with you, Jem,' went on Wetherall, 'is that your ideas are a bit too high-flown. You want a nice easy position where the shekels would roll in without any exertion on your part.'

'But I work,' protested Mason. 'I was at work all yesterday.'

'Were you?' said Wetherall sceptically. 'Doing what?'

'I was at work on a picture.'

Wetherall laughed outright. 'Good Lord!' he exclaimed. 'A picture! Will you be able to sell it?'

'I don't know,' returned Mason gloomily. 'Of course, I know that art doesn't appeal to you—'

'It doesn't; that is, as a means of earning a living,' said Wetherall. 'A pleasant way of passing the time, I suppose, but there are dashed few of us who can do just what we should like to do. Still, to a chap who is willing to take up what comes along, life is full of opportunities. For instance, here is a devilish good chance for some one with *nous* enough to take it up.'

'What is that?'

'A flourishing business for sale. I have just been drawing up the advertisement.'

Mason yawned, stretched himself, and lit another cigarette. 'What sort of a business?' he asked, indifferently.

'A general store.'

'A—a what?'

'A general store in the country. Present proprietor giving up business. Made his fortune and retiring. A splendid opportunity for some one. It will go cheap.'

'A general store,' said Mason, with a fine assumption of ignorance. 'Do you mean a shop?'

'Precisely, old son; a shop which supplies all sorts of things to the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood. *Vide* advertisement.'

'Great Scott, Wetherall! Are you suggesting that I should go behind the bally counter with an apron on and serve out treacle and candles?'

'I was not suggesting anything of the kind. I merely observed that here was a chance for some man of an enterprising character. If the old chap has made a fortune out of it, there is no reason why another man shouldn't.'

'But, hang it all! what do I know about shopkeeping?'

'Oh, I wasn't thinking of you. I was thinking of some chap with brains and energy that would be willing to knuckle down and work.'

'Meaning that I haven't the brains or the energy.'

'I have told you already that I wasn't thinking of you. You are an artist with a soul above all that sort of thing. It is a pity that you can't sell your pictures.'

Jem sat upright in his chair and threw his

cigarette into the fire. 'Where is this bally place you are speaking about?' he asked.

The question took the other by surprise. Never for an instant had he supposed that Mason would consider the thing seriously—Mason with his great ideas of what was a suitable occupation for a gentleman.

'At a place called Poundshurst,' Wetherall answered. 'Very beautiful country,' he went on, grinning. 'You could paint no end of fine pictures on Sundays and early closing days.'

Mason pondered for a while. 'I have a dashed good mind to go and have a look at the place,' he said. 'After all, what would it matter? It is right in the country, and nobody would know who I was. What is wanted for the business?'

'Not nearly so much as it is worth, seeing that there is no opposition. Twelve hundred pounds will buy lock, stock, and barrel.'

'Thanks. I'll run over to Poundshurst to-morrow.'

'Are you really serious about this?' asked Wetherall in amazement.

'Quite serious.'

'But you know nothing about the business.'

'I'll learn,' replied Jem Mason.

'Well, if you are really serious, I'll hold over the advertisement.'

(Continued on page 813.)

EXTRACT FROM AN OLD DIARY: WINTER.

SHRILL sighs the wind amang the boughs,
Wi' mony a plaintive wail;
Across the lift there darklin' rows
The blindin' sleet and hail;
Baith man and beast fae labour rest,
The cot and sta' within,
And ever fae the lowerin' east,
The nicht comes creepin' in.

Adoon yon howe the burnie roars,
Fu' drumly to the sea,
Chiding wi' wrath its teeming shores,
Sae anxious to be free;
Nae mair the harebell wags its crest
Abeen the restless tide;
Nae birdie carols by the nest,
Her partner at her side.

O, dreich and drear an' waefu' sad,
The sullen landscape seems.
O that the sun wad mak' it glad
Wi' his warm, cheering beams;
Come, simmer, wi' thy flow'ry breath,
And fling thy mantle wide
Ower bush and tree, ower linn and lea,
Ower ilka dark hillside.

Come as remorseless victor comes
Before the ranks o' war;
Sweep unrelenting winter forth,
And break his icy car.
Then ance again to greet the morn,
The laverock sall soar;
Ance mair the fields o' gowden corn
Sall yield their mellow store.

H. D. GAULD.

JEANIE DEANS'S DUKE OF ARGYLL

By J. A. LOVAT-FRASER

I.

OF all the historical personages that figure in Sir Walter Scott's novels, there is no one described with a more vivid and effective pen than John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, in *The Heart of Midlothian*. He was a man after Scott's own heart. He had faults and failings, but Scott does not speak of them. It is his intense patriotism, his eloquence, his high spirit, his charm of manner, his debonair gaiety, that are impressed upon the reader. It was one of Scott's projects in later life to write a biography of the duke, but, like other projects of his active and fertile intellect, it never materialised. The only biography of the duke is one published in 1745 by Robert Campbell, a political writer under Walpole's administration, and uncle of Thomas Campbell, the poet, which, though not without interest, is inadequate.

The duke belonged to a type of which there was more than one instance in the eighteenth century. On the one hand he was a politician fishing in the troubled waters of British politics at St James's, a frequent speaker in the House of Lords, steering his course among the cross-currents of political intrigue, a man of fashion in a periwig and a laced coat, who was extremely popular at the tea-tables and in the coffee-houses of London. On the other hand, he was a Highland chief, descended from Cailean Mòr, who lies in the kirkyard of Kilchrenan, among the heather-covered moors above Loch Awe. He ruled over a principality which stretched up the west of Scotland, a land of mossy moors and sky-blue lochans, of forests of fir-trees and thatched cottages, odorous with the smell of peat fires. Throughout his domain his word was law, and loyalty to him the whole basis of life. To his clansmen in the clachans of Argyllshire and Dumbartonshire he was 'Iain Ruadh nan Cath,' Red John of the Battles. He could put a great army of Campbell vassals in the field, gentlemen cadets of the ducal house, Loch Fyne-side lairds, pennyland men from Loch Awe, whose badge was the myrtle, and whose slogan was 'Cruachan.' In 1715 the Campbells could bring more than 4000 claymores into the field of battle.

II.

The duke was born in 1678 at Ham House, near Richmond. His father, the first duke, was not a person to be proud of, and his mother was a woman of violent temper, with whom he was sometimes on bad terms. At the age of twenty-three he followed an example set by a number of the nobles of that time, and went for

a wife into the city of London, which had become greatly enriched by the war with France. He married Mary Browne, the niece of a Lord Mayor, for her money, and was, as all men who marry for money deserve to be, very unhappy in his marriage, and soon separated from his wife.

In 1705 Argyll became Lord High Commissioner, and strongly recommended the union of Scotland with England. He had a difficult body to manage in the Scottish Parliament, which was slack and inefficient. 'I have always observed,' said Lockhart, the Scottish Jacobite M.P., 'if anything for the country's interest was to be attempted in a Scots Parliament, it must be in the beginning of the session; for in a little time the zeal and fervour of the members go off, they become weary with attendance, and steal home to their country houses.' Argyll managed his part with singular ability, and excited surprise by the strength and firmness which he showed in spite of his youth.

The opponents of the Union demanded that there should be an appeal to the constituencies before the Scottish Parliament agreed to the measure. Argyll strongly opposed this, insisting that the Scottish Parliament had always despatched the weightiest affairs of the nation without going through that formality. They had, he said, declared King James to have forfeited his crown, and had expelled the Bishops, who were one of the Estates of Parliament, without consulting the constituencies. He stated that, by the oath of Parliament, members were bound to act according to their consciences and judgment, even if contrary to the orders of their constituents. It was hard, none the less, that, in a matter so important as the loss of its independence, the nation should not have been allowed to have a say.

Argyll played an active part in those wars of Marlborough so well described by Thackeray in *Esmond*. He was present at the battles of Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, in all of which he showed extraordinary bravery and resolution. On several critical occasions he distinguished himself by his signal valour. Argyll, however, like Esmond, 'never could be made to love the Duke of Marlborough.' It is probable that Marlborough, who, like Napoleon and Wellington, did not care to encourage men who might become rivals, was jealous of Argyll, whose headstrong valour and bonhomie made him very popular. Argyll, who was a very proud man, would resent the jealous attitude of the parvenu duke.

III.

Argyll was all his life a very active politician. It would be tedious, however, to describe the political side of his career, and it is not the intention of the present writer to do so. His life was unusually full of ups and downs and of the changes and chances of party warfare. He was constantly changing sides, and repeatedly opposed measures he had supported, and supported measures he had opposed. He helped to carry the Union, and then tried to repeal it. He supported a standing army, and opposed it. He dallied with the Jacobites, and was bitterly hostile to them. He was successively a good friend and a bad enemy to the same men. He was the warm supporter and advocate of Sir Robert Walpole and the Court at one time, and their bitter foe at another. His ill-wishers constantly denounced him as

Restless, unfix'd in principles and place,
In power displeased, impatient of disgrace.

Disraeli, who had soaked himself in the history of those times, and was well versed in it, said that Argyll was largely responsible for thwarting the desire of Bolingbroke and the Tory ministry to bring in James Stuart as king at the death of Queen Anne. He and the Duke of Somerset, according to Disraeli, attended the Privy Council without being summoned, while Queen Anne was lying in a state almost of lethargy, and absolutely forced the queen to appoint the Whig Duke of Shrewsbury as Lord Treasurer. 'This,' said Disraeli, 'is one of the most dramatic scenes in our political history; the unexpected arrival of the two dukes, the queen's desperate state, Bolingbroke's baffled hopes, the troops summoned to London, the heralds kept in waiting with a company of guards to proclaim the new king the moment the throne was vacant.' The appointment of the Whig Shrewsbury meant the ruin of the Tory ministry. The accuracy of this dramatic story has, however, been impugned, and it is pretty clear that Shrewsbury was appointed through the instrumentality of the Tory ministers themselves.

In 1715 the Earl of Mar, who had been a member of the ministry which fell at the accession of George I., raised the standard of revolt at Braemar as a supporter of Prince James Stuart. Argyll was appointed to oppose in the field a rival who had often thwarted him in the closet. The principal event of the Rising was the battle of Sheriffmuir. The left force of each army gave way, leaving the right wing victorious, which gave rise to several humorous ballads. One of them is quoted by Lady Mary, the duke's daughter, in the scene in *The Heart of Midlothian* in which the duke presents Jeanie Deans to the duchess:

'Some say that we wan, and some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a', man,
But of ae thing I'm sure, that on Sheriffmuir,
A battle there was that I saw, man.'

The duke was blamed for his dilatoriness in bringing the campaign to an end, and General Cadogan was sent, nominally to assist, really to spur him on. Cadogan's activity and zeal were strongly contrasted with 'the temporising and lukewarm conduct' of the duke. The probable truth is that Argyll, being himself a Highland chief, had no desire to carry fire and sword through the mountains. He was quite incapable of playing the part that Cumberland afterwards did. He did not, like 'The Butcher,' poison the memory of the Highlanders with hate and bitterness. He took an active part, in fact, in mitigating the sufferings of the Jacobite prisoners, and is said to have opposed the Highlanders being brought to Carlisle for trial.

IV.

In 1717 Argyll married his second wife, the duchess who figures in *The Heart of Midlothian*. She was Miss Jane Warburton of Cheshire, and had been maid of honour to Queen Anne. It is said that she was plain, ignorant, and lacking in breeding, and that her language and manners were coarse and rustic. Argyll, however, became infatuated with her, and, as soon as his first wife died, he married her. He remained devotedly attached to her in spite of her shortcomings. 'To say that he proved an excellent husband,' said his great-niece, Lady Louisa Stuart, 'would be speaking poorly. He remained throughout life a faithful, doating, adoring lover. My mother told me she had often seen him stop on entering the room, stand a moment or two gazing at the duchess as at the loveliest object on earth, then come forward and clasp her fondly to his bosom, upon which she never failed to look round and cry, "Do you see, you young folks? On such a day we shall have been married so many years. Will your husbands' love last as long, think ye?"'

In 1736 Argyll came prominently before the world in connection with the Porteous Riots in Edinburgh, which are so vividly described in *The Heart of Midlothian*. Captain John Porteous, the commander of the City Guard, had been greatly enraged by the conduct of the mob at the execution of a smuggler, and had, it was alleged, ordered his troops to fire amongst them, with the result that six or seven of the crowd were killed. He was tried and condemned to death, and the mob, which was most hostile to him, was looking forward with exultation to his execution, when, at the last moment, a respite arrived. The mob refused to be deprived of its vengeance, and, breaking into the Tolbooth Prison—the 'Heart of Mid-

lothian,' as it was called—where Porteous was confined, seized him and hanged him in the Grassmarket.

Immense indignation was excited in government circles in London by the conduct of the Edinburgh mob. Queen Caroline, who was acting as regent in the absence of George II. on the Continent, and the Council of Regency were extremely angry at what they regarded as contempt of their authority. An anecdote, quoted by Scott, alleges that the queen, in the height of her displeasure, told Argyll that sooner than submit to such an insult, she would make Scotland a hunting field. 'In that case, madam,' said Argyll, 'I will take leave of your Majesty, and go down to my own country to get my hounds ready.'

A penal bill was introduced which proposed to inflict various indignities on the city of Edinburgh, and which was keenly debated in Parliament. Argyll resolutely defended his countrymen, and denounced the measure as enacting 'a cruel, an unjust, and a fantastical proceeding.' One of his speeches is quoted at some length in *The Heart of Midlothian*. In the end the measure was reduced to one disabling the Provost from holding any future office, which he had no desire to do, and imposing a fine of two thousand pounds on the city for the benefit of the widow of Porteous. She was content to accept fifteen hundred pounds, and, as was said at the time, the whole of these fierce debates ended in making the fortune of an old cook-maid, for that was the good woman's original capacity.

v.

The story of the Porteous Riots is interwoven in the novel with the story of Jeanie Deans. That story, as is well known, is based upon actual facts. A certain Helen Walker, the daughter of a farmer at Irongray, in Galloway, did really walk to London, and did successfully invoke the assistance of the duke to save her sister's life. She lies in the kirkyard of Irongray, in one of the most peaceful spots in Scotland, under a tombstone placed there at the expense of 'The Author of *Waverley*.' The visit of Jeanie Deans, of whom Helen Walker was the prototype, to the duke in London, and her subsequent experiences are described in the novel with the inimitable pen of genius. The rustic simplicity of Jeanie Deans in her snood and tartan plaid; the duke with his lofty and distinguished manners and bearing; the queen with the goshawk glance that made the knee bend; Richmond with its lofty elms and green glades and alleys, are all depicted by a master hand.

It is not surprising that the novel was received with instantaneous enthusiasm, and that testimonies of admiration and delight followed its publication. No art, says Lockhart, had ever

devised a happier running contrast than that of Jeanie and her sister, or interwoven a portraiture of lowly manners and simple virtues, with more graceful delineations of polished life, or with bolder shadows of terror, guilt, crime, remorse, madness, and all the agony of the passions.

During by far the larger part of Walpole's sway, from about the year 1717 onwards, the government of Scotland was left very largely in the hands of Argyll and his brother, Archibald, Earl of Islay, who afterwards became third duke. The system ultimately became a vice-royalty in effect, although not in name. The Argyll family became the fountain of the royal bounty, and the channel through which all patronage flowed. Without its good will success in official or political life became impossible. There is a suggestion of this in Bailie Nicol Jarvie's talk during an ambitious moment. 'I have whiles thought,' says the Bailie, 'o' letting my lights burn before the Duke of Argyll or his brother Lord Islay (for wherefore should they be hidden under a bushel?), but the like of the grit men wadna mind the like o' me, a puir wabster body—they think mair o' wha says a thing, than o' what the thing is that's said. The mair's the pity.'

vi.

In 1742 Argyll began to fail. He was attacked by a paralytic disease, which was, as his biographer, Campbell, says, 'attended with a kind of reservedness that had some of the symptoms of a deep melancholy.' Horace Walpole says he was often melancholy and disordered in his understanding. To make matters worse, Lady Louisa Stuart says that his wife fidgeted and fussed about him with a tormenting assiduity which must have been the one thing wanted to complete his trials. 'Tease—tease—tease, from morning till night. "Now, my lord, do eat this." "Now, my lord, don't eat that." "Now, pray, put on your great-coat." "Now, be sure to take your draught." "Now, you must not sit by the fire, it's too hot." "Now, you should not stand at the window, it's too cold." . . . He never spoke one word in answer; seldom raised his head to look at her; but, for the sake of peace, usually did as she would have him, seeming quite unable to contend.'

On 4th October 1743, Argyll died. He was not buried in Kilmun, the ancestral place of sepulture, but in a vault in Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey. A beautiful monument to his memory, designed by Roubiliac, stands in the Poets' Corner.

The British dukedom of Greenwich, which had been conferred on him in 1719, became extinct at his death, but the connection with the borough of Greenwich is commemorated by its still bearing Argyll's coat of arms.

VII.

The picture of the duke, presented by Scott in *The Heart of Midlothian*, is too favourable and eulogistic. Lady Louisa Stuart wrote to Scott, 'You have drawn him to the very life. I heard so much of him in my youth, so many anecdotes, so often "as the Duke of Argyll used to say," that I really believe I am almost as good a judge as if I had seen and lived with him.' But there were dark shades to the picture. The present writer, who has traced Argyll through the Stuart papers, and the Harley papers, and the manuscripts of the Earl of Mar, and other sources of contemporary information, can accept Scott's portrait only with large reservations. Argyll had serious faults which go far to explain why his career was not more successful.

The duke was warm-hearted, frank, honourable, and magnanimous, but fiery, hot-tempered, rash, ambitious, haughty, and impatient of opposition. He had not the patience and cunning needed for the scheming politics of the eighteenth century. He was difficult as a colleague, wanting his own way always, and not realising the importance of compromise in the work of government. He never showed the slightest servility or obsequiousness to king, minister, or party. His sword leapt from the scabbard to avenge the slightest stain on his honour. He was perfectly free from dissimulation and his word was so sacred that it could be implicitly relied on. But he was autocratic and dictatorial, and as early as 1705 complaints were made of his writing to the Lord Chancellor of Scotland 'in such a strain as if he had been writing to one of his chamberlains in Kintyre.'

The duke inherited from his mother, Elizabeth Tollemache, a very high spirit, and Argyll's brother, Lord Islay, used to say that when, in discussing anything with the duke, he saw the Tollemache blood rising, he 'e'en quitted the field.' Swift once wrote to him, 'I have often thought that Homer's description of Achilles bore some resemblance to Your Grace.' But the description of Achilles by Horace comes much nearer Argyll than that of Homer. Horace's words were translated by Robertson of Struan into Scottish lines that describe Argyll exactly,

A fiery ettercap, a fractions chiel,
As het as ginger, and as stieve as steel.

Argyll was a finished courtier and gentleman. There are many testimonies to his dignified demeanour, his distinguished bearing, his animated conversation, and his charm of manner. He had, says Lady Louisa Stuart, 'everything to attract and charm the eye—personal beauty, an expressive countenance, a commanding air, and the most easy, engaging gracefulness of manner.' At the age of fifty-seven he is described as still

remarkably handsome. He had, in particular, striking powers as a conversationalist and raconteur. He told a story admirably, with particular energy and terseness. Scott describes him as relating the story of Jeanie Deans to Queen Caroline, 'with that precision and easy brevity which is only acquired by habitually conversing in the higher ranks of society, and which is the diametrical opposite of that protracted style of disquisition

Which squires call potter, and which men call prose.

Argyll was considered one of the finest orators in the House of Lords of his time. He is described as having been warm, impetuous, animated, fluent, elegant in diction, and highly declamatory. Lord Chesterfield, no mean judge, greatly admired his oratory, and praised it in one of his letters to his son, 'The late Duke of Argyll,' he said, 'though the weakest reasoner, was the most pleasing speaker I ever knew in my life. He charmed, he warmed, he forcibly ravished the audience; not by his matter, certainly, but by his manner of delivering it. A most genteel figure, a graceful, noble air, an harmonious voice, an elegance of style, and a strength of emphasis, conspired to make him the most affecting, persuasive, and applauded speaker I ever saw.'

VIII.

Like most men with the capacity of being very agreeable, he could also be very disagreeable. As Dictator of Scotland, he often showed himself difficult and testy. The gossiping Wodrow gives us some glimpses of his sullen moods. When the duke was in Edinburgh in the middle of 1726 he refused to be fêted or honoured. The Provost and Town Clerk of Glasgow waited on him to assure him of their affection for his family, but were snubbed and chilled. He went to Dumbarton on this occasion, but refused the treat that they had designed for him, 'though near forty pound sterling was laid out.' Wodrow records, with the indignation of a cleric, 'On sabbath they came not to church.'

In August 1729 he came to Glasgow, and stayed the night with the Principal of the University. The town had prepared a treat for him, but he refused it. The magistrates had an interview with him, and lamented that 'the town for some time had been under his Grace's frowns, which they wished to have removed.' Argyll said he had been told that they had declared that they would not have any one of the name of Campbell to represent them in Parliament. The magistrates replied that it was 'a hellish lye,' that they had opposed Campbell of Shawfield, but that they had offered their votes to Colin Campbell of Blythswood. 'Colin, was it so?' said Argyll, turning

to Blythswood, who was present. Colin said it was so, and Argyll was mollified, and peace was made.

Argyll was extremely patriotic, and always ready to defend his country and its rights and privileges with uncompromising vigour. He resented immediately any indignity to Scotland. But his patriotism had its limitations, and there were occasions when he acted in a way that seems somewhat surprising. In 1725 Duncan Forbes introduced a bill for disarming the Highlanders, and forbidding the wearing of the Highland dress. This bill was supported by Argyll and his dependants. Lockhart, the Jacobite, says that 'not so much as one Scotsman had the honesty and courage to appear on behalf' of his Highland fellow-countrymen. Several English members opposed the bill however, and got some of the clauses omitted, including that which prohibited the wearing of the Highland dress. Lockhart expresses his astonishment in his *Memoirs* at Argyll's support of a measure which was certain to lessen his consequence, even though the king could grant exemption to those he pleased.

IX.

Argyll was the subject of many eulogies from eminent writers in his time. Thomson of *The Seasons*, and Young of the *Night Thoughts*, both sang his praises. Pope, who was his friend, wrote the lines so familiar to all:

Argyll, the State's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the Senate and the Field.

The duke was also the subject of a large number of ballads both English and Scottish,

many of which the present writer has perused in the British Museum. A Scottish song, 'Kist Yestreen,' commemorates Argyll's familiarity with Glasgow:

Oh, as I was kist yestreen,
Up the Gallowgate, down the Green,
I'll never forget till the day that I dee,
Sae mony braw kisses his grace gae me.

Another ballad, entitled 'The Duke of Argyll's Courtship,' gives the Scottish rustic ideal of a good time:

Ye shall hae barley bannocks store,
Wi' geese and gailzings at your door;
A good chaff bed upon the floor,
Ye shall hae plenty good Scotch kale,
And after that Scotch cakes and ale;
A good fat haggis at every meal,
If you'll marry me, my dearie, O.

Tradition has even assigned to Argyll himself the authorship of a racy ballad, sung to the Scottish air, 'Bannocks o' Barley.' Scott represents the duke, after bidding farewell to Jeanie Deans on their return from Richmond, as rolling off in his coach, humming a stanza of the ballad of which he was said to be the author.

At the sight of Dumbarton once again,
I'll cock up my bonnet and march amain,
With my claymore hanging dune to my heel,
To whang at the bannocks of barley meal.

Curiously enough the present writer has been unable to find this stanza in any of the published editions of the ballad. He cannot help thinking that the lines were the creation of Scott's own brain, and were unconsciously attributed by him to the ballad ascribed to Argyll.

THE CURTAINS AT CHÂTEAU CORBENIC.

PART II.

VIII.

INDEED, had I but known it, good fortune was coming my way. After wandering about the village and its environs till darkness set in, I returned to the inn, ate a hearty supper, and betook myself to the great kitchen, sat down among farm-hands and fishermen, and handed about my tobacco-pouch. If they resented my presence they made no sign that they did, and I soon found myself the centre of a small circle of habitués, who replied to my questions regarding the neighbourhood without any trace of that reserve I had been led to expect.

We chatted about all manner of things—the frequency of shipwreck on that coast, the poverty of the soil, all the topics dear to the heart of the crofter and the seafarer. But as the hour grew later, I noticed that the familiar subjects connected with the daily toil of the

company gave place to talk of a very different kind. In what manner, precisely, I cannot tell, but the chat turned upon local superstitions, those sombre beliefs which even a liberal measure of education appears to have no power to banish from the Celtic mind. I have often heard that the talk in a Breton inn or kitchen sooner or later veers round to the subject of the supernatural, and it may be that the presence of a stranger quickened and heightened the descriptions of the weird other-life which I was told existed in the *houles* or caves of the coastland and flitted about the old stone circles. Extraordinary tales of meetings with Goric, Couril, and Korrigan were circulated, until at last that hush which, after a while, inevitably falls upon even a cultured company when the unearthly is discussed, settled upon us.

Suddenly out of the hushed, uneasy silence a young fellow who had spoken little begged his

neighbour to accompany him on the road home. At this there was a general smiling and nudging of elbows.

'Of what are you afraid, Iouenn?' asked a graybeard. 'Bless you, lad, you haven't had enough cider to see even a Goric the height of your hand!'

'Have you ever passed St Blaise's Church after dark?' retorted the youth hotly. 'There's something strange there. Something in the tower you would not care to face.'

'The Church of the Ankou!' said the old fellow, changing his tone and crossing himself. 'Who would pass that at night?'

'The Ankou?' I asked, with a faint recollection of some forgotten legend. 'What is the Ankou?'

There was a moment's awed silence. Then the old man who had twitted the lad on his fears turned to me with a grave face enough.

'The Ankou, monsieur,' he explained, 'is the Demon of Death. He walks down the road ringing his bell at the hour when the spirit parts with the body. He never fails—the Ankou.'

'And does he haunt this particular church?'

'An image of him is kept there, as in many churches in our land, monsieur. The place has an ill name, especially at night. Its guardians, Coudre and Gwennolaik, are evil women. But, so far as I know, none have seen the Ankou there.'

'Yet I tell you that I have heard something there if I have not seen it,' insisted the young man. 'A woman's spirit haunts the tower. She croons songs in a strange language—a tongue like, and yet unlike, our own Brezonek. I passed St Blaise's church on Friday night and heard her. You do not believe me? Well, this is the tune she sang.' He whistled a few bars of 'Soggarth Aroon.'

I jumped to my feet. 'I will go past this church with you, *mon brave*,' I said. 'Come, let us get upon our road before it grows later. You will have nothing to fear with me.'

IX.

There was a good deal of whispering, and more than one dark look was cast in my direction as we stepped out into the night. It was dark as only night by the sea can be, but we kept close together, and while we trudged along I plied my new friend with questions. He told me that part of the church was occupied by a pair of old women for whom, to put it mildly, the whole countryside had a wholesome respect. If Coudre and Gwennolaik were half as fearsome as report made them, they were scarcely less awful than the evil spirit which was supposed to haunt the church they dwelt in, an ancient and now disused building in a desolate and unfrequented spot, which, in a land where legend flourishes, had gradually acquired a reputation as unenviable as any forest shrine in Burma.

On we stumbled through the night. My companion knew the way, and it was with difficulty that I was able to keep up with him. We could scarcely have walked more than a mile, which the darkness and the roughness of the road made a good league to me, when the slackening gait and the obvious nervousness of Iouenn told me that we must have entered the sphere of influence of the deserted chapel of St Blaise.

'Are we anywhere near the church?' I asked impatiently, for the darkness and the rough going were getting on my nerves, already rather frayed.

'We are near it now, monsieur,' faltered the lad. 'It is not more than fifty metres from the path. Let us hurry on.'

My rejoinder was a strange one. I sang the refrain of 'Soggarth Aroon!'

'Monsieur!' shrieked my companion wildly, 'what are you about? Would you raise the spirit?'

I don't know whether my answering laughter sounded more than uncanny in that weird place, but it seemed to have a peculiar effect upon Iouenn, whom I heard muttering in a prayerful manner. Then out of the silence came a woman's voice, raised in the same song as I had sung. With a howl of terror Iouenn took to his heels and plunged off into the night. The voice—a rich and beautiful soprano—thrilled on through the darkness, and with its sound to guide me, I stumbled towards the church of the Ankou.

X.

Luckily the short distance I had to make was without pitfalls, and by dint of wary going I soon found myself beneath the belfry. The singing continued. I searched for an entrance and found it readily enough. The decayed door had neither hasp nor bolt, and when I pushed it aside, I entered what was, if possible, an even deeper darkness than that without, flagged unevenly with stones, on which my rubber soles made little or no sound. I groped about in search of the stairway which I knew must lead to the belfry, whence the singing had come. I had matches, but did not want to use them unless it was absolutely necessary. But as I groped my questing hands came into contact with something cold as death itself. The only phrase by which I can describe the effect that icy contact had upon me is the time-honoured one, none the less useful, that my flesh crept.

In fascinated horror I felt my fingers playing on the ribs and joints of a skeleton. Then I suddenly realised what the thing must be. It was indeed a skeleton—but of iron! The Ankou, the horrible image of the Spirit of Death which had helped to give the place its evil name. This, the legend-mongers at the inn had told me, always stands as guardian of the

belfry in Breton churches, so that I knew the stair leading to it must be close at hand. But as I found it, as my hand was on the rail, a light flashed out, and I was confronted by two faces distorted by anger—faces which might have been those of the Furies themselves. The guardians of the place, I concluded, and stood silent before them.

They were indeed a fearsome pair, brawny, beetle-browed, forbidding. But I had a card in hand for them, evil as they looked.

'What do you want?' asked one of them harshly in villainous French. 'What do you seek here?'

'You know very well why I have come,' I replied in as stern and portentous a manner as I could. 'You have detained a lady against her will. She is in the belfry alone. You have maltreated her shockingly, and have tried to drive her to madness and despair at the bidding of her husband, your paymaster. The police are coming. They will be here in ten minutes at the most. If you value your freedom you will go at once. The key of the belfry, quickly.'

It was evident that my words had taken all the fight out of them. They glanced fearfully at one another, then the taller of the two handed me the key with a malediction. As I moved toward the staircase, they disappeared. I struck a match and by its tiny light made the best of my way upward. A door of thickly studded oak confronted me, and in answer to my knock a woman's voice bade me enter. I turned the key in the lock and went in.

XI.

Alma Wethered was there in almost complete darkness. Her surroundings I could not well see, but they appeared so gloomy and oppressive, that I marvelled she could have sustained existence in such a place.

'My name is John Benedict,' I said to the woman who crouched on the low truckle-bed in a corner of the high, black room. I sometimes laugh now when I recall that, extraordinary as were the circumstances, the tone of ordinary conventional self-introduction obtruded itself. 'I found your message on the curtains at Château Corbenic.'

'Thank God!' she said, almost in a whisper. 'You have come to take me away from here?'

I could scarcely see her face in the flicker of my third match, but I heard the tone of infinite relief and thankfulness in her voice. It was a wonderful voice, with just the least lilt of brogue in it—the kind of voice that charms at once, for the mere echo of which a man will die. 'Yes,' I said. 'You must come with me to Château Corbenic. We shall go to London to-morrow.'

'I knew some one would come at long last.'

She got ready in silence. She did not take

more than a minute to prepare her going, and this was not wonderful, seeing that she had neither hat nor cloak. And then, in silence also, we descended the stairs and left the house.

'You must be clever,' she said, taking my arm, as we reached the open air. I heard her breathe deeply. 'Yes, very clever to have solved my riddle in silk. You're the novelist, aren't you?'

'Yes,' I admitted. 'I met your husband by accident at the inn yesterday.'

'He came to see me,' she said with a shudder. 'He offered me my liberty if I kept silent about—about his Copper Bank. Do you know that he means to abscond? There is no time to lose if thousands of poor people are to be saved from ruin ir retrievable. I heard him one night discussing his villainess with another man—a man of his own kind. I threatened them with exposure, and he telephoned for his doctor, another of his creatures. I refused to give way, and next morning I was aboard his yacht, en route for Brittany. I was at Corbenic for five months. But he became suspicious of the old people there, and I was handed over to those terrible women. I have been here nearly a year. All writing materials were carefully kept away from me when I was at Corbenic. But the idea came to me that I might send my message. To have done so in ordinary letters would have been hopeless. Then I remembered Ogham. It was a slender chance. I was not relying on the average person, you see. One never should. The old people, honestly believing me to be crazy, suspected nothing, and humoured me in what they thought was the fancy of a disordered brain. It was an odd proceeding, I suppose, but—it appealed to me.'

In little more than an hour we were in my study at Corbenic, and for the first time I looked full into her glorious eyes.

XII.

I don't think the editor of the *Morning Mercury* ever experienced such a perplexing twenty minutes. He regarded us unfavourably at first, and while I was unfolding my story, snorted more than once. 'I know you by sight, Mr Benedict,' he said, when I had finished, 'and of course I quite remember Lady Wethered. But this—this exceedingly wild business! Like a chapter out of one of your stories, you know. And why do you come to me? Of course, if it's true—pardon me for the reservation—we shall be only too pleased to give it full publicity, but I should have thought that you would have taken legal advice in the first instance.'

'We certainly thought of doing so,' I said. 'But I am in possession of irrefragable evidence that Sir Stanley Wethered is about to make what is vulgarly called a good get-away almost at once, and I considered it better to come to you than to invoke the much more cumbrous

legal machine. I may say that Scotland Yard has already been informed, but that the authorities there are sceptical, and are contenting themselves by making enquiries. Otherwise we should not be here. Is Wethered to be permitted to abscond with the savings of thousands of poor people without a hand being raised to prevent him?

'I am afraid, Mr Benedict,' he replied, 'that your position as—er—as an imaginative novelist, you know. . . . But will you leave it to my discretion? I must really have a clear day in which to investigate. If I find that your—your assertions can be substantiated, I shall print your story,' he tapped the transliteration from the Ogham, 'say on Friday. Of course we must all observe the strictest secrecy meanwhile.'

On Friday morning I went to the private hotel where Lady Wethered was staying. I

unfolded a copy of the *Morning Mercury*. There were large headlines.

THE COPPER BANK

EXTRAORDINARY DISCLOSURES

LADY WETHERED'S ROMANTIC ESCAPE.

But justice sought Sir Stanley Wethered too late. For when its ministers broke open his room at the headquarters of the Copper Bank, they found him, with the dregs of some swift poison on the lips which had smiled so charmingly.

The curtains of Château Corbenic hang in my study at home, and when I listen to my wife's interpretation of them, delivered in that beguiling brogue of hers, and varying with every visitor, I feel that when all is said and done, *she* is the born teller of stories!

THE END.

NATURE'S BAROMETER.

By C. CORDLEY.

I.

IN the present advanced state of science, expert meteorologists can tell us with the greatest accuracy what the weather has been recently; as for foretelling its immediately future aspect, they are not infrequently wrong. Even the barometer has become somewhat unreliable in late years; but nature, as ever, is to be depended upon in this matter.

All outdoor pursuits, undertaken either for profit or pleasure—sport, games, agriculture, gardening, touring, holiday-making—depend so much upon the weather, that mankind must naturally have ever taken a great interest in its study, and, as a matter of fact, the popular ideas about weather prognostics are much the same to-day as those which were in vogue in the earliest ages. The observation of the state of the sky taught the early meteorologists when to expect good or bad weather; and the result of their observations formulated into short and pithy sayings made up, until comparatively recent dates, the science of weather prognostics. Beasts, birds, fishes, and even flowers, are more or less sensitive to coming changes in the weather and the temperature of the atmosphere, and by observing their movements some warning of these changes may be obtained.

The following are signs of fine weather: A low dawn; a gray sky in the morning; a rosy sky at sunset; sheep lying down early in the morning; if ponies on the moors make their way to the tors or other high ground about the 'dimpsey,' gloaming, or sunset, the following day will be fine; rooks going a long way from home to feed early in the morning; skylarks soaring and singing; swallows flying high.

Indications of storm and rain: The loud quacking of ducks; the calling of the 'yaffle,' or woodpecker, peafowl, guinea-fowl, &c.; pigs carrying straw in their mouths; dogs eating grass; rooks circling high in the air, then darting suddenly and quickly downwards; frogs changing colour from yellow to brown, and becoming unusually noisy; toads coming from their retreats and crawling about the grass and paths; sheep feeding early in the morning; small birds gathered together in flocks; spiders shortening and strengthening the filaments supporting their webs; sea-birds flying inland; wildfowl leaving the marshes for higher localities; swallows flying low; wild deer leaving their haunts and getting nearer habitations; cattle and donkeys turning their sterns to the wind; the shining of the glow-worm; robins singing in the morning; the cry of the missel-thrush, or 'storm-cock'; the pink-eyed pimpernel closing its flowers.

II.

Proverbial poetry, beloved and trusted in olden days, is not unworthy of attention and belief in these 'up-to-date' times:

If red the sun begins his race,
Expect that rain will fall apace.

The evening red, the morning gray,
Are certain signs of a fair day.

If woolly fleeces spread the heavenly way,
No rain, be sure, disturbs the summer's day.

When clouds appear like rocks and towers,
The earth's refresh'd by frequent showers.

Hodge will tell us that 'gramfer' told him that in a herd of cows, as they are on their

march towards their pasture in a morning, if the bull lead the van, and keep back his company that they go not before him, it is a prognostic of rainy or tempestuous weather; but if he be careless and let them go at random, the contrary. Or if they eat more than ordinary, or lick their hoofs all over, rain follows shortly. If they run to and fro, flinging and kicking, and extending their tails, storms almost invariably follow.

Before rain, dogs are apt to grow very sleepy and dull, and to lie by the fire. Before rain, moles throw up the earth more than usual. When the dew lies plenteously upon the grass in the evening, the next day will probably be fine; when there is little or no dew, probably wet. Writing two thousand years ago, the poet Virgil declared that the blowing about of feathers, or any light substances on the water, foretells rain.

Besides the pimpernel, there are, according to Linnaeus, forty-six flowers which are sensible of coming atmospheric changes. Many of these are tropical. When the chickweed expands boldly and fully, no rain will happen for several hours, at least; if it continues in that open state, no rain will disturb the summer's day; when it half conceals its miniature flower, the day is generally showery; but if it entirely shuts up, or veils the white flower with its green mantle, let the traveller put on his mackintosh. The different species of trefoil always contract their leaves at the approach of a storm; hence these plants have been termed the 'poor man's weather-glass.'

III.

Verily, it is well and desirable, as also convenient, to be able to foretell the weather; it is better to have the philosophy to take it cheerfully as it comes—good or bad, wet or dry, hot or cold, seasonable or unseasonable. Worthily old Thomas Tusser, in his *Points of Good Husbandry*, well sums up the position:

Though winds do rage, as winds will, would,
And cause spring tides to raise great flood,
And lofty ships leave anchor in mud
Bereaving many of life, and of blood;
Yet true it is, as cow chews cud,
And trees, at spring, do yield forth bud,
Except wind stands, as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.

If the cock moult before the hen,
We shall have weather thick and thin;
But if the hen moult before the cock,
We shall have weather hard as a block.

If there is a rainbow in the eve,
It will rain and leave,
But if there is a rainbow in the morrow,
It will neither lend nor borrow.

A rainbow in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning;
But a rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight.

IV

People who base their homely predictions of the weather on old saws and proverbs are not without justification. Professor Humphries, meteorological physicist of the United States Weather Bureau, has investigated the folk-lore of the weather in the light of modern meteorological knowledge, and has found that much of it has a sound basis.

Professor Humphries points out that the appearance of the moon depends on the conditions of the atmosphere, and that proverbs based on it are well founded and valuable. The following proverbs have stood the tests of ages:

Pale moon doth rain.
Red moon doth blow.
White moon doth neither rain nor snow.

The following rhyme, embodying the deductions to be drawn from the state of the sky in the morning and at night, is also shown to have a scientific backing:

Evening red and morning gray
Help the traveller on his way;
Evening gray and morning red
Bring down rain upon his head.

This is one of the oldest proverbs dealing with the weather, and the words of Christ, as quoted in the Gospel of St Matthew, are recalled: 'When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather, for the heaven is red; and in the morning, It will be foul weather to-day, for the heaven is red and lowering.'

It is known among fisher-folk that fish can foretell the weather. For long before any barometer has indicated the approach of rain, one can see salmon and other fish behaving in the most excited manner. They roll about, splashing at the top of the water, and at times leap out of it. The reason of this is that the body of every fish, save the Pleuronectida, or 'flats,' and a few others, contains a large bag of very thin skin, called the swim-bladder. This bladder is tightly filled with air, and as soon as the slightest change occurs in the pressure of the atmosphere the air in his swim-bladder informs the fish of it. If it feels uncomfortably tight, then the barometer is about to fall. It is the discomfort caused by the enlarging of the swim-bladder that makes the fish so restless on the approach of rain, when it gyrates and leaps, as one may observe on any river containing trout and, especially, salmon.

All genuine observations go to prove that weather predictions based on solar, lunar, or other astronomical causes are without foundation. Certain almanac makers have thriven for many years on a widespread ignorance of the most palpable elements of physical law; most of their forecasts being truly 'lunatic.' Hence, we do well to consult nature's barometer.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

A CHILD OF THE STONE AGE.

By GORDON CASSERLY, Author of *The Elephant God*, *The Jungle Girl*, *The Red Marshal*, &c.

PART I.

I.

THE mighty river Thames, eight miles broad, swept in majestic flood over the valley in which, untold centuries later, the city of London was to rise. The forest-clad banks that hemmed it in were the ridges on which the houses of Hampstead and Clapham now stand. A dense jungle of oaks, birches, and monster pines, creeper-bound and mingled with giant tree-ferns, cane-brakes and calamus, stretched down to its marshy margins, where huge alligators and long-snouted fish-eating crocodiles basked on firm mud in the hot sun, and beavers built their dams by every tributary rivulet. Hippopotamuses sported in midstream or wallowed in the shallows among the tall reeds. A herd of monster straight-tusked elephants, the bulls sixteen feet at the shoulder, lay contentedly in the river or stood, hock-deep, blowing the water over their heated bodies; while near them a troop of their smaller cousins, the shaggy mammoths, their twenty-foot long tusks curving in almost complete circles, came down to drink.

A two-horned rhinoceros, its thick hide covered with wool and long hair, scattered a group of saiga antelopes as it blundered clumsily down the bank, glancing this way and that out of its vicious little eyes, and half-inclined to charge unprovoked a great bison that was thrusting its broad muzzle into the stream and scaring a shoal of soft-shelled turtles.

A tropical scene—but the climate of Britain was almost tropical in that far-away age, since the great ice-sheet that had spread over England as far south as the Thames, and buried Scotland three thousand feet deep, had retreated towards the North Pole again. The only traces of it were the arctic animals that it had brought and left behind—such as the herd of reindeer, a pair of gluttons, a white fox, and a score of little lemmings that stole timorously down to drink, as if conscious that they were aliens now, all seemingly distressed by the heat, although the sun was sinking towards its setting.

Great apes lazily plucked the forest fruits, and troops of monkeys played in the tree-tops,

leaping from branch to branch and swinging across the voids to grip with ready paw or foot the meeting boughs. And high in a great oak crouched a pair of strange creatures, peering down into the dense undergrowth of canes, tall feathery ferns and tangled thorny bushes below them, or staring out over the wide flood. Apes they seemed from the low-browed skulls, the sloping foreheads and low crowns, the heavy jowls, the bodies clothed only with thick brown fur. But the long hair of their heads, the true-toed feet and the hands, as well as the muttered sounds of a low-toned conversation passing between them, showed them to be human. Man and woman in sooth, man and woman of the Palæolithic Age, born and destined to live and die hundreds of thousands of years before the dawn of history, the birth of civilisation. Animal compared with Man of to-day, yet very far removed from earlier humans that had flourished æons before them, humans incapable of speech and moving like the apes on all-fours.

Compared with their ancestors, these two had progressed some distance along the path of knowledge. They could speak, although their vocabulary was scanty and almost animal-like in the grunts and snorts that represented many of their wants and feelings. They walked erect. Instead of the broken-off bough, the stone snatched up in a moment of danger, that were the weapons of the first men, they were armed with spears—stout, straight staves of trimmed wood split at the tip and made formidable by sharp-pointed flints wedged into the clefts and there held in place by lashings of twisted strips of green bark. And swinging from the man's shoulder by a strip of deer-skin was a knobby club, into the gnarled head of which a sharp flint had been forced, to make a blow from it still deadlier. It was balanced on the other side by a hairy pouch hanging from another bandolier and filled with sharp-edged throwing-stones. A flint knife was thrust into it.

Apparently satisfied of the absence of any immediate danger from lurking foes, the couple moved on through the upper branches of the trees towards the river. Hampered though

they were by their weapons, they climbed quickly, the man moving more lightly and with more agility; for the woman was great with child. They were making their way to the water to drink, and chose the safer route and the fastest. Although Man had learned by now to walk on the earth, the ground below them, here covered with almost impenetrable jungle, was full of danger from the fearsome animals that roamed it.

II.

The England of that day was very different from the land that we know. It was not an island, but a peninsula of Europe linked to France by an ever-narrowing isthmus densely wooded, which lies now with its monster trees below the Channel. Its forests were filled with the terrible elephants, rhinoceroses, lions, and other dangerous animals that had superseded the nightmare horrors of the age of giant reptiles. In a previous epoch—a million, ten million, years before, who can say?—Britain had been a vast land forming the western portion of the Continent, reaching from Denmark to Spain, and stretching out into the ocean as far as the Faroe Islands. Where the North Sea rolls now was a great, undulating valley, through which the Thames, Medway, Humber, and Tyne flowed to form one river with the Rhine, Weser, and Elbe, pouring out its waters towards the Arctic. And the rivers of southern England and northern France joined in a broad, Atlantic-bound stream in the lake-studded country of hill, plain, and marsh between the Isle of Wight and Spain of to-day. Immense forests and grassy valleys stretched out far beyond what is the west coast-line of England now; through them roamed great herds of deer, around which prowled their attendant killers, sabre-toothed tigers, cave-lions, and hyenas. These animals had taken the place of the dinosaurs, plesiosaures, and other strange prehistoric beasts.

In one glacial epoch the old Britain sank beneath the sea until only the summits of the Scottish, Irish, and Welsh mountains showed above the water as scattered islets. When it rose again it was sadly diminished in extent. Ireland was an island then; and only the ever-narrowing isthmus joined southern England to Europe.

But of this the man and woman now moving timorously towards the river to drink and hunt for crayfish, newts, snakes, grubs, berries, anything to satisfy their hunger, knew or recked nothing. If they ever thought of it at all, to them the world had always been as it was, a place where life was very difficult for weak human beings in the midst of many perils. Against the great monsters that surrounded him, Man, low-intelligenced Man, but a step removed from the brute, was forced to struggle for existence armed only with the frail weapons

that nature put ready-made to his hand, the stone and the broken bough. His poor brains had to devise better means of defending himself, of procuring his daily food; and so far he had learned to increase the length of his reach only by spear and throwing-stone.

There was danger to him on the ground, in the water, in the air above, danger of beast, of reptile, of murderous fish and predatory bird. And so these two poor specimens of humanity climbed wearily through the branches like the apes that they resembled, and did not dare to tread the earth that was their heritage. As they neared the river their caution increased.

It was needed. A splashing in the water was succeeded by the noise of a heavy body crashing through the undergrowth, forcing a passage by sheer weight through the tangled network of creepers, canes, and high thorny plants; and below them passed a monstrous animal, a soft-nosed rhinoceros with a horn three feet long. They cowered motionless in a tree until the sounds of its passing onward had died. Then they climbed cautiously on, only to stop and flatten themselves against a tree-trunk as a fresh crashing beneath them told of more peril on the ground. As they peered down they saw an elk, with branching antlers laid back on its shoulders, bursting through the undergrowth in terrified flight. And close behind it came a great cave-lion, its glistening fangs bared in a vicious snarl as it strove to overtake its quarry. When the forest was silent again, the man and the woman resumed their interrupted journey, and at length reached a spot where the trees overhung the river. With infinite caution they climbed down to the oozy bank, where the woman began to search for shellfish, larvæ, insects, anything that would satisfy their hunger. But her companion urged her on; for he aimed to reach a beavers' lodge, hoping to surprise one of the little animals at work building a dam, and secure it by a thrust from his spear or by a blow from a throwing-stone. There was a stream not far off, he knew, where beavers were to be found, just at its junction with the Thames. So carefully, cautiously, they made their way towards it, now on the ground, now up among the branches. They avoided the open spaces where the great beasts flocked to drink. As they reached the stream close to the dam at which they saw the beavers toiling a rotten bough broke under the man's weight, and he fell heavily to the earth. A beaver sentry slapped the water with his flat tail, and at the warning signal all vanished.

III.

Hot and furious with disappointment, the hunter rose, bruised, but not seriously hurt, and scowled at the empty stream. Then he lay down to drink, while the woman remained

on guard, spear in hand, her swift-rolling eyes apprehensively searching the jungle about them on every side. When her mate's thirst was quenched she threw herself down and plunged her face in the water, while he watched.

Suddenly there was a denser blackness in the dark depths of the stream, a swiftly uprising shadow in it; and the intently staring man sprang into quick action and thrust with his spear, as an enormous turtle with a head three feet broad and a cavernous mouth studded with cruel teeth came to the surface and snapped viciously at the drinker. The sharp points struck deep, and flint and shaft transfixed the extended neck. The spear was torn from the man's grasp as the monster sank struggling convulsively. There was a swift commotion in the bloodied water, which surged and boiled as a number of ravenous, strangely-formed fish darted on the wounded turtle, which was unable to draw its head within the shelter of its shell owing to the spear through its throat, and tore to pieces as much of it as they could reach. But almost before it died the humans had sprung up into the trees again with the agility of monkeys—the frightened woman, despite her handicap, nearly as quickly as the man.

Back along the leafy ways they went, back to the higher trees farther inland, in one of which they had fashioned a rude home for the moment—just a rough platform of sticks and a frail overhead shelter of boughs. They were hungry, for they had been unsuccessful in their hunting all day; but the sun neared its setting, the darkness so full of terrors was coming swiftly, and it was wisest to reach their miserable repair ere night fell.

Huddling together for warmth on the few sticks bound by twisted withes forming the floor of their abode, they grumbled at their ill-luck, and, blaming each other for it, quarrelled fitfully for a time. Although by the achievement of speech they had out-distanced their ancestors, who were incapable of articulate language, their vocabulary was very limited. But they had no need for many words, for their ideas were few. All that they had to talk about usually was the daily imperative search for food, the dangers encompassing them, and the ailments that sometimes attacked even their strong frames.

Life, the world, held no beauty for them, no interest except the satisfying of their appetites. They had no regard, no affection, for each other; they consorted as the brutes do. Love had no existence in that age—the genuine love of a man for a woman, of a woman for a man, was something that was unknown to them or their species. An animal desire, a demand for possession, a jealousy of any interference with his property, were all that the man of that period could experience or understand. A need of

companionship at times was the most that either sex could feel. But love, true self-denying love which raises man above the other animals, held no meaning for human beings in the Stone Age. A woman could feel the mother's devouring love for her child, as the brute beast for its offspring, but for her mate nothing but the need of protection, the female's instinct of submission, and the call of sex.

And thus this man and this woman had no tenderness, no affection, no love for each other that needed expression in their limited speech. And so they only bickered and complained until slumber weighed heavily on their eyelids.

But through the night they slept fitfully, starting now and again into frightened wakefulness as a harsh roar dominated the noises that now filled the forest, or a wild shriek of mortal agony told of some harmless beast meeting its death.

There was ever-present peril to them from snake or climbing brute; and it joined with the ache of gnawing hunger to make them wakeful. When the pale light of dawn began to filter through the great canopy of leaves overhead they awoke little refreshed by their broken slumbers. A yawn, a stretch, a rubbing of the eyes was all their toilet, a grumble and a growl their morning orisons, as they started out on the airy ways high above the earth to their daily task—the satisfying of their appetite.

IV.

Swinging from branch to branch like monkeys, springing to a higher bough or dropping to a lower one with astonishing agility, the hairy man and his mate made their way through the trees, pausing now and again to listen or to peer down through the leafy screen to the earth below, always on the look-out for some harmless animal to kill for food, or on their guard against the dangerous beasts that would devour them. The man had taken the woman's second spear in place of the weapon that he had lost.

They came upon what was almost a clearing, a spot where the trampled earth was littered by fallen trees pushed down and stripped of their leaves and twigs by some herd of the monstrous elephants of that age. So recently had they been uprooted that the fast-springing jungle vegetation had not had time to cover them with its green pall. It would soon do so; for now the life-giving sun could reach the earth and quicken the tangled bush.

Erect on a lofty bough, his flat feet seeming to grip the rough bark like a claw, the male hunter listened motionless, and searched with keen eyes the gloomy depths of the woodland beyond the clearing, while the woman crouched beside him. When ear and eye had done their best the nose was called on to aid them, and the man threw back his head and sniffed the air like a hound—no dog ever had a keener

power of scent than humans possessed in that age.

Suddenly he stiffened. His sensitive nostrils had warned him of danger, for the faint breeze brought a heavy odour of beast. Then hearing helped; there came a crashing through the undergrowth, a sound that grew louder and louder as the invisible causes of it drew nearer. Man and woman concealed themselves behind the trunk of their tree. Suddenly there came into sight first one, then another, and another of a herd of the enormous straight-tusked elephants, marching in file with nodding heads and flapping ears, the cows with their calves leading, the bulls following. As they passed by slowly, feeding as they went, stripping leafy boughs with their snaky trunks from the fallen trees and cramming them into their huge mouths, a few wandered off to one side or the other in search of some succulent vegetation that they had sensed, but always came back again into the single-file formation of the herd.

When they had passed out of sight the man and woman climbed on again, keeping always to the branches and skirting the clearing. As they proceeded once more in the depths of the forest the female spied a nest on a bough above them, and both scrambled eagerly to it. It held four newly-hatched naked birds, which the hungry pair snatched up greedily. Tearing the chicks to pieces with hairy hands, they thrust the bloody fragments into their mouths. Another nest close by provided them with eggs containing chicks, which followed the others into their hungry maws.

As the man, who had taken the lion's share of the feast, was breaking the last shell a sudden sound smote his ears, and he paused to listen. The cracking of broken twigs, a scream of pain, a hoarse bellow, a stamping of heavy hoofs, told of a fight on the ground between big animals close by. Where death passed in the forest there might be pickings for carrion-eaters; and Man disputed with the vultures, the wild dogs, and the hyenas the scanty remains of carcasses left by carnivorous wild beasts.

So the human scavengers hurried on in the direction of the sounds of the fray, and quickly came in sight of the combatants. An enormous grizzly bear, with an agility hardly credible in an animal of its huge bulk, was dodging the furious charges of a cow-bison, rising on his hind-legs and striving to deal her a downward, back-breaking stroke with heavy paw as she rushed by. The cause of the quarrel was evident; a wounded calf, moaning in mortal agony, was trying to drag itself aside on its fore-legs, its paralysed hindquarters trailing powerlessly along the earth. At the cries of her crippled offspring the maddened mother paused in her fierce assaults to go to it and lick its wounds, moaning pathetically over it; but it sank lifeless on the ground, and with a bellow of rage she swung round and charged its slayer. The grizzly just managed to elude her deadly onset, but her horn tore a long raking wound in his flank. Furious with rage and pain, he struck at her savagely; and this time the blow fell on her hindquarters, and seemed to break her spine. She stumbled and fell, and the bear sprang on her with open jaws and extended paws to worry and crush her to death.

But a thunderous bellowing roar filled the forest; and the grizzly rose on his hind-legs, the red tongue hanging from his slaving jaws, to face a new and deadlier peril. The ground shaking beneath their tread, a herd of bison burst out of the undergrowth and swept down on him. For a moment the watchers in the tree saw the bear's bulky form erect and the big paws striking out, then he was lost to sight as the wave of avengers closed over him and the bisons slew him with thrusting horns and stamping hoofs. And when they had done with him and passed on, there was but a bloody mass of trampled flesh and broken bones left beside the dying cow, who dragged herself painfully to her dead calf, licked it feebly, and then died beside it. The sounds of the vanished herd died away in the distance, and the forest lay hushed and still again.

(Continued on page 829.)

A CATARACT OF FISH.

By E. E. CADBY.

IT was during one of those ever-recurring Wanderlust-driven periods of my life, in days prior to the Great War, that I found myself one foggy morning off Hong-kong, that one-town island colony of the British Empire, and the third largest shipping port in the world. The bridge siren was 'hooting its dread' for all it was worth as

'Foot by foot we creep o'er the hueless, viewless
deep
To the sob of the questing lead.'

The appearance of the sun, however, soon dispersed the fog, and it was not long before the passengers for the port were comfortably housed in the several hotels of the city. And here it was, right on the quayside, that I came across my Cataract of Fish. Let me describe the manner of their coming.

There are thousands of Chinamen living permanently at Hong-kong who revel in a diet of fish, but it must be fresh-water fish, the nearest source of supply of which lies some ninety miles

away up the Canton River. Now the common or garden Chinaman has no gastronomic use for a dead fish, and the problem for the suppliers was how to convey the fish caught in the river off Canton over the long distance separating the two cities and deliver them all alive and kicking at Hong-kong. With the idea of learning all about it, I took passage in one of the big shallow-draft, beam-engined, paddle-wheel steamers that ply between Hong-kong and Canton. The vessel, like all boats both great and small that cater for the Chinese traffic, had human eyes painted on the bows—one on each side, the idea being that without such aids the boat would not know which way to go; or, to use their own pidgin English, 'No eye, no savee.' And on a boat that has no eyes a Chinaman will not travel. The lower-class native of China is very superstitious, and firmly believes, among a lot of other nonsense, that there is a real personal devil in every piece of machinery. One particular vessel had a great time owing to this idiosyncrasy, a high official having given it out upon his arrival at Canton that he had seen the machinery devil jump overboard during the night. The official was too highly educated really to believe what he is reported to have said, and it is surmised that he wanted to do his friend the skipper a good turn. Anyway, the report soon got about, and the superstitious natives made a dead set for that particular boat whenever they travelled, with the result that her owners simply coined money until her captain unfortunately put her ashore during a fog on the rocks outside Hong-kong.

The steamer on which I was travelling was named *Kowloon*, after the port and docks on the mainland of China, just across the strip of sea that separates Hong-kong from China proper. She did her 19 knots very comfortably, and was soon in the river on the way to Canton. The boat being quite differently constructed from the ordinary mail steamer excited curiosity, and the steady motion noticeable upon entering the river prompted a tour of inspection. There were three decks, all running the length of the ship, the uppermost for the saloon or European passengers, the next for the second-class (well-to-do Chinamen), and the lowermost deck for the third-class passengers—and the fish (on the return journey).

The last-named lot of passengers were an evil-eyed and dirty-looking crowd; and it was noticed that access to this lowermost deck was to be had only down a companion which could be instantly closed off by the dropping of an overhead iron gate, above which stood a Chinese soldier day and night, fully armed with a sword and a gun. The fact was that in those days Chinese pirates had a nasty habit of disguising themselves as respectable passengers, and then, when the right moment arrived, they would hold up the ship's officers, and rob the passengers of

all their valuables, decamping in a junk that might have been seen hovering near at the time of the seizure. This sort of thing had been carried on with impunity time after time, the flowing robe of the native lending itself very successfully to the concealment of arms about the person.

The comparative lawlessness of the land was brought home to the traveller as the steamer proceeded up the river and began to approach Canton city. Huge square, windowless, brick-built edifices were to be noticed 70 or 80 feet high, on the top of which were displayed a number of strange-looking articles, rocks, and jars. The jars, it seems, contained sulphuric acid, which, with other missiles, was for use against attack by robbers—the towers being public pawnshops.

Continuing our inspection round the ship, we came across a printed notice attached to the saloon mast, round which were stacked a number of ships' muskets, all of which were said to be fully loaded. This notice set forth that though the captain would do all in his power to guard against piratical surprise, the owners of the steamer would not hold themselves responsible for any untoward circumstance that might arise during the voyage, or whilst at anchor in the river off Canton. Not very reassuring for nervous passengers, but then timid persons should not travel in China. Even to-day there are plenty of apparently highly respectable trading-junks knocking about the China seas that only lack the opportunity to turn temporarily into the fiercest of cut-throat pirates. A Chinaman has little respect for human or any other kind of life, as may be imagined when it is learned that in this strange land a man will sometimes vent his spite against a neighbour by committing suicide on the other's doorstep.

Happily, nothing of an unpleasant nature occurred on this particular trip, and Canton was reached in due course, the last couple of miles being passed through what looked like Thames houseboats moored permanently to the river banks in regular streets, each craft forming a house and home for one or more families. This congregation of boats, which forms the suburbs of Canton, is reckoned to contain close upon 300,000 inhabitants, and is said to be as old as the city itself. Canton comes next to Peking in importance, its population by some being estimated at a couple of million; and, after silk, I suppose preserved ginger and chow-chow, packed in those bamboo-bound, old bluish-looking jars beloved of our youth, and fireworks would form the chief articles of export. The word 'chow,' be it known, is the Chinese for 'food.'

But to return to our fish. A stay of four hours enabled the *Kowloon* to unload her cargo and take in the homeward freight, including some ten to twelve tons of live fresh-water fish.

These were stowed in half-filled wooden vats without lids, about three feet deep, and as fish cannot survive in confined water spaces owing to the want of air, the water in the vats was kept aerated by continually filling them by means of a large watering-can, the vat meanwhile overflowing through a pipe into a second receptacle, from which the can was refilled as fast as it became empty. The cans were handled by coolies, who relieved each other throughout the voyage down the river. The fish evidently highly appreciated the efforts to keep them alive, and jostled each other as they crowded together with open mouths immediately under the life-giving stream of water as it fell from the nozzle of the water-can.

On arrival at Hong-kong a tubular net, some 20 to 25 feet long, was suspended from the ship's side to the special fish sampans below, and down this netway the living cargo was now bundled. Sometimes when half-way down an extra big fellow would stick fast, right across the fairway. Then for a few seconds would ensue a regular block, the falling fish rapidly accumulating into a thick mass of shiny, struggling and squirming scalybacks, until the increasing pressure from above carried all before it, and the whole crowd avalanched head over tails into the sampan, very much alive and kicking, and thence to market. And here at last we have our Cataract of Fish.

THE PASSION FRUIT.

By F. A. CAMPBELL.

THE *Passiflora edulis* is one of a family of graceful climbing plants, bearing a flower of about two and a half inches in diameter, and an edible fruit of the size and shape of a hen's egg.

The fruit has a tough skin, filled with a jelly-like substance, in which the seeds are embedded.

When ripe, passion fruit is in great demand in Australia for dessert, and also as one of the ingredients of those tasty dishes known as fruit salads. Fruit salad without passion fruit is a very poor affair indeed. The flavour of this fruit is as delicious as it is unique. There is no other flavour like it, and in time, as the fruit becomes known, a great future is before it.

Although not indigenous to Australia, it is grown there to a larger extent than in any other part of the globe; and in those districts where the conditions are favourable it returns a comfortable income to those who grow it.

Within the last year or two the pulp has been imported in air-tight tins to Great Britain and America, where it has found a ready and profitable sale. Whether it can be shipped as picked in the orchard, is as yet unknown, but it is probable that it could be landed in good condition in Britain if carried in refrigerating chambers.

Last season a lady took a few specimens with her to India and reported that, though somewhat shrivelled in appearance, they were quite sound and were much appreciated by her friends, to most of whom they were unknown.

At the present time there are in Australia only about two hundred and fifty acres of this plant under cultivation, of which two hundred acres lie in Victoria. To get the best returns, a cool, moist climate and a porous soil are necessary. Only a small part of the state offers these conditions.

The chief centre of the passion fruit industry is a district lying thirty miles to the east of Melbourne. This district is from 500 to 700 feet above sea-level, has a rainfall of about 38 inches per annum, and is blessed with a porous and fertile soil.

The cultivation of the passion vine is not one which presents any great difficulty. It may be grown from seed and planted out after twelve months. A small crop will be obtained a year after this, with an increase each year as the vines extend, attaining a maximum in their fourth year. With proper attention, and under favourable conditions, vines have been known to continue in bearing for over twenty years.

It is necessary after the first year to provide a wire trellis. This consists of four wires, the upper one being six or seven feet from the ground. The plants are placed twelve feet apart, the same space being allowed between the rows. The ground between these must be kept cultivated to kill weeds and conserve moisture. It is usual to plant and plough in field peas for green manure.

Compared with that of many other fruits, the picking and packing is not a heavy job. The fruit keeps and carries well, and there is a ready sale in the Melbourne market for all that can be produced. So far, even without export, the demand exceeds the supply, and the price obtained ranges from 15s. to 25s. per bushel case, according to quality and time of marketing. At this price the grower will receive from £60 to £80 per acre, so that a good living can be made from a few acres of this fruit.

In view of the steady flow of migration from Britain to Australia now setting in, the possibilities of this form of payable produce might well be brought under the notice of intending settlers.

NEMESIS.

By D. E. STEVENSON, Author of *Peter West*.

CHAPTER I.

I.

DR LEAN was awakened by the pattering of stones upon his window. This was the recognised method of calling the long-legged doctor when the matter was urgent, for an electric night-bell was an unaccustomed thing to the simple folks of Kintoul, and therefore to be regarded with suspicion.

Dr Lean got out of bed with deliberate haste. Would it be Mistress M'Taggart, he wondered, or Macfarlane? He was not expecting a call to-night. He leaned out of the window and saw, standing in a patch of bright moonlight, a small boy of about ten years old.

'What's wrong, laddie?' the doctor inquired.

'An accident. Maw said Ah was tae say will ye come at once.'

'Where to?' Dr Lean wanted to know.

The boy named a village about ten miles away across the hills.

'Neidway! Losh me! An' ye've walked all the way?'

The words reminded the youngster of his fatigue, and he swayed a little on his feet. Until now the excitement had kept him up and urged him forward like a goad. If his feet faltered he had only to shut his eyes and his sister's white face was before him, the flowing blood mingling with her golden hair. So he had struggled on over the moors, through the forest where the silver moon cast pools before his feet and the bogies watched him from the shadows of the trees. A man, this, for all his tender years and half-starved body—a man who may leave his mark on the world before he has done.

II.

The doctor's face disappeared from the window, and in an incredibly short time the front door opened invitingly, and small Jem Coutts found himself whisked into the warm kitchen and provided with a bowl of broth and a 'piece' to eat while the doctor dressed.

Dr Lean's horse was a flea-bitten sorrel, as bony and weather-proof as himself. It mattered little to either of the pair that they had been out together all day long, breasting the sleet and the sunshine and leaning against the winter's gale; neither hesitated for a moment when the call of duty roused him from a well-earned sleep.

The doctor climbed into the saddle and swung Jem up in front of him. It was fortunate for the doctor's nag that the boy had been starved all his life, so that he was about half the size

and weight of a normal boy of his age. But even so the extra burden told upon Rosinante as he climbed the steep path over the moors.

The hills and trees had the barren beauty of a winter's night touched with frost. They gleamed in the pure, pale moonlight with unearthly radiance, and Dr Lean could not help contrasting the pitiful sordid tale, which was being poured into his ears, with the radiant peace of his beloved hills. But it was the human element that had called him from his comfortable bed—the cry of a broken body, not the divine beauty of the universe—and Dr Lean urged his horse forward as he listened to the boy's story, for he feared that all need for him might be past by the time he reached his destination.

His kindly gray eyes burned fiercely in his weather-beaten face, and he lifted his head and sniffed the air like an old war-horse that scents battle.

III.

Jem's story was a disjointed affair, with many gaps and more repetitions. It was jerked out by the movements of the big horse, who picked his way with human caution over the rocky places of the moor, slid carefully down boggy slopes, and stretched his long limbs in a willing canter where the ground was level. Fortunately the doctor was good at piecing together the human puzzles of life, and by the time they arrived at the labourer's cottage which was Jem's home, he had the facts more or less clearly in his mind.

'Feyther' had come home from the 'Black Bull,' where he had been spending his week's pay, in his usual Friday evening humour. 'Mither' was 'feart to death' of him, and that 'jes' gar'd him waur.' Lean could feel the fragile body of the child shudder as the picture of his drunken father rose before his eyes. 'Mither' was evidently not the only person who had reason for fear.

'How many brothers and sisters have you?' asked the doctor, more to take the child's mind from its terror than from any keen desire to learn details of the Coutts family.

'There's jes' me an' wee Lucy—an' there's Kirstie.'

'Who's Kirstie? Another sister?'

'Naw—at least Ah dinna ken. She's jes' Kirstie. Naebody heeds Kirstie,' he added, as if that were ample explanation of her status. 'Ye see,' he continued, 'feyther was havin' his tea, an' wee Lucy coupit the table—an' the tea was coupit—an' he hit her—he hit wee Lucy.'

Oh, canna the horse gang faster, maister, for she's deein'? Ah ken fine she's deein'.

Lean drew his breath inwards with a little whistle of pain, and pushed on as fast as he dared over the uneven ground. He had passed through Neidway a few days back and had seen the golden-haired Lucy playing on the doorstep of the cottage. Could there really be a living creature base enough to strike a baby of five years old—a baby-girl with blue innocent eyes and golden hair? He felt a sudden rage against the man, a rage so intense that he was almost frightened. If the baby died. . . .

There was only one thing to comfort Dr Lean, and that was the recollection that Coutts was not a native of his beloved Kintoul district. This thought brought a sudden glow of relief to the doctor. The man—if such he could be termed—was a wanderer, a rolling stone, who had tried his hand at most things—so rumour had it—and prospered at none. They had been at Neidway only for three months, and this was the doctor's introduction to the family. He had heard a great deal about them from their neighbours, as was but natural in the gossip-loving community of a Highland village. Mrs Coutts was well spoken of, but for him—James Coutts—there was no word ill enough. He starved his children, ill-treated his wife, and spent all his money week by week at the 'Black Bull.' Even the men, his fellow-labourers, who were usually more tolerant than their wives, had no use for the sullen and drink-sodden ruffian who had taken up his abode in their midst. On one of his periodical visits to the village Dr Lean had seen a quiet, sad-faced woman drawing water from the pump which supplied the row of labourers' cottages, and had rightly concluded that this was the unfortunate Mrs Coutts.

CHAPTER II.

I.

NEIDWAY village lay high up in a niche of the hills. It was a bleak spot at the best of times, cold and wind-swept, and often cut off entirely from the outer world by drifts of snow many feet deep. The row of cottages where the Coutts family existed was situated on the far side of the village, about two hundred yards farther up. A cart-track, deep in mud, wound through a stunted wood, thick with undergrowth of tangled bracken and brambles.

Snow began to fall heavily as Dr Lean neared the cottage which was Jem's home, and he glanced anxiously at the gathering clouds. Weather is changeable from hour to hour in these latitudes, and the good man had unpleasant visions of being snow-bound in the lonely village among the hills. It was no good looking for trouble, however, and his first duty was

towards the child to whose succour he had ridden so far.

Mrs Coutts was watching at the door for the doctor, and when he had stabled his horse in a tumble-down shed he followed her into the house. She wasted no words but led him into the small dark kitchen, where her child lay on a truckle bed.

The doctor's keen glance took in the details of the miserably poor but tidy room in less time than it takes to tell. Two plain deal chairs and some boxes obviously used as seats were grouped round the small wooden table, upon which stood two bottles with unlighted candles in their necks. A cupboard with a broken hinge and a missing leg was propped up in the corner. This was all the furnishing that the room possessed, but the fire burned brightly and a black kettle sang merrily on the hob.

Jem, who was worn out with the fatigues and excitements of the night, was fast asleep in the doctor's arms, and his mother indicated a straw mattress by the fire which was evidently the child's bed. 'Pit him doon there, sir,' she said, 'while I light the candles—will ye see wi' the twa?'

'They'll do fine,' replied Dr Lean. He was a little surprised, for the woman's voice and manner of speaking betokened her higher in the social scale than he had expected. Mrs Coutts had obviously come down in the world—he pitied her from the bottom of his heart.

She lighted the candles with a coal from the fire, brought a basin and a clean, if ragged, towel, and poured out some water from the kettle. Meanwhile the doctor had discovered another person in the room—the slight figure of a young girl, who crouched beside the bed where his patient was lying. She was small and misshapen, with a pathetically vacant face and restless eyes. She leaned over the child with a protective motion as he approached.

'It's the doctor, Kirstie,' said Mrs Coutts in her quiet voice. 'The kind doctor has come tae make wee Lucy better.'

Kirstie looked up doubtfully, but the doctor's face reassured her, and she glided away like a little shadow and sat down on a low box near the fire.

'Who is that?' asked Dr Lean as he began to undo the clumsy wrappings about the little golden head which lay so still and helpless upon the pillow.

'Oh, just Kirstie,' replied Mrs Coutts softly. She tapped her head significantly and added, 'Puir soul, she's wantin'. . . .'

II.

There was no more talk at the moment, for the doctor's brain was in his deft fingers as he bathed the wound on wee Lucy's head and cut off some of the golden curls. Mrs Coutts watched him anxiously, and helped him by

holding the basin and handing him what he required.

'Will she dee?' she asked at last, unable to retain her fears any longer.

'Hoots, woman, no!' replied Lean reassuringly. 'Keep her quiet for a few days and she'll do fine. She's a healthy wee creature, and the wound is only a surface abrasion. It was the blood frightened ye—and you were right to send the laddie for me—but please God there is no cause for anxiety. Where's your husband?' he added in a different tone.

'He's gone doon to the village, mebbe.'

'Frightened of me, I suppose?'

'Ay—jes' that.'

'Well it's not his fault the bairn's alive—an inch lower. Losh me!' cried Lean with sudden fury, 'I'd give a lot to get my hands onto him—he ought to swing for this. The man isn't fit to live—it would be a better world wanting him.'

'Ay,' said Mrs Coutts, stirred from her resignation by the doctor's vehemence; 'it wud be, an' a happier wurld for some folks if he wus deed.'

The wound was cleaned now, and Dr Lean took a silver needle from his case and stitched the ragged edges neatly together; yards of white bandage were then wound deftly round the small head, and the operation was over.

Scarcely was this finished when the blue eyes opened sleepily.

'Oh sir, she's better already!' cried the grateful mother, whose ignorant mind swung from the depths of despair to the heights of hope at this visible sign of life in the hitherto unconscious child. She looked at the doctor with awe, as one who had accomplished a miracle and snatched her dear one from the edge of the grave.

'She's coming round,' Dr Lean replied gravely. 'But she'll need a lot of care, and that rests with you—I've done *my* bit; see and do *yours*.' Long experience had taught him the necessity for impressing ignorant women with the gravity of illness. They were apt to jump swiftly to the conclusion that there was no further need for much care or anxiety once the patient had taken a turn for the better.

It was snowing hard now, and Mrs Coutts set about getting a cup of tea for Dr Lean to speed him on his homeward journey. He sat and watched the simple preparations absent-mindedly. The cripple girl had vanished; she must have crept away when he was busy with wee Lucy, like a gentle, noiseless shadow.

'Is Kirstie your child too?' he asked suddenly.

Mrs Coutts shook her head. 'Ah dinna ken wha's bairn she is; she's a love-child o' James's, an' she aye bides wi' us noo. She's sae quiet and gentle ye'd hardly notice her. Whiles she hears an' understands when ye're no expectin',

an' whiles for days she'll no heed when ye spier. But she's a real help in the hoose for a' her saftness, an' she's unco fond o' the bairns.'

'I could see she was fond of Lucy.'

'Ay, she wud dae onything for wee Lucy, sae gentle an' guid. Ah cud aye leave her wi' the weans tae mind, for a' she's no' wise.'

'Perhaps wiser than one would think,' the doctor suggested as he sipped his tea; but Mrs Coutts shook her head and smiled.

'Naebody heeds Kirstie.'

III.

Dr Lean finished his frugal meal, and went to the window to have a look at the weather. It had stopped snowing for the moment, but the sky was still heavy with the promise of more snow to come. The moon shone in a sickly manner between the rifts in the wind-driven clouds. It would be wise, he decided, to make for Kintoul as speedily as might be, before any further fall of snow rendered the mountain paths impassable. Fortunately it was lying where it fell in a half-melted condition, so there was no fear of drifts.

The doctor turned to speak to Mrs Coutts, but she was not in the room, and then he saw a small figure crouching by the fire. The cripple girl had returned in the same silent manner in which she had gone, and had taken up her accustomed position on the upturned box. He felt interest in the girl, partly from a purely professional point of view, and partly from a subtler reason, more difficult to define. At present the professional reason was uppermost, and he longed to lift the curtain even for a moment to get a glimpse of the clouded, uncertain brain which lay behind.

'You have been out in the snow,' he said to her, patting the thin shoulder with a kind hand. 'You should take off your shoes, for they are very wet.' He spoke clearly and slowly, but the face which was raised to his was quite devoid of understanding. It struck him that he might have been speaking a foreign language, for all the sense his words conveyed. Yet the face was not bestial nor imbecile; it reminded him of a flower—a pure white camellia—innocent, and even beautiful in its strange, unearthly way, but blank and meaningless. The eyes moved restlessly like those of a small animal, but there was not even animal intelligence in their shallow depths.

Lean stooped and removed the poor leaking shoes with his own hands. They were clogged with the wet snow, and one heel was missing. 'Where *have* you been?' he asked her, without any hope of an answer, but merely as a protest against the madness of going out so inadequately shod. Their eyes met, and the doctor saw a sudden gleam of intelligence kindle the blank face into something approaching a human ex-

pression. It was as if the wind stirred a still pool till it rippled gently from bank to bank.

'Not fit tae live,' she said slowly, with the even and difficult pronunciation of one entranced. 'Not fit tae live—a better world wantin' him—a happier world—if he was deed.'

Dr Lean started back in surprise at this echo of his own hasty words upon lips which he had come to think of as dumb. Before he could recover himself the gleam of intelligence had vanished, giving place to the former expression of vacancy and inertia.

CHAPTER III.

I.

DR LEAN started homeward, leading his horse, for the snow was slippery and wet. Clouds were still scudding across the sky, and even the tempest-hardened trees in the wood creaked and groaned with the fury of the wind. 'Thank Heaven the snow is too wet to drift,' thought Lean, 'or there would be many a sheep lost to-night amongst the hills—aye, and maybe a shepherd too.'

He had not gone far before he saw two sets of footmarks in the soft snow—one track going in the same direction as himself, and the other returning. There was no difficulty in identifying them as Kirstie's, for the missing heel left a clear imprint of nails on the snow. Where could she have gone? he wondered; what strange whim of her shadowed brain had drawn her out of her warm corner by the fire on such a night as this?

The doctor was so much interested in Kirstie's movements that when the footprints turned off the track and struck into the deep mazes of the wood, he tied his horse to a tree and followed them. And now there was another set of footprints—the heavy marks of a labourer's iron-tipped boots, which went before the smaller ones but did not return.

Dr Lean laughed at himself a little grimly for his interest in the puzzle at his feet. Had Kirstie gone out to meet a lover? The idea was incredible, yet he could find no other solution to the mystery. He hesitated for a moment, and then went forward again, but more cautiously, for the man in the hob-nailed boots might prove an ugly customer to meet at the dead of night in a lonely wood.

It was strange that he had no inkling of the identity of the man—strange but true, for after his swift and vigorous denunciation of James Coutts, the uncouth figure had faded out of his mind, and it was not until he saw it lying across his path that he remembered the man existed.

The sudden sight of the bulky form sprawling in the snow startled the good doctor not a little, but it lay so still that he was emboldened to

draw nearer. The white light of the moon shone down upon the scene, and by its radiance the doctor soon saw that the man before him was rather to be succoured than feared. The figure lay face downwards, and all around the virgin snow was dyed a ghastly red.

II.

A very cursory examination showed that James Coutts was beyond mortal aid. The thin sharp knife which had brought him death was driven into his back up to the very hilt.

Kirstie had killed him—that much was clear even to the doctor's bewildered senses—little crippled Kirstie whom 'naeboddy heeded.' She must have stolen up behind him, her light footsteps muffled by the snow, and sprung upon him with incredible strength, driving the knife deep into his vitals. *Incredible*, was the doctor's thought; yet the hypothesis must be given credence, for the evidence was incontrovertible. He stooped and drew the knife from its human sheath, and saw, with added horror, that it was his own instrument. A long, sharp surgical knife which he had been using for cutting his stitches in the Coutts's kitchen. Kirstie must have found it lying on the table and picked it up when he was not looking. He realised suddenly that his own words regarding Coutts were to a great extent responsible for what had happened. He had said that the man was not fit to live, and the half-witted Kirstie had seized up the first thing she could lay her hands on and set forth to murder her father in cold blood.

The doctor shuddered involuntarily. Was the child with the flower-face a homicidal maniac, or was it the accumulated hatred of years bursting through its overstrained dam and sweeping all before it? But no; neither of these two explanations satisfied Dr Lean. He blamed his own chance words, whose vehemence, penetrating the dark recess of that vacant brain, had filled Kirstie with the *one idea*, which was immediately put into execution.

Lean stood for several moments, balancing the knife in his hand, while he sorted out the facts which were known to him and decided what action he should take. Coutts must have been wandering about in the woods—too frightened to go home till after the doctor's departure—when Nemesis in the form of his own imbecile child had overtaken him and sent him on a longer trek. Kirstie was merely an instrument of justice; in the doctor's eyes she was no more to blame for her deed than a child who kills a fly—nay, hardly so much, for the child might know that it was being cruel, whereas poor Kirstie had not even sense enough to know that. Dr Lean classed her as being capable of only one idea at a time, and only receptive of ideas at certain moments when the corner of the dark veil was lifted. He weighed very care-

fully his knowledge of Kirstie as perceived by himself and as revealed by Mrs Coutts—was it possible that she was a danger to the community? Her record of gentleness and self-effacement, her goodness to the Coutts children, and lastly her innocent, blank face disproved such a theory absolutely in the eyes of Dr Lean. Here was no maniac of homicidal tendencies—he would have staked his life on the innocence of her soul.

It had begun to snow again now, and the trail of footmarks was being swiftly obliterated. The doctor, with his queer mingling of matter-of-fact sense and Celtic mysticism, took this as a sign from Heaven, and was confirmed in his decision to keep his knowledge to himself. Heaven was covering up all traces of Kirstie's part in the crime—which, in his opinion, was no crime at all, but a swift and just retribution. It was not for him to betray God's instrument to the stern majesty of the law. If suspicion fell upon an innocent person he would certainly have to speak, but in the meantime he decided to hold his peace.

III.

Looking back on this adventure of his with the comfortable interval of a week between him and that ghastly night, Lean was ready to laugh at himself for ever having qualms at all about the matter. His strenuous life amongst the bleak hills had engendered in him a view of

right and wrong, clear and just, if slightly primitive. He lived far from the subtle and complex shades of the law as it is known in the more civilised—and perhaps less clear-sighted—places of the world. Life and Death were everyday words to him by nature of his profession; they held none of that fear and awe which they hold for those less used to their eternal mystery. And so he was able to take a wide—an almost godlike view of the happenings of that night. A wild beast had been killed, and, as he had truly prophesied, the world was a better place without him. What did the instrument matter?

Lean was sure that Kirstie herself had no recollection of what she had done. She was as innocent and flower-like as ever. The cottage at Neidway was a different place. An atmosphere of peace and happiness pervaded it, and Mrs Coutts went about her daily work with a lighter step. Coutts had had no friends and many enemies, so there was nobody to mourn his death.

The weather had become so inclement, the snow drifts so deep and treacherous, that few dared to venture far up into the hills, and after a cursory beat round, the minions of the law were glad to give up all search for the murderer who had escaped so miraculously from the scene of his crime. So the mystery of Coutts's death soon passed into oblivion—and the big doctor kept his knowledge to himself.

FLIGHTING IN THE GALIKO MARSHES.

By KENNETH DAWSON ('WEST COUNTRY').

THE sun was sinking in sullen splendour behind Mount Olympus, and, driven by the howling Vardar gale, the cloud-masses scurried like frightened sheep before the wolf-pack.

All day, and for the two preceding, the wild north wind had raged over the mountains and marshes of Macedonia, shrivelling with its icy breath, and driving before its resistless might the flotsam and jetsam of the air. Even in the sheltered harbour of Salonika angry white horses capped the gray-green waves, and out beyond the Vardar mouth the restless turmoil of the sand-stained sea was eloquent of the disturbed and sleepless vigil which had been the lot of the myriad wildfowl tossing amidst the maelstrom of waters.

It was ideal fowling weather. With the first quarter of the New Year's moon, then rising above the twin peaks of Kotos and Hortiach, away to the east, the frost had steadily increased in intensity, and in the course of a week the fowl population of the marshes seemed to have trebled, as the denizens of the inland meres were frozen out and driven seawards by the ever-increasing cold.

Fowlers' weather, indeed; and our hopes ran high as we cantered along over the frozen ground, which rang like iron under the horses' feet.

Whilst still some distance from our destination, X held out his arm and pointed half-right. A vast cloud of ducks had risen from the marshes, and, after a short flight, pitched again; and three times in the next ten minutes was the performance repeated from different parts of the flooded area.

At last we pulled up on the lee side of a big stack of coarse, marsh hay, which formed a welcome shelter for the horses during their cold wait. For a moment or two X and I sat on the horses, absorbed in the wonderful scene. Directly ahead, and not more than three hundred yards away, a sheet of shallow water, partially sheltered from the bitter wind by tall reeds, was black with duck, mostly silent and motionless, snatching the chance of a few moments' slumber whilst it offered. Away to the right in the near distance was a large company of widgeon, whose musical 'whee ohs' came pleasingly across the marsh. Farther still

in the same direction a large gaggle of perhaps two hundred geese splashed and preened themselves in the shallows, their powerful wings sending the spray flying as they ducked and played in lightsome mood. From the incessant gabble they were white fronts, well named the 'laughing geese.' Beyond the geese, and too far away to distinguish the species, were other bunches of wildfowl; and every few minutes one or more of these assemblies would rise, and, after circling round a few times, settle again. It was, indeed, a spectacle to gladden the heart of any fowler.

Then from the sea, a mile away, sounded two muffled reports, and a few seconds later, from the same direction, a mixed company of birds—widgeon, the sun glinting on their white bellies; mallard, square and powerful of wing; teal; and the long-necked, slender pintail, built like graceful, thorough-bred horses—came streaming up the marshes, beating against the wind, and low down, right over our destined hiding-places in the patches of tall reeds.

The sight stirred us into action. Quickly long thigh boots were pulled on, guns made ready, and, leaving the horses, X and I waded out into the shallow water. While we were still quite out in the open about a score of widgeon hurtling down wind, high, but just within shot, passed right over our heads, and my left barrel pulled one from out the skies.

At the shots the fowl on the sheltered lagoon rose with a roar audible above the shrieking of the wind, only to settle again half a mile away. The duck were plainly rattled after three days buffeting by the gale, and were as tame as such wild birds ever become. Those out at sea, too, would flight early after a restless day, and everything appeared ideal, save for the heavens, which were rapidly clearing of clouds, and particularly eastwards the blue sky promised a poor background for shooting when once the light had gone.

I left X in a small circular patch of reeds with open water all round, a very desirable situation, for his dead birds would be easy to retrieve, and even winged duck might be secured, an achievement which was hardly ever possible, even in daylight, should they fall amongst the dense cover of the reed beds.

My own stand was at one end of a large patch of reeds some hundred and fifty yards farther on. There was open water on three sides, and it was well situated for birds coming in from the sea, but it would be necessary to select shots at ducks coming down the marshes, leaving those which, if hit, would fall into the dense cover behind me.

Meanwhile, as soon as he saw we were hidden, one of the orderlies, according to instructions, rode about a mile up-wind, parallel with the water, until he came to a track which traversed the flooded area. Along this he rode for some

distance, the water being only a few inches deep. His progress was marked by clouds of duck rising in every direction. First to come were a big company of widgeon, mixed with teal and a few pintail. They were mostly too high, but I stopped a pintail, and saw X bring down, and retrieve, a widgeon.

The geese had stopped playing and splashing, and were watching the mounted man. Deeper and deeper grew the water, and still the big birds did not rise, and I wondered if the beater would be able to put them up. He stopped when the water was nearly to the horse's girths, and waved his cap. At the movement, with a mighty roar of wings and much splashing, the whole gaggle rose. Straight down the gale they swept, their laughing chorus borne on the wings of the wind until the air seemed to throb with the wild music.

X was too far inland, and the skeins into which the geese had split missed him, but one small lot of seven I saw would cross my front within shot. They were led in the apex of the V by a bird with heavy, black, breast markings, which distinguish the older geese from the birds of the year.

They crossed a good thirty yards, and perhaps a little more, away, and the old leader staggered at the right barrel, but it needed the left to make him crumble up and fall with resounding splash into the water.

Then a lot of nine widgeon, struggling up wind, and low down, gave X an easy right and left, and two beautiful drakes floated paddles up as the result of the shots.

Teal, more widgeon, and two shelducks came down the marshes, and for a few minutes we were busy, my share being two widgeon and a shelduck, which presented a singularly beautiful picture as it lay with wings outspread on the water in all the glory of its black, white, and chestnut plumage, and vivid red bill.

Night was coming on apace, and presently a fusillade from several gunners nearer the coast warned us that the ducks were coming in off the sea. The light was getting bad, and the silver slip of the moon shining in the blue-black of a cloudless sky presented the worst of all fighting backgrounds. However, the fowl were beating dead up-wind, and so were fairly low.

Mallard began to figure in the bag, and one after another two green-headed drakes and a sombre-coloured duck were added to my heap. X was also busy, and I heard two splashes at short intervals as a big company of widgeon came over him, making the night resound with their melodious whistling.

Snipe passed constantly, but were invisible in the dim light, and several single teal flashed like meteors just over my head, disappearing into the darkness behind too quickly to offer a shot.

Swish, swish, swish, on every side sounded the pinions of the incoming ducks, most of which passed me unseen and unshot at; but X was busy, for he can see like a cat in the dark.

Then, from away over the Vardar, came a faint sound like a pack of hounds in full cry. Louder it swelled, mingling with the melancholy notes of the jackal's evensong, and the tinkling sheep bells from the flocks pasturing on the outskirts of the marshes. Geese in hundreds, possibly thousands, and, from the sound, coming our way.

Rigid, with straining eyes, I stood striving to pierce the dark curtain of the night, and to catch sight of the big shadowy forms beating up wind. The chorus was well-nigh deafening, and then, suddenly, I caught a glimpse of ghost-like wraiths passing overhead.

My first shot rattled on the quills of one bird without apparent effect, but the choke barrel with BB shot proved too much for even anserine armour, and down it came, and lay

a black spot on the water, which still reflected the gleam of the afterglow.

We were right in the middle of the multitude of skeins, which passed overhead and on each side. X was blazing away as though at a big covert shoot at home, and four times in the next couple of minutes I fired double shots. The geese were just too high to make sure of, and although the big shot rattled like hail on their plumage, only three came down, and one of these was but winged and was never picked up.

All too soon they had passed, and with them the flight for the evening. I waited a few minutes longer on the chance of any stragglers, but none came, and so, gathering up the slain, with the heavy load over my shoulder, I staggered off through the mud and water to find X and make for home.

Ten geese, all white fronts, seven mallard, nine widgeon, four pintail, two teal and a shelduck made up quite a respectable bag for little more than an hour's shooting.

THE SHOP.

PART II.

III.

ON the following day Mr Mason took the train to Chillington, whence a motor-bus conveyed him within a mile of Poundshurst. The remainder of the distance he had to walk, but that he did not mind. It was a glorious forenoon; he had never been in that part of the country before, and he was charmed with its beauty. The quaint old-world village appealed to his artistic sense. It stood on a height from which he could survey mile after mile of landscape, entrancing in its loveliness.

'By Jove, what pictures one could paint here!' he ejaculated.

From a short distance away he stood and looked at the shop. A stout, elderly man was standing at the door, the sunshine lighting up his white apron. Mr Mason shaded his eyes with his hand to bring the scene into focus.

'Perfect!' he said to himself. 'That old chap just gives the necessary high light to bring out the subject.' He went forward and nodded condescendingly. 'Good morning!' he commenced. 'Beautiful weather.'

'Grand weather—grand weather, sir,' returned the other.

'Lovely stretch of country you have about here.'

'Glad to hear you say so, sir,' said the elderly man. 'I like it myself. Fine place, Poundshurst. Some folks think it dull, but, Lord, I have never found it dull. There's always something going on.'

Mason had no intention of stating the real object of his visit. If he decided to take the plunge, a contingency the thought of which rather amused him, he would get Wetherall to come and look into things with him.

'Do you keep tobacco?' he asked.

The old fellow smiled and rubbed his hands. 'Certainly, sir,' he answered. 'We keep everything that is likely to be called for. Perhaps I shouldn't boast, but we serve all the gentry within six miles of us. Lord Festing is one of our customers, and Sir James Waters. What tobacco do you require, sir?'

'Let me see what you have?' replied Mr Mason, entering the shop.

While he was choosing his tobacco, he looked all round him. Certainly the place appeared to be well stocked. His experience gained before he set up to be a 'gentleman' told him that.

'Been here long?' he asked, conversationally.

'I have had this business for a quarter of a century,' replied the old man with a touch of pride. 'I built it up. It was a hard job at first, but I stuck to it. I am giving it up now, and I am sorry. You see, sir, I have devoted my whole life to make the thing a success. What I'm to do when I leave it, I don't know.'

'Then why are you leaving it?' asked Mr Mason quickly.

'Ah! That's another question. There are domestic reasons.'

'I see,' said Mason. 'I wish you good morning.'

'Good-morning, sir, and thank you,' returned the old man genially. 'There is a very fine old church here, if you would care to see it.'

'Thank you. I mean to have a look at it,' said Mr Mason.

IV.

Jem glanced at his watch, saw that he had nearly two hours before the bus left Gillington, and took his way to the church, whose ancient gray tower rose among the trees. As he was entering through the lychgate he stood aside to allow a lady who was coming out to pass him. The lady looked at him and stopped. 'Why,' she exclaimed, 'Mr Mason!'

Jem stared, his eyes beaming, his pulses beating somewhat faster than usual. 'Miss Bertram-Smythe! This is a pleasure that I never expected. Do you live here?'

Miss Bertram-Smythe seemed a little uncomfortable at the question. She flushed slightly. 'I am—er—staying with friends.' Then she added hastily, 'What are you doing here?'

It was now Mr Mason's turn to be uncomfortable. The girl looked an aristocrat from her close-fitting hat to her dainty little brown shoes. What would she think if she knew that he, Mr James Mason, ex-officer and young man of fashion, contemplated taking over a country grocery store? 'Oh,' said he lightly, 'I have just run out from Folkestone to have a look at the country.'

'Motoring?'

'Er—yes.' His ride in the bus could certainly be stretched to bear that interpretation.

'Lovely country, isn't it?'

'Delightful.'

Conversation flagged. Miss Bertram-Smythe was wondering how she was going to get to her home over a shop in the village without Mr Mason seeing where she lived. Mr Mason was wondering whether he ought to offer to accompany her. It was beastly awkward, he thought, that she should have friends in the neighbourhood. 'Do your friends live near here?' he asked.

'Oh yes, quite near. That is to say, a mile or two out.'

Probably in one of the big houses that he had passed in the bus, thought Mr Mason to himself.

'I—I came out to do some shopping,' volunteered the young lady.

'Not a great variety of shops, is there?' said Mr Mason.

'No. Not very many.'

'I have only seen one, and that——'

'Yes—I—I know. It's a horrid place, Poundhurst.'

'Don't you find it dull after Folkestone?'

'Appalling.'

'But, of course, having friends here makes a difference!'

'Oh yes, of course.'

For one brief moment Miss Bertram-Smythe had been glad to meet the young man. Now she wished that he would take himself off. If only she could have invited him to luncheon, there was no knowing what might have happened. While in Folkestone he had appeared to be decidedly attracted. But the horrid shop! She could have cried with vexation.

Still they stood there, neither knowing what to say, each realising the difficulty of the situation. Naturally, the girl was the first to recover her wits. 'Er—Good-bye, Mr Mason,' she said at last.

'Won't you allow me to walk a little way with you?' asked the young man hesitatingly.

'Good gracious, no! I—I beg your pardon. I didn't mean that, of course. What I mean is—' She stopped, not knowing how to continue.

'Ye-es,' said Mr Mason.

'The—the people I am staying with are frightfully particular. They—they mightn't like it. It—it is difficult to explain——'

'I see,' returned Jem with a shade of bitterness. 'They might think that I wasn't quite in their class.'

'No, no, I don't mean that,' said Miss Bertram-Smythe desperately. 'I mean——'

'I quite understand,' interrupted the young man. 'Well, I won't inflict myself on you. I appear to have made a mistake, but it doesn't really matter. Good-bye, Miss Bertram-Smythe.'

He raised his hat ceremoniously, turned away, and took the road towards Chillington. 'So that's that,' he said to himself. 'I'm not good enough for her. It was all very well at Folkestone, but now that she is here with her swagger friends, she doesn't want to know me.'

Miss Bertram-Smythe returned home in a condition of intense sympathy with herself. 'I daren't let him know of the beastly shop,' she murmured. 'He would never speak to me again. And he is sure to find out. And I know that he was fond of me. It is all horrible.'

That evening Mr Smith had a very trying time with his daughter. That night the young lady's pillow was saturated with tears.

V.

For two days Mason cogitated over what he should do. It was evident that Miss Bertram-Smythe wished to have nothing to say to him, so that it mattered little what he did.

He went to see Wetherall. 'About that business that you spoke of, Jack,' he said. 'I went out to Poundhurst the other day.'

'Oh!' returned his friend with a laugh.

'I've a dashed good mind to take it.'

'Hum!'

'What the devil do you mean by that?' asked Mason.

'Nothing. I was wondering how long you would keep it.'

Jem was about to retort hotly, when he remembered that Wetherall had no knowledge of his previous experience.

'I could keep on with my painting,' he said lamely.

'My dear chap,' observed Wetherall, 'if you are going into business, you'll have to stick to business. You can't do that and play about too. Better give up the idea.'

'I'm going to take that shop,' said Mason firmly. 'I want you to fix things up for me.'

'All right,' returned Wetherall. 'We can run over and see the old man to-morrow, if you like.'

'The sooner the better,' said Jem Mason.

With Wetherall acting as agent, the matter was soon arranged. Mason was to take over the business from the first of the ensuing month, the house being included in the bargain, the furniture remaining at a valuation. Mr Smith and his daughter had taken rooms at Folkestone while they were searching for a suitable place of their own; the old man going backwards and forwards to Poundshurst every day.

When the time came for him to bid good-bye to the shop where he had spent so many years, Mr Smith felt very miserable. He was entering upon a new life which was strange to him, in which he could take no pleasure; but he consoled himself with the thought that it was for Pleasant's happiness.

Jem Mason started on his new enterprise with grim determination, yet with a certain soreness of heart. The purchase of the business and the contingent expenses had absorbed nearly every penny that he had. Almost he regretted what he had done, but it was now too late for regrets—he had burnt his boats. As for Miss Bertram-Smythe, he tried not to think of her.

That young lady in her new environment was by no means happy. She had hoped that she would meet Mr Mason in Folkestone, and that, now the incubus of the shop was removed, their former relationship would be renewed. But, though she haunted the tennis courts and other places where they would be likely to meet, she never saw him.

For a week after Mr Smith had finally handed over the shop, he wandered about like a lost sheep. For him the tennis courts had no attraction, and with the people whom he met he was not in sympathy. He was suffering from heart-hunger. Looking back on it, the little corner shop in Poundshurst seemed to him a paradise.

One evening he was sitting looking drearily out of the window, when he was startled by an impatient exclamation from his daughter, who was seated at a writing-table.

'What's the matter, dear?' he asked gently.

'I can't find my address book,' she answered shortly. 'I have hunted for it everywhere, and it is not to be found.'

'When did you see it last?' asked her father. 'Good gracious, how do I know?' she replied quite sharply. 'I only know that it isn't here.'

Her father sighed. He was becoming accustomed to such fits of temper from Pleasant. The coming to Folkestone had apparently not brought her the pleasure that he had expected. It looked almost as if his sacrifice had been in vain. His daughter sat with the end of the pen between her lips, a frown on her face.

'I believe I left it at Poundshurst,' she said at last.

'Never mind, my dear,' returned the old man. 'You can easily get another.'

'Another? What's the good of that? All the addresses of my friends are in the one that is missing.'

'Would you like me to run over and see if it is there?' asked Mr Smith.

'What on earth would be the good of you going? You would never find it.'

Mr Smith had been longing to pay a visit to the old shop where, as he now realised, he had been so happy.

'I could search, dear,' he said humbly.

'Nonsense! I'll go myself. Meantime, this letter will have to wait. It's a frightful nuisance.'

VI.

About three o'clock next afternoon Miss Bertram-Smythe found herself walking up the familiar road leading from the bus terminus to Poundshurst. As she drew near the shop she stopped to look at it.

'Thank goodness, I'm done with that, anyway,' she said fervently.

She entered the shop as a customer might have done, her head held high. She was glad that the new proprietor had never seen her. Then she remembered with a shock that she would have to say who she was in order to get permission to search for the missing book.

A young man, his back towards her, was engaged in making up a parcel of groceries. She tapped on the counter. The young man turned and came towards her; then he stopped suddenly, his mouth open, while a flush rose slowly to his brow. But only for a moment did his coolness desert him.

'Good afternoon, madam,' he said calmly. 'What can I do for you?'

Pleasant gazed at him, her face pale, her breath coming quickly.

'You!' she ejaculated. 'You! Here!'

'Certainly,' returned Mason, smiling. 'Why not, madam?'

'But—but—I don't understand. Here, working behind the counter!'

'Surely. Since I am the proprietor of the shop, where else should I be? We have some very fine bacon, madam. Real Irish; just

come in this morning. Also we have some delicious eggs.'

Miss Bertram-Smythe's face was now as red as a peony.

'And—and I took you for a gentleman!'

Jem Mason flicked a morsel of cheese from his spotless apron.

'Ay, madam,' said he, 'you consider the position of a gentleman incompatible with earning an honest living. I believe that there *are* some people of that opinion.'

'I believe the position incompatible with keeping a village shop,' returned Miss Bertram-Smythe hotly.

'I am sorry that you should think so, madam; sorry for several reasons,' said Mason placidly. 'Did you—er—say bacon?'

'No, I didn't,' replied the girl haughtily, and flounced from the shop. She was boiling with rage and injured pride. Outside she suddenly paled.

'Good gracious!' she exclaimed to herself. 'I wonder if he knows.'

VII.

Mr Wetherall fully expected that he would soon have a visit from Mason, asking him to get rid of the shop for him, but three months passed without his seeing his friend. Then, one day, the sale of the contents of a house took him within a few miles of Poundshurst. Finishing the sale early in the afternoon, he thought that he would take the opportunity of running out to see Mason.

Descending from his two-seater, he stared in amazement. The shop was barely recognisable. The windows were enlarged, and displayed an assortment of goods that would not have disgraced a London establishment. But what astonished him still more was the sight of Mr Smith standing at the door, supervising the loading of a motor-van. The old man was invested in a white apron, his face the picture of complete happiness.

'Ah, how d'ye do; how d'ye do, Mr Wetherall!' asked Mr Smith genially. 'Glad to see you.'

'So you are back here again, Mr Smith!' exclaimed Wetherall.

'Yes, yes, back again, as you see. I couldn't stand an idle life. It doesn't suit me.'

'Then Mr Mason is gone. I was afraid that he wouldn't stay here long.'

'Mr Mason gone? Oh, dear me, no. You will find him inside.'

Wondering, Wetherall entered the shop, which presented as great a contrast to what it had been as the windows did. Mason was behind the counter, busily making up packages, a pen behind one ear and a pencil behind the other.

'Hullo, Wetherall,' he said, looking up. 'I am glad to see you, old man. I've been mean-

ing to write to you, but we've been so frightfully busy.'

'Then you are getting on well?' remarked Wetherall.

'Getting on well? I should say we are! We are opening another shop at Chillington. Oh, by Jove, yes. We are getting on famously.'

'And—and you like it?' gasped Wetherall.

'Like it? Of course I like it. Why shouldn't I like it? Suits me down to the ground.'

'I see you've got old Smith here. Where does he come in?'

'Partners, dear boy, partners. He's got the capital and I've got the brains. Not that the old chap is a fool. Far from it, but his ideas were a bit old-fashioned. Wanted gingering up, if you understand me.'

Wetherall looked round him. At the farther end of the shop was a small office partitioned off, the upper portion of glass. There, bending over books, was a girl.

'I'll be finished in a minute or two,' went on Mason, continuing what he was doing; 'then we'll go upstairs and have some tea. The missus will be pleased to see you.'

'The—the—'

The door of the little office opened and the girl came out, her eyes fixed on a paper in her hand.

'Miss Bertram-Smythe!' exclaimed Wetherall, his eyes dilated with astonishment.

'Mrs Mason,' corrected Mason, with a laugh.

'But—but—'

'Yes, I know, old man,' said Mason in a low voice. 'You knew her in Folkestone as the fashionable Miss Bertram-Smythe, and so did I, while she took me—but I'll explain all that later.'

'Jem, dear,' asked the girl, looking up from the paper, 'have you sent out that order for Lord Festing?'

THE END.

THE BOWMAN.

THE tough yew fashioned his bow,

The gray goose feathered his shaft,

Where the shadowy green woods grow

The swift deer taught him his craft;

But the heart of the bowman—who'll gainsay

That his heart belonged to an older day!

Where the savage shouldered his spear,

Where the cave-man carried his club,

When the skin-clad hunted the deer

And the naked strangled the cub,

The heart of the bowman leapt and flamed

At the tap of a hoof in a land unnamed.

And to-day when the clean fish leaps,

And to-day when the red fox runs,

When the challenging grouse pack sweeps

Like a brown cloud over the guns,

Our heart is the bowman's heart awake

To the glint of a horn in the tangled brake.

WILL H. OGILVIE

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE DEEP HOLE OF SIBERIA.

By BASSETT DIGBY, F.R.G.S., F.Am.G.S.

PART I.

I.

IT is difficult to put into a sentence or two a cameo picture of Baikal, the "Holy Sea" of Siberia. One can look at Lake Geneva, for instance, through the wrong end of the telescope, and sum up its chief characteristics in a few words. But this great land-locked trough of melted snow, up in the north-east region of Asia, is sixty-six times as big as Lake Geneva; and lenses have their limitations.

As long as England, covering the area of Denmark, it is the greatest fresh-water lake in Europe and Asia. It is the deepest lake in the world, and one of the coldest. It is fed by nearly a thousand rivers, creeks, and brooks; a single shallow stream takes away only a slight proportion of this great inflow of waters, down to the distant Arctic Ocean. Four thousand miles from salt water, its depths are peopled by a unique breed of seals. Only 1500 feet above ocean level, and extending as far south almost as lat. 51° N., I found its shores blocked in many spots by broad sweeps of pack-ice in mid-June, while butterflies swarmed among kaleidoscopic beds of flowers a mile or two back from the beach. The bodies of fishermen drowned in its sudden storms are nearly always cast ashore, as are those of strange deep-sea fishes shot up from the black abyss of waters by volcanic tremors a mile below the surface. Earthquakes rumble through the snowclad riparian mountains, and hot springs gush up through gashes in eternally frozen soil.

Baikal's very dimensions have always been a mystery to cartographers and geographers. The map drawn from descriptions furnished by the entourage of Leov Vassilich Ismaylov, who passed by on his embassy to the Emperor of China, in 1719-21, when the world was already pretty accurately reproduced in atlases, was utterly inaccurate; and the chart of the Jesuit priests at Peking, fourteen years later, leads one to conclude that the worthy fathers should have stuck to sky pilotry. In the 1875 edition of a standard handbook on Russia, compiled by 'an ex-British consul and second secretary to

the embassy at St Petersburg,' the literary diplomat announces that Baikal is 74 miles long by 67 broad. In cold fact, this freshwater sea is about 420 miles long, and from 20 to 50 miles wide.

Journeying east from Europe, you come to Baikal 40 miles on from Irkutsk. After leaving the Siberian capital you wind in and out of the forested gorge through which hurries the Angara, a mile wide and strewn with rocky shallows. Then, rounding the last screening cape, you come in sight of the outflow of the river, and beyond it, a magnificent mass of tumbled, snowclad mountains, the main range of the Khamar Daban, on the far side of the lake. A few moments later the trundling train, the engine of which is stoked with birch logs, stops at a station on a shelf of broken rock, blasted from the precipitous hill of marble that towers, in white cliffs, from the trackside.

The ferryman, in his clumsy sharp-prowed boat, had already started away with a load, but he came back for me though I was dressed as a poor peasant. There were eight or nine of us aboard. The ripples were almost lapping over the gunwale. We had to sit very still as Ivan Fedorovitch propelled us across the verst of swift waters with short chopping strokes. I could see every pebble on the bottom. It was difficult to realise that the stream was more than 20 feet deep. A little way below our course a few isolated rocks jutted out, among them the sacred Shaman Stone of the Buriats. On to this steep, up-flung reef—say this race of nature-worshipping nomads—go the spirits of the dead. If they have led worthy lives they acquit themselves safely in the ordeal. The shades of the wicked, however, rendered dizzy by the swirling stream, tumble in—and presumably get wet wings and spiritual colds.

We very nearly met with the fate of the bad Buriats, for Ivan Fedorovitch laughed so uproariously at a quarrel among the bare-legged women who sat astern, rolling cigarettes, that we drifted downstream and missed the reef by a matter of inches. 'Ahh Bozhemoi! Bozhemoi!'

squealed the ladies, briskly crossing themselves, while the men, with less pious exclamations, leant out and staved off our craft.

Over the turfey brow of a spur of the hills that wall in the southern source of the Angara, the road sagged down past the old Custom House of what used to be the Mongolian neutral zone, to a straggling village, one of the earliest Russian settlements on the shores of Baikal.

II.

Listvyenitchnaya is four miles long and seldom more than a couple of cottages deep, for it perches along a narrow strip of grassy foreshore, between the cliff and the water's edge. The little unpainted cottages of rough-hewn logs are very old, and cower low from the storms. The windows of many of them are flush with the ground.

The village used to be a pretty rough place, despite its air of rustic benignancy. A crowd of choice scoundrels flocked in from Irkutsk and Trans-Baikalia when news spread of the building of the ice-breakers, *Baikal* and *Angara*, some twenty years ago. The great *Baikal*, which was to ferry the Trans-Siberian trains across the Holy Sea, which is frozen for a depth of several feet in winter, was made in sections in the Newcastle yards of Armstrong-Whitworth, and put together here under the direction of three British engineers, Messrs Douie, Hardy, and Renton. 'Every civilised person in the place carries a revolver, and two if he is of a cautious temperament,' wrote Sir Henry Norman, who visited Listvyenitchnaya at the time. 'Nobody thinks of going out after dark, and every week some one is robbed or killed. The whole population is ex-convict or worse. The foreman of the labourers on the *Baikal* was residing in Siberia for having outraged a child; the man who conducted me to where Mr Douie and Mr Renton were at work was a murderer from the Caucasus; a short time before my visit another murderer employed on the ship had tried to repeat his crime, and had been consigned to chains again; the very day I was there, the police were looking for a man who was wanted for killing eight persons at one time.' Listvyenitchnaya may have improved since those days, but I noticed a considerable number of shabby police about the place.

Boat and barge building is the chief village industry, and many Chinese, tall, stalwart fellows, laughing and larking with their Siberian comrades, were at work on the growing hulls. As I paused to watch the boat-builders a child's funeral passed. Funerals are very simple functions in Siberia, so matter of fact and devoid of effort to obtain an effect of pomp and circumstance that they deeply impress a foreigner. Plodding through the dust came a young girl bearing a branch of a pink flowering shrub. A

few paces behind followed another, carrying a white coffin-lid wreathed in tawdry blue and pink paper flowers and streamers. Then a group of small children and kerchiefed women. Four of them supported a white coffin, in which I caught a glimpse of a little waxen face and a frail pair of alabaster hands folded over the breast. There was no weeping. There were no red-rimmed eyes among the mourners. As the party trudged stolidly on toward the graveyard some of the dead child's comrades began to lark about around the coffin-bearers. Hardly an interested glance was bestowed on the party by the village loungers. Half the children born in Siberia are spectators of life for only a hand-span or two of years.

In the dock lay a pair of waspish one-funnelled little steamers, the *Mikhailo* and the *Seraphin*. But the huge landing-stage and piers were deserted, already crumbling and tottering. With the coming of the railway round the southern tip of the lake Listvyenitchnaya has lapsed into the normal lethargy of Siberian villagehood.

It had been summer at noon—this was in mid-May—but a bitterly cold wind was blowing down from the mountains at dusk, as I returned to the outflow of the Angara. In a wooden hut, where the turf ran down to the beach of waterworn granite pebbles, the sort of pirate's den we read of as boys, the ragged red-shirted ferrymen were playing cards on an upturned tub, brandishing vodka bottles between pulls, to emphasise their contentions. Stumbling over coils of rope and skeins of fishing-nets, I groped my way into the smoky murk and besought their services. 'Have to wait till four more want to cross, Nietchevo,' muttered a ruffian, dozing on the brick stove. But after anxiously scanning the deserted track to Listvyenitchnaya I returned and compounded for solitary transportation at the cost of three passengers. Not rising from his seat on a chest, and continuing to play his cards with one hand, with the other the pirate chief, whose heavily-bearded features were as apostolic as his choice of epithet was the reverse, clutched an oar and prodded a heap of sailcloth. Out crawled a deaf-mute. He shambled down to the water's edge, rubbing the sleep from his eyes—and dropped his coat in the river. A certain great American, under stressful circumstances, used to hire men to help him swear. The deaf-mute ferrymen was not rich enough for that. I thought he would burst a blood-vessel when he found, as he wrung out the dripping jacket, that I was the only passenger. However, after referring the case back to the Admiralty Court in the hut, I eventually got away, and was landed at nightfall on the pier at Baikal Station. Here it was dark, but out across the heaving waters of the lake, forty miles east, the snow-clad peaks of the Khamar Daban were bathed in pink and gold, a magnificent rift of radiance

in the heavens, upflung for a hundred miles along the distant horizon.

III.

The southern part of Baikal cuts clean across the route of the Trans-Siberian railway. So steep are the mountain sides, and so numerous the beetling cliffs that fringe this abysmal trough, that for years the Russian authorities regarded a riparian track as impossible. Trains were run aboard the *Baikal* and ferried over the lake, some forty miles, to Misovaya, up the opposite coast. This plan worked fairly smoothly in summer, but in winter the ice proved a greater obstacle than had been expected. This great steel ferry of 4000 tons, displacing 19 feet of water, and driven by three 1250 horse-power engines, forged ahead through ice two or three feet thick, but was helpless in four or five feet ice. The passengers had to get out and walk, or crouch in crude peasant sledges for hours, in zero temperatures and a high wind. Not unnaturally, they objected.

Then the Russian Government sent out dynamite and Italian labourers, many convicts, and much vodka, seditious editors in chains, and zealous engineers in clover; and the impossible was achieved. Out of the living rock, now on ledges from which you could drop a fish-line 900 feet before touching bottom, now in league upon league of tunnels blasted through the flank of the mountain, was torn a track on which trains could pass, the completed link of Russia's stupendous chain of steel binding Moscow to the Yellow Sea.

The *Baikal* and the *Angara*, limelighted wonders of the engineering world a few years ago, when they were taxed to their utmost capacity by the troops bound for the war in Manchuria, are still in active commission between the Angara outflow and Tankoi, but it is freight that they carry now. Only on rare occasions, as, for instance, when the tunnels were dynamited in the war between Semenov and the Bolsheviks, are they put into passenger service.

Three hours' run, mostly through tunnels, brings you from the Angara outflow to the southernmost tip of the lake. All the way the mountains have dropped steeply into the sea. Only in two spots have narrow valleys, mere clefts in the forested heights, given foothold to a cluster of log cottages. At Kultuk, however, a few square miles of grassy lowland edge in between the lake and the mountain wall. A quarter of an hour later comes the busy little railway settlement of Sludyanka, and you are running under the flank of the Khamar Daban. Now the tracks run a little farther back from the water, through a strip of woodland. To landward, tier upon tier of forested hills, and, beyond them, snowy mountains, a desolate region with not a village and hardly a wagon-

track between you and the Mongolian frontier a hundred miles south.

Opposite Listvyenitchnaya is the village of Tankoi, innocuous enough to eastbound travellers, but a snare and a pitfall to the westbound, who are swooped upon by Custom House officials in search of loot from Cathay. Once they nearly confiscated three hundred hairy but innocent caterpillars of mine as a suspected breed of silk-worms.

Misovaya, on a headland reached three hours later, is a pleasant village with a past. It was the first inhabited spot east of Baikal in the old days when the caravans from Irkutsk had passed through the mountains to Kultuk and northward along the shore. In winter it was the point of arrival and departure for traffic across the ice. Hardly a generation ago the bulk of the overland tea came through it when the new 'Kup-yetski Trakt' was cut through the mountains to Kiakta, diverting the traffic from Verknie Udinsk. It was an important base in the days of the war with Japan.

There is not even the smallest inn now, and the great timber piers, one of which is nearly half a mile long, are in a state of collapse, frequented only by a few fishermen, who sell their wares as soon as they are drawn from the water.

The most interesting thing in Misovaya, perhaps, is the 'Kup-yetski Trakt' (Merchants' Highway), the short cut to Mongolia. Wandering on the mountainside, I had trouble in finding it. Had I not had plenty of experience of Siberian roads I should not have recognised it—a mere strip of rutted dust, three or four paces wide, among the bushes lining the course of a foam-flecked brook. I followed this stream for a day, revelling in the flowers and fragrances of spring, which always comes to the sheltered valleys around Baikal a month before the steppe and the taiga (woodland) are freed from the clutch of winter.

Ferns in abundance were shooting up, and among them mauve and pale blue violets and clusters of budding lily of the valley. Dwarf pink primulas and wild carnations starred the turf in the open spaces among the bushes. White wood-anemones and orange kingcups blossomed among the alder stumps. Clumps of purple flag struggled for nourishment in the sand, vetches of cream and heliotrope and tufts of pink and white saxifrage nestled among the rocks. In the birch undergrowth lay thickets of wild currant and raspberry, rooted in cool couches of yielding moss.

Most of the butterflies were our own and their cousins: gorgeous purple Camberwell Beauties and busy little Green Hairstreaks, ragged Commas and dawdling Meadow Browns, small Green-Veined and Wood Whites, Orange Tips and Small Tortoiseshells, sombre Ringlets and pearl-speckled Fritillaries. Wherever the

sun flooded through a rift in the gloomy roof of cedar branches they came dancing down to flirt with their gay counterparts of colour who were chained to mother earth by a stalk.

But the taiga was silent. I missed the triumphant bird chorals that rings through our woodlands in May. Only the occasional tapping of a woodpecker or the fluted 'woot-woot, woot-woot' of some unseen songster broke the stillness.

Misovaya lives on familiar terms with the wolves. The old fellow in whose cottage I slept told me that they slink through the village street most winter nights, searching for straying dogs or succulent dust-heaps. I didn't meet any—but a dozen graves in the pretty mountainside garden of the dead had been clawed up not so long ago, and gnawed bones and hanks of hair lay scattered around the fallen wooden crosses.

(Continued on page 836.)

NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE.

By NORMAN HAYES.

The following are extracts from letters written by Miles Sadler, Music Master at Bingley Hall School, to his friend and colleague, Thomas Elmsley, Science Master at the same school. The letters were all written from Monte Carlo.

10th January.

WHAT did the London Specialist say! Just what the School Doctor said! Told me my nervous system was thoroughly upset. Thank goodness his prescription was not one of either potions or lotions, and contained no stupid restrictions as to diet. 'Knock off your work, and forget all about it for three months in some sunny, cheery climate'—that was the prescription.

'What about a quiet little spot on the Riviera?' I ventured to suggest.

'Quiet? Why, in Heaven's name, quiet?'

At this I became suddenly bold. Visions of the Russian Ballet, operas, and concerts passed through my mind.

'What about Monte Carlo?' I said.

For a tantalising moment the old medicine-man considered, and then—'Monte Carlo? Well, why not?' he said, with a chuckle.

Now, after a week's sojourn here, during which I've spent the hours of daylight basking in glorious sunshine, and the evenings in re-tasting something of the pre-war joys of the Russian Ballet, I cordially echo my medical adviser's words, 'Well, why not?'

14th January.

What a life! What a life! If only you were here to enjoy it with me. I'm feeling as fit as a fiddle—as a dozen fiddles! Fiddles, did I say! Ah, my boy, you should just hear the Casino orchestra fiddles in 'The Mastersingers' overture, or in the 'Pathetic' symphony. That's 'some experience, believe me, Bud!' as our friends across the Duck-pond might put it.

I amused myself yesterday for a couple of hours before dinner, in the gaming rooms, watching roulette. Quite entertaining.

16th January.

Mr Miles Sadler, whose ill-health recently gave his many distinguished friends grounds for grave anxiety, is now well advanced on the road to a complete recovery. During the past week his sleep has been peaceful and undisturbed, and he has partaken with enjoyment of solid and liquid refreshment at frequent intervals. No further Bulletins will be issued.

(Signed) { JOHN BUZZFUZZ, M.A.D.
WILBERFORCE PIFFLE, A.S.S.

Permit me, my dear Elmsley, to supplement the foregoing official *communiqué* by saying that as an invalid I am now a positive fraud. As for nerves, I simply don't believe I possess such a thing as a 'Nervous System.' Talking of systems, it's rather pathetic to see the men and women—some look really quite intelligent—who sit round the roulette tables working out their so-called 'systems.' How absurd! Of course it's merely a question of luck—pure and simple—*n'est-ce pas?*

18th January.

Two wet days in succession, and as a consequence I've spent quite a lot of time strolling about among the players in the Casino. I must admit the roulette interests me. Odd thing how certain numbers seem to 'bring up' certain others in their wake. A coincidence, you say? Yes, I suppose so.

20th January.

Talked to a man in the Casino yesterday and mentioned my observations as regards the sympathy that seems to exist between certain numbers on the roulette wheel. He told me that this is a well-known fact. Surely 'fact' is too strong a word! I saw the same chap playing later on, and he won quite a nice little sum on what he called a system of 'numerical affinities.'

23rd January.

Weather continues rather cold and cheerless. Have amused myself by devising a little scheme.

of my own to take advantage of this 'affinity' idea. I tested it at a table to-day without actually staking anything. Had I been playing I should have won 110 francs.

25th January.

Put my system to the test last night and left the Casino the richer by seventy francs.

26th January.

Gave my system another run to-day. Didn't win anything, but left off all square, after being a bit down. Fancy I can tighten up my plan of campaign a little further. We'll see.

1st February.

Glad to get your letter and to know that my promising young pupil Bainbridge acquitted himself so creditably at the organ last Sunday in the School Chapel. . . . As regards your taunt that I made merry in a recent letter about gamblers with 'systems,' my remarks were directed towards those who think they have infallible systems. But to play without any system whatever is sheer folly. Perhaps you will be interested to know that my system brought me in forty francs yesterday and sixty francs to-day.

4th February.

Of course I'll tell you of my losses as well as of my winnings. As a matter of fact, I lost last night—130 francs. No. 25 was the chief cause of my failure. I've always known it was a weak spot in my little game. Must look into it.

6th February.

Can't see how I can profitably cover No. 25, but perhaps it doesn't really matter. To-day I won 110 francs. What nice pleasant chaps these croupiers are—they really seem glad to see one win.

Whom do you think I ran across in the rooms to-day? F. G. Mowbray! Fancy that staid, pompous old chap in such surroundings. I think he read something of the surprise I felt in my look. He told me the sight of these ridiculous gamblers amuses him for an odd hour or two. He doesn't gamble, he says, but occasionally throws on a ten-franc counter 'just to amuse his wife.' I guess his wife's amusement must have been simply hilarious a few minutes prior to his noticing me, as I happened to see him pick up a couple of 'Mille' notes, and quite a varied selection of oval and circular metal and bone tokens, as the result of a winning coup he had just made.

10th February.

Had a long yarn with a gray-bearded old boy in the rooms to-night. He plays roulette on some geometrical figure scheme—stakes out a triangle on each dozen! I really had to laugh—

well, wouldn't you have laughed? Happily, old 'Flight of Ages' (he's a person of very venerable aspect) took no offence; said he thought my amusement was quite natural. All systems to his thinking are equally ludicrous, but his contention is that one must have some system and stick to it.

11th February.

Lost 70 francs yesterday and 130 to-day, but stuck steadily to my system. It's extraordinary how a single 'uncovered' number in a system can trip one up some days. Yesterday and to-day '25' was simply all over the rooms. Near and far the cry was the same. '*Vingt-cinq, rouge, impair et passe!*' until I began to have a sense of positive shame in knowing that this wretched number, so constantly in the public eye, was *uncovered*, and that it was I who persisted in leaving it in so indelicate a state.

Interested to hear about Pethwick and his sister coming out here. My recollection of Pethwick in the old Oxford days makes me fancy he'll feel rather out of his element in this place. His sister was a Girton girl, wasn't she? Yes, certainly I'll look them up on their arrival.

13th February.

Your facetious enquiries after the state of my Nervous Systems duly noted, and they provoked a suitable measure of hilarity on perusal. Thank goodness my physical nervous system is functioning so admirably that it can withstand the rude shocks it has to suffer from the other—to wit, my Roulette System—which still gives me occasional nasty jars.

14th February.

St Valentine's Day, and a silly fancy prompted me to back '14' *en plein*, and to my gratified astonishment up '14' came! First time I've won an *en plein*. An amusing, but rather a 'heady' experience. No more such excursions from the beaten path of a well-ordered system, said I to myself, said I, as I pocketed my winnings. Promptly resumed my system, and would you believe it? up came '25', which happens to be on the opposite side of the wheel to '14.' 'Lot's Wife,' thought I, and a momentary temptation came to me to 'look back' and put a counter once again on No. 14. 'No,' I muttered to myself, 'Pillars of salt defend me!' Have a system and stick to it! Have a system and—

'*Quatorze, rouge, pair et manque!*' the croupier suddenly cried. 'Dash it all, I will have one more shot at it!' I growled, and I staked a louis on '14,' and up came '25'! My dear Elmsley, from then on I was lost for the day so far as orthodox play was concerned. What a shameless gambler's path I pursued, giddily careering

over the board to pick up *en pleins, Chevauz, and Transversales*. Frankly, it was much more entertaining than sticking to a system, and as a result of my dissipated adventures I ended up thirty-five francs to the good.

19th February.

Had a card from Pethwick. He and his sister expect to arrive on the 25th. Asks me to find them rooms in some *quiet* hotel, as he hopes while here to put the finishing touches to a book he is writing on 'Political Economy'! Monte Carlo and Economy! Pity his subject isn't Social Extravagance—then he might have studied it in a dozen entertaining halls of mirth and gladness here.

21st February.

Ran across old 'Flight of Ages' (you remember the patriarchal old boy I told you of previously) last night in the rooms. He was very much grieved when I told him about my St Valentine's Day escapade at roulette. My luck on that occasion, he said, was a grave misfortune, as such experiences invariably lead to subsequent orgies of reckless gambling and thereafter ruin!

'No, no, my dear young man. Play in circles, or squares, or rhomboids—for myself, I prefer triangles—or adopt any other method of play you fancy, but have a system, and *stick to it!*' and then he suddenly added, 'That is, of course, if you really *must* play.'

23rd February.

'Have a system and stick to it!' How absolutely sound old 'Flight of Ages's' advice was. I played my system to-day and won—after several temporary set-backs—140 francs.

25th February.

Pethwick and his sister arrived to-day, and I escorted them to their hotel. He is the same old thing, and looks, well, just as clever as he actually is. Miss P. is quiet, but not shy. One of those people, I fancy, who don't talk too readily, and who don't deal much in 'small talk.' They both like walking, so we may see something of each other from time to time.

28th February.

Your jests about my 'Nervous System' begin to grow rather threadbare. My dear fellow, did I ever say that my system was *infallible*? On the contrary, I've always admitted it had its weakness, due to the indelicate condition of No. 25, which still remains—and I greatly fear must continue to remain—'uncovered.' But is the regrettable immodesty of one member of a community to be allowed to prejudice the blameless virtue and respectability of the remaining thirty-five? Isn't it rather to be hoped that the moral example of the majority will, in time, accomplish its beneficent work and win

back the transgressor to the paths of virtue and propriety? In the pursuit of this glorious missionary enterprise, surely it is my opportunity and privilege to play a tireless and self-sacrificing part?

2nd March.

Had a glorious walk with Pethwick and his sister by the upper road to Roquebrune and over the hills to Gorbio, where we lunched. From there we climbed up to Sainte Agnès and then dropped down into Menton. We had tea at the Menton Casino and *watched* the dancing. Fancy my feelings listening to quite a good little orchestra playing jolly dance tunes, and longing to take the floor all the while. Pethwick told me he doesn't dance—makes him giddy; and from the half-amused look on his sister's face as she watched the dancers, I could guess her thoughts on the subject of One-steps and Two-steps, and what Pethwick calls the various 'menagerie' stunts—Fox-trots, Bunny-hugs and the like.

3rd March.

Life is full of pleasant surprises, my dear Elmsley. Yesterday 'Mademoiselle Vingt-cinq' was a model of propriety, and never once caused me a moment's embarrassment at the tables, and as a consequence I won ninety francs. But you won't guess my latest surprise! The brainy Miss Margaret Pethwick, far from being of her brother's opinion on the subject of modern dancing, is awfully keen on it, and dances supremely well. Last night at the Café de Paris we had some ripping dances together.

'But why didn't we dance together yesterday at Menton?' I asked her.

'I suppose because you never asked me,' she replied with a smile. By the way, she has got quite an attractive smile.

5th March.

Confound Mademoiselle Vingt-cinq! She's nothing but a bold vulgar hussy, and if she continues flaunting herself in the public gaze of the occupants of the gaming-rooms as she did yesterday, I shall be compelled to make a pretty vigorous protest to the authorities. Her shameless indiscretions yesterday cost me 230 francs!

9th March.

No, I wouldn't describe Miss Pethwick as good-looking or pretty, but she is certainly attractive. Dark hair and eyes, pale complexion, and one of those rather large mouths which I always think are so much more expressive than the small variety. Talking of looks, what hard-faced chaps some of these croupiers are. Of course it's their business to rake in your money (or rather counters) when you lose—I lost 110 francs yesterday—but surely they needn't do it with such an air of brutal satisfaction!

14th March.

Miss Pethwick is very keen on music and adores the Russian Ballet, so we've done a couple of concerts together, and spent several very jolly evenings at the Ballet. We are also quietly and systematically sampling all the places where dancing is to be had.

16th March.

Lost 100 francs at the tables to-day, and feel I must now begin to consider my financial situation afresh. I still fancy my system is sound *in the long run*, but is the 'run' a bit *too long* for my purse, now that one is frequenting *Thés Dansants*, Russian Ballets, and concerts, with such pleasurable results! If only I could cover No. 25!

18th March.

I received a characteristic little note from the Head yesterday with kind enquiries as to my health. Ominous solicitude! It foreshadows a recall to scholastic duties, of course, and—my dear Elmsley—the thought of work has become inexpressibly distasteful to me. As a matter of fact, for the last few days I've had a slight return of nerves. Not sleeping too well, and I find myself unaccountably irritable. Went to a cinema a couple of nights ago. Very stupid, I thought it, though some people seemed to find it exceptionally good. Odd how people's tastes differ. I was at the Russian Ballet last night, but for once I found the performance strangely lacking in *verve*. By the way, Pethwick and his sister are away spending a few days at San Remo. Pethwick's idea, I fancy! What restless dispositions some chaps have—must always be on the move!

20th March.

Rain to-day—the first we have had for three weeks, and not a gleam of sunshine. Very depressing!

'Quite a pleasant change, isn't it?' a woman at the hotel said to me.

I confess, my dear Elmsley, this popular notion that there is always and of necessity something desirable about 'a change' strikes me as ridiculous. Presumably this woman came out here like the rest of us to find sunshine. She gets rain and an overcast sky, and promptly talks about 'a pleasant change.' This same female, I may remark, is no mean judge of good wines, and she takes care always to be supplied with the best. I suppose if the *Maitre d'hôtel* gave her a bottle of red ink some day, she would drink it with relish on the theory that it was 'a pleasant change.' Then take a chap like Pethwick. Must push off for a few days into Italy for 'a change,' and he must needs drag his sister along with him, who possibly had no fervent desire to go at all. I had a card from them last night to say that they may return to-morrow.

23rd March.

Rain gone, and glorious sunshine again, and as a consequence, I feel much cheerier and quite fit once more. The Pethwicks returned yesterday. To-day we had a ripping walk. Brother Pethwick was unable to join us as he had to work on his book—and we arrived back in time to have tea and some dancing at the *Métropole*. The Pethwicks enjoyed their trip to Italy, but Miss P. told me she was quite glad to get back to Monte Carlo. 'You see, there was no Russian Ballet at San Remo!' she said.

25th March.

The *Adriatic* anchored in the Bay to-day. What a topping picture a big liner makes when lit up at night—as the advertisements say, 'a veritable floating palace.' After the Russian Ballet to-night, Margaret Pethwick and I sat out on the Casino terrace looking far across the water towards the distant lights of the Italian coast, while close in lay this amazing 'floating palace' in a shimmering pool of light, the reflection of her own gaily-lit deck-sides and portholes.

I suppose the sheer beauty of the scene and of the night affected me in some queer fashion, as I suddenly grew unusually confidential, and, to my surprise, found myself telling Margaret Pethwick all kinds of funny little intimate things about my people and my work. Then, if you please, I must needs babble on and tell her about what you so wittily (?) dub my 'Nervous System.' Of course a clever woman like Miss Pethwick must have thought me every kind of a silly ass, but she didn't say so, and in fact she was jolly nice about it, and asked me to explain the idea to her. Now, my dear Elmsley, what do you think her first comment was? 'But what if No. 25 turns up?'

'If? If? It simply isn't a question of "if"; it's *always* turning up,' I said petulantly.

For a time she studied my little roulette card in her hand, and then she said, 'You might get some one to work the system with you who could look after "25."'

'I wonder,' I replied.

'Yes, what you really want is a *partner*,' she said, and as I chanced to look up at her from the card we were both studying, I encountered that wonderful smile of hers.

I suppose it was the smile that in an instant banished all thought of my blessed 'system' from my mind, but it was surely Margaret's own last words that suddenly told me what indeed I wanted, and had been wanting, unknown to myself, ever since I had first met this dear woman at my side—*A Partner*.

'Margaret,' was all I managed to say, but I have a distinct impression that as I spoke, I took hold of a woman's two hands, and that the woman let me retain my hold.

Now, dear old chap, this is just where I insist on setting down a neat little row of asterisks—so—

* * * * *

Even a best friend, and you are my very best friend, must be left outside the further confidences of that wonderful evening's happenings. One thing remains to be said, and that is, that I count on you to be my best man on a certain eventful day in the not very distant future. I think I ought also to add that Brother Pethwick is awfully nice about it all. He is more than ever tied to his work now—Heaven reward him!

30th March.

Your witticisms during the past eight weeks have been so tireless and painstaking on the subject of a certain roulette system which it has been my good fortune to discover, that it will surely come in the nature of a happy release from your labours to learn that that same 'Nervous System' must henceforth cease to serve as a target for your shafts of wit. To-day my system is no longer a glorious uncertainty, since it has been at last perfected by the opportune advent of Margaret. When I tell you that it was on the 25th of last month that I first met Margaret, and that it was on the 25th of this month that she agreed to become my wife, and when I further add that Margaret will be twenty-five years of age on the 25th of next month—on which same auspicious

date we are to be married—you will surely scarcely ask me if I have at last succeeded in covering No. 25. To-morrow Margaret and I play my system in partnership, once only, for the first and last time, as Margaret thinks gambling is really rather a stupid way of spending one's money.

31st March.

My dear Elmsley,—We played The System to-day. I was responsible for my section of the wheel, and Margaret backed '25' *en plein*; and—will you believe it?—up came '25'!

The laugh with which both Margaret and I hailed the joyous event rather shocked the decorum of the croupiers and officials around, and, I fear, quite upset the geometrical problems closely engaging the attention of my dear old 'Flight of Ages,' who happened to be seated in front of us at the same table.

As we were leaving the Casino I said to Margaret, 'Don't you think we ought to give our system one more run to-morrow morning before we leave for Paris?'

The emphatic manner in which Margaret replied 'No!' convinced me that further discussion was useless. But why this resolute opposition to a safe and certain means of making a fortune, I ask myself?—Yours,

MILES.

P.S.—Perhaps Margaret is right after all. I had quite forgotten that to-morrow will be the First of April—All Fools' Day.

WILD ELEPHANTS IN BURMA.

By an OLD RESIDENT.

I.

NEARLY seventy years have elapsed since Rangoon came under British rule. Laws and regulations for the protection of elephants were soon put in force. It was certainly highly desirable that their extermination for the sake of getting ivory should be prevented. Elephants were also a necessity for the Moulmein teak timber trade then being developed, largely by a class of retired captains of the mercantile marine, who had settled there soon after its acquisition by Sir Archibald Campbell in the first Burmese War of 1826. Rangoon was also captured by him in the first Burmese War, but was given back to the Burman king on the conclusion of peace, and only Moulmein and the sea-board down to Siamese territory in the south were retained by us.

The authorities in India seem to have been ignorant of the comparative value of the two ports. The river Salween, on which Moulmein is situated, is navigable only for some eighty miles from its mouth. Above that a chain of

rocks extending for several miles in the bed of the river makes navigation impossible for even the smallest canoe, though the river is useful for floating timber from the forests which exist far above the rapids. The Irrawaddy from Rangoon is navigable for steamers and large craft for 800 miles to the north, almost as far as the Chinese frontier. Along its banks are some of the largest and most populous towns and villages in the whole province, including Mandalay, which was made the royal capital after the second Burmese War, and Ava, the former capital, now a comparatively deserted village with only a few pagodas left—reminiscences of its former royal magnificence. It is curious that such a mistake should have been made in 1826, for Sir Archibald Campbell had personally seen the advantages which its fine river gave to Rangoon, as he had ascended it with his army, and peace was eventually made at Yandaboo on its banks, at no great distance from the Burmese capital. Perhaps it was hoped that by restoring the most valuable part of our conquests to its former possessor, we should be more likely to

induce the Burmese to live at peace and in friendliness with their powerful neighbour.

For about twenty-seven years there were no overt hostilities. Then their rulers thought the time had arrived when they might safely try again the fortunes of war, and the second Burmese War commenced. This period found India under Lord Dalhousie, who was fully alive to the mistakes committed in the first Burmese War, and determined to avoid them in the second. Rangoon became a British port, and its history since then and the many years of prosperity it has enjoyed emphasise the mistake we made in restoring it in 1826. What remained of Burma under a Burman king was also fortunate in possessing a ruler who kept it at peace for over thirty years, and determined that in his time, at any rate, there should be no more wars with the British. He received Colonel Phayre, the ruler of British Burma, in a friendly spirit, though he could not consent to do so without the Colonel's complying with Burmese custom and removing his shoes when entering the royal palace. In the year of the Indian Mutiny King Mindoon (as his name was) subscribed to the fund for the relief of sufferers, and a few years later he gave a contribution to the first Protestant church erected in Mandalay. He sent his son Theebaw, who succeeded him, to Dr Marks's S. P. G. school. He was a strict Buddhist, however, after the old school, and would allow no reforming of its tenets.

At length this best of Burman kings, of whom there are any records in the last three or four hundred years, died, and there was the usual slaughter in his numerous family of those who might be possible competitors for the throne, in spite of the strong protests of the British envoy. Some saved their lives by escaping to British territory. Theebaw, though he had no prior right to the throne, was chosen as his father's successor. He happened to be married to a strong-minded woman, Supyalat, of royal descent, and she had strict notions of the disadvantages of the wholesale polygamy which had hitherto been the practice of Burman kings. He had to marry her sister in addition to herself; but any other women whom Theebaw fancied were soon put out of the way, and for some time Supyalat was the real ruler of what remained of Upper Burma. Intrigues, interference with trade, and an attempt to fine a British timber corporation £300,000 for alleged defrauding the Burman Government of its revenues on teak taken from its forests, soon brought on the third Burmese War. Within a few weeks of its commencement Theebaw and his queens surrendered to the British commander, and the whole of Burma came under British rule.

Theebaw and his retinue were deported to India, where he has since died. The ex-Queen Supyalat was permitted to return to Rangoon, where she lived as a British pensioner not far

from the famous Shway Dagon Pagoda. If Supyalat could be persuaded in her old age to write her reminiscences, they might give an interesting account of men and things in the early portion of her eventful career.

II.

Upper Burma has long been noted as the home of wild elephants. Before its coming under British rule large captures used to be made in King Mindoon's time by means of *khedda* operations. They have been tried since by the British Government without any great measure of success, and their cost has been very heavy. Both in Upper and in Lower Burma privately worked *kheddas* have been tried and are even now in operation.

The elephant is a most valuable animal, and it is difficult to see how the teak timber forests of Burma could have been worked without its assistance. Steam-worked machinery in some of the larger timber-yards and saw-mills has in a measure displaced elephants in Rangoon and Moulmein, but this would be impossible in the forests, where during the last thirty or forty years the logs have had to be dragged by elephants to the nearest waterway from longer distances every year. And when they reach the waterway the assistance of elephants is again necessary to prevent jamming, and to push them to where they can float to the seaport, either on the Salween or the Irrawaddy. It is not easy to see how machinery could act as an effective substitute for the intelligence of the elephant in such work as this, on uneven ground, at places often a hundred or more feet distant from each other.

Elephants are the largest of living terrestrial mammals. The female commences to breed after fifteen years, and the period of gestation is from eighteen to twenty months. A single young one is usually produced—occasionally two. Up till the middle of the nineteenth century it was generally supposed that domesticated elephants did not breed, and that consequently all that existed were those that had been reclaimed from a wild state. More intimate acquaintance with their habits showed that this was a mistake. In a small village of about fifty houses, where some twenty elephants were kept, principally for transport purposes, though some were occasionally hired to foresters for dragging timber, the writer saw about half-a-dozen small elephants out feeding with their mothers. The males of the herd would feed together in a part of the forest a few hundred feet away from the females and the young ones. The last-mentioned would scamper about between their mothers and the other female elephants, who seemed to take as great interest in their protection as their own mothers did.

Under our system of protection wild elephants

seem to have increased enormously all over Burma. Some steps will have to be taken before long to afford protection to villagers, for, however valuable an animal an elephant may be, the lives of the cultivators who yearly produce food in abundance are of infinitely greater importance to themselves and their families, and also to the State. Some villages in the Katha district have within the last two or three years had to abandon their cultivation owing to the depredations of herds of wild elephants. What they consume for food is a comparative trifle, but they seem to take a malicious pleasure in trampling down and destroying what they cannot consume. In a single night the labour and care of many months is thus brought to naught. The villagers also complain that whilst in former years a herd could be frightened away by the whole village turning out, shouting and beating empty oil tins or cooking pans, this remedy is no longer of use. Mere noise, which was formerly effective, has ceased to be of avail. The elephants have apparently become aware of the fact that the villagers have no guns, and are not easily frightened away without weapons of the kind.

It should be remembered that the Imperial Forest Service has something like 30,000 square miles of country, a large proportion of which is wholly unexplored and destitute of inhabitants. Such an enormous territory affords an excellent and secure breeding-ground for wild elephants, and though they take so long to bring forth their young, a century in such primeval jungle will naturally increase their numbers to an enormous extent.

The Burma Forest Department officials are amongst the complainants, as well as poor cultivators. They say that their young plantations of teak and other valuable trees suffer yearly from the attacks of elephants and other wild animals. If they would confine their depredations to forest reserves and the enormous expanse of uninhabited country the Forest Service has taken up, there would not be so great a ground for complaint. But when they invade and destroy cultivation in old and long cultivated lands something should be done to protect human lives and human industry, which yields food not only for the producers, but also for the export trade of the province. Possibly some British sportsmen might be inclined to try Burma as a field for their operations if they knew that within a short distance of Pegu, forty-eight miles from Rangoon on the railway line, a herd of elephants appeared quite recently in December and very nearly caused the death of a veteran Anglo-Indian hunter who had been out after elephants perhaps twenty times before, and had often succeeded in relieving the villagers of the elephants destroying their crops in the vicinity of a town of 17,000 inhabitants and within fifty miles of Rangoon. On the last

occasion he was charged by a female elephant with two young ones, but succeeded in saving his life by throwing himself into a declivity from the tree under which he was standing. This, no doubt, saved his life at the cost of a broken collar bone and some dislocations. He was carried by his followers to the railway station after the elephants' retreat, and twenty days after the occurrence and treatment in the Rangoon hospital was convalescent again. Except where human life is endangered female elephants are not allowed to be shot in Burma. The rule would seem to admit of some modification where they are so numerous and destroy so much property as they do in Burma.

III.

With almost every article risen in price within the last few years, it would be remarkable if elephants proved an exception. In Burma, where something like 5000 of these useful animals are owned by timber firms and the Government Forest Department, a fully-trained timber elephant is worth Rs. 8000, about double the price which obtained fifteen years ago.

Khedda is the name given to the method of catching elephants in stockades erected for the purpose. There is a regrettable high mortality among the animals captured, and forest officers write that the methods adopted by some of the licensees appear to have been barbarous and cruel in the extreme. During nine months ending 31st March 1920, 751 elephants and 79 calves were captured in Burma; 139 elephants and 14 calves died, and 39 head escaped, whilst 15 were released.

The science of elephant catching by *kheddas* appears to be in a more advanced state in South Tenasserim, where the local Karens are eminently suited to this work, and where unduly cruel methods are not in vogue. The operations are there conducted by erecting a narrow rectangular stockade of stout poles, lashed to as many growing trees as may be available. The stockade, which has a trap-door at the forward end operated in the manner of a portcullis, is invariably erected across the regular tracks along which the herds of from eight to ten usually cross the Siamese frontier and head for the coast. This generally happens about the termination of the rainy season, and continues for several months. From the mouth of the trap-door two long lines of lighter-built stockade are conducted forward for several hundreds of yards at an angle of about 60° to one another, and their inside faces covered up with boughs and shrubs.

The operators wait for a herd to approach along the track, and when, by skilful manipulation, they have proceeded a sufficient distance inside the two arms of the outer stockade, they hasten their entry into the trap by illuminating lines of previously prepared oil lights in their

rear, and, if necessary, to the sides, and by shouting and firing off guns from the required direction. The portcullis is dropped as soon as the operator considers the whole herd has passed into the stockade, or that it would be risky and dangerous to keep it open longer for reluctant or dilatory members of the herd. In some instances licensees build stockades round salt-licks, closing them in their rear when a herd has entered in sufficient numbers.

It has been suggested that stricter inquiries should be made into the capabilities of applicants for licences to capture in *kheddas* before granting these, in order to avoid unnecessary cruelty in the operations. It would seem that in many cases licences have been issued to persons who merely finance the *khedda* operations.

A conservative estimate of the life of timber-working elephants is said to be ten years, and for baggage-carrying elephants twenty years. They are too valuable to be otherwise than humanely treated by owners, and the Government Forest Department takes the greatest care of them. They are fed twice a day, and worked, as a rule, only in mornings and evenings, when the heat is not great. The demand to make good casualties is, however, considerable. When the beasts get too old for service they are either handed over to the Veterinary Department or turned loose in one or other of the more distant reserved forests.

In view of the enormous cost of elephants, it

is thought strange that the officers of the Forest Department do not utilise mules in their stead for carrying baggage. They have been largely employed in all British campaigns for more than a century, and their adaptability for pack transport has been proved over and over again, both in our own and in foreign armies. Wellington used them for commissariat transport in Spain in the early part of last century, when they carried 200 lb. in a mountainous country with bad roads, doing from ten to fifteen miles a day. In the Abyssinian expedition the load was reduced to 100 lb., and they did fifteen miles a day. An elephant is supposed to carry over 300 lb., but when the difference in cost is considered, the mule is the better pack animal. The rate of progress of mules and elephants is about the same. The latter, however, require the services of at least two men each, whilst one man can look after several working mules.

The mule, like the ass, enjoys an extraordinary immunity from disease. After the campaign in Egypt in 1882 it was found that the English horses suffered extensively and severely from a kind of malarial fever, from which the mules, which had gone through the same hardships, were entirely exempt. When we bear in mind that the authorities have had great experience of the value of mules on our Indian frontier, it seems strange that they should be so overlooked by the Burma Forest Department in favour of the costly elephant.

ANTONIO STRADIVARI AND HIS COPYISTS.

By A. J. ASTLE, Author of *The Principles of Golf*.

I.

TO judge by the number of letters forwarded to the writer, it is evident that his article on 'Strad' violins—which appeared in the April 1923 issue of *Chambers's Journal*—has aroused a certain amount of interest. Seventeen readers of the *Journal* wrote to the Editor asking for information concerning instruments owned by them. Every one of the violins in the possession of the correspondents contains a label supposed to be that of Antonio Stradivari, and information as to the genuineness—or otherwise—of the instrument was requested.

In most cases the description of the violin and a reproduction of the label as forwarded by the owner were sufficient evidence to condemn the instrument as a copy. Several of the violins were sent to the writer for examination, but a brief inspection resulted in an adverse verdict.

After the lapse of nearly two hundred years (since the death of Stradivari) it may be taken for granted that almost all, if not all, the genuine 'Strads' have been identified. Any person who is familiar with the appearance of

the real 'Cremona' varnish could scarcely fail to take notice of a genuine specimen of Stradivari's work, even were this to come before his eyes in circumstances the most unlikely. If an amateur of experience happened to be passing a pawnbroker's shop and he noticed a number of violins hanging in the window, one genuine 'Strad' and the remainder ordinary fiddles, his eyes would at once pick out the genuine instrument.

It is always possible—but not probable—that another 'Strad' may come to light after being put away for many years and forgotten. So there may be other readers of *Chambers's Journal* who own, or may come across, a violin labelled 'Antonius Stradiuarius' (or Stradivarius), and would appreciate some suggestions which might enable them to pronounce an opinion as to its claims to be the handiwork of Antonio Stradivari, the greatest of all fiddle makers.

During his lifetime, Stradivari's model was copied by many of his contemporaries, but these copyists inserted their own labels. After his death, the imitation of his violins continued, and sometimes copies of his label were inserted.

It is probable that the intention was to supply as exact an imitation as possible; so, to make the facsimile complete, a copy of Stradivari's label was included.

In such cases the copyist usually placed his own label elsewhere in the interior of the violin, and he is absolved from any attempt to deceive. These may be termed the honest copyists, and, although their work cannot be compared with that of Stradivari, the violins made by them are of considerable value; a good specimen may be worth hundreds of pounds.

To the expert, it is the appearance of the instrument which is the guiding principle, and the label only serves to confirm his opinion. When both the violin and the label are spurious, it usually happens that there is something wrong about the ticket which proves it to be a forgery.

II.

As the demand for violins, and especially for 'Strads,' increased, fiddles were made in large quantities, and these 'trade fiddles,' as they are styled, were fitted up with forgeries of Stradivari's label. Hundreds—probably thousands—of these imitation 'Strads' are in existence, and every one of the violins sent to the writer for judgment belongs to this class.

At the time when these worthless 'trade fiddles' with forged labels were being turned out wholesale, the copyists generally chose a date to put on the label which comes within the period usually considered to be Stradivari's best; that is to say, the labels were dated seventeen hundred and something. Should any reader possess or know of a violin (at present unidentified) which bears a Stradivari ticket dated anywhere between the years 1667 and 1699, the instrument should be examined by an expert; there is a reasonable chance of its being genuine.

Another test. Subsequent to the year 1698 Stradivari printed the first figure of the date only, and filled in the other three figures in his own handwriting. This fact is of importance, since, either through ignorance or carelessness, the forgers generally printed the first *two* figures of the date, filled in the other two with the pen, and made no attempt to imitate Stradivari's very characteristic handwriting. Should the 17 on the label be printed, it may be taken for granted that the ticket is a forgery and the violin an inferior copy.

A Rhodesian correspondent wrote to say that he has a violin with a 'Strad' label, but the name is spelled with a 'v' and not a 'u' as mentioned in the article to which he refers. A reply was sent to him to the effect that, during his lifetime, Stradivari changed the character of his label four times; the last occasion being about the year 1730. Upon this ticket—which is printed with larger and thicker type than his previous labels—he spelled his name (latinised)

with a 'v.' Upon the ticket in the '1727 Strad viola' in the possession of the writer, the name is spelled with a 'u,' so it is obvious that if the name be spelled with a 'v,' the date upon the label must be subsequent to 1727. Such facts afford a further test for genuineness; the style of the ticket, the model and workmanship of the instrument, and the date, must all agree.

III.

In his book, *The Violin*, the late Mr George Hart divides Stradivari's working life into five periods.

The first period (1668-1685) produced violins of rather small model, delicately constructed, and following the pattern of his master, Nicolo Amati. The instruments of this period are made and finished with great care, and are covered with a transparent varnish of a yellow or light orange colour.

The next period (1686-1694) proves that Stradivari was beginning to exercise his power of originality. He flattened his model somewhat, and in the carving of his heads (scrolls) he followed the dictates of his own fancy.

The period between 1695 and 1700 produced the model known as the 'Long Strad.' This type of violin has a slightly longer body than have his earlier instruments, but the narrower width gives it the appearance of being longer than it really is.

During the year 1700, Stradivari appears to have realised his powers, and produced a design essentially his own, and this has not been equalled by any other maker. To this model—with slight modifications—he adhered right up to the end of his career. From 1700 onwards, his instruments vary in detail, but no further drastic alterations are manifest.

In the year 1704, Stradivari made the 'Betts' Strad, one of the best-preserved and most perfect instruments in existence. This violin rivals the famous 'Messie' Strad both in beauty of appearance and wonderful state of preservation. Many years ago, this violin was sold over the counter to a London dealer, a certain Mr Betts, and the price paid was one guinea. The value of this violin to-day would not be less than three thousand pounds.

For beauty of wood, exquisite workmanship, and quality of varnish, the violins produced between the years 1712 and 1716 are perfect specimens of Stradivari's work. The 'Dolphin,' the 'Messie,' the 'Cessol,' and the 'Emperor' were all made during this period.

Through the early 'twenties' of the eighteenth century, Stradivari made no change in his model, yet there is a marked difference between the instruments of that period and those made only a few years earlier. The delicate lines and rounded curves give place to an outline which is somewhat 'rugged,' and the general appearance of these violins is more massive.

During the late 'twenties' and early 'thirties' of the eighteenth century, Stradivari's work was subject to another characteristic which assists in establishing the date. Stradivari's fingers were losing their certainty of touch, and the outline of these violins is still more square in appearance. A typical violin of his last period is the 'Munts' Strad, dated 1736, in which year Stradivari attained the age of ninety-two. When cutting out the groove for the purfling (the inlay round the edges of a violin), it is obvious that Stradivari's hand was unsteady, and his graving-tool often slipped and cut outside the line. This violin is evidently the work of a very old man, yet almost up to the day of his death Stradivari continued to labour, and only when the call came to him to pay the debt of nature did he forsake his beloved work-bench.

IV.

It is the appearance of a 'Strad' which appeals to the eyes of an expert, and more especially does he take notice of the varnish. Not one of Stradivari's imitators has succeeded in preparing and applying a varnish which is comparable with that of the master, and the most noticeable feature in connection with Stradivari's varnish is its perfect transparency. The colour of his different instruments varies from a yellow to a dark red, but the special characteristic is the way in which the varnish brings out the grain and markings in the wood. The waves and curls in the sycamore wood used for the backs and sides of Stradivari's violins glitter through the varnish, and the effect of the thicker coats which remain on instruments in a fine state of preservation is to emphasise rather than to veil these markings.

Some authorities—including Charles Reade, who was both fiddle-lover and popular author—contend that Stradivari used two kinds of var-

nish, one description for the first coats, and another for the finishing coats. Others are of opinion that only one kind of varnish was used, and believe that Stradivari applied coat after coat of a varnish prepared with pure gums and linseed oil; the colour being determined by the proportion of a dark red gum included in the mixture.

It so happens that the 'Strad' viola in the possession of the writer has a unique feature which tends towards the establishment of the theory that Stradivari varied the general colour of his varnish, and not only that of the finishing coats.

Upon the 'table' of the viola, between the left-hand edge and the finger-board, is an undissolved speck of the deep-red gum used by the master to colour his varnish. The general colour of the viola is bright orange, and the speck of red gum shines through the coats of varnish like a ruby.

If any reader possesses, or knows of an instrument, be it violin, viola, or violoncello, which contains a label supposed to be that of Stradivari—or without such a label—and is aware of something unusual about the appearance of the varnish, especially in the way of transparency, the matter is worthy of investigation by an expert. It is possible that another 'Strad' may be identified and added to the list of the genuine specimens of Stradivari's work which are known to exist.

At the present time, many amateurs and professionals are busily engaged in making violins, but they are copyists of the old masters, and especially of Stradivari and Guarneri del Gesù. Many years will have to run their course before it can be established that these violins will bear the test of time, and prove that the instruments of recent date can be compared with those constructed with such loving care by Antonio Stradivari of Cremona.

A CHILD OF THE STONE AGE.

PART II.

V.

THE man and woman had followed the tragedy with interest. Now they looked at each other and grinned with pleasure, for below them lay the materials of a feast such as they had never enjoyed in their lives. But as they started to climb down they saw that already the odour of blood had begun to attract others. Out of the bushes stole timidly a prick-eared, reddish animal with bushy tail, a wild dog that, glancing anxiously around and seeing no danger, rushed at the carcass of the calf and began hurriedly to tear it to pieces.

With a grunt of rage the man above drew a sharp-edged circular flint from his pouch and

hurled it with such force at the intruder that, striking the dog on the head, it cut deep into the skull. With a terrified yelp the bleeding animal sprang back and bolted howling into the undergrowth. Then the couple in the tree descended quickly; and, reaching the ground, the man drew out his knife, formed of a long flattish flint, one edge chipped sharp, the other round, thus fitting into the palm of the hand. With this he hacked off strips of flesh from the calf, crammed a lump into his mouth and bolted it voraciously, and threw some to the woman. Squatting beside the carcass, they tore off and devoured the raw meat like the starving beasts that they were.

Too absorbed to think of anything but

satisfying their hunger, they never sensed the stealthy approach of the fierce beast that on velvet paw stole upon them through the dense cover. Bursting out of it with a swift rush, it sprang on the man as he leapt in alarm to his feet. He was hurled violently to the ground on his back, the spears dropping from his hand; and the brute, its sharp claws buried in his flesh, stood over him with open mouth.

It was that most terrible of all killers, the sabre-toothed tiger. From the upper jaw the sharp canine fangs that gave it its name curved down inches long below the lower jaw. Holding its prey down, it glared savagely at the terrified woman, then lowered its head to sink its formidable teeth in its victim and tear his throat open. The wretched man, crushed and helpless under its weight, felt all the bitterness of death. He gave himself up for lost.

A miracle happened. When the man was hurled to earth the deer-skin bandoliers that he wore had been displaced by the violence of his fall, and the hairy pouch flung up on his neck and chest; and the tiger's fangs snapped on the bag full of flints, instead of closing on his yielding flesh.

With an angry snarl the brute opened its jarred jaws and raised its head. And as it did so the woman, desperate at her man's fate, dashed wildly forward and with all her strength thrust her spear into its throat. The weapon, driven with the force of her weight behind the blow, sank deep into the tiger. With a coughing roar it struck at her with its great paw. As she staggered back the stroke all but missed her, yet enough of its force reached her to fell her, half-senseless, to the ground.

The wounded tiger reared up on its hind legs, striking at the spear lodged deep in its throat, then leapt away and flung itself in agony to the ground, blowing blood and froth from mouth and nostrils. Coughing, spluttering, howling in pain, it rolled over and over, breaking the shaft off short, but only driving the spear-head deeper into the wound, from which the blood spurted like a fountain. Then, moaning, it crawled away into the undergrowth to die.

The amazed man scrambled to his feet and sprang like a monkey into the nearest tree, forgetting the woman who had saved him. She, lifting her aching body painfully from the ground, stumbled to a gnarled oak near her, and strove to drag herself up into safety. But so shaken was she that she failed again and again; and only after subsiding helplessly on the earth and lying there again almost unconscious for a time did she recover sufficient strength to enable her to climb the tree and crawl slowly through the branches back to their miserable repair, where she found the man stanching his wounds with chewed leaves.

He greeted her only with an inarticulate grunt, and continued his task, as she sank on the platform of sticks of their frail dwelling.

That night her son was born.

VI.

There is little ease or rest for the new-made mothers among wild animals or savages; and there was no more for the woman in that early age in England. This one was allowed no repose; for on the first day of her child's life she had to bind the infant on her back with deer-hide thongs and set out to find food, not only for herself, but for her man, who, although his hurts were but slight compared with what she had suffered, considered himself too ailing to hunt and lay at home groaning miserably. So, carrying the baby, she had to forage for their meal, looking for birds' nests in the trees or climbing down cautiously to the ground to gather nuts or search for snails, the larvæ of beetles, caterpillars, anything that would serve as food. Ever on the alert against a sudden attack from wild beasts, she moved always in fear of her life, which now she felt to be more precious because of the babe on her back.

When she returned to their shelter—to be greeted with a grumble from her companion, dissatisfied with the fare that she brought him back—she squatted on the rude flooring with her child clasped to her bosom, crooning to him and talking to him in the mother-language that is older than speech. For the first time in her life she felt pleasure in an existence that had hitherto been so difficult and joyless for her, for she now had something to love.

Stern as life was for the babe, he flourished like the hardy little animal that he was. Bound naked on his mother's hairy back, he accompanied her everywhere and took his share of the risks that she ran daily in the struggle to exist. The instinct of the wild told him from the beginning to be silent as he was carried high up in the trees or down on the ground, when his parents hunted for food or fled in terror from the pursuit of some murderous beast. From his birth he never cried; and, on the many occasions on which they were forced to hide suddenly and lie quaking with fear until some danger passed by, he never needed the mother's restraining hand over his mouth to keep him from uttering a sound that might betray them all to their death. Lying on the flooring of the shelter, he remained for long hours silent and still, like all babies seeming to be trying to puzzle out the reason for his existence. On his mother's lap he gazed up at her with a smile always; and her ape-like face was transfigured with the beauty of maternal love as she caressed him tenderly.

The father paid little heed to him; although, as the days passed, he used to stare at him with puzzled curiosity, as if the boy were of some

strange species. For the child differed from its parents in that its head was rounder, with a higher brow and crown that left room for a bigger brain than theirs; his features were handsomer and his chin more marked. In fact, although his skin was hairy, he resembled the apes less and modern human beings more; and when he grew old enough to walk he did so on straight legs and erect. In reality he was of an improved, of a higher type; but to his parents he seemed to be somewhat deformed, and his mother sorrowed in secret over his defects, although she fiercely denied to her husband that there was anything wrong with the boy.

His health was good, and he suffered little from infantile ailments. But the perils of the wild menaced him always; and his life was nearly cut short before he was three months old. His parents had wandered away from the river to uplands where the forest thinned and was dotted with patches of open country. There were grassy downs over which herds of three-toed horses, small shaggy beasts with beards and stiff manes, of antelopes, and of deer roamed. Tigers, cave-lions, bears and hyenas, as well as packs of wolves and of dogs, preyed on them.

Here in the open the man and woman needed to be as little encumbered as possible when they looked for scraps from the feasts of these dread slayers, or tried to kill the young of the harmless animals for themselves. For in their case the hunter might easily become the hunted, if any beast of prey caught sight of them. As they would then have to trust to their fleetness of foot they must be little burdened.

They had built an uncovered platform high up in an oak on the edge of the forest; and before going from it to hunt over the downs they used to strip themselves of anything that might hamper them if forced to flee. One day, as usual, the woman had left the baby tied on the platform by strips of deer-hide; and the man discarded one of his two spears, leaning it point upwards against a branch. Then they started out, always keeping near the edge of the forest in order to be able to take refuge in a tree if attacked.

Luck was with them, for the man soon succeeded in spearing a fawn as a herd of deer passed by the bushes in which he was concealed. Here was food enough for two days; so the couple at once turned their steps homeward. They came in sight of their tree, and the woman shrieked and ran madly towards it. Over the tree circled a great bird, with cruel, curved beak and clenched claws drawn up to its breast, planing on wings fifteen feet from tip to tip. Even as the mother rushed forward it swooped down on the baby, falling like a stone straight for the platform. But just as

its sharp talons were extended to seize its prey it met its fate, for it impaled itself on the point of the upright spear, which, with the force of the great bird's weight, was driven deep into its breast. Its fluttering wings caught on the boughs above the platform, and the struggling eagle was held suspended by them and the weapon a few feet above the sleeping child. It was dead before the wild-eyed mother could climb to the shelter and snatch up her baby, amazed and delighted to find him untouched.

VII.

Throughout his infancy the same good fortune attended him. He was luckier than the children that his mother bore after him; the next two lived only a few weeks, and the third cost her life and died with her.

So before the boy was four years old he had to depend solely on his father, who had developed a surly affection for him and tended him in a rough fashion on which the youngster seemed to thrive. He grew up hardy and active; and by the time that he was twelve he could climb like a monkey and outrun his parent after a deer—and slay it, too, with the light spear that his father had made for him.

They led a solitary life; for in that remote age the population of Britain was very small indeed. The widely-scattered inhabitants, tree-dwellers and hunters like themselves, were the descendants of the few survivors who had been left on the mountain-tops when the land was almost totally submerged, or of those who had fled to the south when the ice had covered the rest of the country; or else they were immigrants who had made their way over the narrow isthmus that joined Britain to France.

So it was seldom that the father and son saw other human beings; and these were chance individuals or families leading a life as isolated as their own. Men did not war with each other in those days, and those the couple met were not hostile. It was only in these meetings that they needed names—Artan, the man called himself, Koto the boy.

The years went by, every day spent alike in the search for food, and marked only by fresh perils, which the two accepted as the usual order of existence. Once on the banks of the Thames the father was nearly eaten by a crocodile. Another time Koto all but died in the coils of an enormous serpent.

Danger met them everywhere. Even in the trees they were not safe. In the boy's fifteenth year they narrowly escaped death in an encounter high above the ground. They were making their way through the upper branches when they saw two hairy monsters which looked like large copies of themselves, squatting on the bough of an oak near them, plucking the acorns. They were gigantic apes, far larger than the gorillas of to-day, and of a savage and quarrel-

some disposition. Their kind was fortunately rare in the Thames Valley; but Artan, knowing what terrible antagonists they were, tried to hide, and signalled to his son to do the same.

It was in vain; the apes had seen them. They stood for a moment upright and drummed on their immense chests with their hairy fists, roaring loudly, then swung through the branches to the attack. Artan would have dropped to the ground and trusted to his legs if he could, knowing that in a hand-to-hand struggle these brutes could pluck spears or clubs from the strongest man as easily as he would disarm a child.

But the apes were below them. He and his son were carrying three javelins each, their only weapons. When one of the hairy monsters was directly beneath him the man hurled a javelin with all his force at it. Its head was bent forward, and the point took it in the nape of the neck, just where the spine enters at the base of the skull. The blow was mortal. The ape collapsed, and its heavy carcass fell crashing through the boughs, and struck the earth with a dull thud.

But its mate leapt back into another tree, and then came at him on the same level. Artan threw a second javelin at it; but the brute caught it in mid-air, snapped it with one great paw, and flung it aside. Another met with the same fate; and if Artan had been alone his fate was sealed. But when the ape was occupied in catching the flying weapon it did not see Koto, who was on a higher branch, aim a javelin at it. The point pierced its throat, severing the jugular. Spouting blood, the ape staggered, clung desperately to a bough, slowly relaxed its grip, then dropped lifeless, its body falling across a lower bough and hanging inert there.

VIII.

But even without constant peril from wild beasts men did not live long in those days, for the hard struggle for existence exhausted them. So with the passing years Artan began to age. He used to grumble at the cold, and complain that the climate was changing, that the sun gave less heat than when he was young.

He was right. Another glacial period was dawning for northern Europe, and the ice was slowly spreading south from the polar regions.

At that epoch men knew nothing of clothing or of fire. As with the brutes, their hairy hides had to suffice them for warmth. But for many generations they had not had to reckon with such cold as now gripped England. Old people naturally felt it more than the young, and Artan suffered greatly. Crippled by rheumatism and prematurely aged, he was seldom able now to accompany his son in the chase. Koto, loving his father—an unusual virtue in the world of that day—grieved when he saw his misery as he crouched shivering on

cold nights on their airy platform, and wondered how to help him. Chancing, one day when an icy wind was blowing, to notice what warmth it gave him when he wrapped around him the skin of a deer that he had just killed and flayed, it occurred to him that something of the sort might keep his father warm. He thought about it until it ended in his making for Artan the first clothes that had ever been worn in that part of the world.

Similarly, when he killed a hyena in its lair, in a rugged height that to-day is Richmond Hill, it struck him that the beast's dry cave would be a pleasanter and warmer shelter for his aged parent than a tree. So he brought his father to live in it, and they became the first cave-dwellers. But Artan did not enjoy his new residence long; and Koto, now a man of twenty, felt very lonely in the big cavern after his father's death.

In the forest below the hill lived a family of tree-dwellers, whom Koto often watched from the entrance to his cavern. One of the members of it was a young female, well-formed and not uncomely, in spite of her hairy skin. Once or twice he had come suddenly upon her gathering berries and roots in the woods, and at sight of him she had fled in apparent terror, which the slowness of her flight, and a lingering backward glance, somewhat discounted. It seemed to him that she might prove a pleasanter companion in the cave than Artan.

So the girl began to find gifts of fish and flesh, of honey and wild fruits, laid in her path, and once a strange object which she snatched up more eagerly and examined with deeper interest. It consisted of a number of prettily-coloured shells pierced and strung on a strip of deer-hide—the first necklace, the first ornament ever made for a woman in Britain. She instinctively realised its use and hung it about her throat.

While she was knotting it she was suddenly seized from behind, lifted from the ground, and carried rapidly away towards the hill. And, as she was borne helplessly along, pressed against a strong man's breast, she looked up into Koto's face—and forgot to scream to her family for help.

THE END.

ON THE LANDING OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AT LEITH.

LEITH, and a driving rain along the pier,
A princely galleon, and the gathering cheer
Of countless loyal hearts for one whose heart
Was still in France—not here.

Leith, and a bitter wind on that fair brow,
A salt sea-welcome, turned most bitter now
In thy sad memory, poor hapless child,
We well remember how.

W. L. FERGUSON.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday*.

NOW is the time for telling tales; little ones, fireside tales. No time is this for ugly stories such as often fill the papers in these times—tales which, true as they may be, are hot and sticky from the law courts, tales of crime, murder, cheating in many forms, and misery of every kind, seeming to be promoted by a sort of principle that no news is good news unless it is bad news. The soft and kindly-tempered social atmosphere of Christmas has a purifying, a simplifying action on the minds and moods of most of us. Harshness of competition is suspended, the strain of life relieved, materialism and worldliness are lessened for a while, and fears neglected. In the peculiar exaltation that arises, the almost exaggerated friendliness exerted on every side, furthered by pleasing hospitality, soft music in the air, big fires, busy enthusiasm in the kitchen departments, and, specially, the bounding vitality of the children, what is sentimentally romantic in us is stirred as at no other time. Simplicity, domesticity, sentimentality, and romanticism are factors working keenly on the psychological situation. And there is a glow of religion, with imagination and a tendency to harmless superstition. The local or family ghosts emerge from empty spaces, and their tragic histories are told. These, anyhow, are the worst of the season's tales, ending on an awesome note. The others comprise the histories of a number of princes of the 'charming' class, adorable beauties of loveliest innocence, slayers of giants, feline creatures shod in boots like humans, the marvellous adventures of great Crusoe, and best of all, perhaps, in being most closely attached to sentiments concerning the impossible, the achievements of Aladdin. Fine tales they are, and could not be better told than as we all have heard them in our time, by the fireside in the nursery, and then on afternoons or nights of gala, in the elaboration of the gorgeous pantomime. In the disordered, hectic condition of the world there has been a decline even of the old pantomime, in which were retold the famous stories of soft beauty with adventurous chivalry, and, for climax, the sparkling success of love and good against evil most demigod, presented viciously with forked tails

and lightning. An idea is entertained that people now do not believe in anything, and therefore cannot even attune themselves to these delicious fancies any more; while, for the tranquil fireside of home the jazz-banding dances of hotels are often substituted. This, anyhow, is the children's loss; and, as we believe that the old people who shuffled off from earth before the dawn of this present century had, in a general way, the best time ever gathered from this world, so, perhaps, the children of thirty or forty years ago had the serenest experiences for the youngest folks.

* * *

A philosophic company, lately discussing points like these, was positive that the boys of that period had more satisfying pleasures than their post-war successors of to-day. They, too, were less feverish, more practical, and though youth has always a simple, earnest faith in the future, it was more real in Victorian days than now, when the uneasiness of the fathers has had some hereditary repercussions on the sons. The boys of that golden age, for whom the airships of Jules Verne were wonders of the fancy purely, and not the plain and threatening facts of the present time, had a better enjoyment in the tales of Fenimore Cooper, Talbot Baines Reed, Captain Marryat, and the others of such kin who stacked their shelves; and they were keener on making things, models of many kinds, and in acquiring peculiar manners of craftsmanship. They were the owners and breeders of pigeons and rabbits—they 'kept' them, as was the term—and, looking back, are we not sure that certain human virtues were cultivated by this practice of intimate, personal sympathy with those tame dumb creatures? For myself, I made things. I kept in succession rabbits, pigeons, and a dog, and when they died they had state-funerals, and were interred in my own small garden, with tombstones at their head and flowers upon the fresh-laid soil, while the home-made banner, coloured with crayons on a piece of calico—the same that was flown on exulting days when our father homeward came from travels—hung at half-mast from the six-foot stick that was really a piece of garden cane. In this private cemetery were also laid to rest certain robins and sparrows

found lifeless in the garden during such winters of snowy severity as somehow do not seem to happen now. Their bodies were enclosed, with some appropriate written statements of date and circumstances, in tin canisters, and all these proceedings were of such tender spirit that, in retrospect, one wonders at the goodness of those signs of childhood and laments the failure, in whatever measure it may be, of the promise that was made. Upon inquiry I cannot find that the young of to-day preoccupy themselves with any such affairs, nor that they build huts for themselves, with fires to warm their bodies—marvelling delightedly that smoke should ascend their chimneys—nor enjoy such rude comforts as thus they might create for themselves, better than the more ordered pleasures of the real home. Perhaps, in their advanced knowledge, they put away the childish things before the proper time. No longer do they believe the old impossibilities that made a charm of childish credulity. I doubt if the youngest now accept the old-time explanations of storks and cabbage bushes to account for the advent of babies, whose arrival helps to joy and wonder in the household. Parents inform me that their tender offspring now openly deride the declarations made to them on the eve of Christmas concerning the most gracious Santa Claus and his manner of midnight coming, a sack of pleasures on his back, by way of the chimney. They demand instead delivery of the goods in the plain manner of parental gift beforehand, with threat, in case of non-compliance, of keeping vigil until the moment of the stealthy and deceitful packing of the stockings hanging on the beds.

* * *

This is unfortunate. One might argue seriously that it is not even for the good of the country and the people. Again the War has been the cause. The new scepticism of elders has insidiously percolated through to the fresh minds of childhood and youth. Cinemas, aeroplanes, the wireless radio, and such achievements, leave small room for imagination upon vaster wonders, for here are the mysteries and the impossibilities all brought home in a cardboard box. What more evidence should we need that all childhood has been metamorphosed in precise accordance with the spirit of this material age than the strange affair of a small American boy, nine years old, Jackie Coogan his name? He was received with screaming cheers by thousands of Londoners the other day, and the women, as usual, fought to get near to him, because he is the most popular and successful juvenile cinema performer, and thus early in his artistic career has earned the equivalent of something like a quarter of a million sterling. Master Coogan graciously expressed his pleasure at the reception accorded him, and subsequently inquired upon the value in American money,

according to the current rate of exchange, of a German note for some thousands of millions of marks with which he had been presented. Upon a sage so acute, the 'King of Kids,' as he is called, this is a thinnish kind of joke to play. At nine years of age Master Coogan has received a public welcome from London of a magnitude not accorded to victorious generals or soldiers home from the war, and the world has lavished upon him riches that it gives not to generals and heroes—gives to none except prize-fighters. As an artist Master Coogan may pleasantly reflect, when old enough to think, that in reception and fortune he has achieved infinitely more than the artists, the poets, the musicians that our country has produced, their mortal remains resting in the national shrine. These men, indeed, famous in their way, no doubt, good and great according to the pre-cinema standards of the multitude, had no receptions, and less of fortune than Master Coogan will acquire by one new film. They crept into their London quiet and unattended, and their living was often of a modest sort, because London gave them few riches, while the United States had, perhaps, not been invented, and 'international rights,' which account for some of Jackie's quarter-million, would have had no meaning for them. How can our nine-year-olds believe in Santa Claus, knowing of this gorgeous production in juvenile materialism, this Jackie Coogan! Aladdin, indeed, they may accept for experiment and investigation with a view to fetching him along from wonderland to rich reality. We who believe in the old things, like old times and friends, feel that the young are not better for the transformation of their conditions. Is not something in the nature of a revivalist movement among the children needed!

* * *

Two sorts of tale-telling are better than the rest when the voice is used and emotion touched by ambient and circumstance. One is when it is six or seven of the evening, and the children are night-gowned beside the fire, and the mother, in the voice and manner with which Heaven endows mothers only, and for these occasions, spins such a versed yarn as that of the fine lady who, on her white horse, so well caparisoned, rode to Banbury Cross, or of the pigs that went to market while others stayed behind, or the further legends of those bewitched years. And the other kind of story-spinning brings one back from the earliest of life's memories to the latest, for very recently I was perched sometimes on a ledge of rock on various afternoons between five and six listening to the most remarkable public tale-telling in the world, in the most romantic setting. I was the only European among perhaps two hundred Arabs who daily made a special assembly of themselves, and seemed

almost to constitute a veritable church at a point just outside the walls of Fez, near—significantly near, as I thought sometimes—to the Bab Guissa, which was the scene of most bloody fighting between the French and Moors at the time of the native revolt against the French in 1912. Few Europeans come through this gate; it is off the tourist's and the official beat, and the guides seldom tell their patrons of what happens there every afternoon, though to me it was the most charming living scene in old romantic eastern Fez. The tale-tellers of Morocco are a feature of the country. They are to be found in most of the big towns, usually conducting their sittings in the souks or near to one of the 'babs,' or big gates, with natives of all sorts and ages squatting round them in a wide circle, listening intently, absorbed, enchanted, as the tale-teller, in a soft, persuasive tone, echoing something of the glamour of the histories, drones on for an hour or two at a time. It is often the same teller in the same place until he dies, and about his succession there is something of the careful selection and importance of an imperial change. A remarkable old tale-teller sits in the big native place at Tangier. I first listened to him there more than twenty years ago, and now, leaning heavily on his stick, he is almost blind, but spins his romantic yarns of adventures among sultans and spirits with a suavity more mellow than before. Each city has special character in its story-telling and tellers. At Saffi, along the coast, the Saffi so nicely ordered with a peculiar charm of delicate colouring, I find the tale-tellers always standing and rather vigorous, gowned like professors, in soft shades of green and quiet mauve. Down in the wild, half-barbaric Djemma El Fna at Marrakesh, the most bewildering, uncouth, fascinating public place in all the world I know, savage with some thin elements of civilisation hanging on to it more or less by force, there are many tale-tellers, with particular audiences for each, and the stories that are told are rawer and have little to do with fairies.

* * *

But outside the Bab Guissa, there is an ancient charm about the scene that one might expect of classic Fez. Here walls and ramparts, something between one and two hundred feet in height, are crumbling, and just at this spot there were long ago some excavations among old palace ruins, while around are huge mounds and boulders ascending to heights above where a Mussulman cemetery is laid. In the fading distance are fields and olive groves. A grand, half-natural amphitheatre is thus formed in a corner, and the tale-teller sits himself on the level floor below his audience distributed in units promiscuously upon the mounds, the boulders, and bits of the ruins, while some are perched high on the tops of the walls, on craggy points,

some stretched their length on ledges, all making up a scene that does not correspond to any ordinary human manner. My imagination is touched with a fancy of old fables, wherein birds and beasts assembled for conferences upon their affairs. The company gathers here shortly before five o'clock. They come ambling through the Bab Guissa in ones and twos, with a slow solemnity as of those proceeding to a place for religious rites. They select their favourite spots for sitting. The younger Arabs close up in a half-circle near to the place where the story-teller will establish himself, and patiently they wait. Presently the old man, Ham Dris, plods up the hill, bearing the solemn dignity of a high priest, and, as he seats himself, the low, slow chattering among the people, attired in their brown jilabas and white burnous, assorted in their strange and several coigns, is hushed. Ham Dris, facing the ruins and the towering walls, wears a loose jilaba striped in gray and white, a big turban bunched upon his head, and his face is brown-skinned and white-bearded, grave but kindly. Before he begins, the gherrab or water-seller threads among the listeners, creeps along the boulders, climbs the rocks, and from his pig-skin draws a metal cupful for the thirsty who offer him the coin. Then, after the preliminaries, mostly in silence, Ham Dris makes a movement and sets attention to intensity. He holds his hands together in front of him. Expectation strains. And then he begins in his low, mellifluous voice, slowly at first, then less slowly, and soon he warms to the romance he tells. With clear accent his voice carries over the mounds and rocks across to the warm, red walls and to the broken tops, along which the setting sun slants golden bands. From every point we can hear him well; I have tried them nearly all. No other sound is to be heard, save somewhere in the far distance the faint notes of a musette played by an Arab boy in a field of corn, as I have seen and heard him out there sometimes, the sound now floating here like a murmur of the pipes of Pan. In a very few minutes the first tale is finished, another short one follows, and then we enter upon the grand romance which holds us to the end. After a while there is an interval. The venerable Ham Dris, rising from his seat, meanders over the mounds and up the rocks to chat with some of his elder friends, the gherrab draws more water for the thirsty, and now a seller of sweet stuff moves in and out, and in a low corner by the wall there is smoke and fire, Moorish tea-making rites being thus engaged. This is an all-Arab function; it is not a place for Europeans. At first I held myself at a distance with proper wisdom and respect, but I returned often, approached timidly, made some friends, and showed myself respectful and appreciative. Eventually I seemed to be admitted to the community, Ham Dris smiled a welcome to me,

and one day, on rising for the interval, he came over and sat by me, told me some of the secrets of his tale-telling, the ages he had done it, the question of succession, and many other things. Then he returned to complete the sitting, and afterwards, in the gathering violet gloom, we crept through the Bab Guissa and home again.

* * *

You may wish to know, perhaps, what kind of tales they are that Ham Dris tells. Children should like them, but in the present taste of modern Britain they might not be considered much of tales. Generally, eager and adventurous youth, by ruse and strength, is getting the better of the spirits of evil, called djinns, which are everywhere. Robbers enter the apartments of a princess, but, by dexterity and artful tricks, she overcomes them, and brings them to utter discomfiture. That was the opening tale one night. Followed the story of a young Mohamed, who called at a house for a drink of water, and was told by the woman there that no water could be had, since the chief of the djinns was holding himself by the banks of the adjacent stream and hindering all from approaching. The hero boldly strode out there, grappled with the djinn, and drowned him, as it seemed, though one did not imagine a djinn could be really drowned. At least, he was made to disappear suddenly, and water was restored to the house. Our company was immensely enthusiastic upon this little tale. The next story was in the nature of a grand, long epic, comprised of many twining versions upon a familiar theme. Young Hamid is poor and all forlorn. By some chance he attracts the attention of a courtier, and is

admitted in a lowly capacity to the sultan's service. Becoming well favoured, he exhibits bravery and skill, he leads an army, and lo! in time he seeks the hand of a princess, the sultan's daughter, in marriage. And then, naturally, some trouble begins, as it must if there is to be a story, although the sultan is not wholly averse to the pretensions of young Hamid, grown so handsome, now so bold, immensely useful to the state. The princess sighs as a princess should. Meetings happen that were forbidden. But at last some problem of a trial and the quest of a ring arises, and Hamid marches off to far countries, here and there, adventures all the way. On and on, through risk with skill, overcoming the djinns in every place, and the languishing princess for remembrance always. The tale was not finished at my last attendance; it possessed the essential qualities for long continuance, after the manner of the cinema dramas, in many parts. Perhaps I shall hear it again when I return, but leastways I know that Hamid would surely triumph, and that no djinn or devil would ever overcome him. Yet I have certain fears about the sultan and the princess. These sultans are unreliable, and sometimes even the princess is a wretched little minx. It would surprise me little to hear from Ham Dris the dismal truth that when Hamid, weary but glorious, and with bounding hope, at length reached the palace again, he heard nothing that was to his advantage, but faced cruel and maybe mortal suffering. For, after all, Morocco is the same always, djinns or not. Romantic is Morocco, with rare beauties of scene and act like this, but it is cruel always, harshly, terribly, inhumanly cruel. Remember that.

THE DEEP HOLE OF SIBERIA.

PART II.

IV.

OFF Misovaya a few miles lies the deepest abyss of Baikal. If you glance at the map you will see that the Olkhon Island, running out from the west, and the mountains of Sviatoi Nos (Holy Cape), on the east, form a line of division that threatens to cut the lake in two. They very nearly do, in fact, for the intervening water is shallow and a submerged reef links them up. North of this barrier the greatest depth is only slightly more than 200 feet. South lies the abyss.

Small wonder that until not many years ago this strange inland sea had the reputation in the country around of being bottomless in parts! Even Siberian fishermen, a leisurely breed, balked at pulling up hundreds and hundreds of yards of line every time they thought they felt a bite. Fishermen do not

habitually carry a mile of tackle—the south trough of Baikal runs to more than a mile. No extensive scientific attempt to secure reliable soundings was made until the summer of 1896, when the Russian Government equipped an expedition under the leadership of Drizhenko, a naval officer. It sailed bravely out on the good ship *Innokenti*, and promptly lost its costly Danish deep-sea sounding apparatus, with most of the wire, while taking its very first depth. It had to put back to port to rig up another.

The expedition sailed all round the shores of the lake, taking soundings, checking up old maps and making several new determinations of latitude and longitude, and magnetic observations. Dr Dybowski and M. Godliovski, Polish political exiles, had already found, some years previously, by sounding through a hole in the ice, a depth of 747 fathoms, and since then

an engineer, Bogoslavski, had taken a sounding of 791 fathoms. With the exception of the deltas of the Selenga and a few other rivers, and the vicinity of the small Ushkanwi Islands near Sviatoi Nos, Drizhenko found the 100 fathom line to run very near shore, especially along the north-west coast.

Drizhenko's water temperature readings were interesting. His thermometers registered 48° F. to 56° F. at the mouths of the great rivers in summer, and even 67° F. in one bay. In the exposed parts of the lake, however, the water was very cold, 38.1° F. to 38.6° F. Even in the river mouths the higher readings were obtained only to depths of 180 feet, a mere veneer of warm water below which the lake remained at a practically uniform temperature of 38° F. to its bottom.

V.

A few miles from Misovaya, just south of the Selenga delta, at a point about a third of the way up the eastern shore, the Trans-Siberian railway regains its eastward path, turns abruptly inland and pushes on now to Manchuria and the Pacific. This delta is the only spot on which you can journey on level ground for twenty consecutive miles to be found within several days' walk in any direction. Naturally it was one of the first places in Eastern Siberia to be farmed, and now a great deal of it is under cultivation.

The Selenga, nearly a thousand miles long, rising in the Mongolian hinterland of the Saidnask range, is Baikal's chief feeder. A swift shallow stream, in its lower reaches about a verst (two-thirds of a mile) wide, it used to be a mighty watercourse in prehistoric days, as is shown by the water-worn cliffs that now flank it, miles away over the turfed alluvial valley through which it flows. Off the mouths of the great Mongolian river is one of the chief haunts of the fishermen who let down their nets into the Holy Sea of Siberia. The Baikal fishermen work chiefly in *artels* (co-partnership groups) of a dozen or two. Occupied elsewhere, perforce, in winter, a group of villagers club together, buying and making their boat and nets and gear. They arrive at the lake in May, soon after the break-up of the ice. Two or three days' work suffices to build a rude hut or two at the water's edge, to serve as their base. Then, taking various duties in rotation, they are ready for the season.

The fisheries of Baikal are very valuable. Sturgeon and salmon are important; but it is the Omul, a herring-like fish whose technical name is *Salmo autumnaris*, which constitutes the main catch. It is netted in vast numbers, especially in August and September, when it ascends the Selenga, the Upper Angara and the smaller rivers. The lake contains one of the strangest species of fish yet discovered, the

Golomynka (*Callionymus Baikalensis*). Found nowhere else on earth—in water, rather—the golomynka is only 4 or 5 inches long. But for the head, skin, a slender spine and other hair-like bones, it consists of a kind of blubber, into which the little fish dissolves promptly on being exposed to gentle heat. It is rarely seen alive. In stormy weather, chiefly during the summer gales of the northern part of Baikal, shoals of them are thrown up to the surface, dead and dying, and are found, piled in heaps, along the shore. If longshoremen find them in time they boil them into oil, which is in considerable demand by the Chinese of Manchuria. Gossip around the lake, handed down from father to son, attributes many of these sudden appearances of golomynka to mysterious disturbances along the bed. Certain it is that curious volcanic phenomena are present. Sulphur springs are found in many spots along the shore. Huge masses—almost hills—of lava occur in the north-west, and mild earthquake shocks are often felt. Though hundreds of good-sized streams flow into Baikal, only one river, the Angara, flows out; and that carries off much less water than is brought in by the Selenga, and only slightly more than is added by the Upper Angara, flowing in at the northern tip of the lake. The lake bed and almost all the shores are rock. Owing to the cold temperature and brief summer hardly any water is lost by evaporation. It seems evident that some unknown agency, probably rifts in the earth's crust below, account for the excess of inflowing water. Underground streams, numerous or of great dimensions, must drain off toward the Arctic. From the lie of the land I am inclined to think that it is the underground leakage of Baikal that supplies the bulk of the source waters of the Vitim and the Lena.

The surface of Baikal varies in altitude only three or four feet between the melted snow-floods of spring and the drought-level of autumn. In 1818, however, the waters rose suddenly, in the course of a few days, by several yards, and remained at this new height, pointing to a blockage of the unknown channel of drainage. Almost imperceptibly, over a period of ten years, they sank to their normal level. Contemporaneously with this sudden rising of 1818, the river Ireti, a Baikal feeder, overflowed its banks. This flood was subterranean in origin and instantaneous, an enormous volume of water welling up from the mountain source, accompanied by loud, thunderous sounds and spurts of sulphurous vapour.

The following spring, on the evening of 17th March, an earthquake shook the Trans-Baikal clear down to Kiakhta, on the Mongolian frontier, 200 miles south, where doors and windows rattled and there was a violent rocking of the ground.

VI.

Of the Trans-Baikal coast north of the Selenga delta we have no account from a British traveller, nor, so far as I could ascertain, had any Briton ever journeyed through that territory. The only notes about it to be found in our language are a few translated excerpts from the journals of Pallas and Georgi, the Russian explorers, who went through a couple of hundred years ago.

With my friend, Herr Adsbol, a Danish resident of Irkutsk, I went up there to investigate, as far as the Bargusin coast, opposite the northern end of the island of Olkhon. We wished to keep along the shore all the way, but found this plan not feasible on account of the numerous unfordable, swift streams that tumble into the lake in spring from the range of mountains north of the delta. So, from the Selenga delta we penetrated inland a hundred versts, and then bore north along a forest track leading toward Bargusin. After twisting and turning through ascending valleys for fifty versts, we came abruptly to a wall of snow-capped, forest-clad mountains that barred our path. The track made a detour, and passed up a valley in the forest that led up to the divide; then it turned toward the lake. At Baikal we thought we should emerge into steppe-country, and we looked forward eagerly to our first glimpse of this unknown northern coast. But in tier after tier, mound after mound, dell after dell of gigantic lichened larches and cedars and pines, the forest went on and on to the very brink of the water. Of the water? No; rather, of the ice, for pack-ice lined the shore in both directions as far as we could see, though the standard books on Siberia aver that the ice disappears in early May. This was the second week of June!

It grew suddenly colder by the lake-side. Birches were hardly budding yet, and butterflies, which had been plentiful up in the mountains, seldom put in an appearance. The mountains receded a few miles now, and low, pine country ensued, studded with masses of lichened rock and treacherous swamps. The shore was flat, and pink, flowering shrubs lined the track, thrown up in glaring relief against the background of dazzling white ice. Ants and eagles were almost the only creatures that stirred about us, though the forest hereabouts is well populated by beasts evil and formidable. We encountered solitary hunters, now and then, looking for bear. They carried old army rifles, which are cheaper than shot-guns in this part of the world.

In the hinterland of Bargusin, one of the first trading-posts established by the Cossack conquerors of Siberia, we found some Tunguses and several hundred families of Buriats, the race of natives inhabiting the circum-Baikal region.

Of Mongol stock—moon-faced, yellowish-brown folk—numbering a quarter of a million, the position of these people is analogous in many respects to that of the North American Indian. But instead of being cooped up in training settlements and reservations, and deprived of their lands, they are given exactly the same rights and esteem as the Russian settler, and with him they dwell together in amity. Nominally Christian in districts populated by Russian settlers, and nominally Buddhist lamaists in the southern Trans-Baikal, they are a pagan folk, worshipping the gods of the mountain and forest and lake, between whom and themselves shamans (medicine men) act as intermediaries. They sacrifice horses and sheep to the gods, and build sacred cairns on prominent hill-tops and crags, placing thereon votive offerings of tobacco and sugar, bread and sweets, copper coins, old hats, and what-not. To boughs thrust into these cairns, or to wayside bushes at the summits of mountain passes, journeying Buriats tie gay-tinted rags torn from their clothing. When a Buriat dies his body is taken into the depths of a forest, and after his burial his cart or sledge is smashed up and left on the grave.

North of the Bargusinsk Buriats we found nomad Tunguses roamed the lake-shore, fishing and hunting. They live in portable *auls*—big, upside-down bowls of trellised wicker-work, covered with felt. Their boats are birch-bark canoes, sewn and wood-tarred. These Tungus tribesmen, who range over practically all northern Siberia, gain most of their food, drink, and clothing from reindeer, herds of which they keep in domestication. It is they who hunt the Baikal seal, the only breed of fresh-water seal in the world, spearing it through holes in the ice.

THE END.

THE WAUKRIFE LASS.

DREEPIE-CUM-DRAWLIE fa's the rain,
Drap by drap on the window-pane.

The hills are happed and hidden frae sicht,
Coorin' doon in the lap o' nicht.

And me wide-ee'ed i' the mirk my lane,
Dreepie-cum-drawlle fa's the rain.

'Weepie-cum-wailie!' cries the win',
Back and fore in the bield o' whin;

But a' the winds can ne'er ding doon
My hert that soars like a lark in June.

For hope and joy are my next o' kin,
'Weepie-cum-wailie!' cries the win'.

Creeple-cum-crawlle! lang and late,
Time gangs by wi' a slow-foot gate;

But time nor tide can ne'er mak' free
Wi' the love o' ane that's dear to me.

My hert sings low like a bird to its mate,
Creeple-cum-crawlle! lang and late.

BARBARA ROSS MCINTOSH.

A GUEST FROM THE HIGHWAY.

By ELLA S. BOSWELL.

I.

LONELINESS is depressing at all times; at Christmas it becomes painful. There is the consciousness that all around are homes, decked with holly and ringing with children's laughter, given over to the family festival.

Sara Learmonth was angry as well as lonely. She had elected to spend Christmas at her country house, and nobody was able, or, as she suspected, willing, to keep her company.

Seafeld Priory had been shut up since her father's death. War work and then famine relief work had kept her abroad and filled the gap left by the exacting old man's departure. A breakdown in health sent her back to London, where idleness soon became weariness. She found she had dropped out. Nobody really wanted her, and no work that could fill her empty days and emptier heart came her way. It was then she thought of home. In that little Scottish town a place was waiting for her. There she could be Lady Bountiful to her heart's content. Money and position gave her the right.

The idea of an extensive house-warming charmed her. Great was the disappointment when all the invitations she sent out brought refusals. Perhaps she was too late in making her plans; perhaps the Christmas party failed to attract. Anyway, Sara Learmonth, who had set out in such high hope of a Merry Christmas, found herself alone in the rambling old house with the ghosts of the past—memories of the masterful old father and of the lover with whom she had quarrelled, largely at that father's instigation.

London friends having disappointed her, she fell back on neighbours, and invited them to a dinner-party on Christmas Day. The morning's post on the 24th of December brought the last two refusals. Everybody was already engaged. She felt this cruelly unfair. Had she not provided Christmas treats for the neighbourhood—the school children, the Cottage Hospital, and the poorhouse? Even her servants were to be allowed friends to supper. Cheerful voices from the back regions would be audible in the silence as she sat alone. What a home-coming! That Miss Learmonth of Seafeld Priory should have to choose between dining in solitary state or sending out into the highways and hedges for guests hurt her pride.

She looked at her beautiful house, remembered her chef and her priceless cellar. People were fools to refuse such a dinner as she could offer. Abden was ungrateful for her kindness.

It never occurred to Sara that some of the

blame rested on her own shoulders. Loneliness had hardened her, or, at least, frozen her sympathy. There was no real warmth in either her invitations or her charities, and people felt the lack of it. Only when looking at the portrait, painted in the days when she loved Dr Harry Lingard, she dimly felt the difference between her past and present self did not lie in years alone. Sargent had caught the lovelight in the dark blue eyes, and the happy smile on the soft red lips—both had long since vanished.

'A trustful fool, who had made herself cheap and reaped a just reward,' she told herself scornfully. But yet, for a few short weeks, that girl had tasted the joy of life. A sudden lump in her throat warned her against sentimental memories. 'This won't do,' she decided. 'I must have some one. I'll give Abden the snub it deserves. I'll have a guest from Bellwood House.' Bellwood House, indeed! People who live on charity shouldn't be squeamish. She carefully directed her letter to 'The Poorhouse.' It was a request that the most presentable inmate should be sent to share her Christmas dinner. 'I'll only have one,' she resolved; 'more would hang together and leave me out. I'm entitled to something, if it's only a pauper, for myself.'

This time an acceptance came back by the messenger. The superintendent was sending Henry Smith. He appeared suitable, and being lame as well as weak from recent illness, did not mind missing the treat her generosity had so kindly provided the same night. Sara smiled acidly. Her own benevolence had almost caused another refusal.

II.

Having triumphed over opposition, the mistress of Seafeld Priory at once began to regret her folly. She saw she had let herself in for a horrible evening. Well, as soon as dinner was over she could tactfully suggest that Henry Smith would like to get back in time for a share in the Bellwood House festival. Even if he did not take the hint she could make sure of his leaving by ordering the car at nine. Dinner was to be at seven-thirty, to allow the servants to have their supper at eight-thirty. Really, she was too considerate—no wonder people thought her of little account.

Sara Learmonth sat waiting for her guest. She was looking her best in a gray velvet gown that displayed her beautiful neck and arms, and toned with her becomingly arranged gray hair.

At forty she was still a handsome woman; only the hardening of her expression and the thin line of her lips, that had once curved so softly,

really showed the ravages of time, or, it would be truer to say, unhappiness. At first, she had thought it would be considerate to wear an afternoon frock. Henry Smith could not be expected to appear in a dinner jacket. But the gulf between them, as to clothes, was so great that anything she wore must be a glaring contrast, so it seemed better taste to dress as usual; besides, men, even paupers, liked pretty clothes—why withhold an innocent pleasure?

Certainly it was well that some one was coming. Even during her short time of waiting memory crowded out the printed page of the book she was trying to read, and substituted a living one—living, yet dead—there lay the sting. In this very room they had sat as happy lovers. Here, too, they had quarrelled over his neglect at a hunt ball; quarrelled and parted. She shivered. At the time she had felt so sure he would come back and ask forgiveness. Instead, he had thrown up his assistantship. Just for a few mad moments she had been tempted to be the one to ask forgiveness, to humble herself rather than part. Her father had spoken his mind plainly, driving home her sense of wrong. She could actually hear the hard voice asserting that 'no young scoundrel should neglect the daughter of Adam Learmonth without paying for it.' She saw the suffering girl who held her head high and hid her misery so resolutely, as if she had been a separate personality; yet that suffering lived on in her heart, deadened by time, but never forgotten—a root of bitterness that distilled poison. Oh! why had love been so cruel! This was folly—she mustn't give way. Most likely he was dead, or married. Doctors always married; their patients expected it. Solitude was playing strange pranks with her to-night.

III.

'Mr Smith.'

The butler's impassive voice was a welcome interruption. Graciously she rose and came forward to receive the shabby-looking man who limped into the room, leaning on a stick. His dark, threadbare clothes were carefully brushed; he was carefully shaved, and apparently clean. That was something to be thankful for.

'It's very kind of you, Mr Smith, to come and share my Christmas dinner,' she said with gracious condescension. She really was thankful he had come, also that he was presentable, all things considered.

'Such a command could hardly be disobeyed,' he said, scarcely touching the jewelled hand she held out.

Sara's eyes narrowed as she looked him over. Was he sarcastic or over-complimentary? 'I sent an invitation. I hope it reached you in the same form?'

'Oh, it was quite possible to—er—respectfully regret that a previous engagement, &c. You supplied the way of escape. As a matter

of fact Daddy Campbell did refuse—I was second choice. At first the chance of port wine attracted him, but finally he decided "he wasn't muckle acquaint wi' the quality, and would be better at the treat."'

'I said a suitable guest. What was the superintendent thinking of?'

'Daddy Campbell is our oldest inhabitant. The superintendent considered he had a right to the chance. He's almost stone-deaf, and his one remaining tooth makes articulation difficult. You were rather venturesome, weren't you?'

She drew herself up. 'I hope I should have done my duty to Daddy Campbell. He shall have a whole bottle of port as a reward for his commonsense. Do sit down.' She indicated a luxurious chair, and he sank into it with a smothered sigh.

'You seem very lame,' Sara remarked to fill a pause.

'Yes. Rheumatism after shrapnel.'

'Oh, you fought in the war?' Involuntarily her glance took in his lined face and his gray hair that was thinning at the temples—she guessed him about sixty.

He smiled. 'I'm not quite so old as I look!'

'Haven't you a pension?' she asked, to cover her discomfiture. This man seemed to be able to read her thoughts.

'No, ma'am.'

The 'ma'am' hurt. She wanted to be kind—sympathetic—and he made her feel insolent. A soldier, too; she had been very friendly with the boys out there.

'I was only wondering if nothing could be done. I worked among soldiers—I would do anything I could for them still.'

'Thanks.' His tone had changed in response to the real feeling in her voice. 'I wish more people were like that. Most of them have short memories.'

'I wonder if we ever met. I was over in France nearly all the time. What were you?'

There was a slight pause. 'Stretchers-bearer.'

Sara noticed the pause. 'Surely you weren't a "Conchie"?' she asked in dismay.

'No; you can give me dinner with an easy mind. I joined up at the start, only too glad to get the chance. All the same, I liked rescue work for our own boys better than killing the Boche.'

'I'm sure you oughtn't to be at—at Bellwood House. It must be a mistake about your pension. Let me take the matter up.' She found herself pleading to this waif.

'No, thank you. The Medical Board considered my case. It is rheumatism, not actually the wound, that causes my lameness. Moreover, I could work if there was any work going.'

'What sort do you want?' Sara continued doggedly. He shouldn't stand in his own light.

'Any clerk work—just the kind so many ex-soldiers are after. I heard of a job at the mills. Walked most of the way and got drenched. Result—pneumonia. I crawled to the poorhouse just in time. The superintendent has been awfully decent. Let me keep his books, and things like that, so as to do something in return. I must move on now I'm fit.'

'Oh, but you mustn't go like that! I'll take you as my secretary until something better turns up.'

'Thank you; but I—I shouldn't suit.'

IV.

In the pause that followed, dinner was announced. Henry Smith rose and offered his arm. The wrong one, but it was not a mistake; his other hand was needed for his stick.

The wide fireplace in the dining-room was piled with blazing yule logs, and in front of it a small dinner-table, set for two, had been placed. A red-shaded lamp cast a ruby glow on the hothouse flowers and holly with which it was decorated.

They took their places, and Sara soon noticed that the array of knives, forks, and spoons was no puzzle to her guest. He lifted the right ones unerringly. During dinner, with the servants in attendance, their talk was of their war experiences. They had been quite near each other at times. Now they spoke as comrades; discomfort on her side and hostility on his seemed to have vanished.

'There are sounds I'll never forget,' he told her. 'I've heard the wounded moaning like a flock of sheep when the lambs have just been taken away. Oh, pitiful! And work as fast as we could, there appeared to be no end to the stream of misery.' He broke off suddenly.

Sara was helping herself to grapes, intent on cutting up the bunch, but all the same she knew that stretcher-bearer had camouflaged R.A.M.C. Then she pushed the dish across to him. 'Yes,' she said, 'it is sound that lingers longest in the memory.' Her eyes had told her nothing, but for some time the tone of his voice had been stirring her frozen heart most strangely. At first he had been breathless and husky, which she attributed to his illness; now she felt a growing certainty that it was intentional.

A cut on the left side of his face drew his mouth slightly crooked, and the tooth-brush moustache partly hid his upper lip. If only she could see his eyes, but he kept his eyelids lowered as if the light hurt him—or was it to prevent her seeing their colour?

V.

They returned to the drawing-room for coffee. But Henry Smith did not resume his luxurious chair. He stood gazing at the portrait of the young Sara over the fireplace. Then, becoming aware of attracting attention, he gave her a

nervous glance. As she had expected, the eyes were sea-gray. Harry's eyes in the old man's face.

'Nothing like a Sargent, to my mind,' he said coolly, evidently to explain his interest.

'You're clever to recognise it,' Sara told him.

'Isn't it a Sargent?'

'Yes; but that vase of chrysanthemums hides the signature.'

'Ah, so it does! But he's unmistakable.'

'It's no use—Harry!' She rose and stood beside him.

Now he looked her full in the face, and his mouth twisted into a bitter smile. 'That was a bad break-down, but you'd lulled me into security. No matter, it won't be long to nine o'clock. Your chauffeur told me not to keep him waiting.'

'Oh, how abominable!'

'He naturally objects to leaving a Christmas supper to cart a pauper home.'

'Oh, Harry! Why didn't you come to me? I would have taken you in and nursed you.'

'Come and beg, you mean? I'd have died first! I'm only here to-night because I didn't wish to explain. Somebody had to come, and nobody fancied the job. I chanced it, in return for kindness. I thought I was pretty safe.'

'You forget I loved you.'

'Yes—as a woman loves her pom—petted one moment, slapped the next, and always on a string. A man can't stand that kind of treatment.'

'Couldn't you have explained my mistake to me gently?'

'Gently! A sledge-hammer wouldn't have knocked it into Adam Learmonth's daughter!'

Her lip quivered. 'Perhaps that's true. My mother died when I was a child—naturally I saw everything with my father's eyes.'

'He was against me from the first. Didn't think a doctor's assistant a good enough match for his daughter.'

'I didn't agree with him there.'

'Yet you threw me over for a trifle.'

'You neglected me at that hunt ball. It was a public slight!'

'Well, he avenged you! Came round to my boss and clinched the business. I was to be sacked at once, and he'd pay a month's screw. After that he hunted me from one place after another. Brought his influence to bear so as to force me to go right away. I finished up in Skye. Solitude and wet motor runs. Drink caught hold of me. A panel patient died while I was on the burst and I got the sack. Serve me right, too! Only I can't forgive the hand that pushed me down. I think the death would have happened anyway—but the breach of trust is always there.' A spasm of misery crossed his face.

'Oh, how terrible! I only knew vaguely that there had been trouble. I wrote to what

I heard was the address. The letter came back.'

'I wish I'd got it. I was so desperate I nearly put an end to myself. War came in time to save me. It looked like a better way out.'

'But instead you came through. Won't you let me help you now?'

'Take money from a woman! Never!'

'Men always refuse us that equality. But there's an alternative. I owe you reparation.' She paused and steadied her voice. 'Shall we go back to where we parted and begin afresh?'

'Impossible. I was young and hopeful then—now I know I'm a failure. If I must accept charity I prefer it on a broader basis. I'm one of a crowd at the poorhouse.'

Sara shivered. 'You're cruelly unforgiving,' she said bitterly.

'Do you want me to lose the little self-respect I gained through the war?' he countered.

'Oh, no, no!'

'Then be content with having made a generous offer. It has wiped out some of the bitterness.'

Sara couldn't answer. She turned her head away, fighting down her tears.

A loud blast from a motor horn broke the silence. Harry Lingard stiffened and frowned.

'There's my summons,' he said.

'Wait here. I'll drive you myself,' Sara exclaimed; and before he could protest she had vanished.

VI.

He stood very still, his eyes fixed on the portrait. The might-have-been had him in its relentless grip. Then a renewed hooting brought back the present with full force. He was a broken man, waiting to be run home to the poorhouse. By his own choice he had shut the door of Seafield Priory against him after to-night. Never again would he gaze at the portrait of the girl he had loved.

'I'm quite ready.'

He turned and saw Sara standing in the doorway wrapped in magnificent furs; the contrast between them made him writhe. Sullenly he followed her to the hall, where she paused to speak to the butler, who was waiting with a basket, so he stepped outside alone.

'Hurry up, daddy! What the blazes d'yer mean by keeping me waiting?' bawled the impatient chauffeur. Then he saw his mistress.

'Get down, Thornton. I'm driving myself. Take your dismissal from to-night—for insolence.' She stepped into the car, and the departing guest took his place beside her. The butler handed in the mysterious basket, and they were off.

Then a magic change came over the bitter man and the lonely woman; they felt unaccountably young, and Thornton had made them comrades. A sense of adventure stirred their hearts. They had stepped into fairyland instead of an expensive car.

'It's jolly—this!' he said, drawing the rug round her, 'and you were a sport to drive me, turning out into the cold——'

'Cold! It's lovely! A real Christmas night I wanted a treat so badly, but I never expected to get it.' She sighed contentedly.

'Mightn't we take a longer round? We'll be there in no time at this rate.' Sara turned the car as directed.

'Thanks! I've a good mind to put in for Thornton's job. A car's a sheer delight.'

'I wish you would,' she answered with a happy laugh.

'Even if I was spotted?'

'I don't care!'

'Confound it, we're almost there! Look what Thornton dropped on my seat, when you scared him.' He held out a sprig of mistletoe. 'Sara—may I—just for Christmas?'

'It's fate!' she said shyly.

Their lips met.

'Harry—it—it wasn't reparation—only, I was too proud to call it—love. I've never changed. I'm so lonely—nobody wants me, and I'd expect so little now—if you'll only forgive me.'

'Forgive! That's a queer way to put it!' he answered tenderly. 'Anyway, we've found each other again.'

'Oh, I'm so happy! What a Christmas! She drew a deep breath. 'And to think I nearly spent it alone. Here we are.' Regretfully she slowed down.

'Come in and say a word to them all, and see how they're enjoying your treat,' he urged.

'I've brought a finishing touch—the port wine.'

'My dear, you're a wonder! Fancy thinking of that in spite of the shock I gave you. May they drink our health?'

'Oh, Harry, yes! But it was you suggested the port——'

Each put a hand on the basket, and together they passed happily into Bellwood House.

TO MAIDENS.

(How to keep their Youth.)

In lustrous orbs that lure the light,
And tresses soft as summer night,
Exult, sweet maids; nor grieve to know
That these their glory, those their glow
Ere long must lose. There's naught can last;
The bud succeeds the blossom fast,
Vesper follows hard on noon,
December dogs the steps of June,
And dimples turn to wrinkles soon.

Yet there's a way that still ensures
Your charms may be for ever yours:
While yet they blossom in their prime
Go, mate you: dally not with time!
Then in your younglings' tender eyes
Ye shall your own sweets recognise,
And in your children's children view
With fond delight the flowers that grew
So fair aforetime once in you.

WILL HILL.

THE CULT OF BOOK COLLECTING.

By G. H. GRUBB.

I.

[T has been said that now we have wireless, with its thousands of enthusiasts, with the prospect of tens of thousands of others taking it up in the next year or so, book reading and book buying will be even less indulged in than in the past. I do not believe it. It is my definite opinion that, as a result of the use of wireless, more people will come to know and appreciate books, because I hope that, by way of broadcasting, folk will be *told* about books, whence they will proceed to read, to love, and then to buy books. There will be periods always when books seem to be cold-shouldered; but they never remain outside long. And why? Because of the real deep interest of a book, the educational value in it, and the entertainment in it—all these things are so superlative that, in the end, be we ever so lukewarm at times, a book must and does conquer.

Books are the perfect things, and rightly selected, which is in no sense an easy task, never quarrel with us. The saying goes that it takes two to make a quarrel; which is very true. But the good book never quarrels, and if we are prone to quarrel, as, of course, most of us are, the quiet voice of the delectable book soon turns away our wrath. Once a book lover, always a book lover. And when I hear captious persons saying that those strange creatures—the description is not mine—who collect first editions are maniacs, then, indeed, I am more than prone to quarrel with them. This habit of getting hold of the first impressions of books which may become of precious value in the future is in no sense a mania. I would not describe collectors of ceramic vases, or old violins, or Cromwellian clocks, or scarce stamps, as maniacs. All blessings rest upon them for the joy of their art. Certainly there are a great many people who buy these first impressions in the hope that the few shillings spent upon them may bring, in the years to come, many pounds. It is their hope that they may find, shall I say, a book like *Almayer's Folly*, which was published at 6s., and is now worth £12, 10s.; or, mayhap, here are some silly folk who dream of finding another folio Shakespeare—there are only two or three known copies—for a pound or so, and of selling it to some passionate American collector for a hundred thousand dollars. That is pure commercialism, and although they are in no sense wicked persons, they are not the true bibliophiles. Your true collector may start his way, but before long he becomes deeply absorbed in books of all kinds. And then he buys to keep. It is one of the hardest of things to

sell a book when once you have become a book lover. The indentures of service may never be cancelled.

Gambling always has a fascination, even for the most circumspect of us. I suppose it is because life itself is more or less a gamble. Some of us would be much tempted to turn over the pages of the book of fate and discover our future; but that way lies a good deal of insanity. Nine-tenths of us, I suppose, would like a perfect security against the years before us. I wonder if this is good for us? Personally, being a very ordinary person, I grant you that it has a weird appeal, but I have a sneaking regard for the gamble in the future. There is a good deal of salt in that. And it is something like that in the collecting of books. You can never tell what is going to turn out the ace of trumps. As in horse racing, there is a deal of entertainment in spotting, or rather trying to spot, the winner of to-morrow. Only, I would rather study the stars in the literary firmament, than the 'possibles' in the paddock.

This collecting habit is a praiseworthy one. It calls, or at least it should, for close and concentrated study of current literature; it brings one from a consideration of the market, to a more personal association with books themselves. In the search, a search which is full of the most enlivening possibilities, for the worth-whiles, or at least those which we, sometimes ignorantly, believe to be worth-whiles, there must be an eventual reading of books, and that is the greatest triumph of all. Collecting thus justifies itself. To collect for profit is a natural inclination; to come to collect for joy, at the expense of many other but less desirable luxuries, is the quintessence of intellectual and even emotional fervour. It supplants everything; it provides against the grayness of life an insurance than which I know nothing better.

Of course, expert as you may be, you may easily come by nothing, although, as your prowess of literary evaluation protrudes from your mentality, you will become a more competent judge. On the other hand, as H. M. Tomlinson once wrote in a delightful article in *The Nation* of the old days: 'A ten shilling note, carefully planted, may in a few years increase a hundredfold.' Mr Kipling's *With Number Three, Surgical and Medical*, published in Santiago in 1900, probably at a not very high price, fetched at auction, once on a time, £128. Or again: an incomplete set of R. L. Stevenson, made up of about twenty-seven volumes, none of which was issued at more than 10s. 6d., was catalogued, not so long since, for £350. These are the treasures for which

collectors look. Once a shrewd boy friend of mine found in a box, in a little drab street, a first printing of *If Winter Comes* for a shilling, and sold it for ten an hour later.

II.

Whether it is a mania or not, the collecting of first editions has come to be a part of the book-buying life. I hope it will not only remain a distinct interest, but that it will increase. I feel sure it will. It is not only a most enjoyable interest, but it is something that ought to be encouraged by all those whose definite object is to widen the distribution of books, and to increase the love and reading of them; for there lies wisdom. Life teaches us wonderful things; things both sad and happy, but we must not lose sight of the fact that books may bring us a joy than which there is nothing more contenting. For we may pick a book which shall provide us with hours of happiness, and we may partake of its luscious fruit again and again. We may go on roaming the shelves of our enjoyment, travelling in imagination the physical world over and over again; but what is even more enchanting, we may explore the untold fields of intellectual wealth, of which there is no limiting compass. Out of collecting will come a reverence, on which may be built a world, the experiences in which provide a rich reward, and a definite mental enlargement. It is a hobby; yet it is greater than a hobby. There is a science in it supremely educating. It makes for a bigger view of things, and offers a culture which, in its turn, gives a conception of the art of life so fine and so precious as to change a one-time angular view into a completing circle of perfect envisioning. I may be claiming for the bibliophile extravagant perquisites, but I have seen the narrow eliminated and the broad established.

What can give us more lasting entertainment than an evening spent among the books which have gradually been added to a library built up from one volume, and out of a limited income? This is so often the experience of the book lover. That rare item which had been, after much hunting, discovered in some byway of the town is like unto a sparkling jewel. We handle it with care, and keep the pursuing dust from it; we double wrap it in a jacket, and keep the fingers of visiting jackals from it. That is reverence forsooth! To own a library of a few hundred choice volumes is a possession of value which no mere insurance company could cover with all its reserve funds. I take a pride, of which no one may rob me, in handling that little collection of mine in a thousand different ways. Every now and again each book is taken down from its abiding place with full gentleness, dusted, and valued. The pencilled figure that I place in the back of it merely represents the

prosaic market value. But I have a private mark in my heart for it which no one knows, and which I cannot even define myself. There is a riot of pleasure in making sure that its place on the shelf is the right one. Some good folk make a catalogue, while others may find the book without the candle-light. Have you ever tried to do that in the dark? It is the test of the bookman—although I would not be so foolish as to say so, if your library runs to thousands.

III.

As the library grows, so grows a pain; the pain of prospective parting. It is a dreadful business. To this day there are books which, in my youthful greenness, I yielded to persuasive friends. *They haunt me.* There was a delightful two-volume edition of *Tristram Shandy*. I see it almost daily, yet it is not in my house. There was an old edition of *Elia*, the like of which I have not seen again. And although I have six editions of Lamb, not one of them fills the gap of that dear old volume. Where is it? And I could speak of early editions of Conrad, of De la Mare; I weep for a copy of *Never too Late to Mend*, and of Herrick and of Campion. The waywardness of young youth; the wild-oat sowing! And thus is one's middle-age contentment the deeper and the sadder in its completeness. For years have I sought to tell the story of what books mean to me, but never yet has it been possible to do so. One must go on searching for expression, satisfied to say the little word, hoping that it may yield corn in due season. If books radiate joy and culture and a fair breeze in a land of spiritual sunshine for those who understand, so do they comfort the ignorant. They build up wrecked souls; they educate; they are tremendous forces in the development of the individual and the community at large. And these blessed virtues may arise out of the collecting mania.

Let us encourage the man to try to sell. Let us encourage him to do it again and again. Comes a time when the Lord of Hosts will persuade him that he is trafficking in something beautiful; that in consorting with the money-changers, and making for himself a golden harvest, he is missing the radium which is hidden within the pages. His eyes will be opened. I have yet to find a mercenary collector who remains a mercenary collector. I have yet to discover a man whose heart is so solid that a book may never pierce it. In due time, and perhaps through much penance, he finds a satisfying pleasure in his book, so completely satisfying, that down on his knees he goes and prays for emancipation from the greed of profit. Then and there starts his sorrow for the books which he has cast upon the world. Yet he need not despair. They will reach out to some other wandering soul, sick of life and weary of struggle. Back comes the judgment of the wise man. He

inds that instead of suffering, by reason of the lessened material profit, there arrives a deep sense of literary and artistic values. He no longer buys books, and collects books, for a rise, but he buys them because he wants them. He adopts them, and cares for them, reads them, and makes of them companions. They are the salt of his earth, and the sojourners in his house. For once, and at last, the word 'sell' is a curse in his soul. He collects with an exquisite fancy, for which he seeks a definition in vain. He brings friends to his shelves, and makes of all a joyous, happy family, and as he gazes upon his humble handiwork, in gathering together a community in which there is no greed and no jealousy, he praises God for the men and women of genius who have created them, one and all.

And this 'mania' is international. There is no language bar. It is growing and deepening

here; it is spreading through Europe; it is becoming a cult in the Colonies. In America it is widening space. The proof of all this is to be found in the keenness with which collectors, great and small, are watching for the scarce things. Specialist book-sellers are coming into existence, who follow no other line of interest than that of supplying the wants of all these good folks. Only in recent years have whole catalogues been devoted to modern first editions. In my early days, these first printings were scattered through the catalogues of antiquarian book-sellers. But the size of editions in those times was not on the magnificent scale of to-day, which suggests that book-selling is a larger thing. I don't suppose that more than a thousand, or at the most, fifteen hundred copies of Conrad's early books were printed. They were all published at a few shillings; now they may cost many pounds.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

CLEAN MILK.

IT will be news to many that the milk they consume may contain many millions of bacteria in a thimbleful. According to a recent report of the National Institute for Research in Dairying, close on 18 million colonies of bacteria have been counted in a cubic centimetre (a cube measuring about $\frac{1}{8}$ th inch each way) of average milk. As would be naturally supposed, cleanliness is all-important in this matter. What can be done with the best buildings and equipment and absolute cleanliness is indicated by tests on the milk from one farm for two years. Only on three occasions did the number of colonies of bacteria in a cubic centimetre rise above 10,000. The cleaning of the empty milk-cans, the handling of which causes such a distracting din at country railway-stations, is of vital consequence. Tests on 500 cans showed that the number of colonies of bacteria in a cubic centimetre of washings from those which were apparently clean and dry varied between 6,200,000 and 170, and this for cans which were supposed to be washed and steamed at the dairies before being returned to the farmers. Some of the cans tested had not been washed, and in these the bacteria were uncountable, even in $\frac{1}{1000}$ th of a cubic centimetre of washings. Others, badly washed, contained between 5 and 18 millions to the cubic centimetre. Investigations into the best means of cleaning the milk-cans showed that the temperature of the steam used must not be less than 210° F., that the steaming must be continued for three minutes, and that the cans must be covered during the process. Some interesting experiments were carried out to find out whether scalding with so-called boiling water would be effective. It was found that 'two gallons of

actively boiling water, when carried up a short flight of stairs, experienced a drop of 13° F., and a further drop of 32° F. during half a minute's scalding of a ten-gallon churn.' Licences are now granted for the sale of three grades of milk, for which higher prices are charged than for milk from unlicensed producers. The three grades are as follow: (1) 'Certificated milk,' which is produced from herds that do not react to the tuberculin test and are subject to veterinary inspection, and which must be bottled on the farm, while the number of bacteria colonies per cubic centimetre must not exceed 30,000, and $\frac{1}{10}$ c.c. must not show the presence of the *Bacillus coli*. (2) Grade 'A (Tuberculin Tested)' is similar to the certificated, except that it may be sent by rail in sealed vessels to be bottled by the dealer. It must not contain more than 200,000 bacteria per c.c., or *B. coli* in $\frac{1}{100}$ c.c., on delivery to the customer. (3) Grade 'A' milk is produced by cows which are subject to veterinary inspection, and may be sent by rail in sealed vessels to be bottled at the dealer's premises. If sold in the raw state, it must not contain more than 200,000 bacteria per c.c., or show the presence of *B. coli* in $\frac{1}{100}$ c.c. If sold as Grade 'A' milk (Pasteurized), it must be treated as specified, and the bacteria must be reduced to 30,000 per c.c. It is hoped that in the long-run all milk sold will be of one of these grades, but at present this is impracticable, owing to the lack of trained persons in the industry.

A SIMPLE LOCK FOR 'PRAM' WHEELS.

That some form of lock is needed for the wheels of 'prams' which are left unattended is proved by the number of accidents that occur. We ourselves have seen two prams simultaneously run off the pavement and upset when the

women in charge had left them to watch the results of a street accident. Fortunately the babies were not seriously hurt. Pram-wheels are sometimes chained; and several forms of clip have been invented to hold them from turning when so desired. One of the simplest, which has been recently brought out, consists of a tube provided with a clip for attaching it to the frame or the spring of a pram near the rim of a wheel. A bolt slides in this tube, and is normally held back by a spring. When it is desired to lock the wheels the bolt is pushed forward by a milled head and given a half-turn, which causes a pin previously housed in a slot to engage with the front end of the tube and hold the bolt in the projected position with the end between the spokes. To unlock the wheels the milled head of the bolt is turned until the pin reaches its slot again, when the spring pulls the bolt out of engagement. One good feature is that the spring prevents any rattling of the device when the pram is being wheeled; others are the simplicity, the effectiveness, and the very moderate price of the invention.

A PROPELLING RUDDER FOR BOATS.

Most people have watched a man 'sculling' a boat with an oar over the stern. The oar is moved to and fro and given a quarter turn at each end of the stroke, so that the blade passes through the water at an angle which projects a stream backward, and therefore sends the boat forward by the force of reaction. Many attempts have been made to improve on the oar for this purpose, these mostly taking the form of a rudder with an after-part, hinged at the forward edge, and allowed a limited angular motion as the rudder is moved to and fro. This simple system has never proved successful, the results in propulsion being very feeble in proportion to the work required to operate the rudder. Improvements have been made recently, however, which have resulted in a much higher efficiency. The moving after-part is retained, but instead of being hinged at the forward edge, it is pivoted vertically at from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ of the length back from it. There is also another but narrower propelling plane ahead of it. The chief improvement, however, is the introduction of springs instead of stops to limit the movement of the planes. The advantages over the older form of propelling rudder are: (1) less lost motion at the end of each stroke, because the plane, being pivoted well back from the forward edge, takes up the correct angle much more quickly; (2) the spring control, which enables each plane to assume the most effective pitch-angle to suit the extent and speed of the rudder's movement in relation to the speed of the boat. The device gives the best results in light skiffs, which are easily propelled, and on smooth water. With it the inventor recently propelled a skiff containing two passengers

down the Thames from Reading to Richmond, a distance of 60 miles counting backwater. In this type of craft the rudder is worked by wires from a ball-bearing upright with crosshead attached, fitted with a yoke at the base which is mounted on a thwart. A very simple device is provided for locking the planes in line fore and aft, when the rudder can be used for steering instead of propelling. For proceeding lazily along inland waterways with a minimum of effort many people will like this rudder. On the other hand, some would prefer sculls or paddles. Those taken with the idea should, therefore, try the device before buying it.

ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR COUNTRY HOUSES.

It is generally conceded that electricity forms the best source of artificial light for country houses; for, in addition to the convenience of being able to turn on the light without using matches, it can be employed for working vacuum-cleaners, washing-machines, and other domestic appliances which are driven by electric-motors. One or two electric generating-sets in which a petrol-engine supplies the power have been described in these notes. Recently, a small set has made its advent which runs on paraffin. The outfit consists of a dynamo and a paraffin-engine, mounted on a cast-iron bedplate with their shafts in line. They are not rigidly connected, however, the drive being through rubber collars, which allow a certain amount of 'give and take,' and eliminate vibration and shocks that would cause deterioration of the dynamo. The engine is designed so as to run without attention, the lubrication and cooling being automatic. Moreover, owing to a trough being provided under the crank, into which oil is continually pumped from the bottom of the crank-case, the level in the latter may vary within wide limits without affecting the lubrication. Other features worthy of note are roller and ball-bearing throughout; a balance-weight on the crank, which is much more effective than the usual lump on the fly-wheel for balancing the moving parts; and magneto ignition. The engine starts on petrol, and is changed over to paraffin when it has become hot. No cranking is needed, the dynamo, which for this purpose runs as a motor on current from the battery, starting the set when a button is pressed. A battery and a switchboard are, of course, required to complete the installation, but these items and the dynamo possess no features of particular interest. This electric generating-set may be obtained of a size large enough to supply 75 lamps of 30 watts each, and it will light 17 sixteen-candle-power lamps for a penny an hour.

A MAT-FIXER FOR POLISHED FLOORS.

Most of us have, at one time or other, 'come a cropper' by stepping on to a mat which has slipped on a polished floor. An ingenious clip

has recently been invented which will hold a mat firmly in position, and this without making holes in the floor or in the mat. It is based on the assumption that mats on polished floors are chiefly used in doorways, thus offering a wood-work surface close to each end of the mat. Each clip is formed by a strip of spring steel about one inch in width, having one end, which is provided with four holes for screws, bent up at an angle of 45°. A quarter of an inch at the other end is turned down at a right-angle and serrated, the better to grip the mat. The bent-up end of the clip is screwed to the door-post, one clip at each side, at such a height above the floor that the other end has to be pulled up with a fair amount of force to place the mat under it. With one of these spring clips at each end, a mat is firmly held in its place close up to the door, where it prevents the entry of draughts. The clips have a bronze finish, are neat in appearance, and offer practically no obstruction to sweeping.

A NOVEL DUPLICATOR.

Large numbers of duplicators have been invented from time to time, most of which possess certain drawbacks, although they are capable of turning out useful work. A recent invention in this line is quick, clean, and effective, while the number of copies that can be printed is unlimited. The duplicating surface is of opal ground glass. Handwriting, sketches, plans, and maps are copied direct, but typewriting has to be stencilled. Naturally, special ink has to be used, and this must be allowed to dry on the original document before the duplicating process is begun. When dry, the original is placed face downwards on the glass, and covered by the lid of the duplicator, in which is a pad. This lid is given a light pressure downwards by a spring clip at each end, which is left on for a few seconds. After the lid is removed the glass plate is rubbed over with a certain fixing fluid, but the result still remains invisible. The printing ink, which may be of any colour, is now applied, and copies to be taken are rolled face downwards over the inked impression, the latter being inked with a roller for each copy. When enough copies have been taken the impression can be washed off the glass plate with a special preparation, leaving it ready for new matter. The original can be used as often as required by placing it in contact with an ink pad, which restores the first freshness of the surface. When typewriting has to be copied the stencilled sheet is laid over the glass plate and backed by an ink pad, the effect being to make an impression on the glass such as was made by the writing. The remainder of the process is similar to that already described. One interesting variation or extension of the process is the possibility of dusting the copies while wet with gold or silver powder, whereby permanent writ-

ing or typing in gold or silver letters is produced, which has a very smart effect, especially upon coloured papers. The predominant feature of this duplicator is the quickness with which all the operations can be carried out, no waiting being necessary except a sufficient time for the ink to dry on the original.

A ROLLER WASHER.

Except for the invention of washing-machines, many of which have been described in these notes, few attempts have been made to improve upon the old-fashioned dolly. Lately a roller-washer has been brought out which works upon an altogether different principle. This contrivance bears in appearance some resemblance to a flat-iron, although it is slightly larger, and has a rectangular base. This base consists of an inverted sheet steel trough, in which are fitted five fluted wooden rollers, the spindles consisting of brass rods which are riveted into each side of the trough. When the trough is pushed backwards and forwards by the handle it runs on the rollers, which project below the sides. The handle is in a similar position to that of a flat-iron, and it is made of beech wood, as are the rollers. This device is pushed quickly backwards and forwards over the garment to be washed after it has been well soaped, the operation taking place on a flat board or on the bottom of a sink. The effect is that the dirt is squeezed out by the ribs on the rollers. By laying several articles one over another, such as two pairs of socks, or four handkerchiefs, the results are equally good, while they are arrived at much more quickly. Valuable lace or silk articles are treated by placing them between the folds of a towel or a cloth after lightly soaping them. This roller-washer is strongly constructed of steel plate which is coated with zinc to prevent corrosion. It should, therefore, have good lasting qualities. The price, moreover, is very moderate.

A PORTABLE COMBINATION BABY-CHAIR.

One would hardly suppose the wicker baby-chair with a tray in front of it to be susceptible of much improvement; but an attempt has been made recently, if not to improve it for its original purpose, at least to render it suitable for other functions. In addition it has been so designed as to pack into the box-seat, which can be carried by a leather handle. The essential feature of this combination baby-chair is a rectangular box. When the lid is opened a tray is exposed, which can be slid out into the usual position after the front of the box has been opened downwards on hinges at its bottom edge. This front carries a rest for the baby's feet. Hinged at its back edge, the lid forms a back, while safety catches prevent its shutting accidentally and nipping baby's fingers. The legs are detachable, and each is made in

two lengths, with dowels and safety catches at the joints, to give the chair two different heights. Fixed near the corners and secured by wing nuts inside the box, the legs are raked outwards to give a firm support to the chair. For the full height as a chair, or when the contrivance is used as an occasional table or a workbox (as it may be), a shelf with metal clips at the corners holds the legs together. This shelf and the lower parts of the legs are removed when a low chair is desired. A cushion covered with rexine fits into the bottom of the box for baby to sit on. Except the legs the chair is made entirely of three-ply wood stained and french-polished. The legs and the shelf, as already mentioned, pack into the box-seat for carrying. This invention solves the difficulty of providing a chair for baby when on holiday.

A MOTOR PUSHER FOR LAWN MOWERS.

One of the lingering functions of the horse, or, rather, the pony, the hauling of big lawn mowers and heavy rollers, is now being increasingly usurped by the petrol motor. Two motor lawn mowers have already been dealt with in these notes. In these the motors are embodied in the machines. A motor pusher has now been devised which can be attached to any lawn-mower (up to 28" cut) in a few minutes, and thus save scrapping a satisfactory machine already in use. This contrivance consists of a light steel frame carried on two small wheels, with wide, grooved treads which grip the grass. An air-cooled two-stroke petrol motor is mounted on the frame, and drives the wheels through a counter-shaft and two chain reduction gears. Every effort has been made to secure quiet running, two silencers being provided, while compared with toothed gearing the chain drives are practically noiseless. The push is transmitted through a universal joint at the front of the frame to a tubular steel crossbar which is provided with clips to suit the frame of any lawn mower. A clutch is provided on the counter-shaft by which the wheels are started and stopped, the control lever being clipped to one of the mower handles. A throttle control is mounted on the other handle. This motor pusher takes up so little space that there is plenty of room for it just behind the mower without interfering with the gardener's feet. Two outstanding advantages of the separate pusher over the motor lawn mower are:—(1) its much lower cost, assuming an ordinary lawn mower to be in existence; (2) its applicability to rollers, and to the driving of pumps and other appliances requiring power. The elimination of a horse or a pony for heavy rolling is a valuable feature, especially for gravel, as the wheels, which can be supplied rubber-shod for this purpose, supplement the action of the roller, while the hoofs of a pony, even when protected, sometimes do considerable damage.

The makers claim that this motor pusher saves much of the cost for mowing and rolling by horse or man power, and this claim is amply supported by testimonials from well-known persons. The capacity of the pusher with a 24 inch mower is said to be a thousand square yards in 15 minutes, at a cost for petrol of 1d.

NO MORE MISTY SHOP WINDOWS.

It is difficult to prevent the 'steaming' of shop windows in cold, damp weather. One sometimes sees gas burners used for this purpose, but the results are not very satisfactory, for the simple reason that moisture is one of the products of combustion from gas flames. Besides, where a shop window is full of dainty inflammable goods, gas is out of the question, on account both of the risk of fire and of the damage done by the burnt gases. Some shop-keepers overcome the difficulty by keeping their shop doors open, and maintaining the same temperature inside as prevails in the street. But this plan is very hard on the assistants, and is not at all comfortable for customers. What is wanted is a thin stream of warm, dry air flowing upwards over the inner surface of the window. This is exactly what is produced by a small electrical device which has been recently invented. The heating element consists of a thin steel tube, inside which is the actual heater in the form of a bar. A pair of flexible leads convey the current to and from the bar. Surrounding the tube are strips of three-ply wood covered on both sides with galvanized steel, which makes them practically fireproof. These strips do not meet at the corners; three narrow spaces are left, therefore, for the cold air to enter and the heated air to pass directly on to the glass. Made up in 4-foot or 6-foot lengths, these heaters are fixed along the bottoms of the windows, and the hot air from them keeps the glass clear of condensed steam or frost in the coldest weather. A six-foot heater consumes $\frac{1}{4}$ of a unit an hour, and, of course, helps to warm the shop; the cost, therefore, is very moderate.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, if (a) a reply dress is sent, or (b) a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card, be sent to the Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh. (If this condition is not complied with, no reply can be sent.) To avoid delay, requests of this kind from correspondents abroad will be forwarded to the manufacturer or agent.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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CHRISTMAS 1924.

AFTER FUENTES DE OÑORO.

By G. APPLEBY TERRILL,

Author of *The Museum at Night*, *The Admiral's Shore Days*, &c.

PRELUDE.

IT is December 16 to-day—December 16, 1861.

I do not need the almanac, which is before me on my library desk, with a shaft of pale sunlight falling across it, to remind me that this is December 16. I have been waiting expectantly for to-day. I have been somewhat lonely during my wife's absence in London, despite that Marcia, our youngest child, who is still unmarried, has given me the sweetest attention.

My wife has been paying a visit of a few days to son Dick and his wife and family. It was her intention that they and she, and daughter Ruth and her excellent husband and children, should travel down all together for our Christmastide *réunion* here at Falanthill. But in her letter, received by me yesterday, she writes that she is coming before the others, as they cannot leave town until the 17th or 18th, whereas she extremely desires to be at home with me on the 16th—and I am to expect her by the railway train reaching Falanthill at forty-five minutes past midday.

I knew—though Mary, my wife, and I made no reference to it when we bade one another good-bye—that, under Providence, she would be back to me by December 16. She would not let me be without her on December 16. I *knew*—and Marcia wondered yesterday why I

said I knew, until I imparted to her that her mother and I first met on December 16—December 16 of the year 1812.

My memory, in my seventy-eighth year, is very clear and dependable. I have my wife's confirmation of this. She even declares that I am more than her equal, when we amuse ourselves by recalling the minutest details we can of events and circumstances which we witnessed together very long years ago—and she, nine years my junior, is universally admired for the unerring accuracy of her strong, serene intellect, which Time has taken nothing from.

She pays me a compliment, of course. None the less our countless recallings of the evening of December 16, 1812, and the countless times that I have told her of my life and thoughts during many months preceding that—months leading back to another date, May 5, 1811—have etched that period with extraordinary distinctness and minutiae of detail upon my mind. I cannot be too glad; it is one of my great pleasures to look at it, with Mary, or in some such inactive hour as this—when I am waiting for the carriage to come round to take me to the railway station to meet Mary.

It is true that the period opened with disaster for me, and led through months and months of wretchedness; but Mary (though I little knew

it) was at the end of it—and so no part of it can detract from my pleasure as I view it.

May 5, 1811 (over fifty years ago!) was the commencing day. That was the day on which General Masséna cannonaded us, under Wellington, somewhat heavily at Fuentes de Oñoro—and I received the wounds which utterly changed the course of my life.

CHAPTER I.

Glancing at myself in the days before Fuentes de Oñoro I smile, partly with impatience, partly with approval, at the youngster I see; for in some ways I was a very stupid young man, in others a sensible.

My father, who died when I was only two years old—my poor mother dying a month after him—left me a most considerable fortune. He was a merchant, of unpretentious family; and although he bought a house in fashionable Park Place, St James's (merely because he liked the situation), and this estate at Falanthill, he never, so I understood from my guardian, endeavoured to consort with persons of aristocratic position.

As a boy, I lived here at Falanthill with my guardian when I was not at school. The house in Park Place was left in the care of a manservant and his wife. The only occasions on which I set foot in it were those when my guardian brought me to London for my annual inspection by old Mr Michaels, our family physician. Very desolate the house in its shut-up state seemed, and we never stayed more than two nights. In later years if I went to London, which was rarely, I stayed at an hotel. Thus I remained quite a stranger to Park Place.

But by the time I was one-and-twenty several young men of my acquaintance were worrying and importuning me to open up my house there, to display my money, and to seek the acquaintance of the residents, several of whom were of the nobility, whilst well-nigh all of them were of the most exclusive fashionable world, the veritable *beau monde*, the veritable *haut ton*—so these fellows dinned into my ears. My money would be my passport; for its sake even these select people would consent to know me, they argued. This made me exceedingly angry. I refused to open the house, and finally silenced all suggestions of it. I knew that my advisers were rather contemptible, that their object was to enjoy my hospitality at Park Place, and scrape into a polite circle with me (if I got thither); but their insulting inference that my money would be my only passport rankled with me, and for years afterwards I harboured (very unfairly) a resentment towards fashionable society; and indeed, at the time when I was being most importuned, I frequently expressed in forceful terms a distaste for knowing such persons as the *haut ton* residents of Park Place;

this in the hearing of my servants at Falanthill, which procedure not only was unfair and ill-mannered, but excessively foolish, as I was to discover long afterwards.

Apart from my resentment, elegant company, drawing-rooms, and conversaziones were the last things that could interest me—in the days before Fuentes de Oñoro. Even the ordinary diversions of men of wealth, fifty-odd years ago—gambling, guzzling, and running after every pretty woman—made not the slightest appeal to me, I am pleased to think.

My interests in life were entirely restricted to activity in sport and my military career—sport having the larger share. To be boxing, cricketing, wrestling; to be riding a desperate finish in a horse-match, to be running a desperate finish in a foot-race; to be straining muscle and nerve in any friendly contest that called for speed of fist or speed of foot, for strength of body, for skill in horsemanship—those were the pursuits in which I found my happiness. And I like to assure all young men that there is nothing to equal them for keeping a man's body healthy and his spirits bright—his spirits bright in hard and weary times. And we knew some hard and weary times out in Portugal and Spain with the Old Duke (as he was afterwards called).

Although I had ambition to make a name in the army, I elected to go, on entering it, into a comparatively obscure Rifle regiment instead of into one of the dashing brigades affected by persons of means, where an officer is more within the ken of eminent commanders. I made the choice in order that I might be with one or two athlete friends, of slender purses, who were gazetted to the Rifles. I never regretted the step; and on campaign they and I struck up friendships with fellows, among the officers of regiments that marched and quartered with us, who had our own tastes—and throughout my time in the Peninsula I had my sporting contests whenever conditions allowed.

Indeed—though this affair was a pure bit of merriment—Norman Seys (of the 79th), a very dear friend of mine, and Laurie Whittuck (of the 71st), a delightful fellow, and I played a few minutes' cricket so late as the evening of May 4, the day before the heavy fighting at Fuentes. A tree was our wicket, a broken sapling was our bat; but I fully believe that we should have kept on until darkness—or an infuriated Provost-Marshal—closed the play, had not Laurie, with a splendid but unfortunate hit, sent our only ball into the river Turones.

That was my last game—that little piece of foolery, in the evening, by the Turones. It was destined to become in every way a sad memory. Both Norman and good-humoured old Laurie were dead by the May of next year. As for myself, next day I was simply shattered.

This occurred when the Light Division (General Craufurd), which included my Rifle

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people, had fallen back as reserve to the First Division, after holding General Montbrun's cavalry nicely at bay. Masséna's cannon opened, and presently I was hit, losing my right leg from the knee and my left arm as the consequence.

The ball which carried off my foot and shin had first splintered a small tree which was near me. Those who picked me up found that a fragment of this, which must have struck me as I reeled before dropping senseless, had broken and practically severed my arm. Chips and particles of white wood, falling after I was down, lay on me like snowflakes—some one told me many weeks later.

I had few moments of full consciousness until I found myself lying in a convent bed far behind our lines a month afterwards. But I had one distinct memory then—a memory of opening my eyes, perhaps many days before, and discerning that I was in a mule-cart. To some extent I was protected from the sun, but I could see the deep blue sky, and the heat was intense. I felt, almost immediately, that I was dying, that I was suffocating, that my brain was on the point of bursting. I could not prevent terror blending with my agony. On the harness of the mules in front of me were gay blue-and-yellow worsted knots. They were the common adornments of mules, but they seemed, in their gayness, to be a cruel mockery of my suffering and panic. And ere I lost consciousness I told myself that I died hating blue and yellow more than anything else in the world.

I knew that I was to live when I awoke in the convent. But, finding in what state I was to live, finding for the first time that my leg and arm were gone, that my athletics were finished, I sank into black despondence. I was to be a slow-moving cripple. Could there be a more horrible contrast!—though, as a soldier, I might have expected it. But, somehow, I had not expected it; and life, worth calling such, seemed suddenly ended for me. My depression was so black that it is marvellous that it did not stop my recovery and send me sliding down the path up which I was being lifted by gentle convent sisters and the surgeon.

My voyage to England gave me no relief from my wretchedness. I was indifferent, when I was brought ashore at Plymouth, as to whether I lived or died. Yet some grain of common-sense caused me to go to London to put myself under the pleasant and skilful care of old Michaels. As he wished me to be under his eye for an indefinite time I decided to live in my house at Park Place, and thither I went, having sent down to Falanhill for some of my domestics, not forgetting Pyrke, my head groom, a nice, very honest fellow, and a fine cricketer, whose talk of cricket, I imagined, would cheer me a little. But it was to prove incapable of doing that. For some fifteen or sixteen months

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after Fuentes de Oñoro I remained in a state of gnawing wretchedness.

My bodily health rallied. By the springtime of 1812, a year after the action, I was gaining strength fast. But there was no brightening of my spirits. Could I have looked forward to returning eventually to the army my future would not have appeared so black. Had I been a general officer there would have been a prospect that I should return despite my disabilities—to sit a quiet horse amid the bustle and exposure of campaign, with a sense of again living an active life, because of the stir about me, and the scorch of the sun, or the nip of winter winds, on my face—had I been a general officer! But I was not; and for a maimed lieutenant of Rifles the army had no place.

What aided to keep my spirits at their lowest when, with my health improving, they should have risen was that the cup of the timber leg which, early in 1812, Michaels brought into my drawing-room with considerable glee, so agonised and threatened to inflame the stump of my leg that, for some time thereafter, Michaels, and two other surgeons whom we consulted, were of opinion that two or three years would pass before I should be able to wear this wooden peg.

Since my left arm was at Fuentes I could use only one crutch. With this I moved about my rooms or about my little garden behind the house in a slow, laborious manner—balancing upon the crutch, making a hopping step, pausing unsteadily upon my only leg while I moved the crutch, then balancing and hopping again. My mind acquired the perverse habit of recalling vividly that or this foot-race which I had run in whilst I was making this poor progression of mine. I would almost feel again the 'fluff' of air against my face as I sped fast, the swift touch of my toes (of each foot) upon the turf. I would almost see again the apparent speeding of the green turf beneath me, as one always saw it though one's eyes were on the winning-line. And then I would realise that I was hanging upon my crutch and in some danger of falling because my only leg had made a reckless stride forward to win the race. And often at that, in a sudden semi-frenzy, I would come very near to whipping up my crutch and hurling it through the nearest window, if I could do that ere I toppled over. However, I retained sufficient strength of will to spare my windows. I would but set my lips tight, then take my hopping step, and so move onward.

I passed a very great deal of my time sitting at one or another of my drawing-room windows, on the first floor, looking down into Park Place and observing my neighbours leave and enter their houses, envying them all, men and women, young and old, because they were blessed with the power of being able to walk—of being able to run, if minded. I did not conceive of any circumstance that would provoke the older

gentlemen, very stiff of dignity, or the ladies with their silks and gauzes and pretty, weak airs, to dream of running, until one forenoon a spring shower burst with utter suddenness and heaviness upon Park Place. Even then the old gentlemen but quick-marched; but the ladies ran, with a strength and nimbleness of foot that I never should have believed possible.

At times into Park Place came some one-legged soldier or seaman, stumping bravely along on his wooden pin at an admirable rate; and heartily I envied each of these honest lads. And at times there came, draggingly and suffering, on crutch or crutches, some poor lad as shattered as I, doubtless looking for the 'Sick and Hurt' Charity which—I had heard—was opened in Arlington Street; and in a manner I envied these boys also, because they (though of necessity) dragged themselves along the streets, a thing that I, with stupid sensitiveness, shrank from doing.

If ever I left the house—except for the garden—Pyrke drove me in the curricule. I derived no enjoyment from these excursions. In my disconsolate state I felt that they accentuated my helplessness. The horses, being little worked and well nourished, were a rare mettlesome double-handful for Pyrke; and I could do no more than sit beside him and watch him master them, and know that I was bereft of power to control them.

So, then, for most of each day I sat at my window—sometimes reading the sport intelligence and war intelligence in a newspaper, sometimes talking with Pyrke, but generally sitting alone, with my newspaper thrown aside, staring into Park Place, watching my neighbours pass along.

A feeling of intense loneliness had gradually and steadily added itself to my troubles. Pyrke with his cricket stories was quite incapable of abating it. Cheery old Michaels, whose presence certainly could afford me relief, had his books too full of sick persons' names to be able to spare many half-hours for visiting me once my health was re-established—and, so far as I knew, I had not a single friend in London except Michaels. All my other friends, my fellows of the cricket field, the boxing ring, and the bivouac, my dear friends! were still fighting their way through Spain, or in their graves there. By the June of 1812 I knew that both Norman Seys and Laurie Whittuck were gone, one from wounds, the other from disease. I sobbed for a long while in my chair after reading the name of each in the newspaper lists.

In a manner I knew my neighbours; that is, Michaels had told me the names or titles of most (and had spoken of their social eminence), and I, observing them month after month from my window, had become very familiar with the features of many—familiar with their individual little mannerisms and habits of gait, with the very tones of their voices, which I heard when some greeted others. As my loneliness grew

upon me I wished exceedingly, even yearningly, that I was acquainted with some of them. I had lost my old resentment against elegant society. I found myself rather admiring the dignity, stiff though it was, of the sober-garbed old men among my neighbours; and, totally unaccustomed though I was to admiring women, I could not but admire a little some of these ladies with their delicately pretty faces and their sweet genteel ways. To the wounded young men who came now and again home to Park Place my feelings of comradeship went out. But, stationed at my window, I remained a stranger to all and every of my neighbours of Park Place—pondering of how considerably it would lighten my days if some of them had the habit of giving me a nod of greeting from the road, of coming in to talk with me, of welcoming me to their houses had I the courage to go thither with my hop and my crutch.

None of them had ever come to my door to leave compliments, though doubtless almost all knew that I was within, broken. I did not know whether it would be a breach of etiquette for them to make some inquiry for me.

I had a fund of crude shyness in my nature in those days. I had been little aware of it when I was in my natural element, amid men of my own tastes—with myself sound-limbed and high-spirited. But I was very aware of it in Park Place. I had an idea that Michaels would be not unwilling to present me to some of my neighbours, but shyness utterly held me back from asking him, caused me indeed to give, with considerable embarrassment, a quick turn to our conversation if I thought I perceived that he was going to touch on the subject. These elegant persons, if they spoke to me, would almost surely find that, with my rough tastes and neglected manners, with my ignorance of music, painting, literature, and the rules of very genteel conversation, I was unendurable. So, much better to keep apart from them.

Yet I yearned to know them, to be saved from my loneliness, as I watched them from my window—getting to know their faces so well, getting to recognise the faces of their relatives and friends who walked occasionally into Park Place to visit them.

And throughout this time, to the September of 1812, my spirits remained in such a monotony of gloom that, even to-day, I find myself wondering that I did not sink and die under my melancholy.

CHAPTER II.

BUT in the beginning of September my spirits began to mend—and thereafter mended rapidly.

The reason was that I had suddenly determined that, at whatever suffering, I would endeavour to use my timber leg—and Michaels

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though he counselled delay, did his utmost to aid me in the matter, devising pads and bandages for the stump, and lotions with which to combat inflammation.

I commenced by wearing the leg for only a few minutes each day, walking a dozen times up and down the drawing-room with it. I lengthened and lengthened the period of wearing; and though for a while the pain was exquisite, and often would recur to some degree as I lay in bed at night, no bad result followed.

By the end of September walking was much less painful. For half-an-hour on end I would walk in my garden behind the house, still hanging a little upon my crutch to spare the stump some of my weight, yet using the peg alternately with my foot in a splendid manner. Striding thus, passing and repassing my flowerbeds, looking sometimes, as carelessly as though I were walking on two feet, at the sky above me, at the sunlight falling upon the houses near me, I reflected that I had come back into life—that a pleasant life lay ahead of me after all. In time I should be able to walk fast, in the streets, wherever I liked, without a crutch.

On the 3rd of November, having discarded my crutch, bearing slightly upon a stick, I walked out of my doorway into Park Place, and thence away into St James's Street, and onward for twenty minutes, clad in a black civilian coat and long trousers (that my peg might be much hidden by the trouser-leg); and, for the first time since Fuentes de Oñoro, I experienced real happiness. Indeed, my spirits would be buoyant as I stepped and stumped along various streets in the days of that November. It would cause me sheer exultation to overtake and pass some sound-limbed person, even though he were a no more formidable rival than a stout and elderly gentleman making his way along St James's Street to one of the fashionable clubs, Almack's or Boodle's. There were some circumstances, however, which tended to cloud my satisfaction of those days—circumstances which had to do with my neighbours. I had noted, when first I walked from my house into Park Place, that such of these as I passed observed me with some curiosity, as a person of whom they had heard but hitherto had caught but a glimpse (when I started upon, or returned from, one of my curricule outings). I had noted also, in the case of the men, that the scrutiny I received contained something more than a quality of coldness which a stranger might expect to discern. It contained something that hinted of hostility. I had not expected this—but day after day I felt that I perceived that touch of hostility in many glances.

I was very conscious, if under scrutiny, of my wooden peg projecting beneath my trouser-leg. I was very conscious of the sharp tap with which it struck the ground in contrast to the soft fall of my foot; and the thought that I

was surveyed with unfriendliness was quite sufficient to rouse my fighting spirit. I returned glances as cold as, and more openly hostile than, the glances I received.

But one Sunday morning I saw coming towards me an elderly gentleman, Lord Henry Clunas, a man of grave, handsome face and erect figure, whose winning courtliness of manner in greeting his friends I had very frankly admired from my window. I saw from his eyes that actually he intended to speak to me—doubtless to felicitate me upon my recovery. In my amazement at perceiving his purpose, in an access of frantic shyness, I lost my head in the most foolish manner. I looked sharply, blankly, before me, quickened my pace, and made as though to pass him—expecting, none the less, that he would speak. But his hand, which he had lifted half-way to his hat, sank down, and we passed.

I knew how deeply I had affronted him. My walk was quite spoiled; and I lay awake long that night troubled by the matter. The next day, seeing him, I at once went out of my way to pass near him, turning my face to him with well-nigh a smile of recognition. But he looked very sternly before him. And in future each of us looked steadily past the other.

After this incident I saw, beyond any possibility of doubt, uncompromising hostility in many faces, and I guessed that the thing had been spoken of—particularly when Michaels said to me, in queer tones, 'I hear you have not formed any acquaintanceships yet, young man.'

'I have not,' I answered shortly, sullenly; and turned the conversation.

My fighting spirit did not flag. I either answered glances with interest when passing my neighbours, or, as an alternative, looked ahead of me with my chin up and my lips set, with truculence in the way in which I stepped and stumped, yet with the thought in my mind that, with my wooden peg, my empty sleeve, and my stout walking-stick, I doubtless was failing to get much defiance into my gait.

However, I had no real heart for this kind of thing—after my months of misery. I was prepared to fight, but I wanted friendship about me, not antagonism—*friendship*. At Falanthill (but a little village in those days) I should have at least Mr Le Hunte, the pleasant parson, to spend hours with me, and tenants and villagers to wish me well as I walked. I decided to go to Falanthill—but not for some weeks, lest I should seem to have retreated pell-mell. I decided that I would sell the London house and be done for ever with Park Place.

But it was destined that some chance words should set me on a path that was to lead me not only to friendship with my neighbours in Park Place, but to some one infinitely of more account than they. The man who spoke the words would have appeared the least likely

person to influence my fate. He was merely a very poor, very broken soldier whom sometimes I spoke to in Arlington Street.

CHAPTER III.

HIS name was Humphry (late of the 14th Dragoons). He told me one afternoon that he was a distant relative of a Mr Ozias Humphry, a very well-known painter of miniatures, he said, who had died about two years before. He added that, without any doubt, a gentleman such as I knew Mr Ozias Humphry's name and miniatures very well.

I knew nothing whatever of miniatures except that they were little pictures—usually portraits, I thought; and at the time I believed that I had never heard the name Ozias Humphry. But that night, as I lay half asleep, the face of the broken soldier and the name Ozias Humphry drifted into my mind; and suddenly and clearly I recalled that my dear, dead friend Norman Seys had mentioned, one long bygone evening near Corunna, that he had a brother Francis who was a miniature painter in London, and had been a pupil of Ozias Humphry.

I thought no more of Ozias Humphry, but, being thus reminded that Norman had a brother, I decided instantly that I would seek him out, and have a long talk with him of Norman. I debated, with feelings between pleasure and great sadness, that I might find Francis Seys so like his brother that I should seem, in a way, to be with my friend again.

Next morning, before I dressed, I sent Pyrke to make inquiries as to where Mr Francis Seys, the painter, lived; and in less than twenty minutes he knocked at my bedroom door to tell me that Mr Seys was lodging in Russell Street. After breakfast I wrote a short letter to Seys asking whether I might visit him, and explaining why I wished to, and sent it by Pyrke, who presently returned with a letter from Seys, which gave me a very pleasant invitation to come that afternoon, but started a far from pleasurable train of thought in my mind. The handwriting—as I had immediately seen—was weak and very curious; the spaces between the words being irregular, and gaps occurring in the middle of several of the longer words, as though the writer, having lifted his pen, had somehow lost sight of the first part of such words when he resumed; and, indeed, at the end of his letter Seys apologised for his writing, stating that an affection of his eyes, from which he frequently suffered, was rendering him almost blind to-day.

I reflected with consternation that for a painter this malady would be a peculiarly grave affliction.

In the afternoon, which was cold and overcast, with a trace of fog and a hint of rain in the air, I set out for Russell Street, stepping

along at a fine brisk pace with my peg and my foot. I recalled that Norman Seys had spoken of his brother as making a large income by his miniatures. Francis Seys's reference to his eyes gave me no reason to suppose that I should find him in other than comfortable circumstances. But, after a maid-servant at his lodging-house had conducted me up two flights of stairs, I entered a room that was very poor-looking, and discovered Francis Seys to be very poor-looking too—and worse, with his appearance of illness and pain. He was dressed untidily in an old coat and knee-breeches, with his stockings loose and wrinkled about his slight legs. His face was pale, sunken-cheeked, and his eyes seemed to be in an exceedingly painful state. They were watery and very contracted, with the lids puffed, reddened, and twitching incessantly. Across his forehead was a bandage, moist with some medicament, which evidently had lain across his eyes until he pushed it up to receive me. (This medicament, he told me presently, was in part the cause of the painful aspect of his eyes, though it was beneficial.)

He was standing by a meagre fire, which smoked in a hearth-place of dirty white marble, and left the air of the room quite cold. His windows were uncurtained, doubtless to afford a better light for painting; but their bareness added to the really miserable appearance of the room, with its uncarpeted floor and its scanty furniture of a few chairs, a bureau, an easel, and a table with some palettes, brushes, and colours upon it.

He came to me with a smile. Thus far I had detected no resemblance at all to his brother; but when he spoke I had a strange, sad feeling of being carried back to the past, for his voice had exactly the sound of his dead brother's.

'Lieutenant Midwood?' said he.

'Mr Seys?' said I; and, slipping my hat and stick onto a chair, I heartily shook his hand.

He led me to the hearth, and set chairs for us; and during the next hour we spoke of little except Norman—I speaking of his life in the Spanish Peninsula, Seys telling me of their schooldays and early manhood days together. He had replaced the bandage over his eyes, but eventually he pushed it on to his forehead again, and, rising, took a bottle with a little brandy and two glasses from a recess, asking me to pour the brandy, since his sight to-day would not permit him to do it with certainty. Our raising of our glasses to each other's health (and to Norman's memory) led me naturally to inquire as to his eyes, regarding which he had given me no particulars. He told me about them, and in doing so disclosed his circumstances, and I found that in every way his state was truly wretched.

Two years before, he had reached the highest point of his popularity as a painter of miniature portraits. The most fashionable persons sat to him; he painted a dozen miniatures a month, being paid from thirty to fifty guineas for each,

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out spending every guinea that he earned. Then his eyes, from some inherent weakness or from strain, perhaps from both, had commenced to trouble him. There would be days when he could hardly endure to keep them open because the light hurt them, and days when he would find his sight very clouded, so clouded at minutes that he would be unable to distinguish the lineaments of a portrait-face in a miniature. At first, such days were of rare occurrence; they became much more frequent. Aware that these troubles might soon put an end to his painting days, he became preyed on by anxiety—*anxiety* which told on his body, causing him to lose strength. With the decrease of his vigour his eyes swiftly became worse. Often he could paint only on two or three days a week, and then but for a little time, working in great pain, with the daylight pricking at his eyes. After an hour, frequently after only minutes, the light would begin to stab agonisingly, and his sight would be almost completely blotted out. The day's painting would be finished, and perhaps for hours after he had laid down his brush his eyes would see little but vapour. Spectacles did not aid him; doctors could not, beyond allaying his pain somewhat with medicaments. They adjured him to abandon painting immediately if he would save his sight. Having put aside no money, being in debt even, he would not abandon; he struggled on. But it was evident, some months before I met him, that the end of his painting was very close. Patrons were deserting him fast, not only because he rarely could paint, but because several of the pictures which he completed were deemed unsatisfactory by those who had sat for them.

At the time I was in his room he had scarcely a patron left. He had been unable to paint for three weeks. He had made an attempt that morning, but he had done no more than almost ruin a portrait, and he had been nearly blind ever since. He assured me, with a disconsolate smile, that he had not seen my face plainly enough to know really what I was like. . . . During the past month, he added, he had been forced to sell most of his furniture and all his good clothes to pay off certain creditors.

The fire on the hearth was extinct save for a speck of fading red when he stopped speaking. Outside the naked windows day was darkening into night. The room was in dusk. I gazed at Seys, his lean face silhouetted against a window, his bandage over his eyes, and I meditated with some shame that here was a poor fellow who had more reason for considering his life at an end than had I in my former misery.

Abruptly, as though guessing the dusk, he pushed his bandage up and rose, and groped on the mantelshelf and picked up a tinder-box. He lit two candles on the bureau, shading his eyes with one hand, and putting aside my protest that he should not light up the room. Then
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he swung the shutters across the windows and returned to his chair, leaning back in it and pulling the bandage over his eyes.

'I spent May and June in Dublin,' he said, after a moment's silence. 'Do you know Dublin?'

'No,' I answered.

He nodded. 'I thought the change might benefit me, and that I might get some work there—if my eyes would let me do it. It was an unfortunate expedition. A wretch of a woman cheated me—when I could least afford to be cheated!'

'Cheated?' I asked.

He nodded again. 'Cheated and robbed me. . . . She was to give me a hundred guineas for three portraits of herself. I was six weeks in doing them. My eyes were very bad—I could not work for more than a few minutes each day. I worked at nothing but those portraits—no one else offered me work—and I did my utmost to make them very good. I wanted to be sure of satisfying her. I most badly needed the hundred guineas. She was not to pay me until all three were finished; she would not agree otherwise; and from the first I was half afraid that she would find some pretext for cheating me. She was a pretty woman, but her blue eyes were not honest. I always felt that. I strove to make those portraits too good for any fault-finding.' The finger-tips of Seys's hands, which lay on the chair-arms, tapped quickly, angrily, upon the wood.

'They were good portraits. Not much below my best work—though I did them in such pain. She—she was *entranced* by the first and the second, so she declared; and she carried them away without leaving me a guinea for them. And she was entranced by the third.' Seys moved his shoulders, and smiled glumly. 'She would have carried that away, promising to pay me next day. But I stood against that. I would not let her take it. Very well, she would come for it to-morrow with the money, she told me in a fury. But she did not come, and two days afterwards I learned that she was nothing but a rogue, and had cleared out of Dublin by night with a cloud of debt-writes after her. . . . A heartless wretch! She knew how my eyes were; she knew how I was struggling in great pain to earn her hundred guineas. Heartless!—and so pretty! I will show you her picture.'

Once more he pushed the bandage from his eyes. He stood, and went towards the bureau. He stopped for an instant when near it, placing a hand over his eyes. 'They stabbed me suddenly—the candle flames; stabbed me through bright mists, you know, Midwood. That's the sorry state I'm in,' he said.

'Sit down, man,' I said. 'Let the picture be. Sit down and cover your eyes.'

But, with a certain obstinacy which I had already noted in him, he shook his head. He

stood by the bureau, and, with face averted from the candles, with eyes so screwed that they well-nigh were shut, pulled open a drawer. From it he took two small unframed ovals, white on one side, brightly painted on the other—as I could see from where I sat. With one in either hand he peered at each, eyes screwed. He placed the ovals on the top of the bureau and lifted two more from the drawer. 'I made copies, on ivory, of some of my favourite studies,' he said; 'equal to the pictures themselves. I meant never to sell them, but I shall be forced to—when there is nothing else left to sell. . . . This is the Dublin wretch. I painted *her* on ivory.' He spoke of a miniature which he was holding to his eyes. He put the other oval which he held into the drawer; and then, keeping his face still much averted from the candles, he extended his hand to the miniatures on the bureau, picking one up. By mischance the edge of it touched the face of the other, and was drawn lightly across it. Seys clicked his lips, hastily transferred the miniature he had lifted to the hand which already held the Dublin lady, and picked up the third picture, and raised it to his eyes. 'Is it scraped?' he asked, with a note of helplessness. 'I truly cannot see.'

I got up, stumped over to him, and took the oval—the shining colours of which portrayed, against a dark-blue curtain, the face and upper part of a middle-aged, whiskered man, the face being so natural in its expression and whole appearance that I, looking wonderingly at Seys's workmanship rather than for a mark of scraping, felt that the portrait must be a very true likeness. Then, after a second or two, I said, 'No, there's not a mark.'

Seys muttered a word of relief and, when I had put the picture into his hand, laid it within the drawer. Then, moving his head sharply as though the candle rays had caught his eyes again, he took one of the two miniatures which he held and proffered it to me, bringing my eyes down from his face, which I had been regarding pityingly since his flinch. I took the little picture, with the barest glance, with scarcely any interest in it at the moment.

Seys placed the other in the drawer, shut this, and walked to his chair. He sat down hastily, pulled the bandage over his eyes, and lay back with a sigh of suffering, pressing a hand upon the bandage—and I for some instants surveyed him, or, preoccupied with him, glanced with pity around his cheerless room. The fire's speck of red was turning dark. The room was but half lit by the two candles. A shutter had swung back from one of the windows. I could see raindrops on the glass; could hear them ticking against it. A current of air, coming past the shutter to where I stood, was bringing a keen chill into the dull coldness of the room.

'Blue eyes that would play you false,' muttered Seys suddenly. 'You can see it, Midwood,

eh? I saw, yet let her cheat me. Maybe I was fool enough to be—to be touched by her pretty, dishonest face. It is pretty, eh? But dishonest—look at the mouth and eyes.'

I looked. For the briefest instant it was the beauty of the little picture, as a picture, which held me—the beauty of Seys's craftsmanship, which, for all my ignorance, I knew was superb. I marvelled that, in his pain, he could have commanded himself to limn with the fineness and precision that were shown. Actually separate threads of the golden hair which lay against the cheek of the sitter were delineated, it seemed to me. And in her blue eyes were twin spots of light which wonderfully suggested life. Almost as I noted them the eyes seemed to shine with a doubled appearance of life, drawing my attention wholly to them and to the nature of the face; and one of my thoughts was that, somewhere and more than once, I had seen this face in life and believed it beautiful, as now, looking on it at leisure, I saw it truly was—and it was faithfully portrayed, I could be sure.

It was an uncommon face. It was long and slender, and lower of forehead than one would have looked for, considering its length; but the effect of this was strangely pleasing, since there were understanding and wisdom most plainly depicted in the face. The brows were level, the blue eyes were large; far from being false eyes, they looked to me steadfast and honourable. And the mouth, sweetly chiselled, sweetly firm, far from being dishonest, seemed to tell of honour.

I smiled a shade, for I realised that I was going beyond admiring this face, I was letting it attract me. Indeed, it was attracting me very much more than any woman's face had ever managed to, if my memory served—and it was a cheat's face! She was much, much younger than I had expected, the Dublin wretch. Poor Seys—I debated—having been cheated and robbed, imagined that her true character was written in her face. It was not. Only honour and steadfastness, and sweet, grave wisdom were written. What a face for a thieving cheat! What an invaluable face for her!

I took a step or two down the room, still looking at the face, ruffling my brow as to where I had seen it. I felt that I was a trifle disloyal to Seys in not conceiving a dislike of the face. But I couldn't do it. Whimsically—for, of all unseasonable results, my study of the Dublin wretch's long, sweet face, with its big blue eyes and golden hair and apurious honour, had put a queer touch of exhilaration in my spirits—whimsically, looking at the yellow hair and blue eyes, I recalled to myself that, ever since the day when I lay shattered in the mule-cart, I had made a point of hating blue and yellow whenever I saw the colours together. But I found that I could not hate them in this case.

And then I remembered where I had seen
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her, and knew why my memory had been so strangely tardy. The reason of that was not that I had not seen her since early summer; and the reason was not that I had but glimpsed her twice from my window as, slender and tall, she went somewhat quickly by; the reason (almost an illogical one) was that then her face was framed in a bonnet. Her pictured face was framed by no bonnet. But it was the face I had glimpsed, once on a sunlit day, once on a day of soft rain.

'Seys,' I said, 'she was in London in July. I saw her come twice into Park Place, to visit at some house, I should say. I didn't see whose.'

He lifted the bandage from his eyes, looking towards me, but distinguishing little of my face, I feared. 'Are you sure?' he asked.

'Ay—very sure,' I answered.

Then: 'July?' he said. 'Oh, July! Haven't you seen her since then?'

'No,' I said.

'Then she's flown, long ago,' he said disappointedly, wearily; 'finished her cheating in Park Place, and flown. I wonder whom she robbed?'

I stared down at the face. 'I wonder where she's flown to?' I said.

'She may still be in London,' said Seys, sitting up in his chair. 'She may be! I never thought she would come to London. They said in Dublin, afterwards, that she was notorious here. . . . I'll lodge information to-morrow—set the runners looking for her. . . . I don't know her real name, but I'll show them her picture. I'll have her jailed—if she can be found. I'll have her jailed tight. There are a dozen things that they want to jail her for, here in London—from what was said in Dublin.'

I shrugged my shoulders. 'What's the good?' I said. 'You won't get your money by it if there are so many claims against her.' And I glanced up at him.

'No, I sha'n't,' he said pensively. He sank his chin upon his hand, and his eyes roved in a sightless way along the room. Suddenly they returned in my direction, and I saw eagerness in his pale face. 'You may see her again; you have a far better chance than I, Midwood,' he said. 'Take that picture of her. Do you see a little case—violet silk inside—open on the bureau?'

I glanced. 'Yes,' I said.

'Put it in that, and into your pocket, and ever you see her, show it to her. Thrust it up to her face, and tell her you know of her robbing me. I want you to frighten her, Midwood—frighten her into giving you some of my guineas, if only five or ten; or frighten her into coming with you to me to pay me something!' He leaned back a little weakly.

In his chair, plainly feeling an effect of his shemence. 'I would be most grateful to you, Midwood,' he said. 'You might frighten twenty guineas out of her—and they would be of extreme use to me.'

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My cheeks had gone hot. I had been very near to interrupting him with violently angry words because he dared to imagine that I would bully money out of a woman. I restrained myself; and then I felt angry with myself for having so nearly spoken harshly to him, who looked so pitiable and frail. I pursed my lips, and looked once more at the miniature, at the steadfast, radiant eyes, at the beautiful, honourable face. And at last, and suddenly, my anger flared against this face, because it could look thus and cleverly hide a rapacious, thieving, utterly mean soul.

'I'll watch out for her, Seys,' I said, almost venomously. 'I'll say things to her that will make her wilt! Ay, I'll turn her sorry and sick that she plucked at you.' And I knew that I was speaking sincerely.

He nodded with a pleased light in his face, thanking me, and wishing I might speedily find the bird. I walked to the bureau, placed the miniature in the little violet-silk lined case, and the case in my pocket. Oh, I was sincere. If ever I met this woman—this girl—I'd give her a tongue-lashing, as she deserved for showing such a face to the world. But, take a penny from her frightened hands! What a thought! Seys should not lose by my neglect, however. If I met her (perhaps even if I did not) I would pay him his hundred guineas, pretending they had come from her. Then she would have one enemy the less.

Presently, having persuaded Seys, not without trouble, to accept a trifling loan, I left. As I stepped and stumped very smartly through the rain I found my spirits exuberant. The rate at which I could walk in these days was splendid!—And my vigil for the Dublin wretch, though I was little likely to meet her, was a curiously interesting diversion.

CHAPTER IV.

[T was not in Park Place, it was not in London, that I met her. It was in a roadside inn, 'The Five Bells,' eleven miles from Falantheil, that we came face to face. Thus, strangely indeed, did fate run.

This was some two weeks after my visit to Seys, being on December 16 of the year 1812. I had been looking forward to a very lonely Christmastide in Park Place. Michaels, who had dined with me on the previous Christmas Day, was to be away in the country; and from Seys I had received a note, written in well-nigh happy phrases, telling me that a former patron, just returned from India, was taking him into Kent for the Christmas. (And with gladness I reflect that Seys lived many happy years with this patron, turning his art from painting to horticulture and preserving a remnant of his sight till his death in 1840.)

So, with Michaels and Seys to be out of town, I was faced with an empty dining-room. My spirits would fall a little, even when I was walking, from thinking of it. I would rally them by glancing alertly round for the Dublin wretch; then I would debate that doubtless she was out of town, and perhaps a thousand miles away, and my spirits would fall fast. Returning into Park Place, I would discover, as often as not, a group of my neighbours conversing blithely. The ladies would give me a cold glance, the men an inimical one; and though my mouth would be set stoutly and truculently, those glances would not help my spirits.

On the evening of the 14th I decided that I would pass my Christmas in the friendlier air of Falanthill—to the flutter of my household, part of which was to go with me, and part to stay. The next day Pyrke and I started homeward in the curricule, with a coach-load of my domestics (fluttered even yet) preparing to follow us; and just on dusk of the day after, December 16, the curricule, breasting a hill, brought us in sight of 'The Five Bells'; and I told Pyrke to pull up there so that we could fortify ourselves with a meal for the last cold, dreary miles of our road, most of which would be byway and very slow going.

I perceived with considerable surprise that there were two large travelling-carriages and a berlin and a spick post-chaise, all horsed and betokening company of some consequence, outside 'The Five Bells.' And, on entering, I had to press my way past a number of gentlemen, talking, glass in hand, to Forrest, the landlord.

Forrest, having given me a small private room for my meal, and having brought the first cover to me himself, told me, anent the company, that it consisted of persons who were going to a great reception at Sir Nevile Breadnell's house, some miles off. The bridge over Danby's Stream had collapsed, however, and they were waiting whilst Sir Nevile's men finished a makeshift bridge for their carriages.

I began my meal, making but leisurely way with my one hand. The best part of half-an-hour went by; then, quite suddenly, I heard women's voices outside my door. There came a tap, the door opened a little, a voice—very sweetly it sounded—asked 'Dick?' and a face looked in—the long, sweet, steadfast-eyed face of the Dublin wretch!

I did not think of her as a cheat at the moment, yet I behaved with extreme discourtesy. That is, I believed that if I made to stand up my awkwardness and the scrape of my wooden peg upon the floor would cause even her steadfast eyes to glance uncomprehendingly below the level of my table and discover that I had a timber leg; and though my loose sleeve was obvious to her, I shrank exceedingly at this moment from letting her know how maimed I was. Her blue eyes, reflecting the light of the candles on the

chimney-piece, were upon my face. They had expressed surprise and courteous distress at finding me instead of some one she sought. Perceiving me so rudely sit, they expressed more surprise, and transient displeasure.

She wore a brown bonnet, her golden hair gleaming within it; and as she opened the door wider she showed herself to be in a long brown cloak embroidered with lighter brown. I saw, with surprise, that it was merely to make a ceremonious withdrawal that she had opened the door more. Taking her hand from it, she gave me a shade of a curtsy, her blue eyes quietly unfriendly, and her voice, when she spoke, cold, yet so sweetly sounding!

'Oh, sir, I crave your pardon,' she said. 'I thought my brother was here.'

And then she had turned, and was closing the door, speaking to a lady, whom I had discerned behind her, in pensive tones, as though, even before the door was closed, I was totally separated from them—forgotten. I had affronted her; she had shown her indignation. She had scathed me in the quietest manner; but for her eyes, the scathing would barely have been perceptible. Yet I, conscious of my rudeness, watching the door gently moving to shut, felt that she had given me a monstrous crushing, had made me look a veritable oaf. And I remembered (and should have been ashamed to find myself remembering it vindictively) that she was a cheat. What right had she to 'lady' it despidingly over an honourable man, as I hoped I was? I remembered, and, exactly as the door was shutting to, I called swiftly, angrily, 'Wait, you! Come here!'

The door opened quickly. I saw amazement, intense anger, in her eyes. I saw that her face had gone quite white. But her eyes in their anger were still steadfast. Her face in its whiteness had no tremor. 'Surely you could not have been speaking to me!' she said quietly.

'I was speaking to you,' I answered. I put my hand quickly to my coat, uncertain as to whether the miniature was in the pocket or in the pocket of another coat. I felt the case, took it out, placed it on the table, and opened it. 'I wish to speak with you about this,' I said, nodding at the miniature lying, with its colours shining, upon one of two squares of violet-coloured silk.

She looked towards it. I saw her level brow knit a thought as she discerned something familiar in its colouring. She moved—moved nearly to the table; and then, with an intake of her breath, she looked at me, burning indignation in her eyes. 'Who gave you this?' she asked. 'How dare you have this?'

We had come to the point—and I felt that something was wrong. I answered her gaze stoutly, but the great indignation in her eyes, the honour in her face, looked too real to be explained away—superb hoodwinker though she

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might be, I felt that something was wrong. But, after my rude, raucous words to her I had no choice but to go on, I deemed. Conscious of a touch of hotness at my cheeks, I said, 'Mr Francis Seys lent it to me. Why did you cheat and rob Mr Seys?'

'Cheat—rob—Mr Seys?' she asked slowly, gazing at me in purest, truest astonishment. Her lips had turned white, and suddenly her steadiness failed. With a sharp breath, putting her hand to her lips, she turned and walked quickly across the room and through the doorway. I heard the other lady speak to her, and I heard her say whisperingly, gaspingly, 'Some strange villain!' And then she was gone from the doorway, the other with her, and I heard them call together in the passage, 'Dick! Dick!' and again, 'Dick! Dick!'

I sat frowning, convinced now that something was very wrong, and wondering what to do. Their voices died away; perhaps half a minute passed, and I had come to no decision. There suddenly sounded a man's voice at the end of the passage, and then the swift patter of a man's shoes, and into my room swung a broad, fair-haired young fellow in a blue dance-coat and black smalls, with his fists already doubled, and 'smash' written on every line of his infuriated face.

I recognised him instantly, despite his fury, as the Honourable Mr Lambarde, a nephew of Lord Henry Clunas, who frequently resided with Lord Henry in Park Place. But he gave me scant time for recollection. Without the slightest pause at my threshold he came straight for me, flinging himself three-parts across my small table from the fury with which he drove his right fist at me. I swerved my head, and, though sitting, drove three lusty ones upon his ear before he could recover himself, amid my meal, from missing me. As he straightened he paid me back with two heavy blows on the left side of my head, which I, armless on that side, could ill protect. Then, ere I had straightened from the buffets, he was round on my side of the table, and had hit me again twice. I struck him on the chin as he drove the second blow, and then clutched his coat, hoping to jerk him from his balance. Thereat, with both hands, he grasped me at my neck, whipped me out of my chair, and shook and swung and whirled me—[striking but weakly at him now, and feeling queerly helpless in his extraordinarily strong grip. The table went over with a crash and a ringing of broken things; I was being swung and shaken into dizziness, but I was conscious of people running into the room. Then I felt my antagonist lift me high—and, with what seemed all his strength, he flung me from him into an angle of the room.

My wooden peg touched solid board first, and he impetus of my body drove my leg stump against the bottom of the cup with dreadful force. The pad which I wore could not save me
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from hurt; I felt the bone of the stump pierce agonisingly into the flesh. For an instant I stood well-nigh upright, on peg and foot, stupefied; and then I dropped to the floor, the bone seeming as a white-hot knife that moved quivering in my stump. In that moment I knew that it would be months before I should be able to endure my wooden leg for walking. Lambarde, in a few bullying seconds, had robbed me of the pleasure which was so dear to me. He had flung me into months of renewed wretchedness. (But in this last I was wrong.) My fury seethed against Lambarde. I believe it was only my fury which prevented me from swooning.

I felt myself picked up. I touched the floor with my peg, and cried out quite loudly from anguish. Then I knew that I was in a chair. I discovered that my eyes were shut in pain, and I opened them.

I found Forrest and a gray-whiskered gentleman leaning over me. I saw at a little distance blue-coated Lambarde, hot-faced, scarlet-eared, panting, looking at me, with her, in her brown bonnet, beside him, speaking to him, her colour high, not gone, in her anger now; for, despite the calm movement of her lips, I could tell she was angry. Beyond them, blocking the doorway, stood a medley of folk—four or five gentlemen in topcoats or dance-coats, two ladies, and countrymen, and servants. Only for an instant, though, did my eyes go to these. My gaze returned to Lambarde and to her as I heard his voice, strong and penetrating.

'I didn't know he was short of a wing and a leg, sis, till the last. You didn't tell me, and I never looked below his phiz. . . . You'd never have thought he hadn't two mauleys, sis—he hit so fast. And I was too hot to see anything till near the finish. . . . I saw then, but I couldn't keep from "falling" him hard. Laying his tongue on you!'

She looked from him to me. I saw that her eyes were full of great distress; that her firm, sweet mouth was all shadowed by distress.

'I ought to have known his phiz when I came in, but I was so hot I didn't,' said Lambarde, lower voiced. 'You don't know him, sis?'

She shook her head, seeming little heeding, but rather to listen to Forrest as he asked me whether I would take a cordial, and to me as I answered no.

'He's a black-tempered fellow, with sacks full of money, who lives in the Place,' said Lambarde, lower still. 'You've heard, sis? The fellow who turned his back on Uncle Henry, and thinks people in the Place want to put their hands in his money-sacks, and uses a black tongue about 'em. You've heard. And now he's laid his tongue on you! I haven't done with him yet, by a long measure.'

'Yes, you have, Dick. You have done with him,' she said quietly, commandingly, her distressed eyes on me.

Some of the things which Lambarde had told her of me—amazingly unjust things—I could not account for. But I spared no thought for them; I had another matter to speak of. Thus far I had leaned back, spent, in the chair. Now I sat forward, catching my breath because of the access of suffering which a slight movement of my leg stump caused. I met and held Lambarde's eyes, and spoke, with my voice rather jerky, rather breathless, from pain. 'I'll fight you in a quarter of an hour,' I said. 'I'll not wait till morning. Pistols you must choose, because I'm lamed past swords. Forrest will give us lanterns in the stable.'

'Fight, eh?' said Lambarde. 'Oh yes—you're an officer, ain't you? Pistols'll answer.'

His sister (as so obviously she was) turned her face quickly to him. 'Why say that, Dick?' she asked. 'You know you cannot fight this—this officer, who is so—so wounded. You know it would be against your honour.'

Lambarde moved a shoulder, wrinkling his forehead. 'I ain't able to choose, sis; he calls,' he said.

I made an essay to get up. The dart of excruciating pain when my peg pressed ever so lightly upon the floor caused me to fall back in the chair, with my lips set very hard for some seconds. And, except for the whispering of some persons near the door, no one spoke. 'Forrest,' I said then, 'you'll have to carry me down. . . . You'll have to tie me to a post.' I gave a quaver of a laugh at that, a breathless, half sobbing laugh, for my pain made it half a sob.

No one else laughed. In such faces as I saw were only great distress (that was in hers), ill-temper and uncomfortableness (these were in Lambarde's), and (for the rest) considerable anxiety. And, after an instant, the gray-whiskered gentleman beside me bent and said, 'Since you are hurt and cannot stand, sir, you must not think of fighting'; whilst, from the doorway, a voice, with much sympathy, called, 'No, no, sir. Don't fight to-night!'

'I'll fight,' I said.—'Forrest, where's Pyrke? We've a pair of light road-pistols in the curicle. They should do.'

Forrest neither moved nor spoke.

I saw Lambarde, touched by his sister's hand, come a step to me. 'Fight me in a week. Put it at that,' he said.

'I'll fight you now!' I retorted, sitting more straightly, breathing heavily from suffering. 'You gave me no true chance. You flung me about, shook me as though—as though I was a rat. Oh-h, I'd have *smashed* you—two years ago! But I had no true chance—now. And you've hurt me—lamed me afresh! But I don't believe you could beat me with the odds fair—with pistols. We'll see.—Forrest!' I said, turning my head, 'will you aid me up! Don't stand like a stone image, man!'

'Forrest!' It was her sweet-sounding voice

—Lambarde's sister's—which said this; quite low, but seeming so clear after my heavily breathed words.

'My lady!' said Forrest.

My lady! Married!—I found myself thinking, with a momentary, queer detachment from my other thoughts. No, *my lady* didn't mean she was married, for hadn't Michaels told me that Lambarde was an earl's son? Therefore she was my lady, an earl's daughter, was my sweet-and-honourable faced 'cheating wretch!'

In shame, recalling collectedly for the first time my conduct which had led to the fracas, I looked from Forrest to her, discovering that in the same instant she looked from him to me, with something which I could not understand—some expression which seemed to ask my pardon, intermingled with the trouble in her face. Her face had lost its high colour now; indeed, it appeared white in its framing of golden hair and brown bonnet.

'I was about to forbid Forrest to aid you, sir—but I have no right to,' she said quietly. And then, 'Instead, sir, I ask you not to fight my brother. It would be extremely to his dishonour, do you not think?—since you have been wounded—in fighting our enemies—one knows. And you are hurt now. It would put such a mark on him—to fight you. Do you not think that you should consider this, and say you will not fight? I think so.' She paused; I did not speak; and then she said, 'I ask you very earnestly to take back your challenge, sir.'

She had made no gesture of appeal. She had stood very still, her eyes steadfast on mine, but at the end her voice had tremored very slightly with urgency. I wished that I could do as she asked. I found that I was beginning to wish it yearningly. Her blue eyes were holding mine. But she was asking too much. It was not the loss of my walking which intervened between me and her request; I would not have refused her for that! It was the ignominy that her brother had subjected me to—the ignominy of my being picked up by Forrest and the gray-whiskered gentleman.

'I ask your ladyship's pardon,' I said reluctantly, and with a queer sense of some of my shyness rushing to me, 'but I must fight Mr. Lambarde.' At that I descried plainly, for a fleeting moment, something which hitherto she had kept out of her eyes despite their distress: I descried a shadow of great apprehension.

'I did not give you all my reasons for asking sir,' she said, her voice almost calm, nothing more than a hint of a tremble in it. 'You might take his life. I am his sister.'

Those steadfast, honourable eyes of hers gravely reasoning with mine, with the reflection of the candles' light in them, with deep trouble. From the moment I saw the apprehension, which she again was keeping from sight, I had wavered wavered badly. I was well-nigh beaten now.

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but I made a fight for it. 'I'll not take his life,' I said. 'I'll do no more than touch him.'

'Provided you don't miss him,' said Lambarde sneeringly.

'Pray *allow me*, Dick!' she said, with a swift inflection of anger, turning her face for an instant to him. Then she looked at me again, and, with her face appearing very white now, said, 'I ask you, sir, not to fight my brother. —I will ask you to spare *me*—from a dreadful minute while you fight, from we cannot tell what more!' For the first time there was a tiny trembling, a tiny fluttering, of her sweetly-firm lips. 'If you killed my brother—and you night, for all your care—you would give me sorrow for all my life! Can you wish to do that?' She asked this with a little accent of surprise; she was unconscious of it, I knew. I thought it wonderfully pretty, then called myself heartless for noticing it at this time when I was going to call her brother out; for again I fully meant to, after that sneer of his. My words might have seemed provocative, but I'd received too much from him. All this was but a brief moment's reflection. 'Can you wish to do that?' she had asked. And then, a little hesitatingly, but with her eyes so honest, she said, 'If my brother killed you—as might be—I should remember it always—in sorrow. For I made you enemies! I ask you very untreatingly, sir, not to fight!'

I heard Lambarde mutter in protest at the pleading which had crept into her voice, but she paid no heed to him, she was intent for my answer; and, to my unhappiness, I saw reproach (though I was sure she was not aware of it showing) and actual suffering in her eyes when I spoke. 'I ask your ladyship's pardon again,' I said humbly, doggedly, 'but I must make Mr Lambarde stand fire; I must make him see that he's no better man than I with the odds fair, else I'd feel ashamed whenever I thought of how he used me, my lady.' I looked aside from her eyes. She did not speak. 'I ask your pardon for another thing—worse than this,' I said, with my voice shaking a little and my cheeks slowly going hot. 'You can't ever pardon it, my lady; but I ask your pardon while so many folk can hear. By a mistake I affronted and insulted you, most insolently insulted you. I thought you were another person—a debtor. I deserve to be shot through and through for so affronting you. . . . But I don't deserve to be used as Mr Lambarde used me, my lady,' I said, facing her again, my own voice pleading, 'and he must stand to a shot for that.'

She looked at her brother, entreaty in the turn of her head.

'I *can't* do anything—he calls,' said Lambarde, very impatiently. 'And I've had my fill of standing here being talked about! We'll fight, and finish it; fight up here, sitting on chairs, if he likes—it's no odds to me!'

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'Be quiet, Dick!' she said under her breath, swiftly, startledly—fearing, I knew, that this notion would smooth the road to the fight. She looked away from her brother, but not at me. I could see her eyes, though—could see that, candle-flame lit, with her cheeks so white below them, they were pensive for a bare moment. Then, with a little lift of the upper lids which seemed to tell of a decision, she looked not at me but at the gray-whiskered gentleman beside me.

'Mr Hagart,' she said, 'I have borne in mind that no one would stop Mr Rose from calling out and shooting Mr Floyer last month, though there was a score of gentlemen in the room who were all against the meeting, and though poor Mrs Floyer went on her knees to them. And I have borne in mind that it was the same at Maunsey Manor last February. No one had the right to come between the parties—all the gentlemen said . . . I am not going on my knees for my brother'—she smiled, a little wintry smile, but the first I ever had seen her give—'I am not going on my knees; but I am not going to be discouraged from asking you and other gentlemen to prevent this meeting, by strength if needful, until I can get Sir Neville here. He is a magistrate, is he not? He will arrest my brother and this gentleman, if needful . . . I can rely upon you, Mr Hagart?'

I saw the gentleman rub his whiskers. I knew that his face, turned towards her, was perplexed. 'Even by strength, Lady Mary?' he asked; and I remember that he glanced at Lambarde's figure. At the doorway two or three voices rose suddenly, loudly, in altercation, then dropped; and one of them said, 'We'll see to it for you, Lady Mary—Smith, Rippon, and Heber, Lady Mary.' And I saw three gentlemen, all youngish, push themselves to the front of the group.

'Thank you very truly, Sir Horace Heber, Mr Smith, Mr Rippon,' she said, turning her face. And Lambarde muttered hotly at them; and I felt at one with him, in the face of this show of force.

I saw Pyrke's face suddenly appear at the back of the group, neck craned.

'Pyrke!' I shouted. 'Come here to me! . . . Mr Lambarde, sir, you must help us get down to the stable. You should be able to account for two of those fellows . . . Pyrke!' I shouted in exasperation, seeing one of the gentlemen order him back; 'Pyrke! Don't let any one stop you, man!'

Pyrke pushed forward. I saw the gentleman strike at him with his fist, knocking his head backward, and drive through the group at him. I pushed myself out of my chair in grim fury, thinking no more of Lambarde, meaning to fell the man who had so attacked Pyrke. I bore upon my wooden leg—and it was as though a burning bayonet were thrust upward through

my leg stump. I cried out, twice or thrice, and reeled to fall, dizzy to the point of sightlessness. I felt the gray-whiskered gentleman, Hagart, grasp my arm. I swung round him. I felt two other hands come to me, small, gentle, yet strong. They pressed at my breast and shoulder because there was no arm for them to grasp; Lambarde's sister's hands (Lady Mary, they had called her).

I was guided to a chair. As my vision cleared I saw that her face was quite close to me—so beautiful and grave and harassed. And tender! Because of my pain!

I thanked her, thanked her for assisting me—very breathless from my pain. And then—poor, stupid, obstinate young man that I was!—I said, weak-voiced, breathless, 'But I must fight him!'

She smiled sweetly, a little entreatingly, soothingly—as to a child. 'Oh no, no,' she said. 'Why, your voice was friendly to him a little moment ago, when you asked him to help you. I thought you were turning friends. I know you will turn friends.'

How could I resist more? 'I'll not fight him since you wish, my lady,' I said.

She thanked me; then she lifted her face, looked towards the door. 'Sir Horace, the matter is concluded,' she said; 'but I thank you very truly again. Will you put me under another obligation by asking persons to go from this room? I think that, if there is anything more to be said, it can be more happily said if this gentleman and my brother and I are alone.'

When the room was left to us, and she, with a little sigh, with a little friendly smile to me, had sat down; and Lambarde (after he and I had argued in a quite amicable manner; for he wished to send post-haste for a surgeon to examine my hurt, whilst I preferred to wait until I reached Falanthill) had sat down, there were many things to be said, we found. And that half-hour during which we three spoke together was far and far the happiest I had known since the day of Fuentes de Oñoro. It mattered not that I was in considerable pain; it mattered not that some of the things we spoke of were embarrassing subjects for me—there was a sense of friendliness (rarely pleasurable to me) in the room, and she, with her colour returned, sat opposite me, often with a thought of friendly smile in her eyes, with a touch of smile about her sweetly-firm mouth.

That Lambarde and I sometimes put fingertips to our bruised heads, and caught each other at this, and smiled, helped, rather than hindered, matters between us two.

I had recalled exactly the circumstances in which Seys gave me the miniature. I told them of his blindness that day, of his holding two pictures in one hand, of his probable slight agitation because he had been near to injuring a miniature—thus making it plain how the mistake had arisen. Seys, believing he was

giving me the picture he had intended to, had given me his copy of a portrait of her.

Lambarde, reluctantly, but urged by me, explained his recent words anent my unpopular character in Park Place, and very surprising to me was the explanation. I found that my old servants, remembering my expressions of resentment against the fashionable folk of Park Place, spoken so long before, had more than faithfully repeated them (as my current views) to my neighbours' domestics; and the information had travelled upstairs, thus preparing a very cold reception for me during the months in which I sat in wretchedness; and when I emerged my answering hostility and my shyness did the rest.

I noted sympathy shine in her eyes as I told Lambarde something of my life and loneliness in Park Place.

They were to spend Christmastide at Southampton, not a great many miles from Falanthill, she and he. Their parents were there—the Earl and Countess of Elastoun. She was the Lady Mary Clunas Lambarde—she, with her sweet, steadfast eyes.

I told them—meaning no reproach, they knew—that at Falanthill I should get about busily on a crutch, until I could walk with comfort, to strive to avoid any return of my despondence and sense of extreme loneliness. I did not think, when presently—on the news that the bridge over Danby's Stream was ready—they left me to go to Sir Neville Broadnall's, that they would carry with them any memory that I might feel lonely at Falanthill.

I did not dream that, three days after, I should see them come, post-chaise, a-canter, up my drive to give me a greeting, and that, on the afternoon of Christmas Day itself, I should see them coming again, post-chaise, a-canter, to smile to me as old friends and to pass an hour with me.

Ah-h, not then, nor for six months after, did I dare dream that *she*, the Lady Mary Clunas Lambarde—a toast in England and Scotland, from Caithness to Cornwall, by Jove! and wise as she was beautiful—not for six months after did I dare dream that she could ever think of taking a battered relic of Fuentes de Oñoro for her husband—a stupid, loutish fellow until sweetly she tutored him!

And now I am going to meet her train, which reaches Falanthill railway station at forty-five minutes past midday.

Forty-nine years ago we met; forty-eight years and three months ago she married me, and we settled for the time in Park Place.

I think—yes, I can hear them opening the gates of the stable-yard for the carriage to pass out. Yes, and I can hear Marcia coming to hold my overcoat for me, and to tell me (I predict) that I must not stand on the platform if the wind is keen, but talk with Mr Hames, the stationmaster, in his office.

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THE RACE THEY RAN.

By E. R. PUNSHON,

Author of Promise of Dawn, Old Fighting Days, &c.

CHAPTER I.

I.

CONSTABLE MICHAEL LAING rode moodily up to the poplar bluff he had been aiming for, dismounted, and tied to a convenient tree his horse, a fine powerfully-built black animal with white hind fetlocks, tall, with the short back, strong flat-boned legs, and good sloping shoulders of the ideal saddle horse. To get the black assigned to him for his own use Michael had toiled, struggled, intrigued, with a zeal and energy that, turned into other channels, would have brought him swift promotion in the force, and probably made him a millionaire outside it. But in his heart of hearts Michael no doubt believed it preferable to remain a 'straight duty buck' with the black, rather than become a sergeant at once with an inferior mount. While as for being a millionaire, well, to become a millionaire one had to work all day in an office, and this price had always seemed to him too high to pay. So, rejecting the business opening a justly offended uncle had offered him, he came west and joined the Royal Mounted instead. And already, having served barely three years, he was inclined, such is the instability of human nature, to resign from the force and try something else instead; for, while one might at times get a bit of special duty like this that he was now engaged on—though he had small hope this particular enterprise would prove of any interest at all—yet as a rule the monotony was 'something fierce.'

When he joined it was under the impression that life in the Royal Mounted consisted in riding magnificently up and down the prairie, with occasional interludes of fierce encounter with wild Indians or professional 'bad men.' But to ride, magnificently or otherwise, up and down an excessively vacant prairie had soon palled. Indians were no longer wild, but always tame, and generally consumptive; and though men were as 'bad' no doubt on the prairie as elsewhere, their badness seldom rose to more romantic heights than those of cheating a neighbour in a deal, or of some dispute over haying rights or straying cattle.

'For two pins,' announced Michael precisely to a gopher that had popped up from its hole a few feet away, 'I'd get right out.' Apparently
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much startled by this announcement the gopher instantly vanished. And then the office work, Michael mused despondently. It was to get away from that he had enlisted, and now he found himself overwhelmed with it—monthly returns, mileage returns, daily diary, four copies at least of every little voucher. Why, thought Michael bitterly, every M.P. wants a private secretary. . . .

Suddenly he sat upright, his eyes very bright, and he said softly to himself, twice over, 'Hul-lo, hul-lo!'

For there, far down the trail, had just come into view a small-top buggy, travelling fast in the direction of a little isolated shack just visible in the distance, the only habitation, indeed, all that far-flung level countryside showed to Michael's keenly watchful eye. Now, his instructions were that some time to-day a load of whisky was likely to be delivered at that solitary and quiet-looking shack, thence to be distributed in due course to the Indians of the neighbouring reservation, a transaction always likely to result in much and variegated trouble; and the sudden appearance of this swift-moving buggy interested him.

II.

The shack was inhabited by a young Englishman named Allan Tench, who some three years before had bought this ranch at an inflated price, and had done with it sufficiently badly. But only lately had he come under the suspicion of Authority, when it grew plain from sundry small riots, and an attempted murder or two, that the Indians beyond the hills were getting secret supplies of whisky. The calm eye of Authority, surveying all the settlers in the district in turn, had gradually focussed itself on Allan Tench, known to have been in financial difficulties of late, and known also to have somewhat inexplicably relieved himself recently from the more pressing among them. Inquiries began to be made, though not with much success, but then certain information came to hand, and, to test it, Constable Laing received somewhat hurried orders. The information in question was to the effect that a load of whisky was to be delivered at Tench's shack that day, and Laing was to 'investigate,' in the favourite official phrase; in other words, he was to find out if there was any truth in the story, and, if

so, to arrest Tench and any one else concerned in the transaction.

Constable Michael Laing, though yearning for any break in the monotony of his life, was not over-pleased at receiving these orders, for he was convinced that Authority had discovered only a mare's nest. Tench was a pleasant-spoken, friendly fellow, with whom Michael had played more than one keenly-contested game of billiards in the Wilder House in town, with whom he had often chatted of 'Home,' and of things and places they had both known, and whom he could not associate with so mean an offence as selling whisky to Indians. But, of course, orders had to be obeyed; so here he was, sitting in the shade of the poplars, determined to watch all day if need be, and make sure nothing suspicious occurred.

Even the appearance of the buggy, which had at first startled him a little, failed on second thoughts to disturb him much. Some neighbour driving over on a visit, or to borrow something he had run short of, perhaps, Michael decided, though it was true he could not remember that there was any settler living in the direction from which the buggy was coming. That trail, so far as he knew, was used only by settlers going into the uninhabited districts towards the United States border in order to cut their hay there. But where, then, did this buggy come from? Also, he thought, it was being driven at a speed that appeared to indicate a certain unusual haste. And then, as it came nearer, he made out that it had left the trail and was taking its course undirected across the prairie.

This seemed extraordinary, for there was certainly some one sitting in the driver's seat—he was sure of that, now that it was nearer; and as it came nearer still, he was able further to assure himself there were two people in it, seated side by side. But why was the buggy being allowed to wander like that across the prairie, where at any moment it might bump into disaster? The whole thing seemed to him odd and suspicious, though if it were whisky smuggling, it was whisky smuggling of quite an original turn. 'Great Scott, they're fighting!' he cried out aloud in sudden excitement. In fact, he could see plainly now that the two little figures in the front seat of the buggy were struggling together. Evidently they were too busy scrapping to pay any heed to the eccentric course their buggy was taking unchecked across the prairie, where disaster threatened every moment.

Michael was on his feet now, wondering what to do. If he showed himself, he betrayed the fact that a Mounted Policeman was wandering about the district for some unspecified purpose, and any possible whisky smugglers would take prompt alarm, when he might bid a fond good-bye to all hopes of bringing his mission

to a successful conclusion. He decided to await events, and, for the moment at least, to remain hidden in the poplar bluff. Of course, if the fight grew serious he might have to show himself, but after all a Mounted Policeman was not bound to interfere every time two fellows started in to hand each other love-tokens with their fists. Besides, the tingling thought had come into his mind that perhaps this mysterious buggy contained the very load of whisky he had been sent to look out for, and that the quarrel was between two of the smugglers over some detail of their enterprise. If so, it was coming to him the way pie comes from plate to mouth.

III.

The buggy, still pursuing its devious course across the prairie, was now about half-way between him and Allan Tench's distant shanty. His keen eyes could make out distinctly that at the rear of the buggy two large boxes or cases were strapped on. That looked interesting, he thought. Probably the whisky. It was a point that would be easy to determine when the buggy came to be unloaded at Tench's shanty, if that were indeed its destination, as now Michael thought seemed likely. The two figures in the buggy were still scuffling, and he wished to goodness the fools would stop their scrapping and get right down to business. For Michael Laing was beginning to grow excited, and even to scent promotion in the air.

Suddenly, across the great stillness of those vast and vacant lands, there came, thin and shrill to his ear, the sound of a distant cry for help.

'Lord, it's a woman!' exclaimed Michael, greatly startled, all his theories and ideas at once totally overthrown, since it was hardly likely that a woman would be concerned in any whisky-smuggling affair. He sprang to the side of his big black horse, mounted, and rode into the open, for no matter what the result to his mission, he felt that now he must find out what all this meant. 'Something mighty queer,' he thought.

He had on his brown stable jacket, since the scarlet uniform coat is a trifle too conspicuous for 'investigation' work, even apart from those burning questions of wear and renewal that always smoulder or blaze, as the case may be, between the men of the force and the soulless creatures who reign in the quartermaster's department. Nevertheless, stable jacket or scarlet coat, a Royal Mounted Policeman is soon recognised, and Michael was not much surprised as he galloped over the prairie to see one of the figures in the buggy jump down suddenly to the ground and set off running at full speed towards the wooded slopes of a hill not far away.

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Michael measured the distance with a quick eye. He could easily ride down the fugitive if he wished to, but first he must find out what had been happening. He touched the black's flank with his heel. As if rejoicing in the chance to exercise his mighty strength the horse bounded forward. With great leaps they swept on towards the buggy, from which the tall form of a girl was slowly descending. On the ground she turned to face him. Her eyes were very bright, her cheeks a little flushed, but otherwise she did not seem much disturbed. She stood still, waiting for him, and he pulled up the black and leaped to the ground, hat in hand. 'She's beautiful,' he thought, and for the moment clean forgot everything else, as though the impact of her loveliness drove from his mind every other thought.

She was tall for a woman and bigly built, with the exquisite fresh complexion, unspoiled by powder, that British girls at their best sometimes display. Her hair, a trifle disarranged so that a few loose curls strayed across her forehead, was of a very light shade of brown, so light that it seemed almost golden where it caught the sunshine, and her eyes were so bright and clear and deep they appeared to him twin pools of light. Perhaps in the streets of a town, with other women to compare her with and against a different background, he might have found her beauty less compelling, though always she must have seemed an unusually pretty and graceful girl. But at this moment, as she stood there in the flooding sunlight, with the free breeze blowing by and all the wide expanse of the prairie stretching around, he thought her the most lovely thing the world had ever known.

IV.

Michael remained quite silent, hat in hand, not uttering a word, for he had forgotten everything except her presence. She put her hands up and began to arrange her hat, which had been pushed to one side, and her hair. He had an impulse to beg her to leave those straying curls as they were, lying across her forehead and her cheek, and a faint smile flickered for a moment at the corners of her mouth, because she had quite a good idea of what it was that held him so still and motionless.

In a voice that seemed to him as fresh and as sweet as the dawn she exclaimed, 'Oh, thank you so very much! That awful man ran like anything the very moment he saw you coming.'

'I'll get after him. He hasn't hurt you, has he? I'll bring him back in quick sticks,' exclaimed Michael, and was about to spring back into his saddle when she checked him with a gesture.

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'No, no, please don't, please,' she urged; 'please . . . I only want never to see him again. . . . I couldn't possibly.'

'I'll only hammer him,' Michael promised. 'You won't need to prosecute or come into court or anything like that—I'll only hammer him so his own mother wouldn't know him from a custard-pie she had dropped downstairs.'

'Oh, please. . . no,' she protested, looking a little shocked and horrified, and yet laughing a little as well, a combination Michael would have found irresistible even if his powers of resistance had not all long since deserted him. 'Please,' she insisted, 'I would ever so much rather not.'

Michael sighed but submitted, remembering he had always heard the ways of woman are incalculable. However, he found himself more than well rewarded when she smiled at him and said softly, 'Thank you. It was nothing, really,' she went on. 'I was silly to be frightened, only he was so horrid. He kept trying to put his arm round me, and the more I pushed him away the more he tried, and he let the horse go just where it liked—I thought we should upset—and then he put his face so close to mine I couldn't help crying out.'

'Only wish . . . ' yearned Michael, with a longing glance towards the culprit, who, finding himself unpursued, was now proceeding at a more leisurely pace towards the refuge offered him by the wooded slopes of the neighbouring hill. 'Who is the skunk, anyway?' he asked.

'He said his name was Dillon—Pat Dillon,' she answered.

'I know him,' exclaimed Michael, in secret a little startled, for it was the name of a man suspected of being implicated in the whisky smuggling which he had come out to 'investigate,' but with which it was evident all this could have no concern—angels do not smuggle spirits. 'I always knew he was pretty low-down, but I didn't think he was quite that mean. I'll remember. Last year I nearly "vag'd" him, and if ever I get a chance again I'll take it so quick he'll come to think greased lightning's no better than a crippled snail.'

He paused, and looked at her, and hesitated, not quite daring to question such a divinity outright. But she understood and answered, 'I came by train last night, and he offered to drive me out to my brother's. He had a note from Allan, so I thought it would be all right. Allan said he couldn't come himself. Allan is my brother—Allan Tench. Is that his house over there? That man said it was, but perhaps he wasn't telling the truth?'

'Oh yes,' Michael answered, though slowly and in a tone that reflected something of the inner disturbance he experienced; 'yes, that is Allan's place all right.'

She gave him a sudden quick glance from those clear deep eyes of hers, and he realised

that not only did she divine something of the inner uneasiness he felt, but also that she shared this with him.

CHAPTER II.

I.

FOR a moment or two they stood like this, motionless and silent, each aware of a vague distress, and each aware that the other felt it also. Could she know, Michael wondered, of the suspicions gathering about her brother, and was it that knowledge that had brought her to the prairie?

Abruptly and a trifle nervously she asked, 'May I be awfully rude? I am wondering—you are not a soldier, are you?'

'I'm a policeman,' he answered; 'The Royal Canadian Mounted Police—you've heard of them? My name is Laing, Michael Laing.'

'Oh yes,' she answered, 'I've often heard of them. And my brother, in his letters sometimes . . .' She paused without finishing the sentence, and glanced towards the distant shack; and again Michael thought he saw a passing shadow of uneasiness cloud the clear depths of her eyes.

He became almost certain the girl was in some way disturbed about her brother. And certainly it was more than strange that Allan Tench had not only not gone to the depot to meet her himself, but had delegated that duty to a man of the character of Dillon. There was something there, Michael thought, that needed explanation, and for the first time he began seriously to think that perhaps Tench was guilty. But, in any case, Michael knew well that his own chance of success in his mission was ruined. All and sundry concerned in the business would know now that one of the Royal Mounted was in the neighbourhood, and that the force was on the alert, and for a time at least all smuggling would cease. So he need not trouble his head very much about the task confided to him, since that was a failure, and he could devote himself to the more pleasant duty of escorting Miss Tench to her destination. He asked if he might drive her back to the trail, and tying the black horse behind, he took his seat beside the girl.

They chatted quietly as they drove along. She said it was her first visit to the country, and that her boat had got to Montreal only the Monday before. One or two remarks she let fall confirmed him in his belief that she had come, in part at least, because of some disquiet she felt about her brother.

'His ranch doesn't seem to have done very well,' she remarked, 'but in recent letters he told us he had been making more money lately.'

'Has he? He's been lucky, then,' answered Michael, wondering to himself if that extra

money had been made honestly or by whisky smuggling.

'We were so glad,' the girl went on frankly. 'You see, when he came out, the idea was if he could show good enough results to satisfy my trustees I was to join him—I have a tiny capital of my own. So I was ever so glad when he said he was doing better. But when I wrote about coming out he said it wasn't the ranch exactly—isn't it a very good ranch, Mr Laing?'

'Oh, I don't know,' answered Laing vaguely, unwilling to tell her his private opinion that it was not the ranch, but the rancher, that was not 'very good.' 'You see, there's a lot of things that make all the difference—sheer luck and the way prices go and one thing and another. But if Allan wanted to sell out I don't know that I should mind quitting the force and buying. I've just about enough capital for that.'

'So had Allan when he started,' the girl remarked, 'but I'm afraid he hasn't now.' She grew silent after that, and then as they approached the shack their arrival was announced by a clamour from the dogs. The door opened, and Allan Tench appeared. He was a tall, slim, young Englishman, handsome and pleasant looking, though his weak mouth and small receding chin did not suggest any great force of character. He was shaved, which was not too usual with him, and looked much tidier and neater than was generally the case with him in these days, though Michael's keen glance noted at once his bloodshot eyes and a slight though perceptible trembling of the hands.

'If he isn't smuggling whisky, he's drinking it all right,' Michael thought; while Allan, who had begun to shout a boisterous welcome to his sister as he emerged from the shanty, broke it off to stare, pale and trembling, at Michael, as if greatly disconcerted by seeing him.

'Dillon—Dillon—where's Dillon?' he stammered out.

Michael, looking hard at Allan, did not answer; but the girl broke out, 'Oh, he was horrid, Allan; horrid. You can't imagine—he was awful; and then, when he saw Mr Laing coming, he just ran like anything.'

'I can't congratulate you on your choice of an escort for Miss Tench,' Michael could not help adding.

Allan, who seemed more composed now and had more colour in his face, showed a proper indignation when he heard what had happened, and vowed he would thrash Dillon soundly next time they met. He also apologised profusely for not having gone himself to meet his sister, but to Michael's ear these excuses sounded very unconvincing. He became confirmed in his conviction that Miss Tench had come out from England because she was uneasy about her brother, and that to her brother her visit was anything but welcome.

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II.

Michael helped Allan to carry into the shack the girl's boxes, that had been fastened on behind the buggy. They were two enormous trunks, with her name and destination printed on them in big letters; and Allan, who seemed all at once in high spirits, made several jokes about their size and weight, and the amount of baggage a woman thinks it necessary to carry about with her. His sister did not seem to appreciate this badinage very much, though point was given to it by the fact that she had also with her a hat-box and two substantial leather bags. Even Michael, who would almost as soon have thought of criticising the way an angel made use of its wings in flight, could not help feeling that she had come well provided. But she seemed slightly touchy on the point, and made a sharp retort to her brother that effectually silenced him.

The luggage disposed of—and certainly it seemed nearly to fill the little shanty—Michael said he would stable the black, if he might, and Miss Tench made some remark about the animal that showed she understood horses, and appreciated its fine qualities. This was to touch Michael in his tenderest spot, and he almost forgot his shyness as he expatiated on the black's good points.

'Though Allan's got a dandy mare, too,' he added. 'A bay, and she's a real beauty. Hasn't he ever told you about her?'

It seemed he had, and the girl was quite looking forward to seeing so wonderful a creature. They all went down to the stable together. The mare was a lovely animal, with eyes at once gentle and full of fire, and with the short, strong back, fetlocks full of spring and vigour, and the powerful quarters that denote speed and endurance. The mane and tail were long, and Miss Tench was so loud in her expressions of admiration that Michael grew almost jealous for his black, which was, he was convinced in his heart, much the better animal.

'You'll have to let me ride her, Allan,' Miss Tench exclaimed.

Allan laughed with a kind of brotherly contempt. 'Not yet awhile,' he said frankly. 'Wait till you know a bit more—riding here isn't like pottering down a country lane at home.'

The girl looked quite indignant, and if only he had dared, Michael would have offered her his black then and there. She seemed to understand this, for she smiled at him, and began to pet the black, and then Allan suggested that they had better go back to the shack and get something to eat. 'I dare say Mary's ready for eats,' he remarked.

So her name was Mary, Michael thought. He might have known it; what other name fitted so well her sweet freshness?

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'I'm ready for drinks anyhow,' she retorted, laughing. 'I'm just dying for a cup of tea.'

They went back to the shack together. Allan had managed to get quite a respectable meal ready, and to it they all did full justice. Afterwards they sat talking for a time, or, at least, Allan and Mary talked, while Michael sat by in silence. Then he said he must be going, and thereon Mary thanked him once again, and very prettily, for the help he had given her, and said she hoped they would meet again. He answered with a perhaps somewhat uncalled-for emphasis that he hoped so too, and as he was going he took an opportunity to whisper to Allan, 'Say, that buggy is Dillon's outfit. He's bound to come for it, and then you'll get your chance to hammer him.'

'So I shall; that's so,' agreed Allan, but with no conviction in his voice.

III.

Mary came to the door of the shack to wave a farewell as Michael rode away, but in spite of his delight and gratitude for this mark of favour, he was in a somewhat gloomy and depressed mood. It was not so much that he had entirely failed in his mission, though he knew that, now his presence in the district was known, he might as well beat an immediate retreat for all the good he was likely to do. True, he had, or thought he had, a good excuse to offer to his superiors, since he could hardly have remained in hiding while a woman was crying out for help. But even the best of excuses are looked on with scant favour in a force not much accustomed to fail, and he knew that nothing much but bare routine duty would be likely to come his way for some time to come.

However, it was not the probable nature of his reception by his superiors that was troubling him, but the conviction, strong in his mind, that there was more behind all this than he had been able to discover. Something was certainly troubling Mary Tench. What? What had been Allan's real reason for not going to meet her? The excuses he had put forward had been palpably feeble. And if he had not wanted to go himself, why had he chosen a man of Pat Dillon's character to take his place? And though Dillon's character was so unsavoury, it seemed a little strange he should have ventured to insult the girl like that in actual sight of her brother's shack. He must have known he was inviting the thrashing Allan was quite capable of administering, and every one on the prairie would agree he had more than deserved. And Allan's attitude had been strange, too. Certainly he had been angry and indignant, and yet with a sort of fear in his anger—or was it just a knowledge of impotence to avenge the insult? But, then, whence could come such impotence? Dillon was neither formidable nor important, a

little unconsidered rat of a man who had never counted for much in the life of the prairie.

Odd, too, that Allan had seemed so disturbed on recognising Michael, and yet had never once expressed any surprise at seeing him in the district. Worry as he might, however, Michael could think of nothing to explain all this that seemed so odd to him, but that, perhaps, he thought now, was odd only in his own imagination, and in reality needed no explanation.

'I should think whisky smuggling did come in somewhere,' he mused, 'only for—her. She never would, for one thing, and how could she, anyway, when she's only straight out from home?'

His thoughts wandered from the problem troubling him to her, to her graciousness, to her beauty. He began to ask himself how soon, and how plausibly, he could manufacture an excuse for seeing her again, and so became lost in delicious dreams, from which presently he awoke to discover that it was near sundown, and that he had taken the wrong trail, and was some miles out of his way.

Greatly annoyed, he turned the black's head and rode across the prairie in the direction of Allan's shack. He was tempted to make for it and ask to be put up for the night, but shyness prevented him. Miss Tench would hardly be in shape for stray guests yet, and there was no hardship in camping out in this weather. He rode on, therefore, towards the poplar bluff, which, earlier that day, he had selected as his hiding place, whence to watch Allan's shack for the delivery of the suspected whisky. From it, now, he would be able to watch the lights in Allan's shack, and guess which one was hers and watch it till presently it was extinguished.

He rode on, therefore, towards the bluff, and as he approached it, there reached him through the quietness of the evening a strange and unexpected sound, that of shrieks of boisterous laughter, as though there were those hidden who were screaming together over what they thought the best joke they had ever known.

It was odd to hear those shouts of rough, loud laughter coming from the stillness of that hidden place across the quiet of the prairie, and Michael sat still and frowning on his horse to listen and to wonder. He heard a clear voice cry out, and he knew the voice for that of Allan Tench: 'I tell you he helped tote it right in, he did, while she looked on.'

Then the laughter broke out again, and Michael slipped down from his saddle.

CHAPTER III.

I.

THE laughter still continued as Michael cautiously, yet swiftly, drew near. The sun had set long since, but a brilliant moon was shining from a cloudless sky, and flooding the

prairie with a clear, thin light that yet had about it some unearthly quality of doubt and magic, so that familiar things took on unexpected shapes, or hid themselves in shadows of a deep and baffling complexity.

The poplar bluff Michael was approaching rose from the silvery prairie like some great strange castle of darkness the thin moonshine had no power to penetrate. The wild laughter coming from it Michael had heard before had now died down, but those last words still seemed to echo in his brain. Who was the 'she' Allan Tench had spoken of; and what had the 'he' he mentioned helped him 'to tote right in'? And why did all that seem so amusing to these merry-makers of the night, who chose the depths of a poplar bluff for their jesting? And what connection with them had young Allan Tench? And was his sister with him; or had he left her alone in his shack during these first hours of her visit, while he enjoyed his fun out here?

Softly Michael stole nearer, and he heard a voice say loudly and clearly, 'Say, then, the girl knows all right?'

And Allan Tench's voice answered contemptuously, 'Of course she knows. . . . Do you think she's as big a fool as he is?'

Michael stood still abruptly. He had the impression indeed that he had run up against some solid obstacle of which the impact had bruised and dazed him. Yet before him was nothing save the dark shadows of the night, and he thought confusedly, 'The girl isn't a fool—what girl? But he is—what he!'

Still more cautiously, but now more slowly, he drew nearer yet. He could smell tobacco, and when he heard next a gurgling sound, as of liquid being poured from one receptacle to another, there came to him distinctly the pungent odour of spirits. He put his foot on a dry twig and it snapped loudly, but they were not listening, and they heard nothing. He could see them now, three of them, sitting round a small fire they had lighted, for the night air was chilly. Two were plain in the moonshine that fell upon them clearly through a gap in the trees. Of these one Michael recognised at once as Pat Dillon, and the other he knew as an Indian half-breed, named Walter Wing, long suspected by the police of complicity in the whisky smuggling known to be going on. The third man, sitting in the shade under a tree, Michael could not distinguish, for the shadows hid him like a cloak, but he knew well it must be Allan Tench. So he was sitting there, drinking whisky over a camp fire with the very man who, but an hour or two before, had insulted his sister! Or had it been an insult. Michael wondered darkly, or just a friendly flirtation he had interrupted, and her cry for help a mere piece of feminine coquetry she had never dreamed would be answered? It seemed

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to him his soul fell from him, deeper and ever deeper, into bottomless depths of misery and despair.

At any rate she was not one of the party. That was something. He wondered moodily what he was to do. Arrest them all, he supposed. It was his duty, and there would be a certain savage satisfaction, or so he thought in his present mood, in letting all the world know of his own weakness and folly.

Dillon was speaking now. 'It beats all. There ain't never been nothing like it on the prairie, never. One of them Royal Mounted fellows giving a hand with boxes packed as full of whisky as they'd hold, and helping store 'em away like the best little whisky-runner ever was.'

So that, Michael reflected, was why Mary Tench had had so much baggage with her. Those two big boxes of hers had not been full of feminine frippery; had been evidence of no such womanly love of finery as he had supposed, but had been quite simply full of smuggled whisky, that he himself had meekly helped carry into Allan's shack. What a fool he had been! What a laughing-stock he had made of himself! Infinitely worse, what a laughing-stock he had made of the force as well. How he had dragged the reputation of the Royal Mounted in the dirt. No wonder these men had screamed so with their laughter. All the prairie would laugh like that when it knew; the tale would never be forgotten.

One of them was speaking again. 'Boys, it's the best joke on the Royal Mounted there ever was. . . . Think we can hold it when it's so mighty good?'

'Got to,' said Allan Tench from his place in the shade. 'We can't afford to tell it round—not even if it is darn funny.'

II.

Michael still stood silent. He was digesting the knowledge of how he had been fooled, and finding little pleasure in the process. That girl! How easily she had taken him in. No doubt she was laughing still. The thing was bitter to him, almost beyond endurance.

He was so close to them now they could have seen him if they had looked, and must have heard him had they not been so busy with their laughter and their whisky. They were talking again, but in his humiliation and his misery he hardly heard. Suddenly one of them, for some reason or for none, threw half a cupful of neat whisky into the small fire by which they were sitting. At once there leaped up a tall strong column of flame, before which every shadow all around vanished away, giving up its secret of what it hid.

Clearly showed the form of Allan Tench, crouched at the foot of the tree where he sat; clearly showed the tall, grim, silent figure of

Michael standing watching the three, who had not dreamed any other human being was within miles of them.

Though he was as startled as they were by the sudden illumination, Michael did not move, but stood still and impassive.

With a howl of wonder and dismay Pat Dillon leaped to his feet. 'Look there! look there!' he clamoured, and turned to run; and, howling too, in sheer dismay, the half-breed leaped to join him in his flight.

They were three to one, and armed, and the spot was lonely enough, but one does not offer resistance to the Royal Mounted Police. Even the most desperate crook knows better than that, for behind each uniformed figure stands at his call all the power of the Dominion of Canada, and behind that again all the slow weight of the British Empire. But quick as Dillon and the half-breed were to take to flight, Michael was quicker still, as he leaped from his impassivity to seize them. 'I arrest—,' he cried as he sprang, and his words were cut short by the contents of a pannikin of whisky flung full in his face. But his tiger-like leap had brought him level with the two fugitives, and he caught Dillon by the collar and the half-breed by the arm.

The half-breed struck out furiously, Dillon tried to wrench himself free, and for a moment or two they fought furiously. But they had been taken by surprise, and Michael was not only much the biggest and strongest man of the three, but was also releasing in physical exertion all that passion of despair with which his whole being had been flooded. They were like children in his grasp, and though the half-breed struck him heavily across the face, he hardly felt or heeded the blow. He caught Dillon round the waist and flung him so heavily to the ground that he lay there motionless and half stunned, and then, seizing the half-breed by the arms, Michael shook him savagely, whirling him round and round like a top. 'Fight, would you, heh?' he growled; 'had enough, heh?'

The half-breed very emphatically had had enough, and when Michael released him at last, he fell in a heap on the top of his companion.

Michael took a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and manacled their right and left wrists together, and then dragged them to their feet and to the nearest tree, round which he fastened their free arms with another pair of handcuffs, so that they stood facing the tree and embracing it, with no possibility of being able to get free again, since the Royal Mounted handcuffs hold securely.

'There,' Michael growled; 'now you can wait while I go get your pal.'

'You aren't going to leave us here like this, constable?' wailed the half-breed.

'I am so,' Michael answered grimly; 'it'll give you a chance to have your laugh out—best joke you ever knew, heh?'

Heedless of their protests, he hurried away to where he had left his horse. The brave beast was still standing in the same spot, with the reins hanging loose, for thus he had trained it to wait when he left it so. He mounted, and at a sharp gallop rode round the bluff and out into the open prairie, heading in the direction of Allan's shanty, whither he suspected the fugitive would have fled.

He could see nothing, brilliant though the moonlight was, but through the quietness of the night he could hear distinctly the sound of galloping coming back to him from the direction in which the shack lay. Evidently Allan was making for home as fast as he could ride, and possibly he hoped to destroy the whisky and all evidence of guilt before Michael, hampered as Allan would expect him to be with his two prisoners, could get there.

'But he'll have some job to do it if that's his idea,' Michael thought grimly.

Allan had had a long start, as it had taken Michael some time to dispose of his captives and then regain his horse and mount in pursuit. Indeed, he had nearly reached the shack before Michael got well started. But now, with long and splendid strides, the gallant black bore Michael across the prairie, straight as an arrow and as swift. When he reached the shack he dismounted and tried the door. It was bolted, and he hammered on it for admission. There was no answer, and as he knocked again and shouted, demanding admission in the king's name, he heard something moving at the back of the building. He ran round quickly, and was just in time to see the great bay mare being ridden away full speed into the moonlit night, along the trail that led, Michael well knew, to the United States border, eighty miles away.

That had been Allan's idea, then. He meant to make for the border; and knowing that the pony on which he had ridden out to the poplar bluff had no chance against Michael's black, he had come back to his shack, not with any hopeless idea in his mind of destroying the whisky and the evidence against him, but to secure the bay mare he had always declared was the fastest horse in the province.

'All right,' said Michael to himself; 'we'll ride for it, then.'

CHAPTER IV.

I.

ONE glance Michael gave towards the shack, and saw, or imagined that he saw, a shadow moving within. That would be the girl, he supposed. A fierce and bitter anger surged up

in him as he told himself she should see that even a dupe and a fool might yet be able to ride. 'I'll ride her brother down for her, anyway,' he said fiercely to himself. 'She shall see it's not all so easy as she thought.'

He writhed again as he remembered her clear and candid eyes, and the soft, enchanting voice of which she had made such good use to bewitch him and befool him; and he thought again with bitterness how smilingly she had looked on while he, of the Royal Mounted Police, worked at helping her brother store the boxes of smuggled whisky he had supposed held her hats and frocks and fal-lals.

He ran back to where he had left his horse standing. The Royal Mounted ride with a long stirrup, but, though every second counted, Michael took a second or two to shorten his, since he knew well what kind of a ride lay before him. Then he hurled himself into the saddle and started in pursuit. A light leaped from the shack window as he clattered by, and he said to himself grimly that Mary was watching—well, she should see!

The fugitive had a good start by now, and Michael did not commit the mistake of asking too much of the black at first. He knew his task would be no easy one, for it is always true, on land as at sea, that a stern chase is a long chase, and he remembered he must keep something in hand. But, all the same, it was like the wind he rode, crouching low, both hands firm on the reins.

Faintly in the distance before him he could see the fugitive, riding hard. On the well-marked trail the hoofs of their horses beat a thunderous refrain through the quiet, still night, and all around lay the silent prairie, drowned in the silvery moonlight.

Not more perhaps than three or four hundred yards separated pursuer and pursued, now that they were each fairly in their stride, and not by an inch more or less did it seem that this distance varied as they swept on their wild way.

They came to an Icelander's farm and saw all the family, wakened by the barking of the dogs, run out to watch them thundering by, like phantoms in the pale moonshine. One or two of the dogs raced barking with them for a moment or two, but were out-distanced at once; and then again, the Icelander's patch of cultivation left far behind, it was across the primeval prairie, aloof in all its majestic solitude, that this mad race continued.

One more settler's shack lay in their path, however, and he, too, roused by the thunder of their galloping, ran out, wide-eyed, to see them pass. Like a vision they fled by and were gone, and almost that lone settler would have believed his sight had deceived him, and he had dreamed it all, but that he could hear for long the rhythmic hammer-beat of that fierce gallop.

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ing. 'Lordy,' he said, 'them's in a hurry all right; life and death that might be.'

But, indeed, it was for more than that those two rode this night.

II.

The trail, that hitherto had been fairly firm and well marked, died away. It was on the prairie itself they rode now, rough and broken in reality, though from a distance it looked so smooth, and riddled with the holes of gophers and badgers and what not, and with a thousand other traps and obstacles threatening disaster every hundred yards or so.

In the daylight these things were visible to both horse and man, and one could gallop one's fastest and yet avoid them, but all that was very different in the thin, deceptive moonlight, that threw over all the world its cloak of magic change, altering entirely shade and colour, by which, as much as by form, the eye is trained to recognise surrounding objects. Impossible, then, to tell whether that black patch upon the ground was a gaping hole or merely an outlying shadow; impossible to say where the willow-bushes ended and their shade began; impossible to be certain at what moment utter disaster might not overwhelm horse and rider together. But, the same distance ahead, the fugitive rode still with the same reckless speed, and behind still Michael galloped in a pursuit as reckless.

Yet so far he had not gained an inch. The bay mare was proving herself fully the match of the big black, and if sometimes for a moment Michael imagined that he was gaining a yard or two, soon it would be plain to him that he had lost it again.

Overhead the great, yellow moon swung through the skies on her path from east to west. Here and there on the horizon stars shone through their silvery rays, and the short summer night was passing as still, hour after hour, pursued and pursuer galloped on at the utmost speed of the straining bay and the gallant black. They roared down a long, wooded slope, and neither gained or lost an inch; they swept up a long and steep ascent, and still the same distance parted them; they came to a deep ravine, that even in the daylight should have been crossed with caution, and neither slackened speed one jot or tittle as they crashed their way down and up its wooded slopes and across its rocky and difficult bottom. But generally the prairie was bare and level, with few obstacles to hinder them, though it must have been by a miracle, repeated every hundred yards or so, that they both of them succeeded in avoiding the gopher-burrows and other pitfalls with which the ground was studded.

They came to where a wide creek crossed their way. Few horses care much for water-jumps, and horses bred on the prairie less even than
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others. But the bay cleared the creek magnificently and with scarce a check to her stride, and Michael gave the black no chance to hesitate. He felt the brave brute rise beneath him like some mighty bird and clear even that wide creek with a good yard to spare, a wondrous jump. But now there was a long ascent to face, steep and very rough, and on it for the first time Michael began to be sure that he was gaining. When at last they came to the top of that gruelling ascent, and were both once more on level ground, the distance between pursuer and pursued had been diminished by a good half.

Now it seemed to Michael that success was sure. The bay had done splendidly indeed. Michael would never have believed she could have shown herself so nearly a match for the black. But the black was after all the bigger horse, and, in the long run, strength was telling. He could see the bay was losing her beautiful swift action, so smooth and easy; her stride faltered at times now, even though she always recovered again at once. But all that told a tale, and he patted his own good steed on the neck, and whispered a word of encouragement. Understanding well, the black seemed to gather all its strength for one more, one final effort, and from beneath its flying hoofs the ground flew by.

It was a splendid effort, and into Michael's soul there seemed to enter the very ecstasy and essence of all speed. He clean forgot his errand, so wild an exhilaration now possessed him as he rode, a part himself of the living speed they were. No motor-car counting its odd miles a minute, no aeroplane winging its way through space, could ever give one-tenth the thrill of speed that Michael knew now as he felt the great black rise and fall beneath him, and the mighty leaps they made, and the keen air whistle by, and felt in every nerve and muscle how they spurned the earth away. Speed incarnate they seemed, he and the horse together, and now they were not twenty yards behind the bay, and gaining with almost every stride.

III.

He could see the fugitive more plainly now, crouching low on the mare's neck, and urging her on and on, to greater efforts still, with a sort of vehement despair. Splendidly the mare answered, but her strength was nearly done; and when Michael, in his turn, called upon his black, the response was instant. Inch by inch and foot by foot, so they gained as they swept on.

Yet still the fugitive would not acknowledge defeat, and ever urged on the labouring mare. Her tail had seemed all through the night to float out straight behind like a great rudder to help and guide her on her way, but now her

rider's cap fell off, and Michael saw spread out into the air long cloud-like tresses that streamed behind, and rose and fell with every leap the bay mare made.

'It's her—her,' Michael muttered as he saw this, and it did not seem to him that he was in any way surprised, but rather that he had expected it all the time, all through that wild, mad ride.

He struck his heel into the black's flank and called once more for one more effort. As though he knew it would be the last the black obeyed. Nearer and nearer they crept—if, indeed, that can be called creeping which went to such a thunder of hoofs and such a madness of unchecked galloping. Another foot he gained, and yet another, till now the black's foam-flecked nostrils were almost on a level with the bay mare's floating tail, and now at last he was so close, they were riding well-nigh side by side.

The fugitive turned her head and looked at him. Their eyes met, hers wild and strained and still defiant, for not even yet would she admit defeat. Once more she tried to urge the mare to a further effort, and, nearly done though the splendid creature was, she answered. Once more for a yard or two they shot ahead, but only for a yard or two. The mare had no longer power to equal the black's long matchless stride that had not yet begun to falter or weaken, and that soon again brought Michael level; and in the east shot heavenwards a ray of light to tell the dawn was coming as drew to its end the wild race he and she had ridden all through the moonlit night.

Yet it was not to be the end that now seemed certain, for even as Michael put out his hand to seize the bay mare's reins, and as the bay's rider looked at him with great eyes of despair and terror, that oft-repeated miracle, which had guarded them so far from the hidden dangers of badger hole, and gopher hole, and a hundred others, failed for once to operate. Right in a badger hole the big black put his foot, and went over like a shot rabbit, and Michael knew only he was flying through the air, as if a giant hand had plucked him from his saddle and tossed him up like a ball. For a moment his whole being was concentrated in the breathless question, 'What next?' and then the reply came in a shattering crash that hurled him into unconsciousness.

CHAPTER V.

I.

WHEN Michael came to himself the sun was high in the heavens, and for a time he lay still, conscious chiefly of the pains that seemed to shoot through his body in every direction, and trying vaguely to remember the events of the past night, and of that tempestuous ride of

which very slowly the details were returning to him. And presently he began to realise that this impression he had that his mouth was full of red-hot cinders was due in reality to thirst. He found himself muttering, 'Water. Water.'

There was no answer, and he stirred slightly and looked around. It seemed that he lay alone in the midst of the enormous prairie that stretched around in every direction, mile upon mile and league upon league, immense, indifferent and aloof as the eternal seas themselves.

A kind of panic came upon him. He tried to get to his feet, but was far too weak and ill. He tried to shout for help, but his burning mouth and swollen tongue would hardly emit a sound. Never had he known such loneliness as this; never had he realised till now as he lay like this between the heavens above and the earth beneath how small a thing is man. 'I must buck up,' he muttered; 'no good quitting—none.'

He wondered what had become of Mary Tench. Quite possibly she had ridden on without realising what had happened; or perhaps she had not cared, or merely been glad of the chance that had brought her safety. Anyhow, no sign of her was visible; and again with terror he realised that he must die there, with none but sky and prairie to watch, as they would watch with equal indifference the death of any of the insects whose passage troubled for an instant their immensities.

But now his still confused mind became aware of another fact. He perceived that as he lay his face was sheltered from the sun by a piece of some fabric that was stretched above his head and supported on four twigs, like a kind of miniature awning. This puzzled him immensely, and for a little time he forgot everything else in trying to grapple with the problem of who had put it there, and why.

He supposed she must have done so. Even to his dazed mind that was clear. Then, in that case, she had seen what had happened, and must have paused and dismounted, and put up this kind of rough shelter before riding on. Kindly meant, he supposed, though it might have been a truer kindness if she had put her hands about his throat and strangled the life from him. Or had she had the intention of sending help? And if she did, would it arrive in time? Or, indeed, in that enormous expanse, would they ever be able to find him at all? To find the proverbial needle in a haystack would be as easy a task.

It occurred to him that she must have shown unusual forethought, especially for a newcomer from England, to have thought at that time in the early dawn, before the sun had actually shown itself, of giving him shelter against its rays. And, when he gazed at it

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again, he thought it looked as if it had not been long in position. Was it possible she was still somewhere near; or had the impossible happened, and some one else ridden by?

His thoughts were clearer now, though the pain he suffered grew no easier; and, though that sensation he had of his mouth being filled with red-hot cinders was growing steadily more pronounced, he lifted himself with difficulty and pain into a sitting position and looked around.

Nothing but prairie around and sky above, and at a distance of about three or four hundred yards a low growth of willows that marked, he supposed, the existence of a slough. The horses had vanished; the girl had vanished; loneliness and desolation possessed his soul. And then he noticed that the willow bushes round the slough, at the point nearest where he lay, were moving visibly, though there was no wind. 'Something there,' he thought, wondering what it could be, for the bushes were so low either of the horses would have been visible at once, and yet the movement was too violent for it to be caused by any small animal, such as a jack-rabbit or even a wolf.

He watched wonderingly, and saw a form emerging almost on a level with the ground, like some creeping thing. With utter amazement he made out that it was a human form—that of a woman—of a woman crawling on hands and knees. He perceived it was the girl after whom, all through the night, he had ridden in wild pursuit.

'What on earth is she doing?' he muttered, forgetting his sufferings and even the anguish of his thirst as he watched her coming crawling thus through the bushes.

II.

When she was free of them, he expected to see her stand upright; but she continued in the same slow and painful way, dragging herself over the ground on her hands and knees, and presently he was able to distinguish how she trailed one leg behind her in a manner there was no mistaking. 'My God!' he cried aloud then, with horror and with fear, as he realised that she also was injured, badly injured.

Her horse must have fallen, too, he supposed, and her leg had been hurt, most likely broken, from the helpless way in which it trailed behind her. Then she was as helpless as he was, and they two were alone in the midst of the prairie, doomed to die there side by side, of hunger and thirst and exhaustion.

He lay and watched, as inch by inch she dragged her toilsome and painful way towards him. Once or twice he tried to make an effort to drag himself to meet her, but that his weakness and his injuries would not permit. But he forgot his own pains as he watched how bravely she struggled on, though every inch of

progress was won only with agony and grief. More than once she stopped altogether; once she was still so long he thought she had fainted, as perhaps she had; but presently she resumed her slow and painful progress, and when he thought that she was near enough to hear, he called out with all the strength he could summon, 'Hullo, hullo.'

She heard him and lifted a hand in response. He noticed that it was all torn and bleeding. The effort of raising it seemed to exhaust her. She was motionless a long while, and then began to crawl forward again till, at last, she had, as it were, writhed her way close to him.

'Hullo,' she said, and lay still, breathing heavily.

'Hullo,' he answered.

They said no more. She was evidently spent, and he noticed, with anguish, that her exhaustion was so great she had not even energy enough to brush away the hideous, buzzing flies that settled on her torn and bleeding hands.

Painfully, and with difficulty, he dragged himself nearer to her, and, tearing down the piece of stuff she had stretched between four twigs to shelter him from the sun, he used it to drive away the flies from her hands.

She lifted her head when she felt him doing this, and muttered, 'Thank you—but it doesn't matter. How do you feel?'

'Oh, I'm fine,' he answered, throwing all the strength he still possessed into his voice, so that it might sound firm and loud. 'I say—is your leg broken?'

'Yes,' she answered, her features wrinkled with pain.

'That's bad,' he muttered. 'How was it? Did you have a fall, too?'

'Your horse rolled on top of you when you went down,' she answered. 'I tried to get you away—I thought you would be crushed to death. I tried to help your horse to his feet, and he kicked out, and his hind hoof caught me on the ankle, and it's broken the bone, I think.'

'Let me look,' he said.

'It doesn't matter,' she answered indifferently. 'What's the good?'

But he insisted, and managed to drag himself to her side. The ankle bone was sticking out through the skin.

'That's bad,' he said; 'a compound fracture. I must try to bandage it. What made you crawl all that way over there?'

'You kept asking for water,' she answered. 'I thought there might be some behind those bushes.'

In spite of himself the anguish of thirst he suffered showed itself in his eyes. She shook her head slightly and looked away. 'It's dry as a bone,' she said. 'I chewed some leaves,' she added. 'I brought some back.'

She had put a quantity of leaves plucked from the willow bushes inside her blouse, but her

long and toilsome passage as she crawled back from the slough had left little freshness or moisture in them. Yet he accepted them gratefully.

'The horses—what became of them?' he asked.

'I drove them off,' she answered. 'I shouted at them and threw bits of earth and things till they went away. I thought they might go back to their stables—or some one might find them straying about—or something. If only I could have got into the saddle I think I could have stuck on, perhaps—but I could catch neither of them; and if I had, I don't think I could have mounted.'

'No,' he agreed gravely; 'but, anyway, you did all you could.'

She made no answer, and when he looked again he saw that she had fainted.

Every movement was torture, and, indeed, Michael nearly fainted himself, but he dragged himself nearer still, and made some sort of effort to tie up her broken ankle, though there was nothing he could use for splints. But he did his best, and, at all events, what he did kept the flies away. It seemed to him an amazing thing that, in the midst of this vast loneliness, flies should buzz and swarm like this, an added torment.

In a little while she opened her eyes again.

They did not speak much. They lay still, side by side, while from above the relentless sun poured down on them its torturing rays. A cloud would have been a Paradise, but not one dimmed the hard brightness of the sky. Even a breeze would have been something, but the hot, still air oppressed them all the day, like a material thing, and never for one second did the swarming, crawling flies cease to buzz and bite, till at last it seemed easier to endure them than strive any longer to brush them away.

Once he put out his hand and took hers. She let it lie in his, and so they lay like two resting children, and the thoughts of both were of cool shades and of running waters. But they did not speak of these, for they knew that that way madness lay. And once the girl whispered, 'How much worse it would have been—alone.'

'Yes,' he answered from the depths of his heart; 'at least there's that.'

CHAPTER VI.

I.

ALL through the long day they lay there thus, side by side, hand in hand for comfort, while from above the sun poured down on them its burning rays. Thirst tormented them; their injuries were an agony to them;

flies gave them no rest. The movement of the sun from east to west was so slow, it seemed like whole years that they lay there. Their only help was that they had each other's company, and could still, in tiny ways, give to each other comfort, courage, and endurance.

When the ceaseless battle with the flies was too much for her, and she moaned and gave up and lay still, letting them crawl and bite as they wished, it was his hand that drove them away again, and his whispered words that recalled her courage. When he began to grow a little light-headed with the heat, it was she, in spite of the agony every movement gave her, who dragged herself into a sitting position, and fitted up with his coat and the twigs she had used before a trifling shelter for them both. It was for his sake, too, that she kept back the tears of despair so often flooding her eyes, and for her that he proclaimed aloud hopes he never felt.

'Those horses,' he said several times—'dead sure to be found. Then folk'll know what's happened, and they'll be around mighty quick. Won't take them long to get here once they're started.'

'How will they find us?' she asked, as her eyes, grown deep and hollow, all their brightness dimmed, wandered round the vast and empty space in which they lay.

'Oh, they'll manage that all right,' he declared cheerfully. 'Trust them for that.'

But he knew well the chances were that even if the horses did make their way back to the settlement they would do so very slowly, and that it was only too likely he and the girl would be dead long before any rescue expedition could start. Even if it did start promptly, there was not much chance that it would succeed in finding them. In all probability their bones would whiten side by side for years to come, till some pioneer of the future would find them, and wonder to what forgotten tragedy they bore witness.

'It's a sideways sort of ending,' he muttered with a twisted smile, as he thought of all his hopes and plans so suddenly cut short. 'Rummy to come through a war to finish like this . . . and for you,' he added to the girl, 'that's not been a week in the country.'

'Two weeks ago,' she mused, 'I was walking down the Strand in London. Now I'm here,' she said, and laughed a little.

II.

But as the sun drooped in the west and drew near to setting their torments were relieved a little, and Michael began to feel his strength revive, now that those fierce and burning rays no longer held him down, nailing him, as it were, to the ground with shafts of light. The cool breeze that sprang up seemed to relieve also to some degree his parched and swollen mouth, and he stirred presently and sat upright.

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He looked across at the pale, wan face of his motionless companion, who, even as she lay quiet, seemed in the last stage of exhaustion.

'We can never stand another day like this. Do you think you could get as far as the slough again?' he asked.

'What for? What's the use?' she muttered. 'Let's stay here.'

'If we could make it,' he answered, 'the willows would shelter us from the heat to-morrow. Besides, it's going to be cold now it's sundown, and I could build a fire, maybe. Can you try? I would never dare ask you,' he added softly, 'only you've been so brave.'

'Brave? Me?' she said, and smiled faintly, for that seemed to her a flattery so gross as even to become amusing. 'Oh!'

'We could make it if we tried,' he urged again, 'now it's cooler.'

'Oh, if you want to,' she said petulantly. 'I think it's silly.'

But he coaxed and urged, and presently they started. Infinitely slowly, inch by inch, upon their faces, like two huge and blundering worms, they dragged and writhed and wriggled their painful way, on and on, inch after inch, foot after foot, with such effort and such suffering as at other times they would not have believed themselves capable of enduring.

When they had covered perhaps half the distance they had to traverse the girl heard Michael laughing to himself. Thinking he had perhaps gone mad, and greatly afraid, she called out to him to stop. He checked himself at once. 'I'm so sorry,' he said. 'I don't know what got me. I was thinking of the way we rode last night—the two of us, how we rode—hell for leather, all right, my word . . . well, and now here we're like two broken-backed worms wriggling along on our noses.'

'I don't see anything to laugh at in that,' she said irritably.

'I'm sorry,' he answered; 'it just seemed to come over me all in a heap. You know, I thought you were Allan.'

'I meant you to,' she answered. 'We planned that. He said you would arrest him—he said it meant prison—because of all that whisky in those boxes they pretended were mine.'

He was silent then, for these last words of hers explained much. He might have guessed it, he told himself. What a fool he had been all through, to be sure. Why had he not guessed?

They had crawled another twenty yards or so before he said, 'Those boxes—the two big ones. They had your name on them, but they weren't yours?'

'No,' she answered between gasps, as she dragged herself wearily and painfully on. 'They were both filled with bottles of whisky. When that Dillon man met me, he drove me first to a shack I thought was Allan's. But it wasn't.

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There was a man there, and those two big boxes with my name painted on them, and when I asked why, and what it meant, they wouldn't tell me. Dillon said I must ask Allan, and Allan would explain everything. I was very worried, and I kept asking questions, and I think now that was what made him angry and upset, and why he was so rude. He said I was in it now like the rest of them, but he wouldn't explain what he meant. Only he kept saying I was one of them now, and I got angry, too, and said I would never have anything to do with him, anyhow. And then he was horrid and awful, and when I cried out you came. Later on, when you had gone, I asked Allan what it all meant. He didn't want to tell me, but I made him. He said there was no harm smuggling whisky, and prohibition was all wrong, anyway; but from what the other man said I think they mean to sell it to Indians, and that's worse, isn't it?'

'Much worse,' agreed Michael grimly; for, indeed, to sell whisky to Indians is a little like selling murder.

'I told him he must give it up, or I would go straight home,' she continued. 'I put on my riding things ready to start right off. I said I wouldn't even stop one night there unless he promised. So he did, and he went out to tell his friends, because I said I wouldn't have them there. And then he came back galloping as hard as he could, and said the police were on them. He said it meant ten years' imprisonment for him if you caught him. The only thing I could think of was that I should jump on the mare and ride off as hard as I could. We hoped if you saw some one galloping away you would think it was Allan and follow. Then Allan was to burn all the whisky, so that there should be no proof against him, and he promised me he would never do anything like that again. And when I rode away you followed, as we hoped, and, anyhow, Allan's safe. He said if I got you away for an hour it would be all right.'

'I thought you were Allan,' Michael said slowly. 'I might have known better. If I hadn't been such a fool, I should have known you weren't likely to be mixed up in a thing like that. What made you ride so far, so fast? We were riding more than an hour, I guess.'

She hesitated, and even in the pale moonshine he saw her pale cheeks flushed. She spoke very softly—her voice sounded tiny and yet very clear, 'I felt I must never let you . . . catch me.'

What was there in those few words to fill all Michael's heart with a sudden overwhelming joy, a joy that flooded his whole being, so that this moment always seemed to him the happiest of his life? Crippled, broken, in anguish, tormented by a dreadful thirst, near

to utter exhaustion, with small hope of escaping the slow death almost certainly awaiting them both, yet he had great joy when he heard what she said, and he would have changed places with no other living man, no matter in what perfect security or in what blissful bodily ease.

In a voice almost as low and soft as her own Michael said, 'But I did—I did catch you.'

She made no answer.

They had both ceased for a moment their toilsome and difficult progress. He dragged himself a little nearer to her. She lay quite still as he leaned over and kissed her pale cheek lightly.

Then he said, 'Now we'll get on.'

CHAPTER VII.

IT took them perhaps another hour to reach the slough, and then they were both glad to lie still for a time to get back a little of their strength. The temperature had fallen rapidly since sundown, and Michael gathered together a few twigs and some dead branches, with which he made a small fire they found very comforting. Their thirst, too, though it was still severe, tormented them less now that the heat of the day was over, and they even slept a little.

The next day, too, the shade of the bushes, sheltering them from the direct rays of the sun, was a great comfort to them both; and Michael kept their fire going, feeding it with dry wood, and then putting on grass and leaves so as to maintain a column of smoke that rose high into the air, and was visible for many miles.

'If there is any one mooching around,' he said, 'or if those horses got to the settlement, or if Allan has guessed something's wrong and has started out to find us, then that smoke will be a guide. Oh, we've lots of chances yet,' he declared; though to himself he added, 'That is, if we last out.'

And of this he could not help but feel more than a little doubtful, for he knew his own weakness was extreme, and the girl's exhaustion was only too plainly growing greater with every passing hour.

He knew well their only hope was that this column of smoke he had made might be seen. And it was indeed the smoke that saved them, for it served as a guide to the relief party that otherwise would very certainly not have found them in time, and perhaps never at all. It was composed of Allan himself, of two other ranchers,

and of two of Michael's comrades of the Royal Mounted.

It was the early morning of the next day when they found them, and both Michael and Mary were in the last stages of exhaustion. But a little food and drink worked wonders; and before long Allan, who had ridden away full speed for more help as soon as they were found, returned with a doctor and a team and wagon, on which, still side by side, the two sufferers were transported to hospital.

Only a few days passed before Michael was almost as well as ever, though he bears signs of his experiences he will carry with him to the grave. Mary's recovery was slower, and at one time, indeed, her life was almost despaired of. But she passed through the crisis successfully—pneumonia had set in—and though it left her very weak she had no further set-back, and was presently well on the way to complete recovery.

In spite of the fact that Michael found his superior officers fully disposed, in view of all that had happened, to condone his failure to convict the culprits, or to keep securely the two captives he had made—they had both been released by Allan, who had filed through their fetters—and even to admit that perhaps, on the whole, he had not done so very badly, he persisted in his desire to leave the force.

'I'm going into partnership with Allan Tench,' he explained. 'The ranch ought to do well enough with some more capital and two men to work it; and, anyhow, I'll undertake there'll be no more whisky smuggling. Allan's had his lesson all right. He'll run no more risks like that, even if we weren't around to see he kept straight.'

'We?' murmured the inspector to whom Michael was talking.

'Miss Tench and I are thinking of getting married,' Michael explained.

'Ah, well,' said the inspector sagely, 'they say a policeman married is a policeman spoiled, but a rancher married is a rancher made.'

'So he is,' declared Michael fervently, 'when his wife is a girl like Mary.'

Nor is that an opinion he has ever seen any cause to alter. The ranch is doing well; Allan is running straight and thinking of getting married himself; and recently Mary has presented to her husband a son and heir who is a fine tribute to the virtues of prairie sun and air, and whom Michael has determined shall be a horseman worthy of the mother who rode that moonlit night so straight, so fast, and so far.



THE MISSING QUEEN OF DIAMONDS.

By W. D. GRAY.

I.

CAPTAIN VINCENT leaned back in the swing-chair in his private cabin and stared at the deck beams above his head. It was a hot evening, and the captain had removed his coat, for he was not a man who studied appearances. Moreover, this hour after dinner was one of the few periods of time when he might hope to enjoy a little privacy, and be able to get away from his passengers. He held a big curved briar between his teeth, and puffed great clouds of smoke into the heated air. Superficially, his attitude was that of a man at peace with the world, but his dark bearded face had a gloomy, irritable expression, which showed that his thoughts were not of the pleasantest.

The captain was taking the liner *Cambrian* from South Africa to London. She carried a full complement of passengers. It was these passengers who wrinkled the captain's brow and caused him to mutter impatiently into his beard. He was a master of his profession, had spent his life on the great waters, and no man could teach him how to handle a ship. But this was the first time he had had charge of a liner, and there was no man less fitted to be the genial chairman of a saloon full of passengers. How he had obtained his post was something of a mystery. He had commanded one of the older cargo boats belonging to the company, and had been suddenly promoted to his present ship for no particular reason.

Tall, gaunt, sombre, he moved amongst his fellows and his subordinates a lonely, taciturn figure, who gave no confidences and who invited none. In his present command he was obviously the square peg in the round hole. The saloon passengers, expecting a jovial, hearty, courteous sea-officer, were repelled by this black-bearded, swarthy-faced individual, sitting silent and constrained at the head of the main table. He had nothing to say to them, no little marine anecdotes for the men, no polite information for the ladies; he sat and glowered at his plate until the meals were over. If any one spoke to him, he answered shortly in a surly, restrained fashion.

The captain knew his shortcomings well enough, but unhappily he did not regard them as shortcomings. He would have said that he was not paid to be a society entertainer; he had guaranteed to take these people safely to London, as he would have done a full cargo of coal or wheat. He would guarantee to do that all right; he knew his business, he believed.

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Well, what more did they want? He frowned to himself as he smoked and looked back over the past few days. His eyes and ears missed very little, although his tongue might be a useless member, and he recalled all the covert smiles and whispers at his expense which his passengers fondly supposed had been unseen and unheard.

'What do they take me for?' he growled. 'What's that fool of a purser mean by asking me to unbend a little, as he calls it? I'm not anxious for them to talk to me—they can stand on their heads all day for what I care. Then why the dickens do they want me to talk to *them*? I'm not a shop-walker. Wonder they don't ask me to tuck them in at night and sing them to sleep!'

He knocked the ashes from his pipe abruptly and fiercely, and commenced to refill it from a great sealskin pouch. As he completed the operation and struck a match there came a soft knock at the cabin door. 'Come in!' the captain shouted aggressively. 'Oh, it's you, is it, Mr Wilkinson; what's the matter now? One of the lady passengers lost her vanity bag?'

The short, stout purser stood in the doorway. His face was rather serious, and he did not smile at his commanding officer's sally. 'It's Mr Felling wants to see you, sir,' he answered. 'I tried to put him off, but he says it's important. He's rather urgent about it.'

'Mr Felling?' repeated Captain Vincent, coldly and questioningly.

'One of the first-class passengers,' said the purser, a trifle reproachfully. 'Got one of the single cabins—a pretty big man in Kimberley. Surely you remember, sir——'

'I know him,' the captain broke in hastily. 'Can't recall *all* their dashed names on the instant, Mr Wilkinson. Wants to see me, eh? What about?'

The purser hesitated a moment. 'Well, he didn't say much to me,' he replied at last; 'and as he must see you, I think he'd better tell you his troubles himself, sir. He's waiting outside.'

Vincent frowned. 'Who'd sell a farm and go to sea?' he demanded bitterly. 'All right, let him come in.'

II.

The purser vanished, and then ushered in the visitor. The latter waited until the door had closed upon Wilkinson ere he turned and confronted Captain Vincent. He was a big, portly, middle-aged man, with a rather pallid, clean-shaven face, and cold, keen blue eyes. There

was something about him, an assurance, a self-confidence, which denoted the rich, successful man who was accustomed to tread down obstacles and to dominate over his fellows. He was very smartly dressed, but with a rather too emphatic scarf-pin and watch-chain. A fine diamond ring glittered on his finger.

Captain Vincent considered him in silence. On his side Mr Felling stared at the captain's shirt sleeves, coughed once or twice at the reek of the strong tobacco smoke, and took a seat without waiting for an invitation.

'Good evening, sir,' said the captain gravely. 'I'm told you wish to see me.'

'I do, captain; I do,' replied the other, in a strong, harsh voice. 'Not disturbing you, I hope?'

'No,' returned Vincent slowly. 'No, you're not disturbing me, sir. Of course, the purser is the—'

'He's no good to me,' Felling broke in, with a wave of his hand. 'I've got to see the commander of the ship. My business is urgent and—er—a little difficult and responsible. Yes, Captain Vincent is the man I've got to see.'

'Well, sir,' returned the captain gruffly, 'in that case, here he is, ready to listen to you. What's the trouble?'

Felling stared again at the off-hand tone. 'I'll tell you,' he said, producing a cigar case. 'Mind if I smoke?—I see you're doing so yourself.' He lit a cigar without further permission. 'Don't know if you've heard of me, captain,' he went on. 'I believe my name's fairly well known in South Africa. In case you haven't, I may tell you that I'm—er—a pretty wealthy man. I've retired from business now, except that I do a little in diamonds—in buying and selling diamonds.' He paused, and puffed at his cigar with enjoyment. 'In fact,' he went on, 'I think I should say I do a good deal in them; diamonds are my strong suit, captain—ha! ha! See the joke?'

Captain Vincent's sense of humour was apparently not very strongly developed. 'Very interesting, sir,' he observed shortly. 'Go on.'

Felling glanced at him for a moment, and then suddenly produced a little morocco case from his breast pocket. 'I've got a business deal on at present,' he said; 'that's why I'm going to England. I'm hoping to dispose of this little trifle.'

He opened the case and held it under the captain's nose. Vincent took the pipe from his mouth and bent forward. His bearded lips formed themselves into an involuntary whistle. He was looking at a magnificent diamond, such a jewel as he had never seen before in his life. Indeed, if it had not been lying solidly in the green velvet case beneath his eyes, he would have said such a jewel could not have existed. Vincent knew little of the value of precious stones, but this one spoke for itself. It gave

the captain a queer impression of being alive, of possessing a strange and even sinister vitality of its own. That fragment of carbon held and fascinated him like the eye of a serpent.

'Pretty little thing, eh, captain?' said Felling airily.

The captain drew a deep breath and leaned back in his chair. 'Very pretty indeed, sir,' he agreed. 'If diamonds are your strong suit, I reckon you've got the queen in your hand there.'

Felling nodded his head with a chuckle. 'You're right,' he said emphatically. 'You're right. This is one of the finest stones in the world, barring a few in the possession of reigning sovereigns and Indian princes.'

He closed the case and replaced it in his breast pocket. 'And now to business, captain,' he went on. 'You'll understand that to have such a little plaything in one's possession carries with it a certain feeling of responsibility. I won't tell you what it's valued at, but it's an amount for which plenty of men would be ready to sell their souls. You can imagine that I'm keeping a sharp eye on my neighbours until I've—er—played my queen in London. That's what brings me to you. There are two men on your ship, captain, who I'll swear are jewel thieves. I believe they were dogging my movements in Cape Town, but I never gave them the opportunity they desired. But they've taken passage on your ship, and I tell you they are after that diamond. I want you to take action, captain. I want you to protect me, even if it means going a little beyond your legal rights as the commander of this ship. You won't find me ungrateful.'

Vincent stared at him open-mouthed. 'Two men!' he exclaimed. 'You mean two passengers?'

'Certainly,' said Felling. 'Two saloon passengers. They call themselves Downe and Birchall, but no doubt those are only aliases. Two youngish, dark chaps, very much alike, might be brothers. They sit at the end of the second table in the saloon.'

The captain at once recalled them as two quiet young fellows, almost the only passengers who had not bothered him over something since the voyage started, and to whom he had felt grateful in consequence. 'I know them,' he said. 'But, look here, what proof have you got? I can't take any action on mere suspicion, on your bare word, in fact. You say these men are jewel thieves, are after your diamond. Well, give me proofs of that.'

Felling made an impatient gesture with his hand. 'That's just what I can't do!' he cried irritably. 'Give you proofs, you say! Why, man alive! if I had proofs, do you think these scoundrels would ever have been on this ship! They would have been in prison in Cape Town, I can tell you that.'

'No doubt,' said Captain Vincent drily. 'But
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what reason have you for suspecting them in particular? You must have some reason.'

'They were pointed out to me by a friend in Cape Town,' replied Felling. 'He told me he knew them as being shady characters. Then, as I say, I found them following my movements, and the next thing is, I see them on this ship. That's not proof, perhaps, but it's good enough for me.'

'Well, it's not good enough for me,' said the captain firmly. 'What on earth do you want me to do with them?'

Felling hesitated a moment. 'I want you to—to place them under restraint,' he said slowly.

'To arrest them, in short?' Vincent broke in.

'Well—yes. I'll back you up, captain.'

The captain snorted contemptuously. 'Arrest them!' he sneered. 'Yes, put them in irons—on mere suspicion, on no suspicion at all. And then when we arrive in England have them bring lawsuits against me and be ruined—professionally, legally, morally, in every way ruined. And you'll back me up, will you? Thank you for nothing!'

Felling's cold blue eyes glinted. 'I don't like your tone, captain,' he said angrily. 'I'm not accustomed to be taken up in such a manner. I tell you these two men are thieves, and are after my diamond. And I ask you to do your duty as captain of this ship and have them arrested.'

'And I ask you for proofs of what you say,' returned the captain.

Felling was silent for a few moments. 'You refuse, then?' he demanded. 'You won't do as I ask; you won't take action?'

'I won't,' replied Vincent gruffly. 'For all I know, this may be some cock-and-bull tale of your own, and these men may be quite honest.'

The other rose to his feet. 'All right!' he almost shouted. 'All right, Captain Vincent, if you won't do your duty, I'm not going to sit here and have my word doubted. And I'll tell you one thing, if my diamond is stolen, I'll make you responsible—yes, I'll make it hot for you when we arrive in England.'

The captain also rose to his feet and towered over his visitor. 'I'll trouble you to leave my cabin,' he said briefly. There was something in the way the words were spoken which silenced the other, overbearing and autocratic as he was. He made a last angry gesture and withdrew, slamming the door behind him. Vincent looked after him for a moment, then shrugged his shoulders and sat down again in his swing-chair. 'Nice fellow!' he said aloud, relighting his pipe. 'I wish I had him in my fo'c'sle for a few weeks. I'd rub his nose into it. Don't like my tone, don't he? Tut! Tut! Well, if I liked his own, I'd have told Wilkinson and the stewards to keep their eyes on these two men. But as it is—no, thank you; he can do his own dirty work. Some diamond, though!'

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III.

The captain was as good as his word. He took no action whatever, and it seemed as though he was justified in so doing. The days went by and nothing happened. The ship's routine continued peacefully, the weather was hot and placid, and the passengers appeared to be sunk into a mild and calm contentment. Felling sought no more interviews; he avoided the captain pointedly, and at meal-times only stared at him vindictively. Vincent was far from complaining of this, and after a few days he had begun to put the man out of his thoughts. He made a few judicious inquiries of the purser and his other officers, and discovered that Felling was what he had proclaimed himself to be, a wealthy man, well known in South Africa, famous for his diamond purchases. As to the supposed jewel thieves, nobody appeared to know anything of them. Vincent watched them covertly, but found nothing suspicious in any of their actions. 'My millionaire pal must have been talking through his hat,' the captain reflected. 'Only wish the rest of the passengers were as little trouble as those two chaps.'

He had commenced to forget the whole incident, when one hot afternoon, as he came down from the bridge to go to the cabin, Felling suddenly rushed up from the promenade deck and confronted him. The dealer in diamonds was flushed and agitated, and his dress was disordered. He gave an angry exclamation as he saw Vincent. 'Ah! I've found you at last,' he exclaimed. 'I've been looking for you, captain. Didn't know you were on the bridge. Come with me, if you please; come with me.'

'Come with you?' repeated the captain, in a surly voice. 'Where to?'

'To my cabin,' said the other excitedly. 'I insist on your coming. I have something to show to you.'

Captain Vincent stared at him for a moment, then shrugged his shoulders and followed him below. Felling led the way hurriedly to a large cabin, one of the best in the ship, which he occupied in solitary state. After closing the door, he produced a bunch of keys and unlocked a leather portmanteau which lay beneath his bunk. From this he took a large brass box like a big cash-box. Unlocking this with another key, he took out of it in turn the famous morocco case. He opened this with a dramatic gesture and pointed to it. It was empty.

The captain had suspected what was wrong, but at this sudden confirmation his heart seemed to give a great leap. He raised his eyebrows and looked questioningly at his companion.

'The diamond's gone,' said Felling fiercely. 'It's been stolen!'

He closed the case again with a sharp click,

and flung it back again into the brass box. 'Yes, it's been stolen,' he repeated. 'Well, you heard what I said a week ago; I warned you of this, captain, and now you know that I was right.'

Vincent looked him in the eyes and instinctively squared his shoulders. 'I remember your words,' he said in his deep tones. 'How did you discover this—loss?'

He emphasised the last word, and Felling glared at him. 'I discovered the theft about half-an-hour ago,' he said. 'I may tell you that every night before retiring I put the case in that strong box, and the box in the portmanteau, locking them both. In the morning I took the case out and carried it about with me all day. This morning I was hurried, and for the first time forgot it, and left it where it was. I recollected this only half-an-hour ago, and at once came down to get it. And I found the diamond had been stolen.'

The captain was silent for a few moments, shooting little glances round the cabin. 'You found your portmanteau and that box locked again?' he said. 'But the diamond was missing?'

'Yes,' said the other. 'That's easy enough—duplicate keys. Perhaps the thieves thought I should not open the portmanteau again for some time when I found it locked.'

'Seems strange,' said Vincent thoughtfully. 'See here, sir, you are absolutely certain you put your diamond there last night?'

'I am.'

'And you are absolutely certain, also, that it is not mislaid?'

'Absolutely,' cried Felling, with a sneer. 'It's the sort of thing you'd mislay, isn't it? What do you take me for? No—it's been stolen, and stolen mighty smartly.'

'And you suspect——?' began the captain slowly.

'I suspect those two men I told you about,' the other broke in. 'Not a doubt of it; they've got it. Who else should it be? You'll take action *now*, captain, I should hope.'

Captain Vincent took a pace or two up and down the cabin floor. 'You've no clues, I suppose?' he asked. 'You saw no one; found no signs of any one having entered your cabin?'

'No,' said Felling, with a shrug. 'But the diamond's gone.'

'Then any one might have stolen it,' returned the captain. 'Not only these two fellows; it might be any one in the ship.'

Felling gave a furious gesture. 'Talk sense, captain!' he cried. 'It might be, but it's not. You know what I said about those two men? It's up to you to have them arrested and searched, and have their cabin thoroughly searched as well. Even then they may have hidden the stone too cleverly; but we *should* find it if you do your duty.'

The captain flushed and bit his lip. 'Possibly,' he said, repressing his anger. 'But it seems to me that we might suspect any of the passengers, or the stewards, for the matter of that. Well, Mr Felling, you need not fear that I won't take action, but I should like to think things over first. We know one thing, that if the diamond is stolen, it is in the ship somewhere. I'll think things over, and let you know what I propose later on to-night. We had better say nothing to any one about it meanwhile. It's somewhere in the ship, and I'll turn the old *Cambrian* upside down for you until we find it.'

Felling shrugged his shoulders again. 'Not much need to do that,' he said sullenly. 'I've told you what to do and where to look. You can think it over as long as you like, but you'll find I'm right in the end.'

IV.

Captain Vincent made no reply, but withdrew to his own cabin. Although his face was as hard and saturnine as ever, inwardly he was profoundly disturbed. He knew little of the law or his legal responsibilities and duties, but he took the old-fashioned view of his position as a ship's captain, and considered himself morally responsible for all that occurred on the *Cambrian*. He had paid scant respect to Felling's story a week ago, and now it appeared that the man's fears had been well grounded.

The captain spent hours that evening pacing up and down the bridge, to the wonder of the officer of the watch. For long he could not come to any decision. Supposing he did as Felling asked, had Downe and Birchall arrested and searched, and then found no diamond in the end? They would probably bring actions against him on arrival in England, and he might be ruined. But, on the other hand, it would be a very large order to search the whole ship, and he might offend a score of passengers instead of only two. He considered it pretty certain that if the diamond was stolen, one of the passengers had it. And Felling seemed so certain about those two fellows. Perhaps, as a choice of evils, it would be best to do as he asked. 'It's about the rottenest job I've ever faced,' said the captain to himself. 'And that Felling man gets my goat, somehow. But I've got to find his diamond, and I'll go and tell him that we'll run in Messrs Downe and Birchall in the morning—or to-night if he likes.'

He looked at his watch, and was surprised to find it was after eleven o'clock. 'Didn't know it was so late,' he muttered. 'However, he may still be waiting for me.'

The captain descended from the bridge along the boat deck and down to the promenade deck. Most of the passengers had retired to their cabins, but a few couples still sat about in low chairs. The night was warm and placid, the

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Cambrian was moving quietly through the calm sea, only the dull, profound beating of her engines and the glimmer of her mast-head and sidelights hinting that she was a great living organism. The captain moved as quietly as his ship; he was wearing his white tropical uniform with light canvas shoes, which made no sound as he walked. The peace of the night contrasted violently with his worries, and he sighed heavily as he stepped down below.

Felling's cabin was at the end of a long passage, and as he came silently up to the door the captain hesitated for a moment. 'Better see if he's gone to bed,' he said to himself. The principal porthole of the cabin, of course, gave on to the sea, but there was a small inconspicuous circle of glass which opened inboard. Vincent peered through this. As he stared his eyes widened, and unconsciously he clenched his big brown fists. The electric light was burning, and Felling stood underneath it in his pyjamas. He had been winding up his watch, and now placed it under the pillow in his bunk. Then, bending down to his coat, he took a little wooden box from a pocket and shook something from it into the palm of his hand. As Felling looked at it he nodded his head and chuckled cunningly to himself. It was the diamond, the famous diamond, which had been reported as being stolen!

The captain, with difficulty, repressed an exclamation. There was no possible doubt—that was the missing queen of diamonds. There were not two jewels in the world like it—that was the diamond. As he still stared through the peephole, he saw Felling replace the stone in the wooden box, stoop down, and roll back the coconut matting from a corner of the cabin floor. Prizing up a small piece of plank, Felling dropped the box into the aperture, rolled back the matting, and stood up. He chuckled once more, like a man enjoying a good joke, then flung himself into his bunk, switched off the light, and the cabin was in darkness.

Captain Vincent stood back from the glass. His first impulse was to kick the cabin door open, pull Felling from out of the bunk, and tell him precisely what he thought of him. But on second thoughts he stole away quietly down the passage without announcing his presence, and gained his own cabin. Arrived there, he dropped into his seat and mopped his forehead. 'What's his game?' he said, in an amazed whisper. 'What's he mean by lying to me and pitching me that yarn? What's the swab after?—it beats me!' He filled and lighted his big pipe, and began to pace up and down. As he smoked he grew calmer, and his brain began to work. 'I can see two things, anyway,' he said to himself. 'First of all, he would score off me and get his own back because I wouldn't bother my head about him a week ago. "All right," he says, "I'll show you,"

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and he comes up and tells me the diamond's stolen. That will upset me, he thinks—and he was right there—I shall be pretty worried, and he'll see it and grin to himself. Yes, but there's more in it than that. Let's assume that those two fellows are really jewel thieves; they may be, for all I know. Well, then, if he announces that his diamond is stolen and that he suspects them, he makes himself safe from them for the voyage. Suppose I do as he asks and arrest them, he's safe that way. And even supposing I don't, he'll tell everybody his diamond is missing; the two'll hear it and think that they've lost their chance—somebody else has got there first. Yes, that will be it—pretty ingenious blighter he is. Then why did he hide it under the floor? Well, I dunno; perhaps he thinks it's safer there. If he carried it about with him, he might get his pocket picked, or fall asleep in his chair and lose it, or have an accident or something. Pretty ingenious, too, for him to think of hiding it in the double flooring; he must have cut that bit of plank out. Of course, when we get to port he could suddenly find his diamond, and say he's sorry to have caused all the bother. Or he could even let the whole thing drop, and clear out with it. Yes, you're a clever lad, Mr Felling, but I swear I'll get even with you. I'll call your bluff. Only question is—how?'

The captain emptied and refilled his pipe time after time as he tried to find an answer to his question. At last he had a sudden glimmer. His thoughts seemed to amuse him, and he smiled rather grimly. 'That's it,' he muttered. 'That's it; I'd give it him back, of course, when we arrived in port—say I'd found it or something. Vincent, you're a great man.' He was still smiling as he flung himself into his cot in the first light of early dawn.

V.

After a few hours of refreshing sleep Captain Vincent rose, dressed, and obtained an interview with the clever Mr Felling before breakfast.

'I'm sorry I could not see you last night, sir,' he said loudly. 'But I was kept on deck until very late. I've been thinking over your unfortunate—er—loss, and I've come to the definite conclusion I cannot have those two men arrested. You've no case at all against them, and I don't believe I've the power to do it. But I'll have the whole ship searched, the passengers' cabins, the stewards' and crews' quarters—everywhere. If we find your diamond, well and good. If we don't, I'm sorry I can do nothing more for you. When we arrive in the Thames you can inform the Customs people, call the police in and let them take the matter into their hands. That's all I can do for you, sir.'

Felling listened attentively. As the captain finished he smiled in a veiled fashion. 'And that's your last word, is it, captain?'

'It is, sir.'

'Well, I must say I'm surprised,' said Felling, with unexpected mildness. 'I tell you those men have the jewel. If you refuse to arrest them, you are incurring a very serious responsibility. You'll hear more of it when we arrive in London and I call the police in, as I certainly shall do. But that's your affair. As to searching the ship, it's useless, and I don't want it done.'

'As you please, sir,' returned Vincent. 'I've offered to do it, but if you object there's no more to be said.'

'It's useless, I tell you,' said Felling. 'I've told you where the diamond is. We'll say no more about it. But there's one thing—I don't see why I should not mention my loss, as you call it, to my friends and acquaintances on board. I'd like to have their opinion.'

'That's as you please,' said the captain.

As he sat at the head of the captain's table at breakfast Vincent thought over the situation. 'Cunning blighter,' he mused. 'He's going to tell his friends, so that Downe and Birchall hear about it.' He gave ear attentively to the hum of talk, chewing his food the while with a wooden face. Felling sat at another table, and the captain could not hear the conversation; but he noticed it grew louder and more excited, and saw that the two supposed jewel thieves heard what was being said. The captain studied their faces attentively. He saw that they took on a look of amazement and chagrin, and then the two whispered to each other in what seemed to be a nervous, uneasy manner.

'By George!' said Vincent to himself; 'I believe he was right. I believe they *were* after it, after all.'

After breakfast, when the passengers dispersed about the decks, the loss of the diamond became the general topic. People split up into groups, talking in low constrained tones. Felling announced pompously that he was not satisfied with the captain's attitude, but would wait until the *Cambrian* arrived in London before taking any further action. Vincent overheard something of this, and again he smiled grimly. 'You wait, my lad,' he said to himself. 'You just wait a little, till I wake you up.'

As a matter of fact it was two days before the captain's opportunity arrived. Felling was fond of bridge, and on the afternoon of the second day Vincent saw him settled comfortably over a rubber with three of his cronies in a corner of the smoking-room. The captain watched them for some five minutes, and then stole away. He walked swiftly below to Felling's cabin. No one was about. He pressed the door gently, and entered as softly as a shadow. His heart beat fast as he dropped to his knees,

pulled away the matting, and gripped the loose plank in the corner. It came away easily. He felt with his fingers in the opening and touched the box. He had it out instantly, opened it, and saw the diamond lying on a pad of cotton-wool. Next instant he had replaced the plank and the matting, and was outside the cabin door with the diamond in his pocket. 'And that's that,' he said, with a grin. 'Perfectly simple. I think burglary's dead easy. Now, Mr Felling, when you finish your game and come to dress for dinner, we'll maybe hear something.'

VI.

The captain took care to be at hand as the dinner hour approached. He had not long to wait. Five minutes after Felling had gone below he shot up on deck again like a cannon-ball. His face was ashen, and his eyes were bloodshot and injected. Captain Vincent encountered him at the head of the companion. 'Hullo, Mr Felling!' he said cheerfully. 'You look excited. Not found your diamond, have you?'

Felling gulped in his throat, and put a hand to his collar. 'Found it?' he almost howled. 'Found it? No, I've not—it's—it's gone—I mean, you know it's been stolen.'

'Of course,' said Vincent lightly. 'We all know that. But I was hoping it might have turned up. Sorry I was mistaken.'

The other seemed to struggle with himself, and regained a little calmness. 'No,' he said, licking his dry lips. 'No, it has not turned up, as you call it. See here, captain, I want to appeal to you once more. I—I'm more certain than ever that those two fellows have got it. I—I have my reasons for thinking so.'

'You have?' exclaimed Vincent. 'Really? What reasons?'

Felling was silent, and his eyes sought the deck. 'Well—nothing definite,' he said at last. 'It's more a question of instinct. For the last time I ask you to arrest them.'

Captain Vincent drew himself up. 'I'm sorry,' he said formally, 'but I've already told you I cannot do it, and I don't see any reason to alter my decision. I can say no more, sir.'

And bowing slightly to the palpitating Felling, he turned his back and left him.

VII.

As the days went by the captain savoured his revenge to the full. Felling appeared to grow more restless and agitated every hour. He seemed unable to sit still, but paced up and down the promenade deck all day long. To friends who consoled with him he gave short answers, so that soon his acquaintances avoided him and left him alone. It was understood that he was going to send to Scotland Yard the instant the boat was in the Thames.

It was when the *Cambrian* drew near to
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home waters, and commenced to cross the Bay, that Captain Vincent's enjoyment began to be a little mingled with uneasiness. He wondered what he should say when he returned the diamond to its owner. 'He'll be glad enough to have it, no doubt,' he said to himself. 'But he'll want to know where I found it. And that will need a bit of answering. He knows where he left it—under the floor in his cabin. And if I tell him I found it in the stokehole, or some other likely place, he'll start wondering. I seem to have got myself into a bit of a mess. But I must trust to something turning up.'

He carried the precious stone about with him in his hip pocket, and discovered that it was no great fun to have a diamond worth thousands of pounds in his possession, especially when it was not his own.

The *Cambrian* passed Ushant, and still he had thought of nothing. The ship called at Cherbourg for a few hours as usual, though all the passengers were booked through to London. The captain had to go ashore on official business. As he left the agents' office and hurried down to the harbour again, he was surprised to encounter Messrs Downe and Birchall. They each carried a small suit-case, and were evidently bound for the railway station. At the sight of the captain they halted, and seemed a good deal perturbed.

'Why, gentlemen,' said Vincent, 'what are you doing here? You both booked your passage to London, didn't you?'

The two looked at each other, and Birchall answered in a hurried, anxious fashion. 'Yes, that's quite correct,' he said. 'But we suddenly remembered we had some business in Paris we ought to attend to, and we took the opportunity of landing. It doesn't matter, does it, captain? We told the purser, and arranged about our heavy baggage being landed in London.'

'No,' said the captain thoughtfully. 'No—it doesn't matter, of course. Hope you've had a pleasant voyage and all that. Good-bye, gentlemen.'

They hurried on, and he stood looking after them. 'Now, what's that mean?' he demanded of the street. 'Well, I think it's pretty evident those fellows are jewel thieves, and they don't want to see the police in London. They haven't got the diamond, because it's in my pocket, but it's likely there are other things against them. And if the Scotland Yard people saw them, those other things might crop up inconveniently. Yes, that's it.'

He walked on thoughtfully. Suddenly he broke into a laugh and smacked his thigh. 'Let's get on board,' he said. 'My stars! I'd like to see Felling's face.'

His wish was granted ten minutes later when he walked up the ladder of his ship. Felling met him as he gained the deck, the purser at his heels, looking pale and uneasy.

'What's this I hear?' shouted Felling fiercely. 'The purser tells me those two scoundrels, Downe and Birchall, have left the ship. Do you understand that, Captain Vincent—they've cleared out and taken the diamond with them. And here's the purser says he had no orders to prevent any one from landing. But you're responsible at all events, captain. I've told you all along they were thieves, and now you let them trick me. By Jove, if I'd only known before I'd have stopped them myself. Well, you'll find you've made the biggest mess of your lifetime over this. You'd better come ashore with me; it may not be too late. We must telegraph to—'

'Calm yourself, sir,' said the captain, tranquilly. 'I met our two friends when I was ashore.'

'You met them?' cried Felling.

'Yes,' said Vincent, 'I met them. And here is your diamond.'

He took the box from his pocket. Felling snatched at it, opened it with trembling fingers, and gave a gasp of joy. 'It's there all right,' he said, in a shaking voice. 'Yes, that's my diamond. So I was right, you see, captain. They had it all the time.'

'So it would appear,' said Vincent gravely.

'And how did you get it, captain—how did you get it?'

'Well,' said the captain, most truthfully, 'it wasn't easy. I had a devil of a job to get that diamond. But I got it.'

'Did you have the scoundrels arrested?'

'Well, no,' answered Vincent. 'No. I thought I'd better let them go. I've told you I had the devil of a job to get it. I hoped you'd be satisfied with regaining it.'

'Oh, of course, I'm satisfied,' said Felling. 'But I should have liked to see those blackguards pay the penalty. However, we can talk of that later. I can't thank you sufficiently, captain. You don't know what the possession of this stone means to me. You'll allow me to show my appreciation of your services, I hope! You won't be too proud to accept, say, a cheque for a hundred pounds?'

Captain Vincent's eyes gleamed, and he drew himself up stiffly. Then a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and his attitude relaxed. 'Well, sir,' he said awkwardly, 'it's very good of you, of course.'

The captain possessed an only sister, a widow, who had lost her husband two years previously, and who was struggling to bring up three small children on what was left of his savings. Vincent gave her what help he could, but that had necessarily not been very great. So that she was the more surprised and gratified to receive a cheque from him for a hundred pounds, together with a letter informing her that it represented profits on a lucky business deal in diamonds.

THE HAPPY LIE.

By CLARE THORNTON.

I.

MISS SINGLETON had always hated Miss Morgan, even before there had been any question of rivalry between them, in the old days when doddering Canon Ackland had been rector of Fawdon St Mary's. It was in the nature of things that Miss Singleton should dislike Miss Morgan. Tall, angular, with sharp gray eyes and thin lips, dressed always in dark-gray clothes, Hester Singleton was a good type of the embittered spinster who possesses a shrewd brain and a merciless tongue. That tongue was often used scathingly at the expense of her fellow-villagers, but since its owner was rich and powerful it was considered politic not to quarrel with her, and an outsider, coming to Fawdon St Mary's, might have taken the mistress of White Hall to be a most popular person. Her 'first Wednesdays' were well attended, and invitations to her lunch and dinner-parties were eagerly sought.

Miss Singleton prided herself on her cynicism. Not that she called it that. 'I see straight!' she would say. Novels she voted 'trash,' and her fellow-members on the library committee were too craven to oppose her, and the rustics were perplexed by being given books of travel or respectable memoirs instead of their favourite romances and detective stories.

The fact that every one called Miss Morgan 'Miss Rose' conveys a good deal. There was no other Miss Morgan, but she looked so obviously a 'Miss Rose.' She was small and plump, with a mincing walk. Plump white hands she had that fumbled with everything she touched, and fair, fluffy hair and a perpetual blush, and short-sighted, child-like blue eyes. She wore a great deal of pink. She loved 'sweet stories,' and the waltzes that the barrel-organs grind out; for her Royal Academicians painted pictures called 'Somebody's Sweetheart.' In short, she was as sentimental and amiable a little spinster as ever fluffed out her curls when the rector lifted the latch of her cottage gate. 'Little simpering fool!' was Miss Singleton's verdict upon her, and as that social pest, the repeater, flourished in Fawdon St Mary's, Miss Morgan was kept informed of every sarcastic speech made at her expense by the other. The poor little woman, who had never disliked any one in her mild life, was horrified to realise that the august Miss Singleton held her in such contempt, and this feeling made her appear at her silliest when in Miss Singleton's company.

Miss Rose was very badly-off, and lived in

a cottage in the main road. She had a small garden where nothing ever grew satisfactorily. Perhaps her hands fumbled and fussed too much with her plants and flowers. Anyway, her garden was always untidy, and her flowers were the poorest in the village.

In 1922 old Canon Ackland died, and the Reverend Robert Rendall came to Fawdon St Mary's. He was a handsome man of forty-five; he had the most charming manners in the world, and he was unmarried. The excitement in the village may be imagined! Of his religious convictions, sufficient it is to say that he steered a tactful course, and was neither too high for the old-fashioned folk in the village, foremost of whom was Miss Singleton, nor too low for those who, like Miss Rose, were inclined to look wistfully towards Rome. He achieved instant popularity among all his parishioners.

It soon became evident that of all the maidens in the village, the two who stood first in Mr Rendall's favour were Miss Singleton and Miss Rose. Constantly was his tall, well-set-up figure to be seen walking up the drive of White Hall; but just as often did Mrs Raines, the super-gossip of the village, who lived next to Miss Rose, report to her friends that he had taken tea at Myrtle Cottage.

Miss Rose had a small but sweet soprano voice, and led the church choir. The new vicar took a keen interest in the music, a fact that was not lost upon the villagers. But, then, Miss Singleton's money it was that paid for the new organ and financed the choir.

Opinion in Fawdon St Mary's on the subject was divided. Miss Rose was the younger, and had more claim to good looks, and was infinitely more gentle and amiable than the other, but Miss Singleton was wealthy, and had the assurance of manner that wealth brings, and a certain bitter wit that could be very amusing. A way of saying what everybody else thinks, but dare not say, can be undeniably attractive—even to a clergyman. Certainly, Mr Rendall seemed to find Miss Singleton good company.

Of course, every one wanted him to marry Miss Rose, not because they liked her, for she was too stupid and shy to be really liked, but because they hated Miss Singleton, whose tongue had in turn lashed every one of them. Miss Singleton, who 'saw straight,' knew perfectly well how things were, and how eagerly her friends longed to hear of the vicar's engagement to Miss Rose. Being, under her harsh manner, an ordinary human woman, she naturally strove her utmost to frustrate their

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hopes. Incidentally, she loved Robert Rendall, but of this she gave no sign.

II.

Early in June something happened that ended, for ever, the rivalry between Miss Singleton and Miss Rose. Mr Rendall died suddenly of heart-failure while writing at the desk in his library.

Though he had been only six months in Fawdon St Mary's he had endeared himself to all, and his sudden death plunged the village into sincere mourning. None showed such unashamed grief as did Miss Rose. As, in the lovely sunshine of the June morning, the coffin was lowered into the earth, the little plump figure, in its shabby black, stood shaken with sobs under the cold eye of Miss Singleton, whose face never altered its expression of severity.

The village settled down once more to its placid life. People talked of Mr Rendall's successor. Mrs Raines went about telling everybody that she was quite sure that the dear vicar had been on the verge of proposing to Miss Rose when he was so tragically 'taken off.' Miss Rose continued to wear her shabby mourning.

At about two o'clock on an afternoon a week after the funeral Miss Singleton was sitting in her garden with a book of respectable memoirs, when she saw the little mincing figure of Miss Rose coming up the drive. 'I wonder what the little fool wants!' she muttered.

She beckoned, and the visitor came across the grass to her. Miss Rose's face was deeply pink, and her eyes were feverish with excitement. She held something white in her hand, and when she got close, Miss Singleton saw that it was a letter. Breathless from her quick walk, and from emotion, the little woman broke into agitated speech.

'It's all so wonderful, I can hardly believe it!—like a dream. Sometimes I thought he cared, but I always told myself not to be so silly! He was so clever, and you know I'm stupid! They always said at home I was the stupidest of the family. It's all like a fairy-tale! But I haven't told you! Oh, I hardly know what I'm saying. It's been such a shock!'

Miss Singleton regarded her coldly. 'What in the name of common-sense is all this about?'

'It's this letter!' gasped Miss Rose, laying it on her knee. 'Ellen from the Vicarage brought it round this morning. She'd found it in the blotter on his desk. He'd been writing it when he—Oh, read it, read it, Miss Singleton! Oh, to think of him caring!' Tears were running down her cheeks, and she dabbed her face with a handkerchief in her fumbling way. She sat down next to Miss Singleton on the bench. Round them the sunshine burned down on the trim garden, though the bench stood in the deep shade of a chestnut-tree. The air was full of the sweetness of roses

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and syringa. With a pinched look about her lips, Miss Singleton read the unfinished letter, written in the vicar's neat, scholarly handwriting:

'DEAR MISS ROSE,—I have been meaning to tell you this for some time past, but when I see you I find that my courage fails me, so I am writing. No doubt you have guessed long ago that I care for you, that my dearest wish is that you will marry me, and——'

That was all.

Miss Singleton's face was utterly expressionless. No one would have guessed that to her those few lines of writing meant tragedy. She had loved the dead man, and it was cruel for her to know that he had loved this little foolish creature whom she had despised. Yet, after the first fierce flame of jealousy had died down, other considerations, more practical, burnt themselves into her mind. This meant utter humiliation for her in the eyes of Fawdon St Mary's. Not by one word or sign would she be shown how the village rejoiced at her defeat at the hands of this despised rival. Well did she realise the universal snobbish fear of her and respect for her position. But they would all gloat over her. She was important and wealthy and proud, yet the vicar had preferred this little blushing fool . . .

Kindly Miss Rose blundered into halting expressions of sympathy. 'I'm sure I always thought it was you—always! I never dreamed it could be *me*! I was always so shy of him—I never knew what to say when he came to tea. Yes, I always told people I was sure it was you he cared for!'

Miss Singleton defended herself as women in her position will always, instinctively, defend themselves. 'You are talking nonsense!' she said drily. 'The vicar and I had a great deal in common, but there was never a question of anything between us but friendship. I was always convinced that you and he would suit each other admirably.'

Miss Rose was folding the letter in her white, ineffectual-looking hands; a few tears still trickled down her cheeks. 'Were you really? I had no idea—Robert was so wonderful; far above me in every way! I know he came a good deal to the cottage, but I thought it was just interest in the music. I never dreamed——'

'Well, everybody else in the village dreamed constantly!' said Miss Singleton in her dry way. 'No one will be surprised. How many people have you told? Or, rather, have you told Susan Raines, for if she knows it will be all over the village in five minutes.'

Miss Rose said that she had told no one, but had come straight over to Miss Singleton. She added timidly, with a deepening of the flush on her face, 'I thought I'd tell them all at the choir-practice this evening, and show them the letter.'

'A good idea,' said Miss Singleton. 'Now,

if you don't mind, I'm afraid I must finish my book, as I promised it to Lady Hill to-night, and I have five chapters to read yet. I shall see you at the choir-practice.'

She rose, holding out her hand. The rudeness of the dismissal did not disconcert Miss Rose. She was accustomed to Miss Singleton's manners. Besides, she was too rapt, too irradiated with the glory of her happiness, to care. 'It'll make such a difference to my life!' she murmured, smiling, and peering at Miss Singleton with her tear-filled, short-sighted eyes. 'In a way—it may sound strange, but I'm almost glad it's happened as it has. I shouldn't have been clever enough to be Robert's wife. Now I know that—that he cared! Nothing can spoil it. If he'd lived, I—I'd have disappointed him. Yes, yes, I'm just going. I think I'll go down to the grave. You see'—a sob choked her for a moment, but she smiled bravely—'it'll always be my grave now—to look after.'

She nodded to Miss Singleton, and her little figure minced away down the drive.

III.

Miss Singleton stared across the blazing garden, and now that there was none to see, an agony of pain burned in her usually cold eyes. Robert Rendall had loved that woman, that little, simpering creature, with her fumbling hands, her blushes, her absurd, girlish dresses. Robert Rendall, a man of culture and insight, a man who must have met many attractive women and remained unattracted. Rose Morgan! Her pride shrivelled within her. And all her world would know—all her world. Day after day she would wake to face them—Mrs Delane, the doctor's wife, a sly woman, whose hatred of her was always masked by servile flatteries; that cat Susan Raines, with her sharp eyes that pried on every one; all the set of so-called friends. She had always prided herself upon 'seeing straight.' This faculty cost her dear now. She saw that, for months and months to come, behind her back, Fawdon St Mary's would be laughing at her.

Miss Singleton was a brave woman, yet her spirit quailed before the prospect of facing those women in a couple of hours' time in the choir-room and hearing Rose Morgan tell them of the vicar's letter.

But she knew that for her pride's sake she must go to the choir-practice and play her part cleverly, so that no one would know for certain that she had cared. Ah, but they were women! They would know! Every one of them!

Her face was hot. Her lips felt dry. Her limbs were trembling.

Later on, Rose Morgan would give up her mourning and wear her pink again, would go about radiant and serene, as befitted a woman who had been loved by such a man as Robert Rendall.

But the picture that caused Miss Singleton to close her eyes and grip her thin hands together was the picture of Rose Morgan tending that grave in the churchyard—'It'll always be my grave now—to look after,' the sob-choked voice had whispered. And that was true. It *would* be her grave. She, Hester Singleton, would have no right to take her splendid hot-house flowers there. Rose Morgan's poor blooms would be in their rightful place.

Miss Singleton felt sick with misery. Tears rushed burningly to her eyes. She was, for the moment, a broken woman. But only for the moment. She saw, through a blur of tears, a figure hurrying up the drive, and determinedly she blinked back her tears. Whatever happened, she must show them that she didn't care. She *must*!

As the figure approached, she recognised Ellen Dawn, the housemaid from the Vicarage. Ellen was a girl whom Miss Singleton had always disliked, a feather-brained creature who hated 'service,' and spent her wages on 'dressing up' and cinema-shows in Ambridge, the nearest town. Just now, the girl's vaguely pretty, silly face was pale, and she appeared agitated.

'Well, Ellen, what's the matter now! How untidy you are—and how hot! Dear, dear! has something happened?'

The girl was hatless, and her yellow 'frized' hair was dishevelled. She wore her cotton dress and apron. Standing before Miss Singleton, whose eyes regarded her disapprovingly, she faltered, 'Oh, I had to come and tell you, miss! I—I began to feel as I ought not to 'ave done it! I didn't *think*. She's always been so kind to me. I wanted to make her happy, and it was so easy. But I got a dreadful feeling as it was wicked to have done it.'

Miss Singleton, standing up, grasped the girl by the arm. Her eyes flashed like steel. 'What's all this? What have you done? Tell me at once!'

'I will, miss. Don't hold my arm so, miss! It hurts! I'm sure I did it all for the best. She put the idea into my head, coming up every day asking me if I was sure the vicar hadn't left any letter for her among his papers. I did like her so. She was so kind when I was ill last year! And I saw a picture on the films last week where some one wrote a letter like that and pretended——'

Miss Singleton almost shook her. 'You mean to say *you* wrote a letter—pretending that the vicar had——'

'Yes, miss!' whispered the girl. 'I—I copied the vicar's writing, miss, and took it to her, saying as I'd found it in his blotter. It made her so happy, miss—and now I'm afraid she'll tell every one. I want you to go and tell her it wasn't true. I'll never rest happy if she doesn't know! It was wicked to do it. I did it for the best, but it wasn't right.'

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Miss Singleton's hand dropped from the girl's arm, and the faltering voice trailed on unheard by her. Over and over again in her mind ran the glorious flaming words: 'He did not love her! Perhaps he loved me—me. . . .' She could have laughed aloud at the splendour of it. The garden seemed to flame with beauty. He had *not* loved that little fool! The grave down in the sunny churchyard was not hers by right.

Why, oh why had she not guessed, as soon as she had read its stilted phrases, that the letter was a forgery? Why had she let it torture her as it had done, and . . .

Ellen Dawn, her eyes full of fear, her lips trembling, was touching her arm. 'You'll stop her telling people, miss! It's wicked for a lie to be told about the dead. I'll never rest in my bed if I think she's telling people! Oh, you'll go at once and find her—'

'Yes, yes!' said Miss Singleton impatiently. 'What on earth possessed you to do such a thing, girl?'

'I saw it done on the pictures,' said the girl miserably; 'and Miss Rose, she's been coming up asking me if the vicar . . . I told you, didn't I? That put it into my head; but I know it was silly and wrong of me. I thought you'd put it right. You will, I know, miss. I'll never dare face Miss Rose again, but I'm going to my new place in London to-morrow. I needn't see her.'

IV.

Miss Singleton was staring in front of her at a bed full of tall blue spires of delphiniums, but she saw only a vision of Miss Rose's face as she learned that the letter that had changed the face of the earth for her was a forgery. The child-like blue eyes would grow dim and dazed; the pink mouth would pucker up; all the glory would go out of everything for the empty-headed, foolish little thing. Yet because she *was* so foolish, it would be all the crueller to shatter her happiness. Half-an-hour ago her face had somehow lost its foolish look, had grown almost dignified, because she had thought that this man had loved her.

Miss Singleton heard her own voice saying characteristic things. 'No one should be allowed to have delusions. People should be made to face the truth. I hate sentimental lies.'

Yes, but the truth could poison life, could kill all that made it sweet. Miss Rose was poor, and had a hard task to make her little income support her. She had no holidays, few pleasures of any sort. This lie had the power to make her supremely happy for the rest of her life, to turn every dull day into a wonder of happy dreams.

And she, who had loved the dead man, whose rival this woman had been, had the power to rob her of those dreams.

'Please, miss, you'll go at once to Miss Rose? 1924.]

It'll be so dreadful if she's gone about telling people! Oh, please, miss!'

Miss Singleton was seeing the choir-practice that evening, seeing Miss Rose's shy, flushed face as she told her story, hearing the congratulations—subdued because of the sad circumstances—of the other women. None of them would convey by the least hint that they rejoiced at her humiliation, but she would see into their hearts, see the malice and triumph.

Miss Singleton was deaf to the girl's whimpering declaration that if Miss Rose wasn't told the truth she'd never dare close her eyes. The vicar would 'appear' to her.

She suddenly saw Miss Rose working in her small patch of untidy garden, as, often, passing in her car, she had seen her, wearing a faded old overall, tying up the unthriving plants with her fumbling hands. She saw her face dreary and old, yet wearing the look of a hurt child, saw the poor starved life robbed of its dream.

She was wealthy. She could travel, indulge every whim. Life had many compensations for her. She saw straight now, as always. She saw that the cruellest thing in life is to rob some one of a dream, some one who has nothing but that dream. She knew what she must do.

Miss Singleton turned to Ellen Dawn. 'Listen, Ellen. I happen to know that the vicar *did* care for Miss Rose. You acted very wrongly in writing that letter, but she must be allowed to think that he wrote it! You understand?'

'Oh, miss!' the girl gasped, her face beaming with relief and rapture. 'Oh, are you *sure*? He really loved Miss Rose?'

'I know he did. He told me so. Remember, not a word of what you've told me to any one! Miss Rose is to think, always, that he wrote the letter. If you dare to breathe a word of this to a soul, you'll have me to reckon with! You see?' Her face looked so fierce as she thrust it forward close to the girl's that Ellen shrank back scared, and promising earnestly that she would never say a word.

'I'm so glad!' she added, 'that it was Miss Rose—at least—' She crimsoned, and glanced fearfully at Miss Singleton, who smiled grimly.

'There, you've said quite enough! You'd better get back to the Vicarage. Remember, you acted very wrongly, and your deed might have had serious consequences. If you girls spent less money on those foolish cinemas you wouldn't get these ridiculous ideas into your heads! Forging your master's handwriting, indeed! It's a punishable offence, I suppose you know?'

Terrified, the girl stammered, 'Is it, miss? I—I didn't know! Oh, you won't tell any one, miss! You won't—'

'I've already told you that I won't. But don't *you* tell any one. If you do, it will be a serious matter for you! There! Run off, now. The housekeeper will be wondering where you are.'

The girl hurried away.

Miss Singleton sat down again on the bench. She drew out a large linen handkerchief and wiped her forehead. She was breathing very fast, and she, who usually held herself erect, sat huddled and limp. The struggle had been brief but violent. It had exhausted her. She felt not only tired, but very, very old.

V.

An hour later, wearing her severe gray coat and skirt and hard black straw hat, Miss Singleton was walking down the fields to the church to the choir-practice. Her lips were grimly compressed as usual, and she walked quickly. Around her stretched the sunny peacefulness of the fields, above which larks sang ceaselessly. It was a typical June evening, calm and gracious.

As the tall figure drew near to the old gray Norman tower that stood so picturesquely among dark trees it stopped. Miss Singleton turned round. She had heard her name called.

Miss Rose, panting, red-faced, waving a shabby black parasol, was running along the path towards her. 'I came this way on purpose. I know you always come this way. So puffed! Had such a run! You see—it—it's about that letter! I—I burnt it. I don't want any one to know that he was writing it to me. No one does know but you! I had meant to tell them all at the practice, but now—I'm not going to.'

A queer look came over Miss Singleton's face as she said sharply, 'Why should no one know? What do you mean?'

Miss Rose stammered, and grew redder than ever. In halting, disconnected sentences she tried to explain what she meant. She was always nervous of Miss Singleton, and she found it hard to express herself at all. 'Well, I—I'd rather people didn't know. I know. That's all that matters. He loved me, and I'll be happy always—happy and so proud. But it's no one else's business. I don't want them to know. I won't mention names, but—but some people in this village talk unkindly. They'd go about saying horrid things about—I couldn't bear that to happen!'

The poor little woman was finding her tactfulness unequal to the difficult occasion. 'You see, I've been thinking it over, and I know I ought not to have told you about the letter! It was wrong! It—it must have seemed as if I wanted to hurt you, and I didn't—oh, truly I didn't!'

Miss Singleton stared at her. She was realising what this meant. Out of the kindness, the pitifulness of her heart, this woman whom she had despised was giving up her triumph, sparing her. 'They'll go about saying unkind things. I couldn't bear that to happen!' Miss Rose was a stupid, sentimental creature; everybody was contemptuous of her, yet she had this

beautiful, tender thought. She did not want to triumph at the expense of some one who, as she knew, was universally disliked. Therefore, she had burnt the letter. She would tell no one of it.

Miss Singleton, who 'saw straight,' saw all this. She was beaten, beaten to her knees, by such undreamed-of generosity. It took her by surprise, left her dazed and defenceless.

Tears stood in her eyes as she looked down at the plump face that was so red and distressed, the blue eyes that avoided hers.

She bowed her head humbly, the proud Miss Singleton who had always despised everybody. 'I know what you mean,' she said huskily. 'Thank you—thank you. It's good of you. I don't deserve . . .'

She could say no more. She put a hand up to her lips, the lips that had said so many clever, cruel things at the expense of the little woman who now, in deep distress, stammered out, 'Oh, please, please don't say things like that! It's not good of me! Don't you see, it doesn't matter about other people knowing that Robert cared. I know. We won't tell any one. We—'

But everything that was fine and brave in Miss Singleton's nature asserted itself now. She spoke with all her old peremptoriness. 'What nonsense! The idea of it! Every one shall be told. It's something to be proud of. A pity that you burned the letter. Still, it doesn't matter.' She was taking Miss Rose's hand, gripping it tightly. 'Of course, every one shall be told—this very evening! I myself will do so if you don't, and——'

'Oh no, please, Miss Singleton!' protested Miss Rose miserably; 'I don't want——'

She stopped. Hurrying towards them was the little spare figure of Mrs Raines, the arch-gossip of the parish. Her eyes bulged at the sight of the two rivals in such friendly converse, Miss Singleton actually holding Miss Rose's hand.

Miss Singleton saw her. Excitedly she said, smiling with a genuine pleasure that made the gossip stare harder than ever, 'Ah, Mrs Raines, good-evening. Miss Rose has just told me something so interesting! Ellen Dawn up at the Vicarage found a letter that Mr Rendall had been writing to her—to Miss Rose, just before he died. But we'll be late for the practice if we don't hurry. Miss Rose will tell you all about it as we go.'

There was nothing else for it. Blushing, faltering, yet unspeakably proud, Miss Rose told her great news.

From that day to this, Miss Singleton and Miss Rose have been close friends. Fawdon St Mary's cannot understand it. Mrs Raines shakes her head and whispers to her cronies, 'Mark my words, there's more in it than meets the eye!'

And, after all, she is quite right.

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THE FARM IN THE MOUNTAINS.

By PETER HAWKER.

I.

'IT'S all very well,' remarked Pedderson, 'for you chaps to keep on saying, "It's your turn—it's your turn; surely you have had one adventure in your life worth recording?" but as it happens, my life has been particularly blameless in that respect.' He knocked the ashes from his pipe and glanced at each of us with a semi-defiant air, which, however, had no effect on us, as we had all done our part, and so did not feel inclined to let him off.

There were six of us all told, and being fishermen with plenty of ardour but not much income, we had pooled our resources and rented for a month four rods on the Test—the best dry-fly river in the south of England, to own a stretch of which many a fisherman would be prepared to sell his soul; I would, at any rate.

However, here we were ensconced in the little inn which stood at the cross-roads about two miles from our beat.

The room we were in was the only one of any size that the inn possessed, and here it was that we spent all the hours that were not occupied in fishing and sleeping. It was a long and narrow room, with an old arched fireplace one end, and a casement window the other—the only window in the room, the result being that the fireplace end was in a perpetual gloom.

This particular evening, I remember, was wet and cold, in spite of its being early June, and so we had ordered a fire, and after dinner sat round it in a half-circle like a lot of old cronies. Usually bridge had been the order of the evening, with two of us cutting in after each rubber: an uncomfortable arrangement at the best. But to-night some one—I think it was Jackson—had suggested that each of us in turn should tell of the most exciting event in his life. This was greeted with practically unanimous approval. Then that ass Jones went and spoilt it all by saying that, as he knew us so well, fishing stories ought to be barred; he looked at me as he said it. The idiot! Just because *he* had never caught a nine-pound trout—. Anyhow, this modification was also approved of, myself alone dissenting, and so we each of us told our meagre story: reminiscences of the war, of course; with fishing cut out, what else exciting could any one have to talk about? Finally it came to Pedderson's turn, and, as I have already mentioned, he said he hadn't a single thing of any interest to tell. We were still arguing with him when Mary, our landlord's daughter, came in with the 1924.]

lamp and the evening mail. The former she put down on the table by the window; the latter, which consisted of only one letter, she handed to Pedderson. He took it and, getting up from his chair, went over to the lamp to read it. As the door closed behind the departing Mary we were suddenly all attracted by a gasp of astonishment from Pedderson.

'What's up?' we cried in one breath.

He took no notice of us, but went on reading his letter. When that was finished he turned his attention to what looked like an enclosure of some sort. After several minutes he folded both the papers and put them in his pocket. He then came back to his chair with a queer smile on his face.

'Extraordinary, extraordinary!' he kept on muttering.

'Come on, Pedder,' I urged; 'tell us all about it.'

'Right, I will,' he replied. 'I said a few moments ago that I had never had any experience worth recording. I was wrong—although, until this letter came to-night, I did not know that I had it to tell. This sounds strange, I know, but you'll see what I mean before I get to the end.'

He ceased speaking to light his pipe. Jackson got up and piled the fire high with logs. Then we all settled ourselves comfortably in our chairs.

'Fire away,' I said; 'you've already whetted our curiosity.'

II.

'It was nearly two years ago,' Pedderson began, 'that the first part of this adventure took place. I remember that I had an awful fit of the blues, and so I decided to get into my little bus, ship her over to France, and just wander wherever the fancy took me; so off I went, and landed one morning with the car at Havre. It was bitterly cold, although quite early in October; in fact, the French had not yet put back their "Summer Time," though we had done so a few weeks earlier. It was that infernal cold that set me thinking of the south and the sun, and that I might as well wander down to the Riviera, get some warmth, and perhaps a bathe or two, have a mild flutter at Monte, and so home once more.

'Old Burton, the Automobile Association representative, supplied me with all my needs, and also advised me to carry as much petrol as I could if I was going any distance, as there was in France at the time what they called a

crise d'essence, and my chances of obtaining any petrol outside the big towns were exceedingly remote.

'This information rather discouraged me, as the big towns were just what I wanted to avoid, and I had already decided in my mind the way I should go: not by the usual road down the Rhone valley, but by a route I discovered just before the war: straight down through Chartres and Clermont-Ferrand to Le Puy, and finally joining the ordinary road at Avignon. A much more mountainous, and incidentally more lonely, route, but infinitely more beautiful; and also possessing a much better surface, as, from what I had heard, nearly all the main roads in France had been cut to bits during the war, and had not yet been repaired. Anyhow, I decided to load up the back of the car with spare tins and trust to luck.

'I got to Chartres the first night, and indeed found that Burton had not exaggerated about the lack of petrol. Even at Chartres, which is a good-sized town, I was unable to get a single drop. So I filled up from some of my spare tins and reached Bourges the second night. Here the same news greeted me; but I was told that if I could get as far as Clermont I should be sure to find some there, as the *crise* was not so bad farther south. So the next morning I emptied the remainder of my spare petrol into the tank, and arrived that night at Clermont with about two inches left.

'Here the hotel manager told me that petrol was very scarce, but that he thought he could get me twenty gallons on the following morning. But, as luck would have it, the railways went on strike in the night, and I woke up to find that all the available petrol had been commandeered by the Town Council, or whoever it is does these annoying things. I am sorry to bore you with these minor phases of French history, but as they were the indirect cause of what befell me later, I thought I had better mention them.

'Anyhow, to continue, this was a bitter blow, you may be sure. It looked as if I should have to stay for an indefinite period at Clermont, not a bad town in its way, but I had set my heart on going south, and south I would go. After breakfast I wandered all over the town in the hope of finding some one from whom I might be able to wheedle some petrol. But I had no success, and about midday I returned disconsolately to the hotel. While I was standing in the hall, cursing my luck, the porter shuffled up to me and wanted to know if monsieur desired any petrol, accompanying his suggestion with a wink. I promptly produced a fifty-franc note. In half-an-hour I had eight gallons in my tank, and three spare tins in the back. It was then about three o'clock, but I decided to start off that day, as I was tired of

Clermont. This I did, and arrived at Le Puy about six o'clock.

'Le Puy is a most quaint little town, situated in a valley with mountains all round. Nearly in the centre of the town are two extraordinary rocks, shooting straight up for several hundred feet. Here I unearthed one five-litre tin in a grocer's shop, and with this and my spare, and what I had in my tank, I decided I ought just to get to Avignon, a distance of about 140 miles. As the hotel accommodation at Le Puy is awful I made up my mind to go right on to Avignon, travelling most of the night if need be. I accordingly emptied all the juice I possessed into the tank, to save me the bother of doing this on the road. I know you are beginning to wonder what all this rigmarole about petrol is leading up to, but I am coming to that now.'

III.

'Let's see, where was I? Oh, I know—Le Puy. Well, I dined there, and about half-past seven I set forth to climb the pass over the mountains. If ever you fellows want a lonely run, I recommend you to try the road I took that night from Le Puy to a place called Alais. You can drive for miles without seeing a sign of a house; only wild mountains towering in every direction.

'The highest point of the pass, something over five thousand feet, is just before you come to a little place named Pradelles, about twenty-five miles from Le Puy, although it always seems twice as far, as it is solid climbing all the way. I remember it was bitterly cold, with a freeing wind; also it began to snow lightly after I had been going an hour. When another half-hour had passed, and still no sign of Pradelles, the thought struck me that I had taken the wrong road. I remembered seeing a turning to the right some kilometres back; perhaps I ought to have gone that way. I went on slowly to the next milestone, but, to my disgust, the stone was as clean as on the day it was quarried, all signs of the number of the road and where the road led to being entirely obliterated. The only thing to do was to turn back and have a look at the signpost at that turning. Many years of motor-ing have taught me the folly of continuing on a road at night if one has any doubts as to whether it is the right one.

'The road was not very wide, and in backing I felt the car bump against the bank of rock which rose up sheer from the side of the road. I chose the rock side to back against, because on the other loomed a black void, which might easily have meant a sheer drop of several hundred feet. As I righted the car to face downhill once more, I heard an ominous dripping sound from the back. I got out to investigate. Then I realised that I was indeed done for. When I backed against the rock the tank had

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been the sufferer. It was cracked at the bottom, from which was pouring my hard-earned petrol. Even as I looked, the stream diminished to a few intermittent drops. What a fool I had been to put all my supply in the tank, instead of keeping the spare tins until I wanted them. The usual story of putting all your eggs in one basket.

'It was now snowing fast, and I was becoming horribly cold. Altogether, the prospect was far from alluring, for I couldn't see an end of my troubles, even if I were to spend the night tramping up and down to keep myself warm. I had not seen a house by the roadside for miles, and, even if there had been one, it was unlikely that any one there could mend a petrol tank, or produce any more petrol. My only chance was that another car might pass, but this I considered highly improbable on such a night. I walked slowly down the road in the light of the head-lamps, searching the rock on my left for some sort of nook where I could shelter from the biting wind. As I did so I happened to glance to my right, towards the open side, and then it was that I saw a light. It appeared to emanate from a house some four or five hundred yards distant, and about level with the road I was standing on. But I realised that to reach it I might have to walk a mile or so, as there was a narrow valley between me and the hill on which the house stood. The depth of the valley I could not, of course, see; all I knew was that to get to the light I should have to descend into the black void, and then climb up again on the other side. But a light meant a house; and a house meant warmth and shelter. If only I could find a path.

'I looked down the road, which was brilliantly illuminated by my head-lamps. On the open side was a small stone wall, not more than a foot high. I noticed that about twenty yards in front of the car there was a gap in this wall about three feet wide. I walked towards it; yes, sure enough, there was a narrow track leading down into the darkness. I returned to the car, took the brake off, and let her run down as far as the gap. I switched off the head-lamps, leaving only the side and tail lamps burning. Then, after emptying the water out of the radiator, to prevent the old bus freezing, I started off, torch in hand.

'I had to clamber down very gingerly, as the path was as slippery as the devil; but in a quarter of an hour I found myself on level ground. This was distinctly comforting; the valley was not very deep, after all. I crossed a small stream and then began to climb once more. While in the valley I could see neither the light from the house nor the lamps of the car, but as I mounted they both sprang into view almost at the same instant. Five minutes later I arrived onto the small plateau upon which the house stood.'

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IV.

'The building was low and squat, and white-washed. Undoubtedly one of those lonely farm-houses one often sees when motoring in this kind of country; houses picturesquely perched half-way up a mountain, with no apparent road leading to them.

'I found I could now look into the room, from which issued the light I had seen from the road—not at all distinctly, it is true, because the window was all misty with condensation; but I obtained a blurred view of three people sitting at a table, on the centre of which stood a lamp. They were presumably at their supper. This cheered me up no end. The thought of a fire and something to eat made me almost forget my car troubles.

'I made for the door and tapped lightly on it. I waited a few moments, and then tapped again, louder this time. Still no one answered. I peered in at the lighted window on my right and saw that none of the occupants had moved; so I decided to take the bull by the horns and march straight in, as I was by this time frozen to the marrow. No doubt the wind, which was howling dismally round the house, had prevented them from hearing my knock.

'The door opened to the touch, and I found myself in a small passage. On the right was a door ajar, obviously leading into the occupied room. It struck me at the time as curious that no one had heard my knock when the door which gave on to the passage was open all the time. I tapped again on this inner door and stepped into the room. It was long and low, evidently used as kitchen and dining-room rolled into one. Farther along, on the same side as the door by which I had entered, was a second door, which suggested that this had originally been two rooms; at the farther end—the kitchen end—I saw with joy the red glow of a fire showing through the grating. On the range itself stood a large black kettle, singing merrily. The front part of the room was presumably the dining and living portion; strangely enough, it was very like the room we are now in.

'As I have said, there were three people sitting at the table, an old man and woman, and a much younger man.

'A deathly stillness greeted me. Not one of them took the slightest notice as I entered. It was then for the first time that an involuntary shudder passed through me; a chill of some indefinable mystery.

'I advanced towards them, and then realised why they had made no response to my knock. Their heads were sunk forward on their chests; they were doubtless all asleep. I decided to tackle the young man first, and with this intention I touched him on the shoulder. This had no effect, so I shook him gently. As I did

so his head rolled over on my hand, and I felt my flesh creep.

'His face was cool to the touch.

'Now my hands were already nearly frozen; therefore his face ought to have felt warm, if not hot. Then the awful truth flashed into my mind. This man was dead. I looked at the old man, even gingerly touched him. He was dead too. My God, they were all three dead, these people who, I thought, were calmly partaking of their evening meal. And yet the lamp was lit and the fire still burning in the grate.

'What could be the meaning of this awful discovery? Had they died naturally? Had they been murdered? Or had they committed suicide?

'Also, however they had died, why had this terrible thing happened?

'I forced myself to look at them again. There was no trace of blood or sign that they had met with any violence. And yet all three had obviously died in the same manner.

'Then, as I began to thaw in the warm atmosphere, the awful horror of the thing took hold of me, and I rushed headlong from the room, trembling in every limb. Yes, I was frightened out of my wits, I admit. For here was I alone, so far as I knew, in a house in the heart of the mountains, miles from another living person; alone in a house whose only other occupants were three dead people sitting at a meal that they would never eat. And to add to the eeriness of it all, the wind was moaning like a thousand devils.'

V.

'I tore out into the night, but was brought up with a gasp as the biting wind and sleet struck me and nearly took my breath away. But this brought me back to my senses. What was the use of rushing away like this from the only shelter available? And where was I to rush to, in any event? No, unless I wished to become like the three in that room, I must go back. For all I knew there might be some one else in the house, asleep perhaps, and therefore as yet ignorant of what had taken place; or if not ignorant, some one who might be able to explain it. So, with chattering teeth, I turned and entered the house again. I like to think that it was the cold that made my teeth chatter. But I know in my heart it wasn't; it was sheer funk.

'There was an easy way of settling to my satisfaction if any member of the household were missing, by glancing at the fourth side of the table to see if another place had been laid there. Needless to say, I had not noticed this on my first visit to that awful room. I must go in again, that's all, and find out. For it occurred to me that if there had been any one else present at that meal he would not be in the

house now, as he would have doubtless rushed off for a doctor, if such a thing existed within a reasonable distance.

'I therefore screwed up my courage, opened the door, and looked in. Nothing would have induced me properly to enter the room. I glanced hurriedly at the fourth side of the table. There was no place laid; no plate, knife, or fork. But, before shutting the door once more on that dreadful sight, I had noticed one curious fact: beside where a fourth place would have been stood a glass of red wine, full. Beside the three who sat so still were three similar glasses of red wine, but all more than half empty.

'What could this signify?

'Had a fourth person come in to have a drink with the owner of the house? If so, why hadn't he drunk anything?

'Was the wine poisoned, and had the fourth person not drunk his wine by design, or by chance?

'Or had there never been a fourth person at all, one of the three having emptied the bottle into a spare glass, to be drunk later?

'These and a hundred other questions thronged my mind; a mind bewildered beyond words, and terrified too, in spite of my mental oburgations not to show the white feather.

'My next course was to search the house. In the passage, facing the door I had just closed, was another door. As I opened it, I sensed that musty smell that comes from a room whose windows are hardly ever opened. My torch showed it to be a sitting-room, evidently what would be termed in England "a best parlour." It contained the usual French arm-chairs—red plush and dark wood—a writing-table, a marble clock, of course, and some impossible photographs. But of humanity there wasn't a sign. I proceeded along the passage and came to another room on the same side, opposite the second door of the long room. This was a bedroom. A double-bed, a large wardrobe, and a table were all that it contained. Certainly no living person there. It was obviously the room of the poor old man and woman. On the right, facing the bed, was a second door, half open. I walked quickly over to it and saw that it led into another room, in which was a single bed: the room, without a doubt, of the younger man—the son, I supposed, of the old couple.

'I left this room by another door and found myself back in the passage. There were no more rooms. It was as I feared. I was alone in this house of terror. I knew for certain then that I could never bring myself to sleep under that roof.

'As I walked back up the passage, I suddenly heard an indescribable noise. My hair literally stood on end, for the noise had come from that ill-fated room. I flew like a mad thing to the

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front door, but here I checked myself. No! I must find out what had occasioned that noise. Perhaps I had been mistaken, and they weren't dead at all, and one of them had just recovered. For the third time I summoned up all my fast-waning courage and looked in. Instantly I saw what had happened. The young man whom I had tried to waken was now lying doubled up on the floor. Evidently the shaking I had given him had upset the equilibrium of his body, which had ultimately fallen sideways off the chair. I could just see his face. His eyes were half open and staring, with horror, it seemed, straight at me. My half-turned courage flew sky-high, and the next minute I was scrambling for dear life down the path I had come, heedless alike of slips and bruises. My one desire was to put as great a distance as possible between me and that room of death in the shortest possible time. I thanked my stars that I had left the car facing down-hill. I would let her run as far as she would go. This would, anyhow, take me several miles away. I leapt across the little stream and rushed up the path on the other side, regardless of the dangers of climbing a slippery mountain path at night. I arrived at last at the gap in the wall and stepped out onto the road. Then I got the biggest shock of all.

'My car was not there!'

VI.

Pedderson paused and looked at each of us in turn with that queer smile of his. We glared back at him in breathless excitement.

'Go on, Pedder,' said some one; 'what are you stopping for?'

'Give me a chance, man,' replied Pedderson. 'I've been talking my head off for the last half-hour, and my throat is as dry as a bone.'

Jackson, who was nearest the decanter, poured out a whisky and soda, and handed it to him. When this had gone the way of most whiskies and sodas, Pedderson thoughtfully lit a cigarette and continued his tale.

'As I've told you,' he said, 'my bus was nowhere in sight. I had a wild hope at first that I had ascended the wrong path, but that was at once negatived, as right in front of me my torch showed up the marks in the snow where the car had stood. This was the last straw. I think then I really did go off my head, although I don't remember at all clearly what I did. I have vague recollections of shrieking curses and shaking my fist at that damnable light, which still winked at me through the darkness like an evil eye. I remember running and running, to get away from the sight of it.'

'The next thing I recall is my banging on a door of a house, and stumbling into some one's arms. I suppose I must have fainted, as I next found myself in bed, an old man with a kind face bending over me. My head and hands were burning, and my feet were like ice. I 1924.]

longed to fall into oblivion once more, but first I had to tell of the awful things I had seen. So I struggled up into a sitting position and narrated in disjointed phrases all that had happened.

"Where did you say you left the car when you went to this house?" asked the old man, when I had finished.

"About a mile from here, I should think, but I couldn't say for certain," I managed to stammer in reply.

'He left me, and I was asleep in a moment.'

'The old man, I learnt afterwards, was a well-known Paris doctor, who was spending a holiday in this district. I awoke again about an hour later, and the doctor came over to the bed and told me not to worry, that the car had been found, and found where I had said I left it.'

"But it wasn't there," I almost shrieked at him. "How could you have found it?"

"There, there," he said soothingly, "don't think any more about it. You have got a touch of fever from the cold, and fever sometimes plays strange tricks with the imagination."

"But the house!" I cried. "What about the dead people in the house?"

"Rubbish!" he said. "There is an old farmhouse about where you describe, but it is uninhabited."

"Do you mean to say that I imagined the whole thing?" I murmured weakly.

"Of course," he replied; "just as you had imagined your car had gone; it was there the whole time."

'I sank back in the bed with a sigh. I felt too ill to argue the point further.'

VII.

'From that night I was more or less unconscious for some weeks. I seem to have dim memories of many people in the room, all talking in subdued undertones. The doctor told me afterwards that I had pneumonia and a touch of brain-fever, and that it was about evens whether I recovered at all, and about two to one against my coming out sane. But I pulled through all right, and in due time I was up and convalescing in the doctor's little house, which, by a most happy chance, I had blundered upon on that fatal night. It was just outside Pradelles, so that I had been on the right road all the time.'

'Another fortnight and I was once more well enough to take to the road. The tank had been patched up locally, and not a bad job either, as I have not touched it since. The doctor wangled me some petrol, in return for which I offered to take him back to Paris. He agreed, and so off we went. We had hardly gone a mile when I recognised the place where I had had my seemingly imaginary adventure. Yes, there was a house, sure enough. All the windows were shuttered. It certainly presented a most

forlorn appearance. I pointed it out to my companion.

"Yes," he admitted, "that's the place, but, as I told you, it is uninhabited; and this is where we found your car."

"It really is extraordinary," was all I said, although I never could accept the doctor's statement in its entirety—and for one very good reason. As it was pitch-dark, how had I known there was a house there at all if untenanted, and therefore without a light?

'Anyhow, that is why I have never told this story before, as it appeared, if the doctor's statements were correct, that I had not a true adventure to relate at all, but only a vision of a distorted mind.

'But now I come to the extraordinary sequel, which has arrived this evening in the form of a letter from the old doctor, together with a paper cutting. I can't do better than read them to you. They are, of course, in French, but I will translate them as I go along; so I shall have to go a bit slowly, I'm afraid.'

Pedderson paused, and, getting up from his seat, walked over to the other end of the room and sat down in a chair in front of the table. He then produced the letter he had received and spread it out on the table in the light of the lamp.

It is needless to say that we were all strung up to a high pitch of excitement, and none of us said a word, although a certain restlessness was displayed by a general filling of pipes and striking of matches; then followed a silence supreme, which was at last broken by the welcome sound of Pedderson's voice: 'I will read you first of all the letter, or rather a part of it:

"Dear Mr Pedderson," he says, "now that you are fully recovered, I trust, from your serious illness, from which I had the good fortune to rescue you, it occurred to me that the enclosed cutting from yesterday's paper might interest you. Before reading any further, I should like you first to peruse the cutting."

VIII.

Pedderson looked up from his reading. 'I will now carry out the doctor's suggestion,' he announced, 'and read you fellows the cutting. It starts with large headlines as follows:

"STRANGE SEQUEL TO ARREST OF TRAIN BANDIT.

"FAMOUS MYSTERY SOLVED.

'And it goes on like this:

"What was perhaps one of the most extraordinary mysteries of two years ago was solved to-day in a most unexpected manner.

"We refer to what was called at the time 'The Bonton Farm Mystery.' Our readers will recall that M. Bonton, his wife, and son, who lived in the farm, were found dead late one night at their supper-table. The discovery was

made in the first instance by a young English tourist who had lost his way, but who managed to struggle on to Pradelles to tell his story, although nearly unconscious from his exposure to the cold.

"It was discovered that the family Bonton had been poisoned, enough prussic acid being found in their wine to kill a dozen persons. But whether this was murder or suicide was not disclosed, although each supposition seemed as unlikely as the other. Certainly no motive for the murders, if such they were, could be found, and no proof, even, that any one, save the Englishman, had entered the house that night. In fact, suspicion at first turned on the Englishman, the lack of motive being overruled by the suggestion that he was a homicidal maniac, or at any rate a temporary lunatic, owing to the exposure he had suffered on the mountains. But this surmise was finally discounted by the police, who actually saw the Englishman when he was in a high state of fever, and heard from his own lips the whole story repeated again and again, just as he had told it to the doctor on the first night before he became unconscious. The doctor affirmed that there was no doubt that what the Englishman raved about in his delirium were the facts as they had actually happened to him.

"But to-day comes the amazing sequel. When Henri Dulette was arrested last night for being concerned in the robbery on the Paris-Lyon express on the 3rd inst., he said he had a statement to make, and also, as he could bear the strain no longer, a confession. He first of all gave the names of his accomplices in the train robbery, and then went on with the following strange story.

"His name, he said, was not Dulette at all, but Bonton. It was his father, mother, and brother who had died so mysteriously at their farm, and it was he who had murdered them. His story was that in 1912 he had been turned out of the house by his father for an offence which it was unnecessary to detail. He had gone to America, and had stayed there during the war, but finally had returned to France in 1920. He arrived back with hardly any money, and no friends. His intention was to go straight to his home and beg help from his father. One afternoon in October he arrived at the farm, but his father's manner towards him was the same as when he had left eight years before. In fact, old M. Bonton refused point-blank to help his disgraced son to the extent of a sou, and only by the intervention of Mme. Bonton was he given permission to stay in the house for supper. This, however, led to a stormy scene between father and son, resulting in the latter's immediate dismissal from the house. He left, he said, swearing to be revenged on such unforgiving parents. He waited until nightfall, when he slipped into a small outhouse, where he knew his father used to keep, amongst other things,

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some rat poison. He seized the first bottle labelled 'Poison' which came to hand, crept round the outside of the house, and entered by the dining-room window directly that room for a moment became vacant. His mother had laid the table for four, no doubt still under the impression that her erring son was staying for supper. An uncorked bottle of red wine stood upon the table. He emptied some of the contents of his bottle of poison into it, and went out again by the way he had come. Then this murderer, according to his own statement, coolly stood outside in the snow and watched his father, mother, and brother die before his eyes.

"His mother entered the room first, and filled all four glasses with red wine. The other two came in shortly afterwards. He saw his father wave his hand angrily towards the fourth place; his mother promptly removed everything in that place, but for no apparent reason left the glass of wine. (Our readers will remember the countless points that were raised over this extra glass being found on the table.) He watched them begin their meal. In ten minutes they were dead. He stated that he had not meant to murder them, thinking that the small percentage of poison in the wine would only make them ill, and therefore give him time to get what he wanted, namely, a certain box in which he knew his father kept his money. The box was hidden in a small cupboard let into the wall behind the wardrobe in the bedroom. He had found this cupboard by chance years ago when he was a boy.

"When he saw that they were incapable of further action, he crept towards the front door. He still did not realise, he states, that his parents were dead, as he had only a very blurred view of the interior of the room. He was on the point of entering the house when he caught the sound of footsteps coming up the path towards him. He swung round and saw a figure approaching, flashing a torch at frequent intervals. He also noted in the distance, across the ravine, the lights of a car. He waited in the shadows until the stranger entered the house, and then took to flight down the path the stranger had just mounted. He crept cautiously onto the road and approached the car, only to find it unoccupied. He got into it, deciding he might as well use this gift from the clouds to get away in. He took the brake off and let the car run downhill, but before he had gone a hundred yards he changed his mind. What had he to fear, after all, from one stranger? He would not go without that money if he could help it. He accordingly stopped the car, put out all the lights, in order to avoid, he said, the curiosity of any one else who might be about, and cautiously made his way back to the house. As he neared it the stranger rushed out, as if in fright, and tore down the path, looking neither to right nor to left, thereby failing to see Bonton, who had not
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time to get altogether out of the light from the window. He said that this was the first time that he considered the possibility of his parents being dead. He peered through the window, saw the blurred form of his brother lying on the floor, and guessed that he was indeed a murderer. In spite of this, he went straight to the bedroom and took the money, some fifteen thousand francs, and left again within ten minutes of the stranger's departure.

"This was the terrible story that this robber and murderer had to tell. It is not surprising that the police held no clue to the mystery. The only people even aware of this man's presence in France were his three unfortunate victims. We can only thank Providence and the police that such a scoundrel has been safely brought to justice, and will pay the full penalty of his crimes."

IX.

'There,' remarked Pedderson, 'that's the end of the cutting. I will now finish the doctor's letter, and my tale is told. The letter continues as follows:

"Now that you have read the paper, you are, of course, wondering why I told you what must appear on the face of it to be a colossal lie. As a matter of fact, it was not a lie, but a prevarication. I said 'the house *is* uninhabited' that night, and so it was, for at the moment there was no actual person living there. But be sure that I had a very good reason for telling you this: that good reason was your mental health. As you know, you had a bad touch of brain-fever, and even when you appeared to be quite well again, and drove me back to Paris, I could see that you were still worrying over the affair. If the mystery had been cleared up at the time I would, of course, have told you; but as it was as inexplicable to the world as it was to you, I did not dare tell you the truth for fear that you would get it into your head that in some unaccountable way you had done the deed yourself. In fact, as the paper tells you, this was actually suggested at the time, and I had many official visitors to my little house at Pradelles, who picked up the wandering threads of your mind and pieced them together into the same story as you told me. Only one point in your tale did not coincide with the facts, but I did not mention this to the police, as I was quite satisfied in my own mind that you had nothing to do with the affair, except as having been the first to find the tragedy. That point was about the car—a point now cleared up by the murderer in his confession. If, instead of running *up* the hill when you found the car had gone, you had turned *down*, you would have come across your car in a minute. Your description of where you left it was too vague to tell within a hundred yards, so naturally I thought you really

had imagined that part of the story. But I am sure that what happened was for the best, as otherwise you would have let the car run downhill until you were farther than ever from help. A night spent in the car in the state you were in would certainly have finished you. Again apologising for the little deception I practised on you, and hoping that you are now perfectly sound in health, I am, &c. &c.

“EMILE LAMBERT.”

Pedderson put down the letter, and, picking up a pencil, appeared to write something on the bottom of it. He then came over to us and yawned. ‘There, that’s my yarn,’ he said, ‘and I hope you’re satisfied; and as it’s half-past two, I think I’ll turn in. I’ve left the letter and the newspaper cutting on the table if any of you would care to have a look at them.’ He strolled towards the door. With his hand on the knob, he turned and faced us again. ‘I think you’ll find them interesting,’ he added, with an enigmatic smile. ‘Good-night, all.’

‘Good-night, Pedder,’ we cried, admiration, if not awe, in our voices.

X.

‘And that’s the man who said he had never had an adventure,’ observed Jackson drily, as the door closed.

I got up and went over to the table. I am not much of a French scholar, but the things aroused my curiosity. Perhaps I should say morbid curiosity, for they represented to me the links between my friend Pedderson and a particularly gruesome murder. I picked up the letter, and gasped. I glanced at the cutting, and gasped again. Then I grinned. ‘I say,’ I cried to the others, ‘come and have a look at these; they are well worth it.’

‘But I don’t understand a word of French,’ complained several voices.

‘Never mind,’ I replied. ‘Come on, all of you.’

They came. They looked over my shoulder at the letter. They looked again. Then a roar like that of an angry bull resounded through the room. Many indeed were the adjectives, but in each case the noun was the same. That noun was ‘Liar.’ The ‘letter’ was from a firm of Kingston estate agents recommending several desirable residences to be let in the neighbourhood of Surbiton; the ‘newspaper cutting’ was a printed list giving detailed particulars of the said desirable residences.

At the bottom of the letter, in Pedderson’s scrawly handwriting, we made out the following:

‘You asked for it; and methinks you got it. Good-night.—P.’

CHRISTMAS EVE IN FLANDERS.

THEY do not sleep. Nay! Through the holy pause,

Sad as a wind that calls, and calls, and dies,
Comes there a voice from Time’s unveiling shores,

A voice that in one long beseeching cries:
‘Ye we have loved, who loved us, what of life?

What of the trust we, dying, passed to you?
What of the promised end of all your strife,

The vows ye vowed forever pure and true?

How shall our days in peaceful joy be spent

While to our ears forever cries earth’s wrong?

Sunk are your souls from all their fine intent,

Each for himself, and spoils for all the strong.

Brothers, arise! Your silence wakes to birth

All that may bid ye seek the heights of old;

If ye have loved us, seek ye peace on earth,

That happy peace your gallant dead may fold.’

They *shall* not sleep. Nay! till our crowded days,

Filled with their petty aims, their little lies,
Yield to the still small voice that ever stays,

The voice that to our inmost being cries:

‘Ye who have loved them, visioning new goals,

What of the hopes that paled and died away?

What of the joy that service taught your souls,

The strength that lent to weakness power and stay?

How shall the world to gladsome peace awake,

While in your hearts there lives no breath of
peace?

Lost is the truth that each the whole must make,

And bartered is the key to earth’s release.

Faithless, awake! Through all your clam’rous ways

Hear ye again the call of noble thought;

If ye have loved them, let your lives give praise,

And *live* ye out the truths their glory taught.’

G. HADGRAFT.

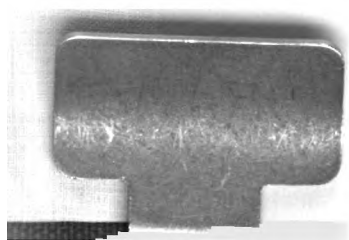
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